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BLACKWOOD'S
Edinburgh
MAGAZINE.



VOL. XXV.

JANUARY—JUNE, 1829.



WILLIAM BLACKWOOD, EDINBURGH;
AND
T. CADELL, STRAND, LONDON.

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EDINBURGH.

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD, NO. 17, PRINCE'S STREET, EDINBURGH;

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SHEPHERD BOY:

A DRAMATIC IDYL.

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ADAM OEHLENSCHLAEGER.

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Want of room obliges us to omit the usual Lists.

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CLIFFORD THE ASTROLOGER—A LEGEND OF CRAVEN.

Prudens futuri temporis exitum
Caliginosa nocte premit Deus;
Ridetque, si mortalis ultra
Fas trepidet.

HOR. Carm. lii. 23.

"This man is fallen with his astronomy
In some woodness, or in some agonie;
I thought ay wel how that it shulde be;
Men shulde not know of Goddes privitee;
Ya, blessed be alway a lewed man,
That nought but only his beleve can."

CHAUCER'S *Millar's Tale*.

THERE is no district in England which abounds in more beautiful and romantic scenery than the remote and rarely visited district of Craven, in Yorkshire. Its long ridge of low and irregular hills, terminating at last in the enormous masses of Pennygnt and Ingleborough,—its deep and secluded valleys, containing within their hoary ramparts of grey limestone fertile fields and pleasant pasturages,—its wide-spreading moors, covered with the different species of moss and ling, and fern and bent-grass, which variegate the brown livery of the heath, and break its sombre uniformity,—its crystal streams of unwearied rapidity, now winding a silent course "in infant pride" through the willows and sedges which fringe their banks, and now bounding with impetuous rage over the broken ledges of rock, which seek in vain to impede their progress from the mountains,—its indigenous woods of yew, and beech, and ash, and alder, which have waved in the winds of centuries, and which still flourish in green old age on the sides and summits of the smaller declivities,—its projecting crags, which fling additional gloom over the melancholy tarns that repose in dismal grandeur at their feet,—its ham-

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lets, and towns, and ivy-mantled churches, which remind the visitor of their antiquity by the rudeness, and convince him of their durability by the massiveness, of their construction,—these are all features in the landscape which require to be seen only once, to be impressed upon the recollection for ever. But it is not merely for the lovers of the wild, and beautiful, and picturesque, that the localities of Craven possess a powerful charm. The antiquarian, the novelist, and the poet, may all find rich store of employment in the traditions which are handed down from father to son respecting the ancient lords and inhabitants of the district. It is indeed the region of romance, and I have often felt surprise, that the interesting materials with which it abounds have so seldom been incorporated into the works of fiction which are now issuing with such thoughtless haste from the press of the metropolis. In Dr Whitaker's History of Craven—which, in spite of his extravagant prejudices in favour of gentle blood, and in derogation of commercial opulence, is still an excellent model for all future writers of local history—there is a ground-work laid for at least a dozen ordinary novels. To say nothing of the

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legendary tales, which the peasantry relate of the minor families of the district, of the Bracewells, the Tempests, the Lysters, the Romillés, and the Nortons,—whose White Doe, however, has been immortalized by the poetry of Wordsworth,—can any thing be more pregnant with romantic adventure than the fortunes of the successive chieftains of the lordly line of Clifford? Their first introduction to the North, owing to a love-match made by a poor knight of Herefordshire with the wealthy heiress of the Viponts and the Vesys! Their rising greatness, to the merited disgrace and death of Piers de Gavestone and his profligate minions! and their final exaltation to the highest honours of the British peerage, which they have now enjoyed for five hundred years, to the strong hand and unblenching heart with which they have always welcomed the assaults of their most powerful enemies! Of the first ten lords of Skipton castle, four died in the field and one upon the scaffold! The “black-faced Clifford,” who sullied the glory which he acquired by his gallantry at the battle of Sandal, by murdering his youthful prisoner the Earl of Rutland, in cold blood, at the termination of it, has gained a passport to an odious immortality from the soaring genius of the bard of Avon. But his real fate is far more striking, both in a moral and in a poetical point of view, than that assigned to him by our great dramatist. On the evening before the battle of Towton field, and after the termination of the skirmish which preceded it, an unknown archer shot him in the throat, as he was putting off his gorget, and so avenged the wretched victims, whose blood he had shed like water upon Wakefield Bridge. The vengeance of the Yorkists was not, however, satiated by the death of the Butcher, as Leland informs us that they called him:—for they attainted him, in the first year of the reign of Edward the Fourth, and granted his estates, a few years afterwards, to the Duke of Gloucester, who retained them in his iron grasp till he lost them with his crown and life at the battle of Bosworth. The history of his son is a romance ready made. His relations, fessing lest the partisans of the house of York should avenge the death of the young Earl of Rutland on the young Lord Clifford, then a

mere infant, concealed him for the next twenty-five years of his life in the Fells of Cumberland, where he grew up as hardy as the heath on which he vegetated, and as ignorant as the rude herds which bounded over it. One of the first acts of Henry the Seventh, after his accession to the throne, was to reverse the attainder which had been passed against his father; and immediately afterwards the young lord emerged from the hiding place, where he had been brought up in ignorance of his rank, and with the manners and education of a mere shepherd. Finding himself more illiterate than was usual even in an illiterate age, he retired to a tower, which he built in the beautiful forest of Barden, and there, under the direction of the monks of Bolton Abbey, gave himself up to the forbidden studies of alchemy and astrology. His son, who was the first Earl of Cumberland, embittered the conclusion of his life, by embarking in a series of adventures, which, in spite of their profligacy, or rather in consequence of it, possess a very strong romantic interest. Finding that his father was either unwilling or unable to furnish him with funds to maintain his inordinate riot and luxury, he became the leader of a band of outlaws, and, by their agency, levied aids and benevolences upon the different travellers on the King's highway. A letter of the old Lord, his father, which, by the by, is not the letter of an illiterate man, is still extant, in which he complains in very moving terms of his son's degeneracy and misconduct. The young scape-grace, wishing to make his father know from experience the inconvenience of being scantily supplied with money, enjoined his tenantry in Craven not to pay their rents, and beat one of them, Henry Popely, who ventured to disobey him, so severely with his own hand, that he lay for a long time in peril of death. He spoiled his father's houses, &c. “feloniously took away his proper goods,” as the old lord quaintly observes, “apparelling himself and his horse, all the time, in cloth of gold and goldsmith's work, more like a duke than a poor baron's son.” He likewise took a particular aversion to the religious orders, “shamefully beating their tenants and servants, in such wise as some whole towns were fain to keep the churches both night and day, and durst not come

at their own houses."—Whilst engaged in these ignoble practices, less dissonant, however, to the manners of his age than to those of ours, he wooed, and won, and married, a daughter of the Percy of Northumberland; and it is conjectured, upon very plausible grounds, that his courtship and marriage with a lady of the highest rank under such disadvantages on his part, gave rise to the beautiful old ballad of the Nutbrown Maid. The lady, becoming very unexpectedly the heiress of her family, added to the inheritance of the Cliffords the extensive fee which the Percies held in Yorkshire; and by that transfer of property, and by the grant of Bolton Abbey, which he obtained from Henry the Eighth, on the dissolution of the monasteries, her husband became possessor of nearly all the district which stretches between the castles of Skipton on the south, and of Brougham, or as the Cliffords, to whom it belonged, always wrote it, Bromebam, on the north. The second Earl of Cumberland, who was as fond of alchemy and astrology as his grandfather, was succeeded by his son George, who distinguished himself abroad by the daring intrepidity with which he conducted several buccaneering expeditions in the West Indies against the Spaniards, and at home, by the very extensive scale on which he propagated his own and his Maker's image in the dales of Craven. Among the numerous children of whom he was the father, the most celebrated was the Countess of Pembroke and Montgomery, whose long life of virtuous exertion renders her well qualified to figure as the heroine of a tale of chivalry. The anecdotes, which are told of this high-spirited lady in the three counties of York, Westmoreland, and Cumberland, are almost innumerable, and relate to circumstances in her life, which, though some are impossible, and others improbable, are still all full of heroic interest and adventure. Her defence of Bromebam Castle against the intrusion of her uncle of Cumberland,—her riding cross-legged to meet the Judges of Assize, when she acted in person at Appleby as High Sheriff by inheritance of the county of Westmoreland,—her hairbreadth escapes and dangers during the great rebellion, are characteristics of the woman, so striking in themselves, that they would require

little adventitious ornament from the writer, who should take them as incidents for poem or romance. Her courage and liberality in public life were only to be equalled by her order, economy, and devotion in private. "She was," says Dr Whitaker, "the oldest and most independent courtier in the kingdom," at the time of her death.—"She had known and admired Queen Elizabeth;—she had refused what she deemed an iniquitous award of King James," though urged to submit to it by her first husband, the Earl of Dorset;—"She rebuilt her dismantled castles in defiance of Cromwell, and repelled with disdain the interposition of a profligate minister under Charles the Second." A woman of such dauntless spirit and conduct would be a fitting subject, even for the pencil of the mighty magician of Abbotsford. A journal of her life in her own handwriting is still in existence at Appleby Castle. I have heard, that it descends to the minutest details about her habits and feelings, and that it is that cause alone, which prevents its publication. But surely such details might be omitted, where they are incompatible with the refined delicacy of the present age; and the really valuable part of the work, the gold separated from the dross, might advantageously be made the property of the public. Personal adventures are not without attraction, even when narrated in the most ordinary style; and adventures like hers, narrated in the same terse and forcible language in which her letters are written, would form an admirable foundation for any superstructure of romance, which an "imagination all compact" might rear upon them.

It is not my intention to make any use of the traditional stories, to which I have been alluding. They are connected with great events and lofty associations, and ought to be decorated with language and imagery worthy of their heroic argument. To array them in a garb of corresponding majesty, would require more time and talent than I possess; and I shall therefore leave the Lords of Craven to some chronicler who enjoys more leisure, and is gifted with more extensive literature, than has hitherto fallen to my humble lot. But though I decline to trace the fortunes of the noble chieftains of the Clifford family, from

a conviction of my own inability to do justice to their merits, I am by no means unwilling to try my powers, such as they are, on those of some of their less exalted descendants; and there is a legend regarding one of them, so wild in its nature, so extraordinary in its incidents, and at the same time so little known in Craven, and so utterly unknown out of it, that I will endeavour to do good service to the lovers of romance, by placing it plainly and briefly before them.

It was in the early part of the reign of Henry the Eighth, that Master Antony Clifford, as he was called in the language of the times, lost a patron and benefactor, and, as some said, no very distant relation, by the death of the tenth Lord Clifford, so well known as "the Shepherd" to the peasantry of Craven. A degree of mystery hung over his birth, which rendered his station in society more than ambiguous; but the favour, which he enjoyed both with the old Lord Clifford, and with the gallant outlaw, his son, of whom he appeared to be a living image, caused a degree of respect to be paid to him, which might perhaps have been denied to the comeliness of his person, and to the kindness of his disposition. Strange stories were bruited abroad respecting his first introduction to Barden Tower; and it was rumoured, that the Fair Lily of Egremont had fled from the hearth of her father in dishonour and grief, only a few weeks before he was discovered, a helpless infant, on the brink of that narrow and tremendous fissure in the rocks, through which the Wharf hurries its waters with a rapidity, which dazzles the eye of the gazer. From his early infancy, he delighted in the profound solitude of the woods between Bolton Abbey and Barden Tower; and, as he advanced to manhood, his attachment to it appeared to gain additional strength with every succeeding year of his life. Whether this was owing to the abstruse nature of his studies, to the melancholy moodiness of his disposition, or to the enlivening presence of Helen Hartlington, who wandered through those forests, like the Dryad who presided over them, it is impossible for me to decide; but, as he loved the lady, he shunned the conversation of his equals in years, and had been taught to read futurity in the aspect of the stars of heaven, by his aged patron, Lord Clif-

ford, the reader may impute it to any of the three causes which suits best with his own inclination. It was, however, remarked, that, shortly after Lord Clifford's death, he became more strongly addicted than ever to the study of astrology. He had before calculated the horoscope of most of his friends; but then, by some strange fatality, he became passionately eager to calculate his own. There was a difficulty, however, about the operation, which he found it impossible to overcome. He knew neither the hour nor the circumstances of his birth, nor any means by which he could discover them. He knew the time and the place where the verdurer of Barden forest had accidentally found him; but beyond that, he could learn nothing. A restless spirit of curiosity led him, on the anniversary of the day on which his destiny rescued him from the rapids of the Wharf, to visit at deep midnight the rocky and romantic scenery of the Strid. He had often seen and admired it in the brilliant blaze of day; but it was the first time that he had beheld the ruggedness of its features under the softening influence of the pale moonlight. He yielded up his full heart to the enchantment of the place and of the hour, and fell, he knew not how, into a train of mournful meditation on the events which had befallen him since he had been left there, a nameless being, to live or die, as accident might determine. The sports of his infancy, the pursuits of his youth, the favourable prospects of his maturer years, all passed in rapid succession before him. He was the delight of his friends, and the beloved of his mistress; and yet all this availed him nothing, so long as he was ignorant of the parents who had given him birth, and of the hour at which he had received it. He was turning his steps homeward, feeding on these bitter fancies, and heedless of every thing around him, when the unexpected appearance of a tall and aged female by his side, whose complexion and features betrayed her Egyptian origin, roused him from his reverie, and made him feel solicitous for a moment for his personal safety. But a second glance dissipated his anxiety, and though he started, as she called him by his name, it was more from surprise than from any unquiet or unpleasant feeling.

"Well met, Antony Clifford," said

the gipsy, eyeing him attentively as she spoke, and flinging a hasty glance of recognition over his pensive features,—“Well met, Antony Clifford, any where; but, at this season, best of all met here. Nay, fear not, because I have found thee alone at this late hour in the deepest glen of Barden forest. One-and-twenty years ago this very day, on an evening as serene and lovely as the present, I rescued thee on this very spot from the raging frenzy of a broken-hearted mother, who had just given thee birth; and I have not watched over thy safety for her sake in secret so long to wish to mar in one moment the last scion of a house, which I loved so well. Listen to me, Antony Clifford,”—said she, observing him impatient to address her—“and interrupt me not by idle questioning. I come to warn thee, in thy mother’s name, against thy present feelings. Join in the active business of men, and advance, like a true son of Clifford as thou art, with boldness to fortune. Linger with the dreaming canons of Bolton in these woods, and become, as thy maddened mother prophesied that thou wouldst, the bane and ruin of those who love thee.”

The young man, thus addressed, sought, but in vain, for further explanation from the sibyl, who had thus unexpectedly volunteered him her advice. She was not entirely unknown to him, as he had frequently met her in the recesses of the forest—and had sometimes been surprised, if not perplexed, by the pertinacity with which she had at a distance observed his every motion. To all the questions, and they were many, which he asked her on other subjects she replied readily and distinctly,—but whenever he touched upon the subject of his birth, she either gave him evasive answers, or sunk, as if conscious she had said too much, into an obstinate and moody silence. He gained from her, however, upon that night, as he afterwards confessed, information sufficient for the calculation of his own horoscope;—and the next day saw him busily occupied with the erection of the figure of heaven and its twelve houses, and with the rectification of the planets in their position in it, according to the moment of his presumed nativity. I am not sufficiently acquainted with the jargon of astrology

to know whether he found them in aspects sextile, quartile, trine conjoined, or opposite: but it was evident to all who knew him, that the calculations, into which he had entered, had ended in very unflattering results, and had produced an impression upon his mind, from which, in spite of his efforts, he could not relieve it.

He was in this uneasy and unsettled state of mind, when the arrival of the new Lord Clifford to take possession of his paternal inheritance in Craven diverted for a while the current of his griefs, and filled him with proud aspirations of the future. Harsh and imperious to others, to him Lord Clifford was all gentleness and affection; and his dependents soon discovered that nothing gave his Lordship so much genuine satisfaction as any act of attention conferred on this foster-child of his family. To love those whom we have benefited is almost as natural a process of the human mind, as to hate those whom we have injured; and it appeared, as if each successive benefit which Lord Clifford bestowed upon his youthful favourite, served only as an inducement to shower upon him still greater benefits at the earliest opportunity. The only boon, which Antony Clifford could not obtain, was leave to depart from his native valleys, and to seek distinction in the turmoil and danger of a military life. The more earnestly he solicited that boon, the more obstinately was it withheld from him;—and he was at last compelled to give up all thoughts of obtaining it by the declaration of Lord Clifford, that nothing but the basest ingratitude could induce him to wish to withdraw himself so entirely from his protection and friendship. He felt this disappointment the more bitterly, because he could not conceal either from himself or from his companions that it was a disappointment: and he was scarcely reconciled to it by the watchful attention with which his Lordship sought to forestall his wishes upon every other subject. He was provided with hawks, which could strike down herons of the highest flight—with horses, which were unrivalled for spirit and fleetness, even among the excellent horses for which Yorkshire has long been renowned—and with dogs, which, if not “of the true Spartan breed,” were “flew’d and

sanded" as beautifully as the best in Britain. At the banquet and the ball, he found himself treated as one of the most favoured guests—and he thus acquired a standing in the district, which many of its wealthier proprietors sought to acquire in vain. Lord Clifford had heard of the attachment which subsisted between him and the fair Helen of Gamleswall-lodge ;—and, in hopes of detaining him a willing prisoner in Craven, exerted himself strenuously in bringing about a marriage between them. Sir Walter Hartlington at first demurred to it, on account of the mystery which hung over the young man's birth ; but, when he found that the proposals of his feudal superior were backed by the dearest wishes of his only child, he withdrew his opposition, and consented to accept them, provided the marriage were delayed to the close of the year, which was then opening. To terms so reasonable no objection could be started,—and Lord Clifford left the family mansion of the Hartlingtons with a firm conviction on his mind, that he had at last obtained the means of wholly overcoming the erratic propensities of his young namesake. To his unutterable surprise and mortification, Antony Clifford received the intelligence, which his Lordship expected would have filled him with rapture, with a coldness which could not have been greater, had " his blood been very snow-broth." Instead of thanking his Lordship for the pains which he had taken to secure his happiness, he stood as pale and silent and immovable as a marble image. A secret horror seemed to pervade his frame, and to paralyze his faculties ;—and it was not till his Lordship recalled him to himself by asking whether he was ill, that he recollected the presence in which he stood, and the thanks, which, in common decency, he was bound to render. After a momentary pause, in which thoughts of unutterable anguish seemed to dart across his mind, his gratitude burst forth with a fervency of feeling and an eloquence of expression, which dissipated the idea which Lord Clifford was beginning to entertain, that his young favourite had ceased to love the heiress of Gamleswall. His Lordship was, however, surprised at the earnestness with which Antony immediately afterwards renewed his solicitations, for

permission to spend the interval before his marriage, in acquiring a practical knowledge of the art of war, in the service of some of the princes of Almayne. It was in vain that he declared to his patron, that he was ashamed of passing his youth in inglorious indolence ; it was in vain that he represented, that he should be unworthy the name which he was allowed to bear, if he did not attempt to signalize it, where danger was to be braved and honours were to be won ; it was in vain that he argued upon the necessity of distinguishing himself in the eyes of his mistress, and of proving himself worthy of her affection and regard ; for all his declarations, representations and arguments, were addressed to an unwilling ear, and were received with undisguised dissatisfaction and dislike. They were urged, however, with a pertinacity, which the peculiar situation of the young man, and his peaceful and studious habits, rendered perfectly unaccountable, and were never totally abandoned, until he was told by Lord Clifford, in the only words of anger which that nobleman ever addressed to him, that he must give up either his military projects, or the friendship which had cherished and protected him from infancy to manhood. He hesitated for some time in making his choice ; but made it at last, as most young men would, in favour of his own fortunes, his mistress's smiles, and his patron's fostering and powerful influence.

Shortly after this event, an extraordinary change was observed in the spirit and disposition of Antony Clifford. There was a moroseness and irritability in his temper, which astonished and distressed all who were acquainted with his previously mild and conciliatory manners. At one moment he was the most sanguine, and at the next, the most despondent of human beings ;—at one moment all joy and life, and animation ; and at the next, all gloom, and melancholy, and despair. His behaviour towards his mistress was equally inconsistent,—for he was now the most affectionate and attentive, and now the most negligent of lovers,—jealous to a fault, when she bestowed her smiles on others, but apparently indifferent to their value, when she reserved them for himself. In vain did she seek for explanation of conduct so distressing

to the tenderness, as it was humiliating to the pride, of woman. Her remonstrances were met by protestations of unceasing affection, and by assurances, that his manner towards her had never, intentionally, expressed any other feeling. Most women would have discarded a suitor, whose love was so uncertain and variable: but Helen Hartlington was of a meek and long-suffering disposition, which made her superior to the ordinary jealousies of her sex, and which enabled her to hope every thing, and to endure every thing, so long as the slightest prospect of amendment existed. She discovered excuses for her lover's waywardness, in trifling incidents in which indifferent spectators could discover none; and, as if she took a pride in her patience, attempted to conceal it from others, long after she had found it impossible to conceal it from herself.

I have already stated, that Sir Walter Hartlington, on giving his consent to his daughter's marriage with Antony Clifford, had insisted, that the year which was then opening, should be passed by the young couple in single blessedness, as a year of probation. Time, in its rapid yet imperceptible flight, had displaced the snows of winter by the verdure of spring, and the verdure of spring by the sultry russet of summer: when, to the joy of all who knew him, the cloud, which had so long saddened and deformed the brow of the young Clifford, passed away, and dissipated by its departure the darkness of his spirit. It was said by one of his familiar associates, who had affectionately attended him during a paroxysm of unusual despondency, that, after a violent flood of tears, he sunk upon his knees, and continued for a long time in silent prayer; and that, upon rising, he turned round to him with a composed aspect, and told him that the spell, which for some months had enthralled him, was broken for ever. "Its influence is past,—its charm is dissolved,—I wake as from a dream,—and instead of the horrors which have for some time appeared to surround me, I see the haven of tranquillity and happiness open before me." From that moment, he became in conduct an altered man. His moroseness vanished, his equanimity returned, and he mixed, with as much cheerfulness as formerly, in the social circle of his friends. Lord Clifford

rejoiced in the change; because he considered it as a proof, that his favourite had conquered the sense of disappointment, which his refusal had generated. His mistress rejoiced in it; because she considered it as a proof, that days of brighter hue and happier omen were beginning to dawn upon her: and the very peasants of the district participated in their joy; because, in those times of feudal arrogance, no one that mingled with the higher classes on terms of equality, treated them with so much affability and condescension, as the fortunate foundling of the Strid, the friend and protégé of the haughty Clifford.

It was during the period when this satisfaction was at its height, that the fair Helen invited a party of her friends to join with her in perambulating the forests, which skirt the Wharf from Barden to Burnsall, and which give to its banks a luxuriance of verdure, and a deepness of shade, which in some places form a singular mixture, and in others a still more singular contrast, of cheerfulness and gloom. A woman is seldom without a reason for any proposal, which squares with her humour;—and the reason alleged for this perambulation by the heiress of Gamleswall was her desire to superintend in person the preparations, which the peasantry were making in the woods for their usual celebration of St Lawrence's eve. It was formerly the custom throughout Craven, and it still remains the custom in the neighbourhood of Giggleswick, to make huge bonfires on that night on the summits of the different hills, in commemoration, it is said, of a defeat given to an invasion of the Danes in consequence of the timely alarm spread through the district by these most ancient and effectual of beacons. Kennel-night, as it is still called in the phraseology of Craven, was then consecrated to every species of rustic revelry—hill and dale resounded with the voice of gladness—and by the blaze of the bale-fire the young danced, and the old drank away their cares, till the first tints of morning were distinguishable in the horizon. It was usual for the lady of the manor to leave her moated mansion in the company of her tenantry, and to select with great state and solemnity the withering, weather-beaten oak, which was to form the nucleus round

which the dried furze, and peat, and underwood of the villagers, were to be piled on high ;—and it was to perform that ceremony, that Helen Hartlington led her jocund train through the mazes of the woods, which then stretched far and wide in every direction from Burnsell fell. After the oak had been selected and hewn down, with all due observance of ancient rites, it was suggested by some of the party, that, as they were in the neighbourhood of the Ghastrills, or rills of the Ghosts, it would be treating those spiritual essences with marked disrespect, if they returned home without paying a visit to their abodes. The suggestion was made at a time, when the most enlightened minds were alive to superstitious terrors, and in consequence met with instant approbation. Those, who are acquainted with the localities of Craven, will, I trust, excuse me for informing those who are not, that the scenery, which has acquired so formidable an appellation, is that which surrounds one of the most singular cascades of the rapid and romantic Wharf. Its pellucid waters, which, at a short distance both above and below the fall, expand into a glassy pool, are projected through a cleft of little more than two feet in diameter, which they have rifted in the rock, into an agitated basin of tremendous depth. On their road to this narrow and fearful abyss, Antony Clifford contrived to detach his unreluctant mistress from her companions, and to reiterate his assurances, that, notwithstanding the recent inconsistencies of his behaviour, caused, as he said, by circumstances, over which unfortunately he had no control, he had always been her most devoted and affectionate lover, and that such he should continue, in spite of fate, to the last moment of his existence. There was an earnestness in his words, and a sincerity in his looks, which convinced the anxious maiden, that these protestations were the genuine dictates of his heart, and the effect of them

was visible in the delighted expression of her countenance, when she rejoined her friends on the ledge of rocks, against which the Wharf wildly dashes its foaming battery, in its impatience to escape from the massive barriers, within which it is momentarily imprisoned. They gazed for a time on the deep solitudes from which it was indignantly hurrying like a disgusted anchorite, and on the ancient and majestic woods, which, in Nature's native taste, darkened the hills on each side of it : but their feelings of admiration were suddenly changed into those of the acutest agony by seeing Antony Clifford precipitated into the roaring torrent, as he rashly attempted to step across it. The scream of horror, which burst from the lips of her companions, sounded like the knell of happiness to the afflicted Helen. To descend into such a mighty rush of waters, and to escape from its eddying violence with life, appeared impossible ; and, though she neither screamed, nor wept, nor fainted at the calamity, which had thus suddenly bereft her of her dearest hopes, none that witnessed ever forgot the glance of despair which she flung upon the "ruffian billows" which were "curling their monstrous heads" in the boiling gulf at her feet. A momentary reflection convinced all, who beheld the accident, that aid they could administer none. The rugged inequalities of the rocks, which form the sides, and partially run across the bed of the infuriated stream, together with the dangerous rapidity of the different whirlpools, which they create in the stream itself, induced them at once to give him up as irrecoverably lost. But the very circumstances, which led the spectators to despond, unexpectedly proved the means of his preservation.* The water was too violently agitated to permit him to sink ; and he was ejected from it in a few minutes on the shallow gravel below the cascade, pale and senseless, it is true, but, to all outward appearance, free from any serious injury. Every

* "Not many years ago, whilst a gentleman was handing a young lady over this narrow but fearful abyss, the latter, seized with a panic, drew herself and her protector into the stream—but before their companions had time to do more than exercise a single act of reflection in giving them up for lost, both were ejected without injury upon the shallow gravel below. All asperities in the rocky passage had long since been worn away, and the caldron beneath them, though eighteen feet deep, was too violently agitated to permit them to sink."—DR WHITAKER'S *Craven*, p. 213.

arm was immediately stretched out to his rescue; and he was scarcely dragged on shore, before he was sufficiently recovered from his swoon to allay the anxiety of his betrothed bride, by assuring her that, with the exception of a few bruises on his head, which had stunned and confused him, he felt no inconvenience from the immersion he had sustained. The accident, however, effectually marred the mirth of the party; and the fair Helen and her lover returned to Gamleswall Lodge in a frame of mind much less joyous than that in which they had quitted it for their expedition of the morning.

It was late in the evening of the same day, that Antony Clifford mounted his horse to return to his vaulted chamber in Barden tower. Dark thoughts and dismal fancies,—the offspring of a fevered and distempered brain,—tortured his heart, and unfitted him for enjoying the gentleness of the scenery, through which his journey lay. He saw not the silver light which the moon was diffusing over the silent landscape, as she sailed amid the stars of heaven, exulting and triumphing in her own superior glory. He felt not the benign and soothing influence, which the calmness of night was flinging over animated creation, as it brought to the ear the "soft and lulling sounds" of "streams inaudible by day," and so conveyed to the mind the conviction, that every thing, even to the foliage of the forest, was quiet and at rest. He rode on, forgetful of the past, and reckless of the future, till he had left Barden tower far in his rear, and had involved himself and his steed in the tangled mazes of Crokerise forest, which, though it now exists but in story, formerly extended all round the grey tower-like projections of Flasby fell. Having dismounted from his horse, he rushed with the speed of delirium through the oaks, which fringed the side of the hill, and stopped not in his career, till he had reached the bonfire, which was then blazing in solitude on its summit. I say in solitude;—for there were dangerous inmates in Crokerise forest, who might have made the peasantry pay dearly for their revelry, had they protracted it to the same late hour on that hill, as they were accustomed to protract it on every other in the district. Having cast a hasty glance at the fire, which threw a red murky shadow on

the neighbouring trees, as if it were indignant at the absence of other worshippers, he stood for one moment irresolute by its side;—and then, brushing away a tear, which had stolen uninvited to his cheek, flung himself upon the burning embers, a victim, as he exclaimed, to the malevolence of fate! But there are some men, over whose safety a special providence seems always to be watching. At the very moment when his destruction again appeared inevitable, a band of gipsies hurst from an adjacent thicket, and tore him, in spite of his struggles, from the violent death, which he had so madly courted.

But how was she, the fair maiden of Gamleswall, employed, whilst this struggle was going forward for her lover's life? She had retreated to her chamber, soon after his arrival at her father's mansion, in order that she might express in private her gratitude to Heaven for his strange and wonderful preservation; and she pleaded, as a reason for not withdrawing from it during the evening, the shock which her feelings had experienced during the excursion of the morning. It was unfortunate for Antony Clifford, that she was not present at her father's board to mark his heavy and blood-shot eye, his absent and distracted air, and his confused and petulant answers to the questions casually addressed to him. She would have discovered the fever that was lurking in his veins, and would have prevented him from leaving the roof of her father, "where charity was landlord," till he had taken some simple remedy to allay it. But destiny will have its way; and he left Gamleswall Lodge in a state of melancholy excitement, which added severe aggravation to the dreadful reflection, which had long embittered his repose. Of all this his fair mistress was ignorant till the next morning, when a messenger from Barden tower brought the disastrous intelligence to Gamleswall, that Antony Clifford had been conveyed home on a litter of broken branches, by a band of gipsies, who had found him wandering in the woods in all the delirium of a burning fever. There was a mysterious message, he added, delivered at the same time to Lord Clifford, by a singular looking female, who acted as leader of the party, and claimed as the only reward which she would deign

to accept for her services, a short conversation with his lordship in private. With the import of that conversation the messenger was of course unacquainted; but he stated that it had been such as to draw tears even from the pitiless bosom of a Clifford. His lordship, after dismissing the gipsy, remained for some time in a state of great agitation, and then sent him to acquaint Sir Walter Hartlington of the alarming state of young Clifford's health, and to request him to break the afflicting tidings as gently as he could to his daughter. I shall not pretend to describe the anguish which they excited in her mind. Those, whom the same calamity has pierced with a true sense of misery, will be able to conceive it; and to those, whom it has not, the most powerful description would shew but faintly.

The unaccountable vicissitudes in the temper and behaviour of Antony Clifford, during the previous six months, had gradually generated suspicions in the breast of Sir Walter Hartlington, that he was liable to temporary aberrations of intellect; and the inquiries, which the old knight felt it to be his duty to institute into the cause and nature of the sudden illness under which his daughter's lover was labouring, gave confirmation of the strongest character to those suspicions. Need I mention what was the result? A direct command to his daughter to break off all intercourse, both by word and by writing, with the unfortunate Clifford, as the most efficacious method of eradicating a passion, which it was no longer possible for him as a parent to view with approbation; and a distinct avowal to Lord Clifford of the actual causes, which led him to form so painful, yet so necessary, a determination. The dangerous symptoms, which marked the progress of his malady, rendered it for some time impossible to convey even a hint of this bitter intelligence to the youthful sufferer, whom it interested so deeply; and it was not until he had made a considerable advance to recovery, and had begun to question his attendants respecting the family at Gamleswall, that Lord Clifford, ventured in the mildest and most considerate terms, to communicate to him the stern and immutable resolution of Sir Walter Hartlington. The communication struck home to his very heart:—a

ghastliness, like that of death, settled upon his countenance,—and one deep and protracted groan proclaimed the intense agony of his spirit. The amendment of many days was destroyed in a single moment; a relapse of his disorder ensued; and life and death again contended for the mastery over him. But death, which cuts short the career of the happy, when they least desire it, shrinks from the embrace of the wretched, who anxiously court it. A strong constitution bore him triumphant over the combined assaults of mental and bodily disease, and restored him, a tardy convalescent, to struggle with the dismal consciousness of carrying about him a hopeless, endless, and unrelievable sorrow.

From the earliest ages, absence from the beloved object has been always prescribed by physician and philosopher as the most effective cure for disappointed love. The proximity of Barden Tower to Gamleswall Lodge, rendered it an ineligible residence for Antony Clifford, during the first paroxysms of his grief and disappointment. Every dell in the neighbouring hills, every glade in the surrounding forests, almost every hush and copse, and holly tree in the verdant bowers of Barden, mustered up associations, which aggravated his anguish, by reminding him of happier moments, spent in the society of her, whom he was ordered, but whom he found it impossible, to cease to love. He was therefore conveyed, as speedily as his infirm health would admit, to the baronial castle of the Cliffords at Skipton, from which it was intended to remove him, as he acquired strength, to the romantic scenery, which still rises in simple grandeur around their ruined fortalice at Bromeham. At Skipton Castle, which, though shorn of its pristine magnificence, frowns defiance even yet on the impotent torrent, which for ages has been striving to undermine the rocky foundations on which it stands in deathless majesty, he was attended with the most sedulous care, that wealth, and power, and affection could command. Lord Clifford, who was partially infected by the fears, which had gained a complete ascendancy over Sir Walter Hartlington, took every precaution to prevent their realization. Individuals, whose apparent object was to wile away by conversation the tedium of his illness, were stationed

in the apartment of the young Clifford, with strict orders to watch his every motion, and to remove from his sight every object, which had the slightest tendency to exasperate the mental malady, under which it was deemed possible that he might labour. Among these individuals was a female, who excited considerable surprise among the domestics of Lord Clifford, from the singularity of her dress and of her demeanour,—from the striking resemblance which she bore to the mysterious Egyptian, who had conducted Antony Clifford safe home, when he was found delirious in the forest,—from the taciturnity which she preserved on every thing relating to herself, and towards all persons, except the suffering invalid,—and from the almost maternal solicitude with which she endeavoured to anticipate his wants and wishes. They fancied also, that they perceived the existence of some undefined but not unacknowledged connexion between the invalid and this stranger;—a circumstance which irritated their curiosity the more, as it seemed to be known and approved of by their haughty master. Fain would they have questioned her as to the reasons, which had induced her to resign her wandering mode of life for the sake of domiciliating herself as an inmate of a feudal fortress;—but the grave austerity of her manners forbade all approach to familiarity, and so rendered their schemes for worming themselves into her confidence perfectly impracticable. To attend the sick-bed, and to soothe the fevered anguish of Antony Clifford, appeared to be her greatest pleasure; and as this disposition, on her part, lessened the labour of his other attendants, and afforded them the means of indulging their truant inclinations at a distance from his chamber, they acquiesced in her gradual assumption of dictatorial authority within it, and tacitly installed her in the responsible office of his chief nurse. The vigilance, with which his minutest movements were observed, led him to suspect the motives which had given rise to it; and, unfortunately, inspired him with a desire to deceive it. All his actions were cautiously, yet studiously, made subservient to his design of lulling to sleep the apprehensions which were entertained of his insanity. His efforts were but too successful;—for

men readily believe that, which both their wishes and their interests render them anxious to find true. His attendants, misled by his calm and collected behaviour on all occasions, became every day less vigilant in their superintendence;—and he soon convinced himself that, with one exception, he had thrown them all completely off their guard. To deceive her penetrating eye was a task of some difficulty;—but the most affectionate nurse cannot always be with her patient;—and he selected the opportunity of her accidental absence to execute a plan, which he must have had for some time previously in his contemplation.

There was in Skipton Castle, before it was dismantled by order of the Long Parliament, a spacious gallery, which traversed one entire side of it, and which was used for several centuries as an armoury by its martial owners. A family, which, like that of the Cliffords, not only took a decisive part in all the domestic conflicts of the country, but also inherited the honourable distinction of guarding the Western Marches against the destructive incursions of foreign marauders, was compelled, by a feeling of self-preservation, to keep constantly in its possession a large quantity of arms. The existing records of the family inform us, that these instruments of desolation and death were arranged in every uncouth figure which the fantastic imagination of the armourer could devise,—and that they formed a fruitful subject of wonder and admiration to the rustic visitors, who, at stated intervals, were permitted to behold them. In one part of this formidable collection, was deposited the shattered corslet, in which the first Lord Clifford met an honourable death, in a desperate effort to restore the falling fortunes of England, at the disastrous battle of Bannockburn;—and, in another part, the glittering armour, in which his more fortunate descendant upheld the renown of his ancestry at Agincourt, and carried dismay and ruin into the serried squadrons of the chivalry of France. Here hung the sword, which for years was the surest defence of the house of Lancaster; and there the dagger, which drunk so deeply of the best blood of the house of York. Around them were stored, in most admired disorder, helmets and

gauntlets and shields, bills and swords and spears, and every defensive and offensive instrument of ancient warfare, some bright as the stream in which they were first tempered, others dark as the age of which they were the rusty memorials.

On one occasion, when his faithful nurse had resigned her station at his bedside to one of the military tenants of the barony, Antony Clifford, who had obtained permission from his physicians to quit his chamber, and to take a short walk in the corridors of the castle, contrived to lure him into this armoury, and then, after some conversation on the use and advantages of the different weapons it contained, dispatched him to a remote apartment for a curious match-lock, which he knew to be kept there. The man, suspecting no guile, left him to perform his errand; but was fortunately met on his road by the mysterious female, who had taken so prominent a part in the cure of his master. With the instinctive shrewdness of woman, she immediately suspected the purpose for which her patient had got rid of him, and requested him to return with her in all haste to the armoury. The man assented;—and they had just reached it in time to see Antony Clifford take from its place the dagger, with which “the Butcher” Lord had stabbed the young Earl of Rutland, and direct its point against his own throat. “Fire and water,” he muttered to himself, “obey the spell that has been cast upon them, and have lost their power to work me harm:—but I hold fate clasped in my fist. This steel,” he added, raising his arm to strike, “never disappointed its possessor, and its stab is sure.” The blow fell, but, either from the weakness of the striker, or from the nervousness occasioned by the sound of approaching footsteps, or from some other cause, into which it is immaterial to inquire, failed to inflict a mortal wound. A second time was his arm raised to accomplish his murderous intention; but it was stopped in its descent, and deprived by main force of the weapon, which it was wielding so desperately. The hardy soldier, after he had wrenched the dagger from the frantic youth, flung it to the farther end of the gallery—grasped him firmly by the waist, and, before he could recover from his sur-

prise, carried him back, and detained him a prisoner in his own chamber. Medical assistance was immediately procured, and to the joy of his friends, his wound, though deep, was declared to be unattended with danger.

Lord Clifford, who had now fully persuaded himself of the lamentable nature of the malady of which his protégé was the victim, displayed such intense solicitude for his recovery, that for some days he scarcely ever quitted his sick room. The presence of his Lordship seemed to overawe his young namesake, and induced him to submit to the application of such remedies as his physicians recommended for his cure. To secure similar attention on the part of others, Lord Clifford, whenever he was obliged to leave him, deputed the care of his patient to such of his friends as stood most in need of his influence and support; and by this means rendered it almost impossible for Antony Clifford to retard the closing of his wound by any wayward or refractory conduct. Weeks and months passed away without producing any considerable change in his situation; but towards the commencement of the ensuing spring, his medical attendants began to hold out flattering hopes of his speedy recovery. With the bleak winds of winter his pain of body and tribulation of mind began slowly to depart, and were succeeded, as the milder breezes diffused verdure and beauty over the country, by a calmness and collectedness of demeanour, which led most of those who observed it to conclude, that Antony Clifford had no longer any motion in his will to rebel against his reason, but was again in tune and harmony with himself. The grief, which so long had preyed upon his spirit, appeared to have dissolved in the heat of its own vehemence, as also the fever, which had so long rioted in his veins, and severed him from the enjoyment of health and its concomitant blessings. There were some, however, who conceived, that his composure was more affected than real, from the slight tremor which always came over him upon any accidental allusion to the family of the Hartlingtons; and the consequence of this notion was, that a strict superintendence continued to be exercised over him, long after the period when it was deemed necessary by his physicians. Though a cloud

occasionally shadowed his pale and lofty brow, he was in general full of life and cheerfulness, zealously seconding every proposition which promised festivity, and eagerly joining every party which started in quest of pleasure and amusement. The companions of his youth, who again flocked around him to enjoy in his society that delight with which their society seemed to inspire him, expressed their indignation at the state of thralldom in which he continued to be held, and by their repeated representations at last extorted a promise from Lord Clifford, that he should be released from his state of *surveillance*, as soon as he had publicly returned thanks to Heaven for the gracious protection which it had extended over him in the recent afflictions with which he had been visited.

With a view of performing this promise, Lord Clifford entered the apartment of his young favourite at an early hour on the morning of the festival of St John the Baptist—a day always observed with peculiar veneration at Bolton Priory—and inquired, whether he felt inclined to get up and attend morning mass with him in the church attached to that religious retreat. This was an invitation which, at any period, would have been gladly accepted by Antony Clifford; for he had been educated by the Canons at Bolton, and had imbibed, whilst under their tuition, an enthusiastic affection for the deep seclusion of the valley, within which their magnificent cloisters, reverend even in ruin, stood embosomed. The length of his recent confinement made him, on hearing his lordship's proposition, feel as if he could not welcome it richly enough with all the wealth of words; and it was therefore with more than ordinary hesitation that he stammered out, in reply, that nothing could give him greater pleasure than to accompany his patron on such an expedition, especially as he had long wanted to unburden his mind to his friend and preceptor, the Prior. "Then stir yourself, my good lad," said his Lordship, as he prepared to leave the room, "and meet me, as soon as you are dressed, on the northern rampart of the castle. We will walk from thence into the glen below, where our horses shall meet us ready saddled; and then, my coronet against any flat cap in the kingdom, I am the first to beat up

the quarters of the Prior. Some years have elapsed since I last visited him; and then, I believe, the old man would rather have declined the honour of my visit. Be that as it may, I must see him ere long, and perhaps never under better auspices than the present. You shall make an offertory to-day for your recovery, on the high altar of his church; and he will then, perhaps, forget my past rudeness in the fulness of our present gratitude. Put these angels in thy purse, boy; and let the music of their melody mediate for me with thy old tutor, the Prior."

The northern wall of Skipton Castle, which the gallant Baron appointed as the place of his reunion with his young friend, stands on the verge of a precipitous rock, which rises almost perpendicularly from the bed of one of the rapidest torrents in Craven. As its ramparts were on the side of the castle most inaccessible to assailants from without, and as they overlooked the pleasure-grounds and park attached to it, they formed a favourite promenade with the Cliffords, whenever they were inclined to spend an idle hour in lounging within the circle of their own fortifications. It happened, that, upon this occasion, Lord Clifford thoughtlessly extended his walk beyond the limits which he had assigned to it, and thus left Antony Clifford at liberty to ramble alone on the brink of a precipice, where the soundest brain might turn if the eye were too often cast downwards. As Lord Clifford returned to the northern wall, to keep to his appointment, a deep moan, half uttered and half suppressed, struck dismally on his ear, and prepared him for the dreadful spectacle, which met his sight on looking from the battlements upon the brawling stream, which chafed so angrily below them. There, close by its edge, lay the body of Antony Clifford, hideously mangled, with the blood gushing from his mouth and nostrils, and the flesh rent in many places from his fractured bones. Orders were instantly issued to rescue him from his perilous situation; but their execution was rendered difficult by the numerous injuries which he had received from his fall. Every attempt to remove him added greatly to the agony of his sufferings; and, as he was yet alive, it was determined to examine and dress his wounds at the nearest

cottage, instead of fatiguing him, by conveying him up the hill to the entrance of the castle. To the dismay of his friends, who in all his former illnesses had admired his mildness and tractability, he pertinaciously resisted the efforts of his surgeons to relieve him, imploring them to leave a wretched man to die, who was tired of existence, and determined to quit it. Compliance with such a prayer was of course impracticable; and, after some difficulty, his fractured limbs were set, and his numerous wounds were carefully bound up, in spite of his obstinate and frantic struggle to the contrary.

The settled determination with which Antony Clifford had for some months endeavoured to accomplish the suicidal intention, which he had at last avowed,—an intention, for which no adequate motive could even be surmised,—filled all who had observed the opening dawn of his virtues, with the most unfeigned regret. But their anguish was trifling, when compared with the heart-rending agony, which the knowledge of his fatal resolution imparted to Helen Hartlington. From the very moment, in which her father had prohibited all intercourse between them, and had commanded her to abandon hopes which she had been long permitted to cherish, a blight appeared to have fallen upon her spirits. For a while the rose bloomed, as before, upon her eloquent countenance, deluding her anxious friends with the treacherous promise, that all was still sound and uncantered at her heart. By degrees, however, the ravages of sorrow made themselves visible; the fresh blood withdrew its healthy colour from her cheek, and gave way before the hectic flushings of consumption. Every exertion was used to renovate her cheerfulness, and to restore her health. The physician employed in her behalf all the resources of his art, but without producing the slightest amendment; for it was beyond his power to prepare an anodyne capable of soothing the feverish impatience of disappointed hope. In society she was no longer sociable, and therefore, she derived no comfort from the festive parties in which her father perseveringly involved her. Wherever she wandered, “the demon, Thought” wandered with her; and thus, whether she mixed in the courtly circle,

which fluttered around the Lord President of the North in his manorial palace at York, or whether she hid herself in the sequestered cloisters of Easeby, where Saint Agatha had watched over the budding beauties of her childhood, she was equally distant from that tranquillity of mind, without which no change of scenery can produce any improvement on the bodily system. Her father was at last convinced of the utter uselessness of the different experiments which he had tried for her relief, and yielded despondently to her earnest entreaties to be allowed to return home to the seat of her ancestry. It was her misfortune to arrive at Gamleswall just at the period when her lover was recovering from the wounds which he had inflicted upon himself in the armoury at Skipton, and when he was endeavouring to deceive his friends into a belief of his sanity, by an affectation of cheerfulness which he did not possess. That *he* should be indifferent to her sufferings, whilst she was still sensitively alive to the disastrous incidents in his career, which had produced them; that his heart should sit lightly on its throne, whilst hers was nailed to the earth by the cruel blow, which, as she fancied, had prostrated for ever the happiness of both,—was an event, of which the possibility had never suggested itself to her imagination. Dreadful, therefore, was the shock which the actual occurrence of it communicated to her feelings. It deprived her of the last source of consolation which remained to her; for it shewed her how groundless was her anticipation, that each would remain linked to the memory of the other, in spite of the misfortunes which had recently separated them. The increased power which was thus given to the disease, which was undermining her life, was speedily manifested by the increased rapidity of her decay. Every day she became weaker, and, as her friends remarked with pain, more anxious to accelerate than to retard her dissolution. Whilst such was her melancholy temperament, the inadvertence of a domestic, who supposed her to be asleep, made her acquainted, within a few hours after their occurrence, with all the lamentable particulars of Antony Clifford's fall from the battlements of Skipton Castle. The effect which that intelligence pro-

duced upon her drooping frame, was perfectly electric. She rose in terrible emotion from her pillow, and with a passionate vehemence, which bore down all opposition, insisted on being instantly conveyed to the town of Skipton.

"I feel," she said, "that I must soon die; but I likewise feel, that I shall die enshrined in the affections of him I love. If you wish, therefore, to smooth my passage to the grave,—if you wish to console yourselves, when I am gone hence, with the reflection that you did all in your power to make my dying moments happy, bear me, O bear me into the presence of my mangled Clifford. The cause of his distress is, even now, dimly shadowed out to me. A secret, a dreadful secret, is driving him to despair. I implore you, therefore, as you would escape the curse of your expiring kinswoman, and as you value the safety of an immortal soul, to afford me an opportunity of extracting it from him ere it is too late. Perhaps, even yet, I may have power to make him endure existence, though I can no longer hope for the happiness of sharing it with him."

There is, in the circumstances attending the adjurations of the dying, a force of persuasion far above that of the mere syllables in which they are expressed. The awful position which they occupy on that narrow isthmus, which divides time from eternity, prevents them from being suspected of being influenced by any selfish motives of worldly interest,—and the excited feelings of those to whom their appeals are addressed, prompt them to incur any sacrifice, rather than embitter by a refusal the agonizing throes of expiring humanity. Hence it happened, that Sir Walter Hartlington found it impossible to resist the urgent importunities of his afflicted daughter. Though suffering under great debility, she was still capable of sustaining the fatigue of a removal from Garmeswall to Skipton; and, as her physicians stated, that her health would be less endangered by the agitation of an interview with Antony Clifford, than by the disappointment consequent on the prohibition of it, it was determined that she should commence her journey thither without delay, and that subsequent events should decide whether she should or should not be

admitted to the presence of her unfortunate lover.

It was now the second morning from that on which Antony Clifford had been discovered, maimed and bleeding, at the foot of the lofty ramparts of Skipton Castle. His wounds had already assumed a favourable aspect;—but his obstinate refusal to take the slightest sustenance prevented his friends from flattering themselves with any sanguine hopes of his ultimate recovery. They were all assembled round his bed, protesting against his desperate resolution, and endeavouring to dissuade him from persisting in its execution, when a faint struggle and a confused noise of female voices at the door of the cottage, in which he lay, struck upon their ears, and affected them with mingled feelings of surprise and anger. As one of them stepped forth to learn the cause of the disturbance, Helen Hartlington burst with a sudden spring from the arms of two female attendants, who appeared to be holding her, and, clearing the door-way, rushed impetuously into the sick room of her lover. In one moment she discovered the spot, where his pale and emaciated form reclined;—in another she placed herself, all tears and agitation, by his side. But the spectacle, which then met her view, was more than her weak and shattered nerves could sustain. That manly countenance, of which every feature was indelibly graven on her heart, was disfigured with scars and plasters, almost as hideous as the terrible gashes which they concealed;—those eyes which, in her imagination, shone with a starry brightness too dazzling to look upon, were sunk deep into their unsightly sockets, and gleamed as dully as the lamps of a charnel-house;—whilst the curls, which her memory portrayed as waving in wanton majesty round his brow, loaded his faded cheeks with tangled clots of blood, and spread additional horror over their death-like paleness. One shrill scream, which sounded like the concentrated cry of a thousand sorrows, betrayed the intensity of her anguish at this dreadful change. She tried to speak to him;—but her utterance was choked by deep sobs, which audibly proclaimed, that the heart from which they came was breaking. By a sudden effort she once more obtained the mastery over her grief;

her tears vanished ; her sobs ceased ; she gratified the tenderness of her nature by a long gaze on his altered lineaments, and then, as if the struggle had been too powerful for her reason, fell in a state of insensibility by his side. In a few minutes she recovered from her swoon, and revived to a full knowledge of the awkwardness of her situation. In her anxiety to escape from it, she attempted to rise ;—but her feet failed her ;—and, from very weakness, she again sunk on the sick couch of her mangled lover. He would have given worlds, had they been at his command, to have been able to console and support her in that extremity of desolate feeling : but, with fractured limbs, and a bandaged frame, how was he to afford her that assistance of which he stood so much in need himself ? By a desperate wrench he partially freed himself from the restraint under which his friends had placed him ; and thus was enabled to raise himself sufficiently on his pillow to catch his adored mistress in his arms, as she was falling a second time upon it. At that moment all regard for the mere usages of society flitted from her mind ;—for she felt that the bolt of death was in her heart, and knew that she had nothing more to do with the world than to leave it. With the last exertion of her strength, she flung herself into his embrace, reclined her head upon his shoulder, gazed kindly yet mournfully into his face, imprinted a parting kiss on his forehead, and in a few affecting words, which almost died in her throat, entreated him to rest in peace, till they should meet again, where neither care nor disappointment could harass or divide them. They were the last words she ever uttered ;—for, as their softness fell, like dew, upon the air, her eye, which was still fixed upon his features, became glazed ; her arm, which encircled his neck, relaxed its hold ;—and the last mortal agony which she had to endure, passed, ere it was sensibly felt, over the smiling countenance of Helen Hartlington.

In the distress and confusion of such an unexpected scene, it was not immediately perceived that her pure spirit had parted from its earthly tenement, and had fled for refuge to its kindred heaven. Antony Clifford was the first to discover that the light of her countenance was extinguished for

ever ; and the discovery bereft him of all control over the passionate grief against which he had been previously wrestling. Before his fatal purpose could be guessed, he forced the bandages from his fractured limbs, and tore asunder his half-closed wounds ; and then, as his blood oozed forth in many a channel, raved against the ungentle planets which domineered at his birth. "The prediction on which I trembled to think, is at length fulfilled ; the doom, which I wished to reverse by my own destruction, is at last accomplished. Yes ; loved and lovely one, thou hast fallen in the spring of life under the untimely frost of death's perpetual winter !—whilst I, who sought to save thee from the spoiler, live to feel that I have unwittingly given thee to his grasp.—Listen to me, friends,"—said he, turning to Lord Clifford and his astonished attendants—"and listen to me in the awful certainty that the words which I now address to you are the last which I shall ever speak. You have long thought me mad ; but mad I have not been, though labouring under a dreadful secret, which might well have made me so. My loving patron, our kind dead Lord, taught me, as you all know, to decipher in the stars the destiny of the future ; and, shortly after his death, a wayward inclination rendered me peculiarly anxious to ascertain what fate they held reserved for me. Accident,"—added he, pointing to his mysterious nurse, who hung over him in an agony of tears,—"*accident* led me to encounter that kind-hearted but eccentric woman, who was present at my birth, and who at this moment knows more of me than I can venture to say that I know certainly of myself. From her I artfully extracted the information, that, at my nativity, the planets were all of malignant aspects, and in bloody houses ! and hence I became still more solicitous to learn the precise nature of the calamities which were impending over me. How I collected the preliminary information, on which my subsequent calculations were formed, it is now needless to relate ;—suffice it to say, that I discovered, by the potency of my art, that I should live to inflict death on those whom I loved most dearly. I could not ascertain who the individuals were to be ; but yet it was faintly figured out to me,

that they would all be females. See now, how the weird, beheld from afar, has been verified by the event;—reflect how the oracles of heaven have been completed, even by the very means which I took to defeat them. For the last two years I have tried every means to get rid of this wretched existence—but in vain. I have incurred danger by earth, and air, and fire, and water, which would have destroyed any other man that ever breathed;—but I remained unhurt; for I bore about me a doomed life;—and neither earth, nor air, nor fire, nor water, had power upon it. It was not idle vanity that prompted me to court the bubble reputation at the cannon's mouth—it was not an erring step that plunged me into the roaring chasm of the Ghastills;—it was not the delirium of fever, that hurried me into the bonfires of Flasby-fell;—but it was a fixed and settled resolution to avoid, if possible, by a voluntary death,—the murderous destiny, which it was predestined that I should fulfil. I saw through all your subsequent designs to debar me from mischief, and contrived, with some difficulty, to elude them; but even then, after all my exertions, the dirk which shed the life-blood of a Plantagenet, would not shed mine;—and the dizzy height, from which I launched myself into the void of air, was not sufficiently elevated above the rocks, on which I fell, to dash out my desperate brains. But, whilst I was thus blindly wandering without a guide in the mazes of fate, I inflicted on her, whom I loved best of all created things, the very death, which I wished to ward off. I dreamed of death, inflicted by fire or sword or poison; but never dreamed of that more slow and torturing death, which accompanies a breaking heart. Yes! that heart which, in all its pulsations, beat for me alone, was broken by my wayward, desperate, and inexplicable conduct!—and shall I,—who betrayed her harmless peace to a premature end,—shall I—her unwilling murderer—survive to mourn over the desolation which I have created, and to extend it, perhaps, even still more widely? No;—‘blood asketh blood, and death must death requite.’ I welcome its advances, as those of a friend, and rush to revenge upon myself the cruelty of which I have been guilty. A few short

hours, and my spirit, purged of its unintentional crime, will be reunited to hers. Let me spend them, I entreat you, undisturbed;—let me pass peacefully to my rest;—and then, when I am become as one who has never been, lay me by the side of her, who, though we were parted in our lives, joined me in wishing, that in death we should not be divided. One kiss on her cold cheek, and then deal with me as you list;—for know, my parting speech is spoken—these lips shall never open more.”

The intention thus undisguisedly declared, was as resolutely executed; for, from the moment of avowing it, Antony Clifford paid no heed to the supplications of his friends, but locked himself up in impenetrable silence. After a frightful loss of blood, his wounds were again stanchd; but, as he still persisted in rejecting every kind of nourishment, it would, perhaps, have been kinder to have allowed them to bleed on without hinderance. Against such a combination of weakness, privation, and suffering, as existed in his person, human nature cannot long hold out; and thus it happened, that within a few hours after the death of his beloved mistress, the cold dew, which in huge drops stood upon his forehead, the ashy semblance, which spread itself over his meagre, long-drawn countenance, and the laborious difficulty with which he drew his slow and interrupted respiration, convinced his weeping attendants, that the same day would see them both ready for the cold obstruction of the tomb. The conviction filled the Egyptian nurse, who had so tenderly smoothed his sick pillow, with such consternation, that it became necessary to remove her from his room, in order to prevent her from disturbing his dying moments by the clamorous expression of her grief. To the surprise of the beholders, Lord Clifford stooped at once from his pride of place, and led her with marks of great commiseration into another apartment. He there uttered a few words to her in a consoling tone, but in an unknown language: and then returned, with the traces of strong emotion on his countenance, to await the catastrophe of this melancholy tragedy. In a few minutes afterwards, Antony Clifford beckoned his noble patron to approach his bedside; the motion was instantly obeyed. The dying youth

clasped his Lordship's hand with a feeble gripe, raised it gratefully to his lips, and sighed deeply, as he relinquished it for his crucifix. He then fell slowly back upon his couch, and after two or three convulsive struggles, which seemed like the last efforts of departing sensation, sunk into that deep and torpid slumber which, though not death itself, is its immediate precursor. Another short interval elapsed,—and then, amid a burst of infectious sorrow, the death-wail sounded sadly for Antony Clifford.

The sun was careering brightly in the heavens, and all nature was rejoicing in its unclouded glory, as the funeral procession of Helen Hartlington, and Antony Clifford, wound its toilsome and melancholy way to Bolton Abbey. The sportive deer were bounding lightly over the hills, and the glad birds were warbling melodiously in the thickets, as if none but the living were moving amongst them; and but for the wild dirge, which mingled with the whispers of the wind, and but for the deep-toned knell which ever and anon rose slowly and mournfully above it, the lone traveller would never have conjectured that Death was conveying its victims through those smiling scenes. As the procession approached the portals of the Abbey, it was met, as was then customary, by the young men and maidens of the surrounding villages, in their best array, who hung upon the hearse chaplets of fragrant flowers, and strewed its path with rosemary, pansies and rue.

At the same moment the solemn chant of the *Miserere* thrilled upon the soul, and was succeeded, as it gradually melted into silence, by the still more affecting strains of the parting requiem for the dead. The funeral ceremonies of the church of Rome are impressive at all times, but they were rendered more than usually impressive in the present instance, by the recollection of the singularly unfortunate destiny of the youthful pair, in whose behoof they were celebrated. A short time ago, and every thing promised them a long enjoyment of happiness together; on a sudden, clouds and darkness overshadowed their prospects; and a storm arose, which parted them in life, only to reunite them inseparably in the grave. The unexpected vicissitudes which they had recently un-

dergone,—their wedding-cheer changed into burial feasts, their nuptial hymns into sullen dirges, and their bridal garlands into funeral wreaths, made every spectator feel his own dependence upon Providence, and muse deeply upon the instability of fortune. It was owing to the engrossing feeling of religion, which such reflections naturally generate in the human bosom, that a tall female, whose features were carefully concealed by her mourning hood and cloak, contrived to intrude herself, without being observed, among the crowd of mourners, and to take her station at the head of the two coffins. As they were moved to the grave, in which they were to repose, till the dawning of a bright eternity, she moved quietly along with them; and it was not till they were both deposited in their final resting-place, and that incense had been thrown, and holy water sprinkled over them, that her vehement emotion and distracted gestures attracted general attention. No one knew her; but the excess of grief under which she laboured, gained for her, though unknown, both sympathy and respect; and she was thus enabled to reach the brink of the grave and to look down from its damp mound upon its insensible inmates, as the grave-digger began his necessary task of closing it up. The dull hollow clatter of the earth upon the coffins had scarcely grated upon her ear, when, with a tone of anguish, which dwelt long in the memory of Lord Clifford, she sobbed out, "My son, my son!" and fell in frantic sorrow upon his corse. In a few minutes she was taken out of his grave in a state of insensibility; and the removal of her hood to restore her to animation displayed to the wondering domestics of Lord Clifford the features of Antony Clifford's mysterious nurse, without her gipsy tinge and complexion, and to the elder villagers who were present, the long-lost features of the once-loved lily of Egremont, without their bloom and youthful beauty. The half-guessed secret of many years was thus revealed beyond denial, and Lord Clifford stood before the astonished group as the despoiler of her innocence, and the father of her child. Many circumstances, which before appeared unaccountable, became immediately capable of easy explanation; and the import of the gipsy's secret conversation with his Lordship on her restoring

her child to his care after rescuing him from the blazing bonfire of Flaby-fell, and the cause of her subsequently seeking and obtaining admission into his family as nurse, were both equally apparent. There were, however, portions of her history, into which the curiosity of the vulgar found it impossible to penetrate; and it was only by recollecting the unworthy association which Lord Clifford had formed in early life with the roving outlaws of Crokerise forest, that any mode could be found of accounting for her association with the troop of gipsies, which continued to infest it. On all such points Lord Clifford and herself were the only persons who could throw light; but Lord Clifford was unwilling, and she was unable, to be communicative; for, as if to shew, that the cup of her misfortunes had not hitherto been full, she only recovered from her insensibility to pass the remnant of her days in incurable madness.

Three centuries have elapsed since the melancholy pageant of that day awoke the rude sympathies of the peasantry of Craven; but though time has now unroofed the towers of Barden, and hurled down the lofty aisles

and superb altars of Bolton Abbey, it has not entirely swept away all memorials of these unfortunate lovers. Though stripped of the heraldic trophies and the architectural honours which once adorned it, the tomb which contains their ashes still exists; and when I first saw it, about thirty years ago, seldom failed to excite the curiosity of the stranger, by the simplicity of its form and construction. Whether its appearance is gifted with the same charm at present, I do not pretend to know, for I have not recently visited that portion of merry England; but at the time of which I speak, it generally gave rise to inquiries respecting the parties who slumbered beneath its moss-clad canopy. The answers were commonly vague and unsatisfactory, involving a confused story of love and madness, and voluntary death. Its palpable inconsistencies rendered me desirous to discover its actual incidents; and after sundry difficulties, I succeeded in collecting from the elderly inhabitants of the district, in scattered fragments, the particulars which I have combined together in the History of Clifford the Astrologer, a Legend of Craven.

TEUTONICUS.

THE HEDGEHOG.

Some carping, cross-grain'd souls there be,
 (Male specimens are *not* the rarest,)
 Will split you half a hair in two
 In argument; to prove *green blue*,
 Or *this not that*—or *truth not true*,
 When it shines fairest.

'Twould wear the patience of a saint,
 A Job, a Grizzel, all to tatters,
 One of those wearying wights to hear
 Harp-harping on for half a year,
 (His motto's always "*persevere*,")
 Anent such matters.

But, if you prize an hour of peace,
 (We'll just suppose, Ma'am! he's your Sposo,)
 Be cautious how you make pretence
 To pose him with superior sense,
 Or airs of calm indifference,
 Play "*grandioso*."

That way won't do—believe me, 'twon't—
 You might as well oppose a river;
 Or—after fighting very hard,
 If you *do* take him off his guard,
 And get the best on't—mark my word,
 You're lost for ever.

To be convinced he's in the wrong!—
 That all his manly wit's been wasted!—
 To prove *himself* a goose!—and you
 An oracle! and to eschew
 Your meekly Christian triumph too!—
 More bitter dose—(that dose you'll rue)—
 Man never tasted.

And it's by no means *very* safe
 Always to suffer, like a martyr
 In silent sweetness,—or to yield,
 At the first onset, sword and shield;
 He'd rather you'd defend the field,
 And woman's charter.

Or there's an end of his enjoyment!—
 He *can't* talk on, without an answer,
 From morn till night!—But have a care
 How far you venture with your share
 O' th' argument;—a nice affair
 T' engage Drawcansir!

But there *are* methods.—First,—look here,—
 Observe this odd, brown bunch of thistles;
 Touch where you will the living ball,—
 (For 'tis *alive*!—'twill eat and crawl!)—
 Its dusky coat is guarded all
 With stiff black bristles!

Well! will you try your naked grasp,
 To clutch the crabbed creature firm in,
 And all his charms unfold to view?
 Handle him gently—*That* won't do—
 Boldly—he'll prick your fingers through—
 "Deuce take the vermin!"

Come, come—we've other ways—Let's set
 This cream down by the churlish villain—
 Ah! ha!—how soon he smells it out!
 Look! there's a paw! and there's a snout!
 An's all unrolled now!—Liq'rish lout!
 See how he's swilling!

And all his bristles laid so smooth!
 Well, what a change! who could have thought it?
 He's really (for a hedgehog) pleasing—
 'Twas neither tenderness, nor teasing,
 But that good cream he's over seas in
 To pass that brought it.

And to effect such change benign
 In *human Hedgehog*—saint or sinner—
 To smooth his bristles—soothe his rage—
 There's not an argument so sage,
 Or so prevailing, I'll engage,
 As a good dinner.

HANSEL MONDAY.

"WILL you never hold your little, yelping tongues to-night?" said Beaty Lawson to the nursery brood, whom she had presided over ever since their birth, and whom she had just tucked into the various sized cribs which surrounded an ample nursery. "Your elder brothers are all *quiet* in the next room, and so is your sister; I'll warrant they dinna get leave to cheep a word at school, after they are in their beds; and they will be weel sleepit, and up before any of you bairns, to wish their mamma a good Hansel Monday."

"Well but, Beaty, just answer me this one question," said a pertinacious little rogue, raising a curly bullet of a head from a well tumbled pillow;—"I'll go to sleep this instant if you will only tell me. Was that a guinea mamma sent out to get silver for?—I wonder how much we'll get to our hansels?"

"Oh, Jemmy, you should not be thinking about money after you have said your prayers," whispered a fair-haired little girl, whom Beaty loved above all the rest; "you know that nurse says, the fairies can turn it all into chucky stones, if we think about money in our beds."

"Tut, nonsense!" said Jemmy;—"Mary is always dreaming about the fairies, because papa calls her his little elf. Well, if I get five shillings for my hansel, I'll buy you a little green coaty, Mary, if you'll promise not to turn my money into chucky stones."

"Well, do not say another word about it, but go to sleep this instant. See, you are wakening Willie, and I'll have the whole pack of you up; and if that's the case, Jemmy, I'll positively leave you at home when we go to the shops in the morning."

This terrible threat had the desired effect, for Beaty was known to reign despotic in the nursery; and her judgments being as merciful as just, they were never interfered with by Mrs Seaton, the mother of these children.

Sweet were the young voices, and the pattering of little feet, which assailed the happy parents' ears, as the little troop hurst into their room to wish them a good Hansel Monday. Mr Seaton kissed his children, and then led them to their mother's bed. The three elder of Beaty's charge could

just on tiptoe reach the mother's lips; whilst the father helped a round faced little girl to scramble up the hed, and Beaty held the crowing baby in her arms.

"Now, little Jane, you must not sit on mamma's pillow," exclaimed the dauntless James; "for I know all our hansels are under it."

"No, not all," said the silver-tongued Mary, "for I see something very pretty peeping out on the other side. Oh, mamma, may I see what it is?"

The mother smiled, and Mary drew out a little, green silk frock, with silver clasps.

"Oh, it is for me," said the happy child, "because I am papa's fairy!—And here is a doll for Jane, and a purse for James, and another for William; and a little one for me, I declare, besides my pretty frock!"

"Oh, mamma and papa, how good you are!" exclaimed the joyous creatures, and the kisses were renewed.

"Now, my little ones, you must go to breakfast. Nurse, take your hoy; his mother's kiss is all he cares for yet."

"May God bless my infant!" breathed the grateful mother, imprinting a kiss upon his rosy cheeks.

To breakfast the little ones went; but what child who knows the value of a sixpence, and sees before him the toy-shop's boundless range, can look at "parritch" on a Hansel Monday! No; we may all remember the tumbled bed, the untasted breakfast, which told how unnecessary was sleep or food to the happy expectants of a day like this!

And now the little coats, the worsted gloves, and snow-boots were duly huckled on, and the mother saw the joyous troop depart. She did not detain them with ill timed cautions, lectures, or advice, to check the freedom of their wildest wishes; she stayed but for a moment her little Mary, and, wrapping the Indian shawl still closer on her breast, she bade Beaty take care of her gentle child. The two elder boys had already gone out with Mr Seaton; and Fanny, being a little beyond Beaty's control, remained to accompany her mother.

It was a pleasant sight for old and young, to behold the various groups of restless, happy beings, which that

day crowded the far-stretched line of Prince's Street. Already were to be seen some impatient little urchins, the offspring of chicken-pecked mothers, returning with their load of gilded baubles from their early walk. And passing them came upright, pale-faced girls, the governess's pride! Poor things, one day of freedom might have been permitted you, just to gild the gloom of such a life of vain and heartless toil! And now came youthful mothers, and proud young papas, with riotous boys, and giggling rosy girls, as happy in the toy-shop as their children were. But amongst all the various throng, none were more naturally joyous than Beaty Lawson's brood. They were the children of a good old-fashioned nursery, where much kindness and little discipline kept all in order. Beaty knew nothing of the thousand methods and never-ending books, which are now thought necessary for the education of youth. But she had all her Bible by heart, and the greater part of Shakspeare, besides a superabundance of fairy tales and romantic ballads; and the little Seatons knew no severer punishment than Beaty's declaring that she would not tell a story for a week. Never was an impure word or a base action known in Beaty's nursery. Her own mind was the mirror of purity and truth; her heart the seat of ardent and active feeling.

The little Seatons felt it no penance to be confined to such a nursery. They looked upon it as privileged ground, where they could enact a thousand sports, sure of Beaty Lawson's assistance and applause. Even Sunday, that day of injudicious gloom to many, shone a holiday to them; nay, it was the happiest day of all the seven, for the pious father spent it with his children; and when retired from their parents, they had still to look to Beaty's Bible story; and whether it was to be Daniel in the lion's den—the children in the fiery furnace, or Mary's favourite Ruth, was the only question.

But we must not forget that Monday is already come, and that Beaty has to attend to other high behests. No light task was hers, to hear and answer the thousand questions and never-ending projects, as to what their exhaustless wealth might be equal to procure. But, before entering the tempting precincts of the toy-shop,

Beaty's custom had ever been to exact from each child a tenth of its treasure, to be appropriated by her to some object of charity; and this being given with open heart and willing hand, there was no farther check to the disposal of the rest. It was delightful to listen to the various projected purchases—the magnificent presents they intended to bestow. William knew his papa wanted a barometer, and did nurse think they would get it at the toy-shop, and that Mrs Connel would give it him for half a crown? Then came a list of gifts, commencing with a satin gown for mamma, and ending with a tea-canister for Betty the cook. If these things were at last discovered to be beyond their grasp, and something humbler was suggested when in the toy-shop, great at least had been their delight in talking of them, and Beaty was sure to make honourable mention of the first intention on their return home. And now the toy-shops having been ransacked, and the merits of good-humoured Mrs Connel been thoroughly discussed, another pleasure was still in store—a visit to George's Square, to taste old aunty Stewart's bun. This had always formed a part of the routine of Hansel Monday.

As long as the little Seatons could remember George's Square, so long had aunty Stewart inhabited the same house, and sat at her little wheel in the same chair, just between the fireplace and the window. Her grey silk gown, her beautiful pinched cap, her silver hair and smooth unwrinkled skin, these had never altered. There stood the little table with her Bible, the newspapers, and a volume of the Spectator, and from year to year these dear children had come, and still found all the same. The bright brass grate with its shining utensils, the mahogany cat, on which the frothy buttered toast was placed at breakfast, and the plates were warmed at dinner;—the china figures on the mantel-piece, where Sir John Falstaff, with his paunch stuffed full of fun, still stood so temptingly beyond their reach; these well-known sights were sure to meet their eyes as the little folk marched into aunt Stewart's parlour.

"Well, my bairns, and is this you?" said the good old lady, laying aside her spectacles, and carefully marking with a pin the place in the newspaper she had been reading; for since her

memory had begun to fail, she found this the surest way of making straight work of the papers. "Is this you, my bairns, come to wish your old aunty a good Hansel Monday, and tell her all your news? Mary, my little woman, give Annie a cry; she'll be up in the store-room looking after the bun." But it was not necessary to hurry Annie, for she had heard the well-known little tongues in the parlour, and, "Is that the little Seatons?" in her kindly voice, was answered by their running to meet her as she came down the stair, with a beaming face, and a plate well heaped with short-bread and with bun.

Annie, the unmarried daughter of Mrs Stewart, was past the age of beauty, if she ever had possessed it; but there was a charm about the whole of the Stewart family far beyond that of beauty, although some of them had been eminent for loveliness,—their minds seemed never to grow old. There was within a springing well of warmth and kindness, of cheerful thoughts and lively fun, which all the cares of this weary world had never checked. They had met with many trials, yet still they saw the bright side of every thing, and their lives seemed but a continual song of thankfulness to God.

The children now being seated, the great coats unbuckled, the cold shoes taken off, and the little feet rubbed into a glow, a drop of Aunty's cordial and a piece of bun was duly administered to each. Then came the display of all the wonderful things which had been bought—the large Hansels which they had got; and how the little tongues did go about all that had been felt, seen, and done since the morning! Oh, what a pity that Hansel Monday should ever end! But Beauty Lawson reminded them that it was getting late, and they had still to visit cousin Stewart in his room. It was not to every one that this gentleman chose to shew himself, and few besides the little Seatons dared to intrude on his *Sanctum Sanctorum*; but they were always sure of a kind reception. How, with his kindly feelings and lively delight in every thing which looked young and happy, Mr Stewart had remained a bachelor, was like many other wonders, never rightly understood. But there he sat surrounded by his books, the picture of content. His pen seemed never idle,

yet what he wrote, or where it went, or if the world was ever the wiser for it, no one ever knew; but at all events he was the busiest and the happiest of men. Himself, his room, and all about him, was the picture of comfort, order, and scrupulous tidiness. He had been a very handsome man, and when dress was more the distinguishing characteristic of a gentleman than it now is, his had still been conspicuous. Regularly as nine o'clock struck was Mr Stewart to be seen under the hands of an ancient barber, who had shaved, powdered, and tied his cue for more than thirty years, discussing at the same time the politics of the day, mourning over the degeneracy of the times, and quitting his master with the daily renewed feeling, that it would be well for the country in general, and his pocket in particular, if there were many such gentlemen of the good old school.

The entrance of the little cousins was preceded by a gentle tap from Mary, who, being the decided favourite, was the first to peer in her little head. "Come in, my little Fairy—God bless the little creature—it is Queen Mab herself.

'And where got ye that gown sae gay,
My little Fairy Queen?
I got it in the Fairies' land,
Where you have never been.'

And where are my little men, Jemmy and Willie?—Will your purses hold another half-crown, boys? God bless their comely faces! Annie, have you given them plenty of short-bread? and Beaty, did you get a glass of wine? Remember,

'Christmas comes but once a-year,
But once a-year, but once a-year;
Christmas comes but once a-year,
And therefore we'll be merry.'

So sung the old gentleman in the glee of his heart, rubbing his hands in pure delight. "And now, my little Fairy, you must give cousin Stewart his song." The little maid needed no second bidding, for she had sat and sung on cousin Stewart's knee as long as she could remember, and still her song had been,

"O gin my love were yon red rose,
That grows upon the castle wa';
And I mysell a drap of dew,
Into her bonny breast I'd fa'."

He had heard her mother sing it when she was somewhat older than Mary; and, perhaps, that might account for

the tears that dimmed the good man's eyes when he kissed the child, and said she was the image of her mother. But Beaty must now collect her flock and carry them off; for there was yet one visit to be paid, which her benevolent heart could not omit. It was a visit to the house of mourning.

In one of those narrow closes which abound in the old part of the town of Edinburgh, lived a poor widow of the name of Gray. This day of happiness to many, rose to her the anniversary of lasting sorrow. But it had not always been thus: No,—one year ago and not the youngest heart on Hansel Monday had looked for fuller happiness than that of widow Gray. On that day twenty-two years before, she had been made the blessed mother of a thriving boy. He was her only child,—long wished for, and granted when hope was almost dead. He seemed to bring a blessing with him, for every thing had thriven with Agnes Gray since George's birth. Hansel Monday had been to her the happiest day of her life,—it was the birth-day of her child; and though she had since mourned over the grave of a kind husband, yet, when the day came round, the heart of Agnes still renewed her hymn of gratitude to God.

That day twelve months past had been the day which the mother had fixed upon for the wedding of her son. "It was the happiest day of my life, George," said she, "and I would have it the happiest day of yours; and if God spare me to see your Peggy as blest a mother as I have been, then may I say, 'Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace.'" Thus, with his mother's blessing warm at his heart, and happiness brightening every feature, did the youthful bridegroom quit his parent's roof. He was to return in the evening with his bride, who was henceforward to be the inmate of his mother's dwelling. The widow had no fears or misgivings as to the worth or excellency of George's wife; for she had known and loved her from a child; and the first wish of her heart had been, that George should marry pretty Peggy Burns.

The daylight had long passed away, and more than once had widow Gray trimmed the fire, and looked with pride and pleasure at the well-furnished room which was to be the abode of her new daughter. The hours pass-

ed by, and still they did not come; Oh, what could stay them now? And for the first time alarm arose in the mother's heart. She took her seat beside the fire, and tried to read her Bible; but her heart throbbled and fluttered so, it was in vain. At last she heard a noise,—her ears could not be deceived,—it was *their* footsteps on the stair. She hurried to the door with a light,—a man, indeed, stood there; but the light fell upon the face of a stranger. "Who are you?" said the agitated mother. "Why do I see you here? My God! has any thing happened to my boy? Whose are those voices that I hear below?" And she would have rushed past him, but he caught her arm. "Come into the house," said the compassionate stranger, "and I will tell you all."—"Oh, I know it all already!" said the mother; "my boy, my boy is gone!"—"No, he is not dead; believe me, my poor woman, your son lives, but he has been severely hurt, and they are now bringing him here at his own desire. I have dressed his wound, and perhaps"—The mother heard not what he said—she remained fixed to the spot—her eyes raised to heaven—her heart in silent prayer, as if imploring God for strength to bear her misery. It was indeed a sight to harrow up the soul; her brave, her beautiful boy, was now brought back to his mother's house, and laid upon the bed, pale, bleeding, and almost lifeless. He was supported by the surgeon and some of the bridal party, whilst his poor Peggy pressed close to his side, her face as white as her bridal garments.

The mother asked not a question, but the facts were soon made known by those around her. Her son had arrived within a few paces of his father-in-law's door, when his attention was attracted to the opposite side of the street, by the screams of a young girl, apparently struggling to disengage herself from the rude attack of two young men. He stopt for a moment, but persuading himself they were only claiming the privilege of Hansel Monday, to obtain a kiss from a pretty girl, he prepared to hurry on to his own appointment. A second appeal for help, however, in a voice of unequivocal terror and supplication, rendered him ashamed of his momentary selfishness, and thinking of his own Peggy, he flew to the as-

sistance of the poor girl. Forcibly seizing the arm of the most troublesome of the two ruffians, he enabled the girl to make her escape; but at that moment, the other young man turning upon George, threw him head foremost with all his force against the iron lamp-post. The blow was fatally severe, and he lay at their feet bleeding and senseless. A party of the wedding guests were the first to observe him, and come to his assistance; he was carried into the house of his Peggy's father, and it was some time before he uttered a word. At last he opened his eyes; and as Peggy hung over him, he pressed her hand, and faintly uttered, "Let them carry me to my mother." After a while, however, he recovered so far, as to be able to give some account of what had happened. The surgeon who had been called in, having now made his appearance, the poor young man again petitioned to be taken to his mother's house; and seeing that quiet was not to be obtained where he was, the surgeon agreed to his immediate removal.

All now having quitted the house of Mrs Gray, except the surgeon and poor Peggy, the mother, with trembling hands, assisted to undress her son, and stood by while he was bled. The doctor now saw him laid quiet, and proposed to leave them for the night. He had given no hope—he had said nothing; and the unhappy widow dared not to ask a question, for she read in his face the sentence of her son's death. Next morning, George desired to see the surgeon alone, and after conversing with him for some moments, he sent for Peggy. They remained for some time together, and when the mother entered the room, the poor girl was seated by the bed, holding the hand of her lover, paler if possible than before, but still, and silent, as death itself.

"Mother, I have been telling Peggy what I need not tell you, for I saw you knew how it would be, when you laid me on this bed. And now, dear mother, I have only one wish, and that is to see our good minister, and once more hear his voice in prayer.—Oh! I hoped to have seen him perform an office far different from this! but the Lord's will be done." The good man came, and after a few words to the afflicted mother, he seated himself by the bed of her son. Peggy now rose

for the first time, and taking the widow aside, she said some words in a low and earnest voice, but at that moment the minister called to them to kneel round George's bed, and then he prayed aloud with all the fervour of a feeling and a pious heart. His were indeed the words of eternal life; and as he poured out his spirit in prayer, this world, with all its sins and its sorrows, faded from their eyes.

The holy man now arose, and would have left them, but Peggy, starting forward, laid her hand upon his arm with a look of earnest supplication, and tried to speak; but the effort was too much for her, and the mother then advanced to explain her wishes. "If you think there is naething wrang in it, sir, Peggy wishes to be made the wife of my poor boy." The minister looked at the dying man, and shook his head. "Peggy knows that, sir," said widow Gray; "she knows he has not many hours to live, but yet it is natural for her to wish—And then her father could let her live with me." "And then," said Peggy, rousing herself to speak, "Oh! then, sir, I would be laid in—" She could not say the word, but George, clasping her hand, added, "In my grave, Peggy! it is that you would say. God bless you, dearest, for the wish." The good man made no further objection, and their hands were now joined in wedlock. George's strength supported him through the sacred ceremony, and when the clergyman pronounced them man and wife, he opened his arms, received her to his bosom, and saying, "God bless my Peggy," he expired.

Such was the story which the children had heard from their nurse soon after it had happened. Since then they had frequently visited the widow and her daughter, for Peggy had never left her mother-in-law. Though poor now, they were not altogether destitute, and the young widow added to their little stock, by taking in plain work. This was all she was able for. She had always been a delicate girl; and now sorrow, though quietly endured, was making deep inroads in her feeble frame. The cold of winter had borne hard upon Peggy; and when Beaty now saw her seated by the poor old woman, she felt that it would be difficult to say whether the ripe fruit or the blighted flower was likely to be soonest taken. The children, with in-

stinctive feeling, had hid their toys in Beaty's mantle as they ascended the stair. "Do not let poor Peggy see our play-things, to put her in mind of Hansel Monday," said little William. Poor things, it was kindly meant; but Hansel Monday was written in Peggy's heart in characters too deep to be ever effaced from it. As they softly entered, they found the widow seated by the fire, her wheel, for that day, was laid aside, while Peggy sat beside her with her open Bible upon her knee, apparently reading to her. "Do not let me interrupt you, Peggy," said the nurse; "our visit must be very short; but my bairns have brought Agnes and yourself some little things to shew their good-will, for they well know it is not what this world can now bestow that is any thing to you."—"That is true," said Peggy, clasping her Bible to her breast, "this book is my best treasure; and oh! may these dear bairns feel it to be such, even in their young days of happiness and joy! So may God spare them the sore lesson He saw fit that I should learn;

yet sweet are the uses of adversity."—"Yes," said the old woman, "Peggy doesna mean to murmur. And do not, dear children, amongst all the happy faces you have seen to-day, think that God has forgotten us. No; he has made his face to shine upon us in all our sorrow, and filled our hearts with peace, and hope, and joy! Poor Peggy had but one care when she rose this morning, and felt how weak she was; and even that is now removed, for both our good minister, and your dear mother, have been here to-day, and they have promised Peggy that if it pleased the Lord that she should join him that's gone, before his poor old mother does, they will take care of her. So now her poor heart is at rest, and we can both wait for God's good time in peace." The children now bestowed their little gifts, and received the blessing of the widow and her daughter. Their little hearts were full, and the tears stood in their bright eyes when they departed. But at their age, such tears may purify, but do not long sadden, the heart.

LUTHER.

THE ways of Providence are mysterious, but it works by ordinary means. It seems a Divine law, that there shall be no waste of miracle; for miracle disturbs, to a certain degree, that activity of human agency which it is the obvious purpose of the Divine government to sustain in its vigour. Where the work can be effected by man, it is done by man; where it partially transcends human powers, a partial aid is given. The unmingled power of Heaven is alone displayed where the faculties of its creatures are incapable of influencing the great design; where man is the dust of the balance, unfelt in the swaying of the mighty scales.

When an empire was to be founded, a daring Soldier was summoned to break down the barriers of surrounding realms, and crush resistance with the sword, while a succession of tranquil sovereigns followed, to form the religion, laws, and manners of the people.

Where the magnitude of the design partially transcended the powers of man, the assistance was given up to the due point, and no further. The Apostles required the possession of miraculous gifts, to ensure the public be-

lief in their mission. They required, above all, the gift of tongues, to be able to communicate the revelation to the ends of the earth. Those gifts were bestowed. But no new miracle gave them the knowledge that was attainable by human means. And St Paul, eloquent, accustomed to the busyness of life, to the habits of Greece and Rome, and to the learning and philosophy of the time, was chosen to struggle with the courtiers, the populace, and the philosophers of Greece and Rome.

What St Paul was to the first century, Luther was to the sixteenth.

The Apostolic age has yet had no second, and no similar. The magnificent fabric of the Roman empire, the mightiest ever raised by man, was at its height. The arts of war and government, the finer embellishments of genius and taste, volumes from which even modern refinement still draws its finest delights, works of art that will serve as models of excellence and beauty to the latest hours of the world, the finest developments of the human mind in eloquence and philosophy, were the external illustrations of the first age.

The moral empire was more magnificent still. The dissonant habits, feelings, and prejudices of a host of nations, separated by half the world, and yet more widely separated by long hostility and barbarian prejudices, were controlled into one vast system of submission; peace was planted in the midst of furious communities, agriculture reclaimed the wilderness, commerce covered the ocean and peopled its shores. Knowledge unforced, and thus the more productive and the more secure, was gradually making its way through the extremities of the great dominion; intellectual light spreading, not with the hazardous and startling fierceness of a conflagration, but with the gentle and cheering growth of dawn, over every people.

But the more magnificent characteristic still, was Christianity; the diffusion of a new knowledge, as much more exalted, vivid, and essential, than all that had ever been wrought out by the faculties of man, as the throne from which it descended was loftier than the cradle and the tomb; the transmission of new powers over nature and mind, over the resistance of jealous prejudices and furious tyranny, and over that more mysterious and more terrible strength that in the rulers of darkness wars against the human soul. And above all glory and honour, the presence of that Immanuel, that being whom it is guilt lightly to name, that King of Kings, whom the Heaven, and the Heaven of Heavens cannot contain—God the Son, descending on earth to take upon him our nature, and, by a love surpassing all imagination, submitting to a death of pain and ignominy, that by his sacrifice he might place us in a capacity to be forgiven by the justice of the Eternal.

The glories of that age throw all that follow into utter eclipse. Yet the age of Luther and the Reformation bear such resemblance as the noblest crisis of human events and human agency may bear remotely to the visible acting of Providence.

The empire of Charles the Fifth, only second to the Roman, was just consolidated. A singular passion for literature was spreading. Government was gradually refining from the fierce turbulence of the Gothic nations, and the headlong tyranny of feudal princes. The fine arts were springing into a new splendour. The power of the sword was on the verge of sinking

under the power of the pen. Commerce was uniting the ends of the earth by the ties of mutual interest, stronger than the old fetters of Rome. A new and singular science, Diplomacy, was rising to fill up the place of the broken unity of Roman dominion, and make remote nations feel their importance to each other's security. The New World was opened to supply the exhausted ardour of the European mind with the stimulus of discovery, and, perhaps, for the more important purpose of supplying, in the precious metals, a new means of that commercial spirit which was obviously destined to be the regenerator of Europe. Force was the master and the impulse of the Ancient World. Mutual interest was to be the master and the impulse of a world appointed to be urged through a nobler and more salutary career. To crown all, arose that art of arts, by which knowledge is preserved, propagated, and perpetuated; by which the wisdom of every age is accumulated for the present, and transmitted to the future; by which a single mind, in whatever obscurity, may speak to the universe, and make its wrong, its wisdom, and its discovery, the feeling and the possession of all;—that only less than miracle, the art of printing.

But in this expanse of imperial and intellectual splendour, there was one lingering cloud, which, though partially repelled, must have rapidly returned and overspread the whole. As in the ancient Roman empire, idolatry degraded the natural understanding of the people, and finally corrupted their habits into utter ruin, idolatry had assumed the paramount influence in the rising European empire,—with the same seat, the same ambition, and still deeper and more corrupting arts of supremacy.

To rescue Europe, one of those great instruments that Providence reserves to awake or restore the hopes of nations, was summoned.

Martin Luther was born on the 10th day of November 1483, at Eisleben, a small town in the county of Mansfeld and electorate of Saxony. His father, John Luther, was employed in the mines, in which he had raised himself, by his intelligence and good conduct, to property and respectability, and held the office of a local magistrate.

To his mother, Margaret Lüdeman, a woman of known piety and

virtue,* Luther chiefly attributed his early ardour for devotion. At Eisleben he was placed under the tuition of a man of learning, George Emilius. At fourteen he was sent to school at Magdeburgh. From which, after a year, he was transferred to a distinguished seminary at Eisenach, under the care of the Franciscans. Here the first evidences of the vigour of his application and abilities were given in his school successes, his knowledge of the abstruse grammar of the day, and the spirit and ease of his Latin versification.†

In 1502, this distinguished pupil was transferred to the College of Erfurt, where he made himself master of the Aristotelic logic, and of the more valuable knowledge of the Latin classics, then becoming popular from the authority of Erasmus. Greek and Hebrew were comparatively unknown; for the first professorship of Greek in the University of Wittenburg was that of Melancthon, sixteen years after.

In 1503, Luther took the degree of Master of Arts; and now, completed in all the science and fame that universities could give, he was urged by his family to apply himself to the study of the law, as the most eminent road to fortune. His mind already pointed to theology, but he gave way to opinion, and began a reluctant study of the Civilians. A singular accident changed the course of his life; deprived the law of a man whose eloquence and sagacity might have conferred new honours on the profession, but whose daring vigour and lofty devotion of heart were destined to labours before which all human honours sink into nothing.

In 1504, Luther, walking in the fields one day with Alexius, a young friend, was overtaken by a thunder storm, and saw with terror and sorrow his friend struck dead at his side. At this frightful catastrophe the thought of the utter uncertainty of life, and of the necessity of devoting it to the preparation for the final hour, smote him. It was the monastic age, and piety could conceive no higher form of service to God or man than seclusion within conventual walls. On the spot he made a solemn vow to abjure the world and take the cowl.

The determination was communicated to his parents, and after some remonstrance on this sacrifice of emoluments and distinctions, was complied with. But his younger friends and relatives were still to be acquainted with his retirement from life. This was done in a curiously characteristic manner. Luther was, like most of his countrymen, attached to music; he sang and performed with skill. He summoned his friends to an evening entertainment—gave them music, and at the close declared to them his unchangeable resolution to bid farewell to the habits and pursuits of man.

In 1505 Luther became a member of the Augustines at Erfurt. He commenced his career with that fulness of determination which formed so striking a feature of his life. He sent back his lay habits to his father's house, returned his Master of Arts' ring, and declared his intention of changing his Christian name for that of Augustine. He not merely submitted to the severe discipline which was prescribed by the rules, however practically evaded by the members of the religious orders; he courted their extreme rigour, and soon became remarkable for his mortifications, his labours, his fasting, and his prayer. He abandoned all his previous studies, and took with him only Virgil and Plautus; the latter a singular choice, but which we cannot attribute to a love for its peculiar style in the mind of a young ascetic who had so sternly renounced the thoughts of the world.

But the personal drudgeries of the conventual life were not less severe, and were more galling, than even its religious restrictions. Among other offices, Luther was compelled to stand porter at the gate; he was sent through the town with a bag at his back to beg for the convent. But this constant succession of mean labours, which at once deprived him of time for study, and occupied it in pursuits exhausting and humiliating, at length became too heavy for even the vigorous buoyancy of his mind, and he sunk into a state of despondency which rapidly influenced his religious opinions. To find his way out of this labyrinth, he applied to the head of the Augustines in Germany, Staupitz, a man of sense and feeling. Staupitz recommended to the

* Melanct. Pref. tit. 2. Luth. op. † Pref. ad Seckend. ‡ Melanct. Pref.

inquirer submission to the course of his duty; but sent to the Prior of the Convent the more effectual command to relieve him from those drudgeries, and give time for study to a mind which he already pronounced * likely to render distinguished services to religion.

At this period the Bible had never been in the hands of Luther. Fragments of it were read in the church service, but beyond this the wisdom of Revelation was a dead letter. The Faculty of Theology at Paris, then one of the most distinguished sources of literature, had just branded itself to all succeeding ages by the declaration that "Religion was undone if the study of Greek or Hebrew were permitted."† And the general opinion of the Romish Ecclesiastics seems to have been comprehended in the speech attributed to a popular monk,—“They have invented a new language which they call Greek; you must be on your guard against it. There is in the hands of many a book which they call the New Testament; it is a book full of daggers and poison. As to the Hebrew, it is certain that whoever learns it immediately becomes a Jew.”

The year 1507 was a memorable epoch in the life of this great servant of religion. It was the year in which the Bible first fell into his hands. He had just taken orders, when he found a neglected Latin copy of the Scriptures lying in the library of the convent. The subject instantly laid hold of his mind. He was astonished to discover the grossness of the monastic doctrines, its omissions, interpolations, and false readings of the divine word. The study became at once fearful and delightful to him. Deprived of all assistance in an inquiry which had been hitherto closed on Christendom by the Papacy, he was driven to his own resources; and he suffered no text of the sacred volume to escape him without the most eager effort to ascertain its meaning. Like all men who thus study Scripture, which will not give its holy wisdom to the negligent, the hasty, or the proud, he found its difficulties rapidly clearing before him, his knowledge increasing, and his conviction of the profound wisdom of inspiration, and the irresistible truth of Christianity, growing more strongly upon his mind. This result has been

promised to all who will seek for the truth in sincerity, humility, and prayer. If there be any one exercise of the human heart and understanding on which the eternal spirit of the Almighty pre-eminently descends, it is to bless and enlighten the conscientious search into the wisdom of the Bible. But mingled with those elevating sensations were others that belong to the weakness of our mortal nature. Luther's whole previous system of thinking on religious subjects was to be swept away, before the great foundation for his purified knowledge was to be laid. The strong discordance between his habitual conceptions and the new and unearthly teaching of the inspired word disturbed him, and there were periods when he fell into such despondency as to feel himself ready to expire. The terrors of divine justice exemplified in the punishment of the infidel and criminal, pressed with painful strength on his imagination, until he was urged, by this very conflict of mind, to examine more deeply into the grounds of the Divine mercy. He has been known to hurry away from a dispute on doctrine, and, overpowered by the struggles of his own heart, to fling himself on his bed in an agony of supplication, repeating the words of the inspired apostle:—“He hath concluded all in unbelief, that he might have mercy upon all.”

Those trials are well known to the history of conversion, and if they do not occur with equal force in all instances of a change from natural darkness to the knowledge of God, yet they have taken place in many of the most vigorous intellects, and holiest hearts, of the Christian world.

But the first efforts of the awakened understanding, to relieve itself from those throes of conscience, are often marked by human weakness. Luther, like thousands in his situation, seems to have sought relief in a more vigorous observance of personal mortification. Fasting was the great conventional standard of virtue. Luther, when he was to celebrate mass, abstained from food between midnight and noon. He sometimes even fasted for three days together. This discipline, joined to his intense study, threw him into a violent illness. But his illness was probably more of the mind than of the body, for it was to the mind that the medicine was applied. Even in the

* Seehendorf, p. 19.

† Villers on the Reformation, p. 93.

ignorance and corruption of the conventual life, God had not left himself without witnesses. An old brother of the Order, who attended his sick-bed, discoursed with him on "the remission of sins," and finally brought him to the conviction that "Justification was of grace, by faith."

In the Superior of the Augustines, too, Luther found at once a protector and a guide; Staupitz commended his application to the Scriptures, and advised him to make himself an able "textualis, et localis;" a master of the leading doctrines, and quick at the quotation of Scripture language.

To those essential acquirements Luther added the important one of fluency of public speaking, a faculty indispensable to his public effect, and which he cultivated by preaching for his brethren in the churches of the surrounding villages. Thus furnished with the knowledge, the will, and the active ability for the work of God, his time was at length come to be called into a service before which the glories of the world are a dream.

In the middle of the fifteenth century, the art of printing had been discovered. Before the close of the century, the spirit of this wonder-working discovery had transpired, in an almost universal conviction of the value of literature to the prosperity and honour of nations. In 1495, the German Electors, in their assembly at Worms, passed a resolution in favour of the erection of universities in their several states. Frederick, Elector of Saxony, a man whose temper and wisdom well entitled him to the name of "the Sage," lost no time in acting on this auspicious resolution, and founded the far-famed University of Wittemberg. Staupitz was applied to for his recommendation of a scholar of his order, and he named Luther, who was appointed to the professorship of logic in 1508, at the age of twenty-five. One of those signal circumstances now occurred, which impressed its character on his future life. Seven of the Augustine convents in Saxony, having quarrelled with the Vicar-general of the Order on discipline, the question was referred, as usual, to Rome; and it is an evidence of the early and general respect for Luther, that he was chosen as the delegate.*

Rome opened an overwhelming scene

on the eyes of the German scholar and divine. He had in his convent imagined, that in the central city of the church, he should find himself in the supreme seat of Christian virtue. He found himself suddenly plunged into a centre of worldliness and insidious policy, of religious indifference and open licentiousness. The spirit of Christianity had been long extinguished in the perpetual intrigues of a court struggling to preserve its influence in the furious rivalries of France, Germany, and Italy. The decencies of religious ceremonial were forgotten or perverted, in the insolent levity, or fantastic innovations, of a clergy degenerated into political minions, and too necessary to the vices of their superiors, to be in awe of discipline. Individual life was a tissue of the most desperate excesses of profligacy and blood. The restraints which have been since imposed on popery by the presence of a pure religion, were not then present to tame and rebuke this audacity of vice; and Luther saw Rome in the full riot of the grand corruption of Christianity, inflated by a thousand years of power, fearless of change, and maddened by the terrible delusion that Providence suffers to thicken round the head and heart of the wilful rejectors of its wisdom.

"I would not," said he often afterwards, "have missed, for a thousand florins, the lesson given to me by my journey to Rome." The lesson was destined to work mighty consequences.

The profligate extension of the doctrine of Indulgences at length called forth the great Reformer.

From the year 1100, Indulgences had been among the sources of papal revenue. To stimulate the Crusaders, Urban II. granted the remission of all penances to those who should embark in the enterprises for the recovery of the Holy Land. The next use of Indulgences was for the support of the fanatical and furious war against the Waldenses. To make Rome the centre of unity to Christendom, and to collect within it the chief personages of Europe, had long been a policy of the papal court, with respect to both power and revenue. In 1300, Boniface VIII. proclaimed for this purpose, the Jubilee, a grand general meeting of the subjects of the Romish faith at Rome, for a month,—

to be renewed every fifty years. To allure the multitude, Indulgences were published to the European world. The Jubilee was found so productive to the papal treasury, that the half century was deemed too slow a return, and Urban VI. reduced the years to thirty-three: Paul II. went further still, and reduced them to twenty-five. The Jubilee, which returned in 1500, under Alexander VI. exhibited the deeper scandals of a profligate institution, adding to its original corruption, the daring scorn of virtue and public feeling that grows from long impunity.*

The Indulgences, once the simple release of the penitent from the censures or penances of the church, had soon assumed the more important character of a release from the guilt of human offences, and the presumed sentence of Heaven. The merits of the Saints had been reinforced by the merits of the Saviour; the Pope, thus furnished with an unlimited stock of applicable innocence, declared himself in a condition to make the peace of every culprit, living or dead; and the sinner who was opulent enough to satisfy the papal price of salvation, was at once secure from the visitations of Divine justice, and was empowered even to purchase the release of his less lucky relatives from the fires of purgatory, past, present, and to come.

The election of Leo X. precipitated the crisis. Leo, educated in the love of the Arts, a personal voluptuary, of expensive habits, and of that epicurean spirit which looked only to putting off the evil day, had drawn deeply on the wealth of the Papedom. To raise money became indispensable, and he attempted it under the double pretext of the war against the Turks, and the building of St Peters. Large sums were raised by the sale of Indulgences throughout Europe, and the money was instantly absorbed by the expenditure of the wasteful and giddy court of Rome. But the sum to be extorted from Saxony was appropriated to the payment of an early debt of Leo to his sister Magdalen,† incurred when, in the time of Alexander VI. he had fled to Genoa. The payment of this debt was probably a matter of peculiar importance to the Pope, for it was through the influence

of Magdalen's husband, Franceschetto Cibo, an illegitimate son of Innocent VIII., that he had been created Cardinal at the age of fourteen, and thus placed within sight of the papal throne. Magdalen appointed, as her receivers, Arcemboldi, a man remarkable for his extortion, and Albert, Archbishop of Mentz and Magdeburgh. Albert delegated the office to Tetzel, a Dominican monk, of singularly reprobate character, but whose reckless violence in the collection of this unpopular tribute probably wiped away his sins, in the eyes of the superior plunderers.

Tetzel was a Dominican, a member of the order which had usurped the most extraordinary power ever possessed by Monks, the masters and agents of the Inquisition, the haughtiest opponents of all efforts at reformation, and the most furious persecutors in an age of religious tyranny. The new delegate was known for his activity, his popular address, and his contempt of principle. In his harangues on the efficacy of Indulgences he gave the most revolting license to his tongue, and by alternate terror and temptation, wrought strongly upon the popular feelings. By a singular coincidence, Luther, at this period, had been preparing lectures for his class on the Scripture grounds of repentance. Indulgences made a natural portion of the subject.‡ He found himself ignorant of their history; he was thus urged to examine their origin; and the results of his inquiry were speedily made known in his surprise and scorn at the whole guilty pretension.

An accident in the course of his professional duty brought his discovery into action. Luther, like priests of his order, regularly took his seat in the confessional. But in the year 1517, when Tetzel's Indulgences were become popular, it was found that the purchasers refused to undergo the ordained penances,|| on the ground that they were already remitted by the Indulgence. Luther, in his strong disgust at this evasion of the ancient discipline, refused to give the absolution. They applied to Tetzel. The Dominican, eager for the credit of his commodity, and secure in the protection of the Romish See, expressed the

* Seckend. p. 9.

† Guicciardini.

‡ Luther, l. 100.

|| Seckend. p. 17.

haughtiest contempt for the interference of an obscure German monk, and followed up his scorn by the more formidable threat of throwing Luther, and all who adhered to him, into the prison of the Inquisition. As one of the commission charged with the extirpation of heresy, he could have effected his purpose at a word; and to give evidence of his being in earnest, Tetzl ordered a pile for the burning of heretics to be raised; where all might see and learn the peril of remonstrating with the delegate of the popedom.

It is one of the idle rumours of late years, that Luther's opposition arose from discontent at the sale of Indulgences being taken out of the hands of the Augustines. But these monks never had been employed in the sale in Germany. The charge was not dreamt of in the Reformer's lifetime—it has been openly abandoned by the more distinguished of the Romish historians—and, in addition, Luther was at this period a monk, a public adherent of the popedom, and a personal admirer of Leo, whose vices were still overshadowed, at the distance of Germany, by his love of literature, his munificence, and his rank as the head of Christendom.

The true cause of his hostility—the noble and generous hostility of truth and virtue, to the most corrupting means of the most corrupting delusion that ever broke down the morals or the liberty of man—was in its palpable contradiction of Scripture. Luther instantly applied himself to the proof. The forms of his scholastic education still clung to him, and he threw the question into the shape of a controversy in the schools. He published his celebrated ninety-five Propositions, embracing the whole doctrine of Penance, Purgatory, and Indulgences, hung them on the church door in one of the thoroughfares of Wittenberg, and challenged a public disputation. The preamble of this paper was as follows:

"Amore et studio elucidandæ veritatis hæc subscripta Themata disputabuntur Wittembergiæ, presidente R. P. Martino Luthero, Eremitano Augustiniano, Artium et S. Theologiæ Magistro, ejusdem ibidem ordinario Lectore.

"Quare petit, ut qui non possunt verbis præsentibus nobiscum disputare, agant id literis absentes.

"In nomine Domini nostri Jesu Christi. Amen."*

The challenge was not accepted, and he published his "Propositions." This was virtually the first sound of the Reformation. The public mind was now, for the first time, turned to the great controversy between Religion and Idolatry. Luther's letter, sent at the same time to Albert, Archbishop of Mentz, briefly contains the principles of his doctrine.

"I do not complain," said he, "so much of the manner in which the Indulgences are published, (which I have not witnessed,) as of the injuries which they must do to the multitude, who believe, that if they purchase these pardons, they are secure of their salvation, and safe from future punishment. The souls intrusted to your care, are thus stimulated to what will lead them to ruin, and how hard must be the account which you will have to render to God for all those! From this cause I could be silent no longer; for no one can be certain of his salvation by any gift conferred on him by a bishop. It is by the GRACE OF GOD ALONE that salvation can be obtained!

"Works of piety and charity are infinitely better than Indulgences, and yet they are not preached to the people with so great pomp or zeal, nay, they are supplanted by Indulgences.

"The first and only duty of bishops, is to instruct the people in the gospel and the love of Christ. Jesus never commanded Indulgences to be published. What horror, therefore, must that bishop experience, and how great his danger, if he allow the sale of Indulgences to be substituted among his flock for the doctrines of Revelation. Shall not Christ say to such persons, ye strain at a gnat and swallow a camel? What can I do, most excellent prelate and illustrious prince, but entreat you, by the Lord Jesus Christ, to direct your attention to this subject, to destroy the book which you have sanctioned by your arms,† and impose on the preachers of Indulgences a very different way of recommending them, lest some one should arise and confute both them and that

* Luth. i. 51.

† Albert's insignia were on the title-page.

book, to the great reproach of your Highness. The consequences of this I dread extremely, and I fear it must happen, unless a speedy remedy be applied."

This letter shewed equally that he had yet to learn the insincere character of the Archbishop of Magdeburg, and to form his own views into confidence and system. The time for both was at hand.

The Propositions produced so powerful an effect on the mind of Germany, that Tetzel found himself compelled to stoop to the controversy. He published two theses, comprehending the extraordinary number of one hundred and fifty-six propositions, and in an assembly of three hundred monks combated the obnoxious tenets. But, by taking the Pope's infallibility as the groundwork of his proof, he left the question as open as before; his groundwork was denied, and the disputation closed in his burning Luther's book, and in the students of Wittenberg burning his in retaliation.

But the authority of the Pope was still resistless. Ages of dominion, the unhesitating homage of the immense priesthood, who lorded it over the public mind of Europe with the jealousy and the vindictiveness of superstition; and the popular ignorance, which saw in the Pontiff the fountain of faith, of temporal authority, and of supernatural powers, had accumulated a weight of sovereignty on the popedom that had never before been possessed by man. Among the most striking proofs of this prescriptive power, is Luther's prostration before the Roman throne, while he assailed, with the most heroic vigour, the abominations of its subordinates. Of Leo, whose personal character was hitherto undeveloped in Germany, and in whom he saw only the Monarch of the Church, Luther long spoke with almost submissive veneration.

"But what can this most excellent person do alone in so great a confusion?" is the language of some of his letters on the church disturbances. "One who is worthy to have been Pontiff in better times, or in whose pontificate the times ought to have become better. In our age, we deserve only such Popes as Julius the Second or Alexander the Sixth, or some atrocious monsters similar to what the poets have created; for even in Rome
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herself, nay, in Rome more than any where else, good popes are held in ridicule."

Of his theses against the corruptions of the Church he had the same fears. He was eminently anxious that they should not be construed into any attempt towards shaking off his allegiance to his spiritual sovereign. Startled at his own celebrity, he made it the subject of frequent and sincere apologies to his ecclesiastical superiors. In his letter, written in 1518, to Jerome Scultetus, the Bishop of Brandenburg, he explains the necessity which urged him to publication.

"On the appearance of the new doctrine of Indulgences, not only my intimate friends, but many who were unknown to me, requested by letters, and verbally, my opinion. For some time I avoided any open declaration, but at last the dispute became so violent, that I was induced to go so far as even to incur the danger of offending the Pope!

"But what could I do? It was not in my own power to determine any thing upon the subject, and I was afraid to contradict those whom I wished to respect. They, however, argued so plausibly, in attempting to prove what is false and vain, that they arrested my attention, and fairly involved me in the controversy. That I might please both parties, I judged it most expedient neither to assent nor dissent from either, but, in the meantime, to reason upon the subject until the Church should determine what our opinions ought to be! I therefore published a disputation, and invited all persons publicly to declare their sentiments. As I knew several very learned men, I requested them in private to open their minds to me. I perceived that neither the doctors of the church, nor the canonists, generally supported my opinions. There were only a few canonists and scholastic doctors who seemed to approve, and even those were not very hearty in their concurrence.

"I gave a general challenge upon the subject of Indulgences, but no one appeared. I then perceived that my published disputations were dispersed more widely than I had wished, and were everywhere received, not as matter of discussion, but of positive affirmation. I was therefore compelled, contrary to my hope and wish,

to publish the arguments for my Propositions, and thus expose my ignorance. I thought it better to incur the shame of being deficient in knowledge, than to allow those to remain in error, who took it for granted that my Propositions were asserted as undoubted truths. Of the accuracy of some of them I myself was doubtful—of several I am ignorant. Some persons deny them—I assert none pertinaciously. I submit them all to the Holy Church and the Pope."

Yet even in these humble acknowledgments, the firmness of Luther's love of the sacred truth, let it lead him where it would, is expressed with resistless simplicity.

"It is most just that I should lay at your feet what I have been employed in. I not only give you leave to blot out whatever you think fit, but I shall not be concerned if you should burn the whole. Not that I stand in dread of the bulls and threats of those who, not knowing what it is to doubt, wish to circulate whatever they dream as gospel. Their audacity, joined to their ignorance, induced me not to give way to my own fears. Had not the cause been one of so great importance, no one should have known me beyond my own corner. If the work be not of God, I do not pretend that it should be mine. Let it come to nothing, and be claimed by no one. I ought to seek nothing else, than that I should not be the occasion of error to any one."

But the hazard of rousing papal wrath, and the tremendous consequences of that wrath, were too well known by German examples, not to have been contemplated by Luther. In an epistle to Staupitz, as the head of his order, enclosing the printed defence of the Propositions for the Pope's perusal, he speaks in the spirit of one prepared for the last sacrifices.

"I request that you will send these trifles of mine to that most excellent pontiff, Leo the Tenth, that they may serve to plead my cause at Rome. Not that I wish you to be joined with me in the danger; for it is my desire that those things may be done at my own hazard. I expect that Christ, as judge, will pronounce what is right by the mouth of the Pope. To those of my friends who would alarm me for the consequences, I have nothing else to say, than what Reuchlin said,

"He who is poor has nothing to fear; he can lose nothing." I possess no property, neither do I desire any. There remains to me only a frail body, harassed by continual illness, and if they take away my life by open violence or stratagem, they make me but little poorer. I am satisfied with the possession of my Redeemer and Propitiator, the Lord Jesus Christ, whom I shall praise as long as I exist. If any one be unwilling to join with me in these praises, what is that to me? Let him raise his voice after his own fashion. The Lord Jesus will save me for ever."

Luther was soon forced again into the field. He was told that the brethren of his order dissented from some principles of his doctrine; and he determined to bring the matter to a decision. Having previously published twenty-eight Propositions in Divinity, with twelve Corollaries, against the Greek philosophy, which it was the extraordinary habit of the time to introduce into theological discussions, he set out on foot for Heidelberg, the place of the annual assembly of the Augustinians. The result of the controversy was triumphant. "All the Wittenberg doctors," says his letter to one of his former teachers, "nay, the whole university, with the exception of one licentiate, Sebastian, are now of my way of thinking; and many ecclesiastics and respectable citizens now unanimously say, that they had neither heard nor known Christ and the gospel before."

But the most important share of the triumph was the public connexion of Martin Bucer, already famous as a scholar, with the new doctrines. Bucer took notes, applied for explanations to Luther, and published an account of the controversy, respectful to the opponent monks, but highly commendatory of Luther.

On his return from Rome, in 1500, Luther had taken the degree of Doctor in Divinity: A title from which all his subsequent distinctions may be derived. As Doctor, he had obtained the right of teaching publicly as well as privately; and Frederick, the Elector, attended some of his sermons, with whose force and simplicity he was so much struck, that, on the preacher's desiring to devote himself solely to the study of divinity, the Elector permitted him to vacate the chair of logic

for that of theology. The additional vigour thus given to his studies, and the additional influence to his authority, were among the most palpable sources of the Reformation.

But the great struggle for religious and civil freedom was now at hand. A new element was mingled in the conflict, from which Protestantism, like a new creation, was to be summoned by a spirit not less than that of the Supreme. The papal exactions had exhausted the Romish vassals, as the papal tyranny had disgusted their princes. A feeling of scorn for the notorious ignorance of the Romish ecclesiastics was rising in the age of restored literature, to reinforce the civil discontent. The proverbial duplicity of the Romish court made its friends doubtful—the wasteful luxury which scandalized the devout, drained the poor; and the restless ambition of a power, which was to become great only by the perpetual quarrels of Europe, threatened to break up the whole long train of evil influence by which kings and people had been bowed at the Roman footstool.

To the historian nothing is more intricate than those sudden changes of human feeling. To the man who seeks for wisdom by the light of Providence, the cause is not seldom to be found in the will of the King and Lord of all human impulses, to protect the progress of his religion. In the furious contests of the German princes, the alternate alienations and submissions of the empire to the papacy, and the eager intrigues which engrossed the court of Leo, the young religion found its best shelter; the storm raged among the ancients of the forest, while the lowly produce at their feet, more precious in the eye of heaven than them all, was suffered to flourish, and fill itself with healing virtue. In the midst of Italian subtlety, kingly violence, and popular indignation, the power of the priesthood was unnerved. Keener interests than those of angry monks absorbed the soldiers and statesmen of the time; and Luther, who a few years before, would have perished in the flames of the Inquisition, passed unharmed, though not unmolested, through life, and went full of years and honours to his grave.

In 1518 the old jealousy of the Roman Court began to form itself into a settled hostility to the German Reformation, and Luther was the prominent object of vengeance. But it was not thought politic to make the Elector and the Emperor at once declare themselves. Maximilian's remembrance of the intrigues of Leo with France, had made him suspicious, and Frederic, with only the alternative of protecting or surrendering Luther, would notoriously have decided for the cause of truth and justice. The Popish subtlety was now employed in securing Maximilian, and the Turkish threats of advancing into Europe furnished an instrument of which Leo made the most immediate and dexterous use.

Selim the First, the son of Bajazet, had reposed from the conquest of the Asiatic provinces, only to prepare an irresistible armament for the seizure of the European.* A powerful fleet was to be directed against Rhodes, the bulwark of Christendom in the Mediterranean, and an army, composed of the invincible janizaries, was to march on Hungary. The Italian States and the Imperial were thus menaced at once; and Leo was too intent on the increase of the papal influence to suffer the peril to lose any of its alarms through want of appeals to the popular imagination. Prayers were ordered for the safety of the civilized world, and a solemn exhortation was issued to all Christian princes to concentrate their vigour against the terrible enemy of all, and with the ostensible object of forming a German league against the invader, Cardinal Thomas de Vio di Gaëtè, better known as Cajetan, was dispatched to the Diet of Augshurg. The extinction of Luther and his doctrine was unquestionably among the chief purposes of this mission.

Cajetan's first proceeding was to conciliate Maximilian. The Emperor had openly declared his resentment against Leo, and his disgust at the whole system of the papal policy. "Had not Leo deceived me," he was heard to exclaim, "he would have been the only pope whom I could have called an honest man."† Cajetan proposed in the diet, as papal legate, that a portion of the church revenues should be placed at the Emperor's disposal for the

* Guicciardini, l. 13.

† Lecken, p. 43.

Turkish war. The result of this palatable concession immediately appeared in an imperial letter, dated Augsburg, August the 5th, declaring Luther's opinions "heretical and damnable; acknowledging the Pope's right to judge of doctrine; entreating Leo to extinguish the new heresy, and pledging the imperial power to observe the decision of Rome, and to compel its observance throughout the empire." But the progress of this negotiation had already encouraged Leo to the habitual violence of the papacy. And on the 7th of August, two days after the dispatch of the imperial letter, Luther was thunderstruck by a summons to appear within sixty days at Rome. The fate of those who had once fallen into the papal grasp was a terrible omen. The dungeon for life, or the scaffold, were before him, and, as if to give double assurance of his ruin, he found appointed for his judges, Prierio, and Ghinucci bishop of Ascola, both of them furious public arraigners of his doctrine.

In our age and country we fortunately can have no conception of the justified terror that must once have seized any man menaced by Rome. He had from that moment no country; to shelter him was to be accursed; to protect him was to draw down the popular hatred, the public sword, and the indefatigable revenge of a power universal in its influence; direct lord of the priesthood of all countries; master of a thousand secret ways of vengeance, and remorseless in its thirst of heretic blood. Luther's friends, and every friend of the hopes of religion and freedom throughout Europe, trembled for the approaching sacrifice of this great antagonist of superstition and slavery.

But his cause was in loftier hands than those of man. The Emperor Maximilian's anxiety to secure the throne, at his death, to Charles, made the Elector of Saxony's friendship of the highest importance. Luther, when he had time to consider his position, saw where security lay, and, as a subject of Saxony, petitioned Frederic to obtain that the commission for his trial should sit in Germany. This was obtained; and Luther, furnished by his sovereign with letters to the senate,

and principal people of Augsburg, and supplied for his immediate wants from the Electoral purse, arrived at Augsburg; in his own phrase, "pedester et pauper."^{*}

His letter to Melancthon exhibits the manliness and composure which were natural to his mind.

"There is nothing new going on here, unless that this city is full of the rumour of my name, and that every one is desirous of seeing Erostratus† the incendiary. Continue to behave manfully, and to lead the youth in the right path. I am willing to be sacrificed for them and you, if it be God's will. I choose rather to die than recant what I have said, and become the occasion of casting disrepute on the most commendable studies. Italy is plunged in Egyptian darkness; all are ignorant of Christ, and of the things that are Christ's, yet those are the men who are to remain masters of our faith and morals."

Yet it is a striking proof of the extraordinary prejudice exercised by the long continuance and unresisted authority of the papal power, that Luther again shrunk from the collision, and shrunk even after he had repelled Cajetan in three several conferences, defying him to produce Scripture for his doctrine, and disdaining the attempt to argue from the schoolmen. Those conferences, which were private, closed by a threat of Cajetan to send his stubborn antagonist to Rome, and by Luther's writing a deprecatory letter, admitting that it was his duty to have spoken with more reverence of the Pope; promising to let the doctrine of Indulgences rest, if he should not be forced to resume by the violence of the Romish controversialists, and desiring that the whole controversy might be referred to Leo, for the settlement of his general conduct and doctrine. The whole of Luther's conduct, on this occasion, should be a lesson to those, who, in the moment of fancied vigour, expose themselves to persecution. In all the great conflicts of the faith, the most forward have been generally the first to give way, while the meek, the slow, and the self-distrusting, have been the firmest in extremity. Human presumption is often flung into shame by the approach of the real

* Luth. pref.

† The Ephesian who set fire to the Temple of Diana.

trial. The mighty providence that loves the meek and quiet spirit, will not give the crown of martyrdom to human rashness and vanity. The true preparative for the final struggle is the abjuration of our own strength, and the humble hope in the strength to be administered alone by the Eternal Source of fortitude and virtue. The agony in Gethsemane may have been chiefly revealed for our lesson; the bloody sweat but an emblem of the terrors that can besiege the human mind in the prospect of a death of torture; and the command "to pray that we may not be brought into trial," but a result of the knowledge, that though the spirit may be willing to bear, the human nature is made to shrink, the "flesh is weak," and not to be trusted in the presence of desperate pain.

But Luther's humiliating letter was an useless degradation. Whether from the conviction that he had offended the popedom beyond forgiveness, or from what seems the actual knowledge of intended violence;* within three days of his letter, he mounted a horse provided by his friend Staupitz, and before evening, was forty miles from Augsburg. Staupitz, Lincius, and the prior of the Carmelites, with whom Luther had lodged, wisely fled a few days after.

Luther's first work, on his return, was the publication of his famous letter to the Elector, detailing the conferences with Cajetan, and refuting the Dominican's arguments. He had now fully ascertained that it had been his adversary's intention to send him to Rome; and the pathetic close of his letter shews deeply his resignation, and the sense of his danger.

"I am almost prepared to submit to the pains of exile, for I perceive that my enemies have laid snares for me on all sides; nor do I know where I can live in safety. What can I, a poor and humble monk, expect? or rather, what danger ought I not to dread, since so illustrious a prince is exposed to threats, unless he send me to Rome, or banish me from his territories? Wherefore, lest any injury should befall your highness on my account, I am willing to forsake my native country, and to go wherever a

merciful God shall be pleased to direct, leaving the issue to his will.

"Therefore, most illustrious prince, I respectfully bid you farewell, and take my leave, with infinite thanks for all the favours that you have been pleased to confer upon me. In whatever part of the world I may be, I shall never be unmindful of your highness, but shall pray sincerely and gratefully for your happiness, and that of your family."

But Frederic's cautious habits had concealed from Luther the strong interest which he took in the safety of the great ornament of his states, and object of religious honour through Germany. The resolution to protect him had been already adopted; and the Elector's answer to an insolent rescript of the Legate, demanding that Luther should be banished from Saxony, and sent to Rome, and declaring that "his pestilent heresy should not be suffered to exist," singularly displayed the determination of a prince, remarkable for his politic reluctance to make an unnecessary avowal of his opinions.

"Luther's appearance at Augsburg I consider as a fulfilment of all that has been promised on my part. Notwithstanding the assurances that you gave me of allowing him to depart with tokens of your regard, a recantation, I hear, was required of him before the subject was sufficiently discussed.

"Many learned men can see nothing impious, unchristian, or heretical in Luther's doctrine; and its chief opponents appear to be among those who do not understand it, or whose private interest stimulates them to opposition.

"I am always ready to do my duty as a Christian prince; and am therefore at a loss to conceive why there should be held out any such threats, as that the Court of Rome should follow up the cause, that Luther should be sent thither, or that he should be banished from my principality.

"He has, hitherto, been convicted of no heresy, and his banishment would be very injurious to the University of Wittemberg. I enclosed an answer to the other parts of your letter from Luther, whom I do not

* Act. Aug. Ap. Luth. Ap.

consider in the light of a heretic, because he has not been proved such, and because it is consistent with justice that he should have a hearing."*

This letter was too decisive of the Elector's intentions, to suffer Cajetan to hope for the sacrifice of the great Reformer. He returned to Rome, and found the fate of disappointed negotiators; he was charged with precipitancy, where no discretion could have insured his success. The mortification sunk deep in the proud spirit of the Dominican; he gradually withdrew from public life, and gave himself up to the nobler occupation of rivalling the Reformers, in those literary attainments which had so often put the ignorance of the Papal clergy to shame. During the eleven years of his remaining life, he distinguished himself by the study of the original languages of the Scriptures, and still holds his rank among the most learned of his order.

Miltitz, a Saxon and a layman, was next sent to soften what the sternness of the Romish prelate had failed to break down. He invited Luther to a friendly conversation at his friend Spalatin's house at Altenburg, in January, 1519. The conference was better followed by a supper, in which Luther's joyous and open nature indulged itself in the conversation of his intelligent countryman without overlooking the true object of every mission from Rome. His letter to his superior Staupitz gives a brief yet characteristic account of the scene. "*Atque vesperi, me accepto convivio, letati sumus, et osculo mihi dato, discessimus.—Ego sic me gessi, quasi has Italitates et simulationes non intelligerem.*"† But the papal power was still the great overshadowing influence of every mind of Europe, and no vigour of intellect was adequate to the idea of finally resisting the superstitious authority, or doubting the heaven-descended sanctity of the "mighty mistress of the faith." Luther still most anxiously and sincerely drew the line between his rebuke of the guilty agents, and his reverence for the immaculate source of Romish power. In his letter of the 3d of March 1519 to the Pope, he declares himself overwhelmed with regret at the charge of disrespect to the See.

"It is those, most holy Father, whom I have resisted, who have brought disrepute on the church. Under the shelter of your name, and by the coarsest pretexts, they have gratified a detestable avarice, and put on the most revolting hypocrisy. Now they proceed to throw on me the blame of the mischief that has happened; but I protest before God and man, this I never did, nor at present do wish to make any infringement on the power of the church or your holiness, confessing, in the fullest manner, that nothing in heaven or earth is to be preferred to it, except the power of Christ Jesus, who is Lord of all."

Nothing can be more idle than the subsequent charges of hypocrisy which were heaped upon the writer of this letter. Luther's whole spirit was sincerity; the original homage to Rome, the first lesson and the last in the lives of subjects throughout the earth, which, with the secular priest was the subject of all his teaching, and with the regular was the very food on which his doctrine, his order, and his existence, lived, still resisted the powers of the loftiest and freest minds. The darkness which enabled Rome to work its evils so long undetected, hung round the genius, sagacity, and independence of mankind with an oppressive and bewildering heaviness, from which Europe was to be relieved by no energy born of human nature. A more resistless influence, descending from the throne of the Eternal Wisdom and Mercy, was to work the miracle.

But the characters of the successive great leaders of the Reformation finely displayed that suitableness of means, which perhaps forms one of the most admirable and unquestionable proofs of the acting of Providence in the higher changes of nations.

The mind of Luther was matchlessly adapted for the peculiar work that fell to his share. Enthusiastic, bold, and contemptuous of all consequences to himself, he lived and breathed only for the cause of truth; the impression of the moment absorbed his whole ardent imagination, and whether the hereditary grandeur of the Papedom towered before his eye, or he looked into that deep and ancient gulf of tyranny and crime, from

* Luth. l. p. 221.—Meid. l. i.—Secken. p. 53.

† Seckend. p. 63.

which its false supremacy rose, he was ready to proclaim to the world with equal sincerity the reverence which over-shadowed his spirit, and the stern reprobation which made him shrink from the "Mystery of Iniquity."

No client of the Popedom has ever expressed more willing or more eloquent submission; but no convert from darkness to light, no slave of superstition awakened to Christianity, no blind Bartimeus summoned from sitting by the road-side, and living on the alms of knowledge, to the sudden glory of intellectual day, and the still sublimer vision of the Eternal Son, the God of Redemption, ever went forth with bolder and more resistless strength and scorn against the crowned and superb Pharisees and Sadducees of the Popedom. The men who followed in the history of this noblest of all Revolutions were chiefly of more restrained and circumspect minds; if few of them were Luther's superiors in the scholarship of the age, their attainments were exercised with less of that headlong and unsparring vigour which so often turns a controversialist into a personal enemy. With the innocence and holiness of the primitive times of Christianity, they mingled those feelings and manners which were required by their contemporaries. Occasional instances of rashness are to be found among the most accomplished of those extraordinary men, but the uncalculating career of Luther's mind had no successor. Every failure, not less than every exploit, in his progress, is to be attributed to his eminent possession of one quality, the sincerest heart of mankind. It urged him to perpetual extremes; where others knelt, he prostrated himself; where others withheld obedience, he started up into the loftiest attitude of hostility. Such an arm was made to strike the sword through the helmet of Popery, when the armed Tyrant stood in his ancient power, defying and crushing the strength and hopes of nations. Other means were required, when the armour was thrown aside for the still more perilous coverture of subtlety and hypocrisy, and the hoary poisoner of kingly minds, and the gloomy stirrer-up of popular passions, was to be uncloaked and uncowed, and cast out naked before the world.

But if Luther's sincerity often plunged him into difficulties which more prudent men would have easily avoided, we must not degrade so noble and so rare a quality, by forgetting that it led him rapidly to the highest truth, the knowledge of the Gospel. In all the stubbornness of his prejudices, the natural result of his temperament, we find a knowledge of the spirit of Christianity, that never was administered by the unassisted human understanding. It is an insult to religious sincerity, to doubt that such will always be its reward. The atheist, the deist, the general race of the negligent and scornful of the Gospel, are false to themselves when they tell us that they have been sincere in their search for truth. They never desired to find it. They desired to find some flaw, some saucy excuse for a metaphysic sneer, some pert opportunity for shewing that they were more sagacious, satirical, and foreseeing, than the believers in the wisdom of God. They turned over the pages of the Bible to controvert the historian, and put the prophet to shame. They never approached it on their knees, with their heads bowed, as before the oracles of the supreme Lord of Wisdom, with the supplication on their lips, that the weakness of their human intellect might be strengthened by the strength of the Divine; that their natural blindness might be washed away in the fountain of that uncreated light which wells forth by the throne of the Eternal; that all unworthy passion of human applause might be purified, and that, let what will be the sacrifices, they might be led into that sacred and elevating knowledge which is better than life itself, and loftier, immeasurably loftier, than its haughtiest vanities.

If the infidels of the last age had thus sought truth, they would have found it, and the world would have been spared the guilt and folly which at length burst out in the French Revolution. If the champions and converts of Popery at this moment would do this, Popery would perish away like stubble in a flame. If they will not, their delusion will only gather thicker round them, until it engenders a Revolution to which the fury and the havoc of the past were but the convulsions and spectres of a dream.

ON WHAT GENERAL PRINCIPLES OUGHT IRELAND TO BE GOVERNED? :

No one can look at Ireland without being convinced that the principles on which it has been for some time governed are fearfully erroneous. When public men cast the blame on religious strife and the Catholic Question, while over party animosity, and protest that things are as they are because Protestant and Catholic will not live in harmony, they only prove that they are disqualified by incapacity, or something worse, for uttering a word on the subject. It is not only demonstrable that these causes could not possibly have produced the alleged effects in despite of proper government; but it is equally demonstrable that the appalling spectacle which Ireland exhibits has been produced by things which never could have had being under such government. It is not less certain, that the evils have become so gigantic, that they threaten the empire with fatal calamities—that if no remedy be applied, they must either dissolve the Union between Britain and Ireland, or render it a source of destruction to the best interests of both. A vital change of system in the governing of Ireland is the only thing which can save the British empire from the most heavy ills that could visit it. This is a fact which is now placed wholly above dispute, and, in consequence, the question—*On what general principles ought Ireland to be governed?*—calls at the present moment imperatively for discussion. The vast importance of this question would be increased, rather than diminished, by the removal of the Catholic disabilities.

In placing it before us we have not to learn that it is our duty to pay no regard to persons; and this duty we shall discharge. In our use of the term government, we must, however, beg our readers to understand us to mean that impersonal, never-dying thing called government, and not the individuals who in succession compose it. The conduct of leading public men in these days is of a nature to make every friend of consistency anxious to escape the disgust which the sight of it inspires; and we shall speak without looking at, or remembering them personally. We must observe that it is not our object to inquire

what particular measures would benefit the agriculture or trade, and abate the penury, of the Irish people, looking at them separately. We wish to ascertain what general and leading principles of policy Government ought permanently to act on towards Ireland, for the sake not of its interests only, but of those of the whole United Kingdom. Our conviction is, that England and Scotland have been for some time, and are still, in course of frantic sacrifice to Ireland, to the ruin of all the best interests of the latter.

Some time ago we expressed our doubts whether a separate government in Ireland was productive of benefit, and these doubts have been largely increased by all that has since happened. We fear it is as pernicious in practice as it is incongruous in theory, for the United Kingdom to have virtually two kings and cabinets, even though one king and cabinet be subordinate to the other. We strongly suspect that this has a mighty share in causing the United Kingdom to be in reality any thing but a united one.

If the United Kingdom had but one government, the policy and measures for governing a part would naturally be framed with reference to the interests of the whole. Ministers would feel that, in their conduct towards the Irish portion of the population, they ought to keep in sight the good of the population at large. In general discussion the inhabitants of Great Britain and Ireland would be regarded as one community, and the management of public affairs would be judged of accordingly.

But under the present system, the British government naturally leaves Ireland in a great measure to the Irish one. The latter, of course, must not be dictated to, or guided in its conduct and measures in its own department by others; it has nothing to do with the governing of England; it cannot look beyond that Ireland to which its power is confined. To expect it to act for the benefit of the community at large—to consult the interests of the general population of the United Kingdom—would almost be, in its judgment, to expect it to usurp the functions of others, and violate its own duties.

It follows that in various essential points Ireland is treated as a separate country, and from the anxiety to benefit it which prevails, it is almost treated as if it were the head of the empire, and England were only one of its dependencies. The line of policy at present followed and advocated may be described in these words: Ireland is practically a separate nation; every thing which its interests call for must be done, no matter what evil may flow therefrom to England; and no measure must be resorted to which may be adverse to its interests, separately looked at, however imperiously it may be called for by the general interests of the empire.

We are not sure that this system of divided government could, in any case, operate otherwise than injuriously; but at present, every thing conspires to extract from it the utmost measure of injury it is capable of yielding.

The British King holds his office for life, and his Ministry is appointed for an indefinite period; this produces efficient and efficient government. But the Irish King, in the first instance, is only appointed for a very short term of years, and with every change of King, there must, of course, be a change of Irish Ministers. His Sub-Majesty, when he ascends his throne, cannot deign to follow the beaten path of his predecessor; he must not stoop to any inglorious second-hand matters; he must have some splendid new system of his own, founded in no small degree on the principle, that he ought to abandon or reverse the work of those he succeeds. He goes to Ireland brimful of erroneous opinions, which he has drawn from party and faction; and he applies them, without inquiring how far they are justified by the condition of his subjects. When he has been there a sufficient time for enabling him to discover his errors—obtain proper knowledge of the real state of Irish society—devise beneficial measures—and gain the requisite personal friendships and influence for rendering such measures effective, he is removed. As soon as his government can well become a wise, beneficial, and stable one, it is dissolved; and his successor, like him, reverses, abandons, makes experiments, blunders; and when he becomes qualified for his office, ceases to govern. Ireland has a succession of ephemeral rulers, from whom, in the nature of

things, scarcely any thing can be expected, save injurious experiment and general misrule.

Such a Government cannot gain the confidence and affection of its subjects. In the first moment, the latter find in their rulers utter strangers—they expect with every change of men a change of system, which will yield impossible advantages—one part or another is, or perhaps all are, disappointed—they see mistaken measures and unjust partialities—then follow exasperation, flame, and longings for a new Government—and when convulsion subsides, and the first gleams of peace and confidence appear, a new Government they obtain, and all this is repeated. The strife, disaffection, and convulsion, which are so much complained of, owe their origin in no small degree to the continual changes of Irish King and Ministry.

While the people thus almost inevitably feel towards the Government, the opposites of confidence and affection, it separates them from the British one. No direct bonds of authority, attachment, or hope, unite them to the latter. It does not visibly govern them, or form a court of appeal against their rulers; in regard to love and obedience, it appears to them in the light of a foreign government. The system of division operates in the most powerful manner to cause the people to regard Ireland as a separate country, and England as a foreign one, to prevent society from becoming among them, in form, habit, and feeling, what it is in Britain, and to make them practically a people different from, and to a high point hostile to, the British people.

So long as the Catholic Question was kept in the back ground, the division in the Cabinet respecting it was not productive of much evil. The Ministers friendly to the removal of the disabilities were as much the objects of Whig and Radical animosity, and as much dependent on the Tory part of the country, as their colleagues. They knew the question could not be carried, and they had nothing to gain, and much to lose, by pressing it; their personal interests were opposed to its discussion, and even to the strengthening of their own party respecting it. They voted for the Catholics in Parliament, and this was almost the only important fruit of the division; in other matters they differed in no great

degree from their official brethren. The division had no material effect on the governing of Ireland; if rational and sound principles were not very efficiently acted on, they were not abandoned, because neither part of the government had an interest in abandoning them.

The question became a leading one, and almost the only one on which public men were at issue. The Whigs, who by their guilt and incapacity had utterly ruined themselves as an independent party, constituted themselves the adherents of the Catholic part of the Ministry, and used the question as the means for separating it from the other part. Then the division in the Cabinet, was rendered a pestilence to the best interests of both Ireland and England. The Catholic Ministers, as they called themselves, lost the support of the body of the Tories, and were compelled to depend for official existence on the Whigs and Catholics: they found it necessary to obey and strengthen their new friends, to defend themselves against the hostility of their old ones. It became to them almost a matter of self-preservation, not only to court the favour, but to protect and increase the party power, of the Catholics. They were men to make the most of their situation, and they raised the cry of conciliation, liberality, and the union of all parties. Our conviction is that they did this for personal purposes, in order that they might disarm and weaken the Tories, and add to the potency of the Catholics. Its natural and irresistible tendency was to do this, and it did do it. The words conciliation and liberality, had no other meaning in their lips, than the conversion of opposition to the Catholics into support. They possessed the ascendancy over their colleagues, and they triumphed.

A new system was pompously resorted to in the governing of Ireland. The division in the Cabinet, instead of doing little beyond causing Ministers to divide their votes on the Catholic Question, now affected their whole policy and conduct. The Liberals of all denominations defended the illegalities and outrages of the Catholics, on the ground that they would promote the success of this question: and the liberal part of the British and Irish Governments, from both interest and necessity, went along with them

as far as practicable. Avowedly, this system was to render every thing subservient to the carrying of the Catholic Question, as a matter of national good; in reality, it was to make every thing subservient to the strengthening of the party power of the Catholics, and the weakening of that of their opponents, for the benefit of the Catholic Ministers, and their Whig and other supporters.

This gave the last touch to the pernicious character of the separate Government of Ireland. Has any matter been brought before this Government, the question has been—how does it bear, not upon law, justice, and the public weal, but upon Catholic conciliation and emancipation? The atrocities of the Catholic Association and priesthood may be subversive of law and right; they may fill Ireland with every thing that can scourge it; but, nevertheless, they serve the cause of emancipation, and add mightily to the Parliamentary and other power of the Catholics, therefore they must be tolerated by the Government. The Bible and Reformation Societies may have most praiseworthy objects in view; but they exasperate the Catholics, therefore the Government must discountenance them. The Church may be the great bond of union between Ireland and Britain; but its interests must not be promoted by the Government, because this would be an inroad on conciliation and Catholic influence. This or that measure might yield inestimable benefits to Ireland and the whole empire; but the Government must not think of it, because it would inflame or weaken the Catholics.

This is the system. While the Irish Government consisted in part of opponents to emancipation, they were bound hand and foot to it by what was called conciliation; by the latter, they were prohibited from doing any thing, excepting perhaps voting in Parliament on the Catholic Question, that could give offence to the Catholics. When the Government consists wholly of friends to emancipation, it naturally carries the system to its extreme. Its members go to Ireland solemnly pledged on the question; they can do nothing to prejudice their cause, and deprive themselves of that support on which their official existence depends; and to Catholic conciliation

and emancipation, they must sacrifice every thing. They join their party-brethren in the plea, that emancipation is the only remedy which will remove Ireland's manifold evils, or that without it no other remedy can be applied; upon this plea they make the sacrifice we have named a matter of merit and necessity; and their fruitless efforts to apply this remedy form the great source of the very evils to which they wish to apply it, and render them in reality the reverse of a Government. For years, Ireland could not well have been governed differently, if the policy had been studiously acted on, of tolerating all attacks on the Constitution, violations of law, injuries to the Protestant religion, and public evils of every description, which were calculated to benefit the cause of the Catholics. The Irish Government is completely prohibited, by its system, from discharging the duties and exercising the functions of a Government; when emancipation cannot prevail with it,—it is overpowered by conciliation; it is degraded into a party which prevents the existence of a government, and exercises the powers of one, to carry a party, or, to speak more correctly, a factious measure; and it is by both divisions of the people hated, caressed, derided, obeyed, or made use of, as a party. We speak not of individuals, but of the Government in its corporate capacity, and as what it is compelled to be by its system.

A separate Government in Ireland establishes in Dublin a Court, with its attendant corruption, intrigue, rivalry, and animosity. Dublin through this is rendered a hotbed of party strife and rancour, and the means of filling the country with them. Were there no Court in it, there would be no gang of Catholic demagogues. It contains the Government, therefore it must contain the leaders of the party, or parties, opposed to the Government. The latter must have its newspapers, therefore its opponents must have theirs. The Dublin Press has thus the most powerful patrons on both sides, to keep it constantly wound up to the height of party fury; and it naturally forms the model and guide to the whole Press of Ireland. To this Press the British Government and British affairs are comparatively those of a foreign country; the Irish Government and Irish affairs, must supply its leading

themes; Ireland is to it a separate country, and this tends irresistibly to make the inhabitants a separate people. The nature and history of party spirit lead us to believe, that if Scotland were ruled by a separate government established in Edinburgh, it would be about as much convulsed with party divisions, and practically as much a separate country, as Ireland is. Were there no Irish Government, Dublin would be in the circumstances of Belfast, Edinburgh, York, &c.; O'Connell and his gang could not obtain the power to do much mischief; Irish affairs would be blended with those of the United Kingdom as a whole; the Press would not be incited and dictated to by the heads of parties, and it would follow and incorporate itself with the Press of Britain.

Having thus stated what the natural working of the separate Government of Ireland is, and must in the nature of things be, we leave it to others to draw the deductions. We do not say that this Government ought to be wholly annihilated, but we do say that it ought to undergo very material changes. If it were divested of its functions as a government, and the Lord Lieutenant and the Secretary were cut down into superintendents of the magistracy, collectors of information, in a word, into mere executory agents of the British Government, or, to speak more properly, of the Government of the United Kingdom; and if the patronage, the devising of measures, and the whole duty and responsibility of governing Ireland were transferred to this Government, it would, in our judgment, yield incalculable advantages. In such a case, Ministers would be compelled to regard Britain and Ireland as a whole,—they would not have Irish rulers to trust to and throw accountability upon; but they would have to pay the same attention to the affairs of Ireland, as to those of England and Scotland—in acting for Ireland, they would be above the party influence, and overpowering Catholic authority, which bewilder and sport with the Irish Government—British and Irish interests and concerns would be regarded as a whole by the British people—and the people of Ireland would feel the British Government to be theirs, regard themselves as part of the population of the United Kingdom, and imbibe

the principles, feelings, and habits, of the rest of such population.

The products of this separate Government, and its system, rank amidst the most curious illustrations of human ignorance and blindness known to history. They do more. Too many of them rank amidst the most revolting proofs of human depravity known to history. They are even more destructive to the weal of Ireland than to that of the empire at large.

The principles, laws, and institutions, which, when England or any foreign country is spoken of, are eulogized as the essence of truth and wisdom, are, when looked at with reference to Ireland, stigmatized as alike erroneous and injurious. That which is denounced as a source of evil in respect of every other country, is, in respect of Ireland, lauded and defended as a source of benefit. That which is a good or an ill in other nations, is in Ireland wholly the reverse. In Ireland, Catholicism is a religion so excellent, that it is to be supported by every variety of means—Protestantism is so pernicious a religion, that it is to be discountenanced by Government, and injured in every manner—religious tyranny is so beneficial, that it is not on any account to be attacked—superstition, bigotry, idolatry, and fanaticism, are highly advantageous to the community—and the circulation of the Scriptures, and the dissemination of correct religious knowledge, are very mischievous. In Ireland, sedition, turbulence, and insubordination, are things so productive of good, that they are to be protected and cherished by Government—affection for the constitution and laws is so baleful, that it is to be extinguished by statute—the bonds and relations of society are so injurious, that they are to be destroyed—and the lower classes, for general good, are to be divided from, and involved in hostility with, the upper ones. In Ireland, the dominion of the law is not to be tolerated—the Government is to resign its functions to, and make itself the instrument of, unprincipled demagogues, and the ignorant infuriated multitude—and constituted authorities, instead of following the constitution, laws, and received definitions of right and wrong, are to place themselves under the guidance and dictation of agitators and traitors. In Ireland, penury and hun-

ger are of great utility, and their sources are to be carefully guarded—the freedom of election is so pernicious, that it is to be annihilated—the Members of the Legislature are to be exclusively chosen by, and are, as the price of their seats, to give the most guilty pledges of passive obedience to, the Catholic priesthood, and a gang of political incendiaries—the best principles are to be punished and suppressed for the benefit of the worst—and every thing which can form the basis of government is to be destroyed by the Government itself. The appalling catalogue is yet far from being exhausted, but we have given sufficient of it for our purpose. All this is practically insisted on by various public men, who call themselves not only the greatest, but almost the only, statesmen in the country; and by a party in and out of Parliament, which, if not the ruling one, has been long followed by the ruling one. It has been, to a large extent, reduced to practice in the governing of Ireland.

We feel no small surprise that its parents have not rendered their work complete, by classing robbery and murder among the cardinal virtues, and consigning purity and worth to the hulks and the gallows. In point of principle, they would be quite as justifiable in doing this, as they are in maintaining various of their doctrines; and they subject themselves to the charge of gross inconsistency by leaving it undone. That man ought to be the eulogist and patron of the most grave vices and crimes, who is the eulogist and patron of the things which produce them. That ruler who arrays himself against the preventives of guilt, and favours what it owes its existence to, is bound in common justice to bestow on it honours and rewards. Amidst this war against good principles, and in favour of spiritual tyranny, superstition, fanaticism, sedition, insubordination, lawlessness, penury, and every thing which can generate crime, it is a monstrous anomaly to subject crime to punishment. If matters keep their course, this glaring and uncouth defect, we imagine, will soon be removed, the system will receive its finishing touch, and we shall see the Rockites, incendiaries, and assassins, rewarded for their exploits with peerages and pensions.

When the profligacy of faction has had such amazing triumphs, there is but small hope that any efforts to check it will be successful. All that has received the stamp of truth and wisdom—incontrovertible facts and overwhelming demonstrations—even the revelations of heaven, have been powerless against it; and, therefore, we may well despair of finding weapons to which it is vulnerable. We have, however, only to look at the state in which it has placed Ireland, and at the fearful calamities which, if it proceed as it has done, it will demonstrably soon bring on England, to be convinced that the attempt ought to be made, in total disregard of the issue.

Our first principle shall be this. The Government of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, like all other governments, ought to exist for the benefit of its subjects. It ought to be, not a passive, but an eternally active agent of good. What is injurious, it ought by all proper means to remove; what is beneficial, it ought to protect and increase to the utmost; it ought to labour incessantly to promote the individual and collective weal of the population. This will be conceded to us unanimously, and we make it our foundation.

Although England, Scotland, and Ireland, form one kingdom, the latter is in circumstances which differ wholly from those of the two former. They possess various advantages to which it is, in a great measure, a stranger; and they are, to a large extent, free from evils, with which it is overwhelmed. We here make it a principle, that Government ought to do every thing practicable to remove from Ireland the evils almost peculiar to it, and to give it the advantages enjoyed by England and Scotland. It ought not to tolerate an ill in Ireland, because no such ill exists in Britain; or to spare efforts to give a benefit to the former, because such benefit is possessed by the latter; but it ought to resort to all the measures in its power for making the requisite changes and improvements in Ireland, no matter how unnecessary such measures may be in the rest of the United Kingdom. It ought, however, in whatever it may do, to keep in view the good of the whole,—to keep the interests of the whole in harmony,—and not to endeavour to be-

nefit Ireland by injuring England and Scotland. This principle, we imagine, will be unanimously acquiesced in,—at least, by all whose acquiescence we desire.

Catholicism is the religion of a very large part of the population of Ireland. All admit, that, in regard to other countries, it is an extremely erroneous and pernicious religion; in truth, denial is impossible, for its errors of doctrine and baleful effects on society, are matter of decisive demonstration. We hold it to be certain, that it is, and must in the nature of things be, as erroneous and pernicious in Ireland as in any other country. The dogmas of the Liberals to the contrary are below contempt; but, as we do not wish our readers to take any thing on trust, we will accompany our assertion with satisfactory proofs.

The mass of the Irish Catholics are sunk in the lowest depths of ignorance, superstition, bigotry, and fanaticism. They are the slaves of their priests; and, by this slavery, they are compelled to involve themselves in ruinous strife with those on whom they depend for bread. It causes them to trample on the bonds of society; generates between them and the Protestants destructive animosity and dissension; deprives them of all right of judgment and freedom in matters of religion; and in various civil matters, prohibits them from availing themselves of many important advantages; and has the most pestilential effects on their general character and circumstances. It is evident to all, that this flows from their religion.

In regard then to the individual and general interests of the Irish Catholics themselves, the annihilation of Catholicism would yield them incalculable benefits.

This religion showers upon the Irish Protestants numberless deadly evils. It involves them in bitter contention with the Catholics, which in all parts injures them greatly; and, in many, places their lives and property in constant insecurity, and either makes them the political slaves of Catholic tyranny, or banishes them. To a very large extent it robs them of their legitimate rights and influence: rights and privileges which the constitution and laws give them, Catholicism takes away. It strips landlords and masters of proper and necessary control over

their tenants and servants. It curtails greatly the religious liberty of the Protestants, and does grievous injury to their religion.

The Irish Protestants would manifestly derive incalculable benefit from the annihilation of Catholicism.

Looking at the people of Ireland as a whole, this religion continually scourges them with division, distraction, and convulsion. It practically annuls the laws, suspends the operation of the constitution, destroys constitutional right and liberty, makes society a heap of ruins, generates barbarism, ignorance, vice, and crime, and has the most baleful effects on all their interests.

The Irish people as a whole would demonstrably reap incalculable benefit from the annihilation of Catholicism.

With regard to the Irish Government, this religion divides the great mass of the population from, and renders it more or less disaffected to it. By trampling on the laws, interfering with the existence and labours of legal functionaries, destroying the control of landlords and masters, keeping society in a state of disorganization, creating turbulence and strife,—by these and other things, it renders Ireland ungovernable, and keeps it generally on the borders of civil war and rebellion. It wages incessant war against the religion of the State, injures it in every manner, and even endangers its existence. It deprives the Government of authority and influence, prevents it from making changes and improvements which public good imperiously calls for, and perverts it into a mighty engine of evil.

The Irish Government would draw incalculable benefit from the annihilation of Catholicism.

England and Scotland suffer the greatest injuries from what this religion creates in Ireland. By the barbarism, ignorance, and vice, of which it is the parent, and by its prevention of improvements, it has a leading share in continually pouring into them multitudes of uncivilized emigrants to the grievous injury of their native population in regard to bread, morals, and conduct. It lights up in them much pernicious party dissension, and makes their dearest possessions the objects of incessant attack to a powerful party, in and out of Parliament. Their constitution and

liberties are eternally assailed by it, and will never be in perfect security, so long as it has existence. In regard to both loss and danger, the Church of England suffers from it mightily, not only by its effects on the Irish Church, but by its general effects in England.

England and Scotland would derive incalculable benefit from the extinction of Catholicism.

The United Kingdom as a whole finds in this religion an enemy to all its interests. A very large part of its population is kept in the lowest state of mental, and personal bondage and degradation. The most injurious divisions and warfare are produced amidst its inhabitants. An active and powerful enemy is kept in existence within itself, which fills it with intestine feuds; threatens it with rebellion and civil war; is connected in sentiment, and courts an alliance, with foreign enemies; forms an instrument to such enemies for attempting its dismemberment; and is irreconcilably hostile to its constitution and freedom, and requires no large increase of power to be enabled to destroy them. In trade, revenue, morals, power, happiness,—in every thing, it is deeply injured by this religion.

The United Kingdom as a whole would draw incalculable benefits from the annihilation of Catholicism.

The reasons why this religion must, from its nature, operate so perniciously, are already familiar to our readers; but, however, we think it necessary to state, very briefly, some of the leading ones. It is the essence of despotism in both doctrine and discipline. First, with regard to the clergy. The dignitaries and inferior clergy of the Church of England, although they may owe their appointments to Government, cannot, after they are appointed, be removed, unless they be convicted by trial, according to law, of grave offences. Provided a bishop or clergyman avoid certain religious doctrines, and great vices and crimes, he may support any political party; give his friendship to any religious body, and do almost any thing, in perfect independence and security. The effect is to divide, and, to a great extent, neutralize the clergy as a political party; and to protect them from being made the servile instruments of the Crown, or the religious heads of the

Church. In most of the Protestant sects, the ministers are appointed in a large degree by the laity, and in consequence, they cannot collectively be made the slaves of any general head. But amidst the Catholic clergy, the heads are the slaves of the Pope, and the priests are the slaves of their superiors. From friendship for the Protestants, from doubts of his zeal, from avoiding politics, from mere caprice, the priest, at the pleasure of his bishop or bishops, can be removed and deprived of bread. After the Clare election, a priest was deprived of his parish, because he was neutral, instead of joining in the atrocious proceedings to elect O'Connell. The heads of the clergy are thus the menials of the Pope, or a knot of despots possessed of unlimited power; and the priests are their abject menials, whose bread and other possessions are dependent on their uncontrolled will.

In respect of the laity, Catholicism takes away all freedom of thought and act, and insists on the most perfect slavery. The layman is prohibited from judging for himself in religious matters, and compelled to give implicit belief to every thing his church may teach him; he is not suffered to enter the place of worship of another religion, or to read the Scriptures and religious books without the consent of his priest; he must not even send his children to any school that his priest may object to. This implicit obedience is exacted from him not only in matters of faith, but in those of discipline: he has no more liberty to judge for himself of the laws which his Church may enact to render its tyranny the more effective, than he has of any tenet of his religion. In the government of his church, he has no share: whatever it may invent as doctrine, or establish as discipline, he must devoutly believe in and submit to. While he is utterly deprived of freedom in religious matters, his church has the exclusive power of defining them; therefore, his slavery is as complete in civil matters, as in religious ones. The clergy of the Church of England have not the laymen in their power; they cannot, by the refusal of any rite, affect his interest, or make any impression on him; and they can inflict on him no punishment for disobeying them. The case is much the same with the different dissenting ministers;

they can only employ admonition and expulsion. If they expel a member, this may bring him into disgrace with the rest of the members, but it does not injure him in his calling, or in general society: without suffering from it, he can join another religious body. But the Catholic layman is completely at the mercy of his clergy. Auricular confession and the doctrine of absolution place him in the priest's power; to him, the Deity is his priest's passive instrument; his priest is his god, on whose will depends his future salvation. Where those fail, severe punishments are effective. Penances, refusal of rites, and excommunication, if those among whom he dwells be principally Catholics, disgrace him, destroy his character, take away his bread, endanger his life, and doom him in his judgment to eternal perdition. If a Catholic layman reside where there are many Protestants, his disobedience to his priest may not do much injury to his temporal concerns, although, according to his creed, it must destroy his hope of salvation; but if he reside where the population consists chiefly of Catholics, it must bring on him the temporal punishments of infamy, ruin, banishment, and perhaps death. Thus circumstanced, whatever the priest may dictate in the educating of his children, their marrying, his reading of books, his voting at elections—in a word, in almost any civil matter, he must obey. The Catholic Church in one way or another makes most civil matters religious ones; and its tyranny is as omnipotent in the former, as in the latter.

Thus, then, not only in religious doctrines, but in most of the more important concerns of life, the laymen are the abject slaves of the priests, and the priests are the abject slaves of their head, or heads. A more wonderful, perfect, comprehensive, irresistible, baleful, and destructive system of tyranny could not be devised by human ingenuity. This system—to the honour of our country we record it—is not of English parentage; its amazing perfection and power rise infinitely above the greatest efforts of English invention; it displays every characteristic of its foreign origin. If such a system obtain possession of a kingdom, it seems to be impossible for human means to overturn it. It destroys all balances, and all conflicts of interest.

Irresistible over the lower and middle classes, it must, of necessity, be irresistible over the Aristocracy and the Government. To slavery to it, legislators must be indebted for election, landlords for control over their tenantry, and the general Aristocracy for political power and influence; of course, to such slavery the Government must be indebted for existence, and every thing in the kingdom must be under the unlimited despotism of the Church. Speak of establishing a free government—that is, a government of parties and balances—in a nation of sincere Catholics!—It is one of the greatest impossibilities in nature. Let any man look, not at Spain and Portugal, but merely at the Catholic parts of Ireland, and then say what would befall the British Constitution, should England and Scotland become Catholic countries. The balances and the distribution of power, the action of democratic and aristocratic bodies against each other, and the party divisions which are essential, not only for giving it due operation, but for saving it from ruin, could not exist. It inevitably happens, that such a system of tyranny is eternally at war with all the best interests of humanity. It must labour for the destruction of knowledge, discussion, independence, public spirit, the division of power, civil and religious liberty, and all the elements of national freedom and happiness, as the only means of saving itself from destruction.

We say nothing of those doctrinal parts of Catholicism which only affect remotely temporal conduct: we speak of it merely in its political character—merely in so far as it affects powerfully the most important temporal interests of the individual and the nation. We speak not of what it has been, but of what it is; not of individuals, but of a creed and a system.

Why do we place these hackneyed facts before our readers? Because they are trampled on and wilfully forgotten; and every deduction is denied unless the fact accompany it. We give our premises, however stale they may be, as the only means of giving effect to our conclusions.

That Catholicism produces what we have detailed, to the Irish Catholics—the Irish Protestants—the people of Ireland as a whole—the Irish

Government—England and Scotland—and the United Kingdom in the aggregate; and that it is of such a nature as we have stated; are in substance facts alike notorious and indisputable. Even the advocates of the Catholics admit it to be not only an erroneous religion, but an extremely injurious one to society; they admit that, in all Catholic countries save Ireland, it has a pestilential operation on the best interests of the individual and the country, and they admit it to be a mighty evil that so large a part of the Irish people are Catholics. In the midst, then, of this unanimity touching the facts, we ask—what are the inevitable deductions? We speak to the understanding as well as the heart, and we put the question to upright, enlightened, patriotic men, of all denominations. To the members of faction, whether they consist of the profligate leaders, or the polluted literary instruments, we of course say nothing.

Would the removal of the disabilities, be an efficient remedy to that gigantic and rapidly increasing evil, the existence of which is admitted and deplored by all? Let us have no flippant assertions; but let the answer be a grave, well-weighed, and logical one. To be this, it is demonstrable that it ought to make a complete change in Catholicism—that it ought to reverse or abolish many of its doctrines, and alter from beginning to end its form of church-government; and that, in addition, it ought to take away all ground of contention between Protestants and Catholics. It could not by possibility be such a remedy, without such operation. Would, then, all this be accomplished by the removal? It is not asserted, in any quarter, that the latter is intended to make, or would make, the smallest change in the doctrine and discipline of Catholicism. In regard to ground of contention, the case after the removal would stand thus: The Catholics, according to their own declarations, would make incessant war on the Protestant Church, for the purpose of overturning it, if not for that of obtaining its possessions: this war would naturally be a fierce religious one. According to their principles and past conduct, they would constantly war against the religious societies of the Protestants; this would be a fierce religious war. From what they have proclaimed, they

would constantly struggle to strip the Protestants of corporation and other power. It is morally certain, from their past conduct, and all which is known of human nature, that at elections they will contend more furiously against Protestants, and will labour more zealously to array the tenant against the landlord, than they have ever yet done. We could easily multiply proofs; but we have stated sufficient to shew that the removal, instead of taking away the ground of contention, must, in the nature of things, widen it greatly. It will naturally not divide the Catholics, but, if possible, render them more unanimous. The egregious nonsense put forth to the contrary is below contempt, for it is flatly opposed to all fact and reason. The war throughout will be a religious one: the Priests will have the deepest interest in its success, and the Laity, from passion as well as from slavery, will warmly support them. Putting out of sight the resistless tyranny which makes the Catholics, Clergy, and Laity, an indivisible body in party-strife, it is absurd to expect that, in a contest with Protestants for religious ascendancy, a part of them will combat for the latter against their brethren.

Thus then the unconditional abolition of the disabilities would multiply the causes of contention, and it would make the Catholics infinitely more powerful. It would render the tyranny of Catholicism more active, and procure it more ready obedience. It confessedly cannot have the least effect in rendering the Priests more independent of their heads, and the laymen more independent of the Priests—mitigating the slavery of the laymen—giving them scriptural knowledge—allowing them the enjoyment of civil and religious liberty—preventing them from arraying themselves against their Protestant landlords, and trampling on the bonds of society—preserving them from the influence of any demagogues the Priests might join—bettering their circumstances—and making them less turbulent and disaffected. If there be any virtue in fact and logic, such abolition, instead of removing, would greatly aggravate the evil.

As every thing in fact and reason shews that such would be the fruits of what is called emancipation, we will now ask any treatment of the Ca-

tholics by their rulers attach them to the general government and institutions of the empire? The question is to a great extent answered by what we have said, and we will finish the answer by glancing at actual and decisive experiment. For many centuries the Catholics have been what they are at present; until recently their conduct was charged upon severe government; in late years they have been governed on the extreme of kindness and indulgence, and we will now look at the results.

By the fashionable system, Ireland is practically looked on as a separate country, and then it is argued that the government ought to ally itself with the Catholics, instead of the Protestants, because the former constitute the great numerical majority of the population. It is insisted that, by identifying itself, in general feeling and functionary, with the Protestants, it sacrifices the many to the petty few, and reverses every sound axiom of government. The Protestants are rallied against as an insignificant minority, and it is exhorted to divide itself from them, and connect itself with the Catholics. If men in power had not acted on this preposterous doctrine, we should think it below refutation.

It is evidently hotted on the assumption, that the aristocracy, property, and intelligence of Ireland, are divided between the Protestants and Catholics, in proportion to their respective numbers. The assumption is false, therefore the fabric which has been raised on it is worthless.

In Ireland the Catholics form the majority in numbers, and the Protestants form it in wealth, rank, and intelligence. On the one side, there is the majority of the lower orders; and on the other, there is the majority of the upper classes, property, and information. The Government cannot ally itself with both, for its connexion with the one must divide it from the other. The choice before it, if Ireland were really a separate and independent nation, would be this—alliance with the body of the lower orders and their priests, coupled with the opposition of the body of the aristocracy, property, and intelligence; or alliance with the latter, coupled with the opposition of the former. What in such case ought to be its decision? Alliance with the Catholics would inevitably render it

the instrument of the spiritual tyranny of the priests, or the licentiousness of the multitude, for ruining both itself and its subjects; unless it should rule by sheer military despotism. Further reply is needless.

We must not omit here to point to the light in which this places the Catholic Question. If the disabilities rested on the vast majority of the aristocracy and property, as well as on that of the lower classes, they might constitute to Ireland separately considered a national grievance. But they do not. That part of the people which they could really affect is free from them; and that part which is subject to them, they cannot reach. We speak generally, admitting exceptions which are of no great importance to the argument. Placing religion wholly out of sight, these disabilities are essential for giving, to the Irish aristocracy and property, the political influence and office, which the constitution intends them to have, by its spirit and letter. It is evident to all, that the great mass of them, for the sake of the petty exception, would be stripped of such influence and office—would be practically placed under the disabilities—if the latter should be abolished. Society is in such circumstances in Ireland, that the disabilities are imperiously necessary for securing to its component parts their just share of political trust and power—for restraining the democracy within its proper limits, and giving to the aristocracy what general good requires; and they must either sit on the Catholic to bind him from usurpation, or be virtually shifted upon the Protestant to subject him to robbery. They may produce individual hardship, but all human laws for distributing political trust and power must do the same. This is further proof of what we advanced three months ago, that the Catholics in reality claim exclusive advantages and immunities of the most unjust and pernicious character.

But Ireland is an integral part of the United Kingdom, of which the vast majority of the inhabitants are Protestants. It matters nothing to the argument, whether the minority be equally dispersed throughout the whole, or be to a great extent collected in any particular part; in the one case, as in the other, they are still only the minority. Adopting there fore

the abstract principle of the Catholic advocates, the government ought to ally itself with the Protestants, because in them is found the overwhelming majority in mere number, as well as in all other matters. These advocates in the same breath proclaim their principle to be unerring, and insist on the application of an opposite one.

In obedience to them, Government in late years has, to the farthest point allowed by law, institutions, and the state of society, separated itself from the Protestants, and connected itself with the Catholics. While its professions have only amounted to equal regard and neutrality, it had regularly contended against the offensive and defensive measures of the former, and showered its favours and connecting links on the latter and their Protestant allies. The policy which it has been urged to pursue, and which it has professed to pursue, has been to root up the power and preponderance of the Protestants, for the sake of Catholic benefit and alliance. We have seen in Ireland the incongruous and barbarous spectacle of a Government systematically opposing itself to the Aristocracy, church, property, and intelligence; and supporting the ignorant multitude and a religion, hostile to its own as well as to theirs, against them. Never was such a spectacle displayed, except by lunatic governments which committed suicide. Had this Government been an independent one, the frantic experiment would have cost it its existence; and it has only been kept in being by the weight and control of Britain. At this very moment it is in reality preserved from destruction by the British armies in and near Ireland.

The new system has been fully tried, and the issue is total and ruinous failure. It may have gained for this individual ruler, or that, Catholic favour; it may have covered Lords Wellesley, Plunkett, and Anglesea, with Catholic popularity; but in regard to its main object—the attaching of the Catholics to the general government and institutions of the country—it has done completely the reverse. It has rendered the Catholics as a body infinitely more hostile to such government and institutions, and more daring and active in their efforts to injure them, than they ever were previously.

By the laws of nature, it could not possibly have had any other operation.

We have said sufficient to shew that, even if the disabilities were removed, this system could not have any other operation. The Catholics would fiercely contend against the Protestants, because they would fiercely contend against the Church, religious societies, elective and other political power, &c. &c. of the Protestants. In this they would in reality fiercely contend against the general government and institutions of the country: the government could not go with them; it would be compelled to withstand them, and they would treat it as an enemy. If the Catholics had an Aristocracy, it would be from their religion the slave of the Clergy, but still it might in some degree temper the fanaticism of the Priests and multitude. But they have nothing worthy of being called an Aristocracy; they consist of the Clergy and the multitude; they must be led by unprincipled Priests and demagogues; and in the nature of things it must be impossible to attach them to Protestant rulers and institutions.

But it is maintained that the taking of their Clergy into the pay of the State will gain the Catholics. This is put forth by very acute and able men, and yet no attempt has ever been made to establish it by convincing reasoning: it is mere assertion, but, however, from respect for some who urge it, we will give it decisive refutation. What they aver is this. The measure would gain the Clergy, or render them neutral; it would make them negligent, and thereby destroy their influence over the laity; from this the latter would abandon hostility to, and would probably embrace, Protestantism.

The assumption is drawn principally from the fact, that payment by the State has placed the established Clergy under the control of Government, and rendered them to a large extent indolent and negligent. Now, admitting the fact, it must be clear to all men that the assumption is wholly worthless, unless it can be proved that such payment would place the Catholic Clergy in precisely such circumstances as the established Clergy are placed in. Without the same causes, there cannot be the same effects. The established Clergy are to a very large ex-

tent directly and exclusively appointed by the State. By the measure in question, the State is to be allowed very little beyond the power of making payment; it is only to have a partial, trivial negative in appointing, which can be of no value; it is openly confessed, that under the measure the Catholic church is to be perfectly independent of the Government, or, in other words, the State is to have no efficient control or influence over its Clergy. The established Clergy cannot, for indolence or negligence, be deprived of their livings, or have any effectual stimulant applied to them; provided they perform certain specified duties, their income cannot be taken from them, or injured. But by the proposed measure, the slavery of the Catholic clergy is not to be touched; the Pope is to retain his despotism over the bishops, and the bishops are to retain theirs over the priests. It inevitably follows, that if the State give an income, the Pope and his bishops can at any time, and on any pretext, take it away: no matter what income the State may bestow on his bishop or priest, he will not be suffered to enjoy it, if he attach himself to the Government, disobey the commands of his despotism, and be idle and negligent: he will only be permitted to receive it, on condition that he continue to be what he now is. Place the established Clergy in the same circumstances; let the clergyman be deprived of his living for indolence, negligence, political conduct, friendly feeling towards dissenters, &c. at the mere will of his heads, and he will soon rival the Catholic priest in zeal, industry, bigotry, servility, &c., even though he be paid by the State. The religion of the established Clergy, is that of the Government; but the religion of the Catholic clergy is a rival and hostile one to that of the Government. We have said enough to shew that nothing could be more illogical, than to argue, that payment by the State will operate on the Catholic, as it has operated on the established, Clergy; and likewise to shew, that it is morally certain, such payment will be, in respect of its intended effects, powerless.

This applies to the argument which has been drawn from the operation, real or supposed, of payment by the State, on the Irish Presbyterian Clergy.

This argument, therefore, requires no notice.

To the State, the proposed measure, in our conviction, would yield no benefit on the one hand, while it would produce gigantic evils on the other. The great reason why the Protestant dissenters in England have never been able to reach the upper classes is, they have had no hierarchy; they have only had ministers for the lower and middling classes, therefore, to these, they have been confined. Another reason is, they have had no political bribes to offer the great: divided and dispersed, they have, at elections, &c., formed severally a minority too small to have any political weight worthy of purchase. Had any sect possessed bishops, &c., the equals in rank and dignity with those of the Church; and had it been so concentrated in any large part of the country that it could have ruled elections, it would have gained its full share of the Aristocracy. In Ireland, the Catholic disabilities have long formed the great reason why the Catholics have not been able to make proselytes amidst the upper classes. They have had ministers for the high as well as the low; but this has been outweighed by the circumstance, that the embracing of their religion has been to a member of the Aristocracy exclusion from Parliament, and from various dignities and emoluments.

If the disabilities be removed, and the Catholic Clergy be taken into the pay of the State, there will be established two rival and hostile hierarchies. The almost insurmountable obstacle which has hitherto prevented the members of the aristocracy from embracing Catholicism will be removed; and it will be replaced, with an almost irresistible temptation for them to embrace it. The Catholics assert that they will be able to return two-thirds of the Irish members of Parliament. In those parts where they abound, the Protestant Peer or gentleman, no matter what his property may be, will be prohibited from obtaining a seat, and deprived of the votes of his dependents. His property will be stripped of its political rights and influence; if he be permitted to give nominal direction to the votes of his tenantry, he must do it as the menial of the Catholic Church; and in this case he must be restricted from being a candidate. Practically, the

disabilities will be taken from the Catholics, and placed on the Protestants. From two-thirds of the Irish representation, and the attendant honours and benefits, the Protestants will be rigidly excluded on account of their religion. How will this operate on the aristocracy? Such members of it as now support the Catholics, openly speak as though there was the same chance of salvation in the one religion as in the other; and as though the one was not more injurious to society than the other. They do at present every thing in their power to protect Catholicism at the expense of Protestantism; and they are the ex-amples or eulogists of political apostacy. Such men will find no difficulty in embracing Catholicism in a body, and they will do it. Those who cannot change their faith as easily as they can change their dress, will sell their estates, and buy others, where property has its due influence. By conversion or expulsion, two-thirds of the Irish aristocracy and property will soon embrace the Catholic religion. The case cannot, in the nature of things, be otherwise; it is not possible to keep rank and property separated from political dignities and advantages; the latter will always, on their own conditions, command a union with the former.

It must be obvious to all, that the measure would be virtually to the Protestants an act of scandalous robbery. At present, although the Catholics have basely usurped the political influence of Protestant property, they are compelled to use it in favour of Protestant Legislators; but this measure would enable them to use it wholly against the Protestants. They would be able to employ a man's own property to expel him from Parliament. If the disabilities could not be removed without giving to the Catholic Church the power to rob the Protestant property of two-thirds of its constitutional and legitimate political rights, in order that it might further rob the Protestants of two-thirds of their seats in the Legislature, this forms a sufficient reason why they should not be removed. If the removal could not take place except through so flagrant a violation of the constitution as that of transferring the rights of Protestant property to the Catholic Church, it would be an act of trea-

son, as well as of robbery. A wrong, whether real or imaginary, is not to be redressed by the perpetration of a greater wrong. It is preposterous, as we shewed in a former article, to expect that the removal, and the taking of the Clergy into the pay of the State, will protect the Protestant landowner. Every election contest will be a religious contest; it will be one between Protestant and Catholic; and it is not in human nature for the Priests and their flocks to support the Protestant, or to be neutral.

If a Catholic hierarchy be established in Ireland, it must necessarily be established in England and Scotland. In the two latter, income may be refused; but lawful recognition and dignity must be granted. It will not in them have the mighty instruments of proselytism to work with, which are to be found in Ireland; but still the vast political power which it will, in the aggregate, possess, will enable it to place captivating allurements before the British Aristocracy. Looking at the United Kingdom as a whole, the Catholic hierarchy will have infinitely more seats in Parliament and other political gifts to dispose of, than that of the Established Church.

It must not be forgotten that if the disabilities be removed, the aristocracy and property must in the nature of things make Protestants of the lower orders, or the latter will make Catholics of them. In our conviction they will be converted to Catholicism. If the bulk of the upper classes of Ireland become Catholics, they will spend much of their time in London. The effect which this would have in establishing Catholic tradesmen in the latter, and introducing Catholicism amidst its middle classes generally, we need not describe; a very large portion of its lower classes are already Catholics. The metropolis will become Catholic to a formidable extent in all its classes, from the highest to the lowest. Its Catholic inhabitants will be firmly united; its Protestant ones will be divided and be hostile to each other; and its tremendous mass of no-religion population will go in the strife with the Catholics. How this will operate on Government, Parliament, the Press, and the country at large, is a matter which we leave to the consideration of those whom it may concern.

What condition would the Government be placed in, by its two contending churches? A condition of impotent subjection to the Catholic one. The latter would enjoy unlimited licentiousness for making any changes in its doctrines and laws that might be calculated to promote its aggrandisement; it would by its power be able to use the government as a means for preserving itself from attack in every quarter; and in its triumphant war against the Protestants, it would make of the Government an auxiliary. To be convinced of the truth of this, we have only to look at the history of late years. If this church should gain, as it speedily would gain, the chief part of the Irish Aristocracy, where is the man who will say that the Government could preserve the Established Church in Ireland from destruction? If this should take place, where is the man who will say, that it would not be followed by the banishment of Protestantism from Ireland? If both should be witnessed, what would be the direct and indirect consequences in England and Scotland? In every respect, the establishment of the Catholic Church, looking at it in connexion with the removal of the disabilities, would be a most calamitous proceeding. The precedents for it which some have thought meet to find in the cases of the Church of Scotland, and the Presbyterian Church of Ireland, are totally inapplicable. In both cases the religions with which the State connected itself could not in any mischievous degree come into collision with the Church of England; and in their constitution, their political character, and their effects on society, they differed wholly from the Catholic religion.

The new system, then, in regard to its intended objects, has been a total and ruinous failure; and, if the disabilities be removed, and the Catholic clergy be taken into the pay of the State, perseverance in it will still be attended with total and ruinous failure. This is rendered certain by the laws of nature. While it has had the reverse of its intended effect, and has increased, instead of removed, the hostility of the Catholics to the general government and institutions of the country; it has had other effects of a much more pernicious and dangerous nature. Under it, Catholicism

has made the most alarming advances in political influence and power; and the right feelings of the country have been most deplorably injured. This religion is at present infinitely more powerful in the Legislature, the Cabinet, the Irish Government, and the Press, than it ever was in any former period; and if it increase in power as it has lately done, the constitution will soon be at its mercy. Its gigantic increase of potency is matter of universal confession, and is used by its champions as one of their great arguments. It has been rendered by the new system much more political in its conduct, much more tyrannical in regard to both priests and laymen, much more injurious to the Protestants, much more destructive to the interests of the Catholics, and much more prolific of baleful evils to general society. This system has divided and paralysed the British Government in the most lamentable manner. Through it, and not the lack of able men, the Ministry has been for some years disunited, feeble, and imbecile, in almost the last degree. It has well nigh made the Irish government an instrument of national ruin. And it has to a great extent reconciled the Legislature, the Executive, and the public mind to the tyranny and general enormities of Catholicism; and inspired them with hostility to the Church of England and the Protestant religion.

Recurring, then, to the principles we have laid down, what ought Government to do, assuming its object and duties to be what we have stated? In the name of all that is dear to the British empire, let party and faction for once be speechless; and to a question which involves the fate of this empire, let the reply be dictated by unassailable truth and unanswerable deduction! A reply so dictated can only be this: The Government is solemnly bound, by every thing in principle and duty, to do its utmost towards the extinction, weakening, or reforming of Catholicism. It will be so bound, if the disabilities be continued; and the removal of them will only render its obligations the more sacred and imperative. Its policy ought to be the same, whether they be retained or abolished; therefore they may here be thrown out of consideration. If Government be passive towards a gigantic and rapidly growing evil, which thus de-

monstrably already wields such pestilential consequences, and which, if not opposed by it, must involve the empire in dreadful calamities, it will practically consent to almost all that the worst traitor could sigh to compass.

We maintain this to be wholly undeniable. We insist that the reason of man never embraced a principle as truth, which was more true than the following one has been proved to be by demonstration. *The pervading and paramount object of Government in its whole policy towards Ireland should be, the extinction, weakening, or reforming of Catholicism.*

The question now presents itself—What measures ought Government to adopt for the attainment of this object?

Our ancestors based their policy on this principle. We are not called on to justify some of the means they employed, but it is necessary for us to look at the point, to which they carried success. They triumphed so far, that they gave the Aristocracy and the Church—the property, rank, and intelligence—to the Protestant religion. They conquered the master difficulties of the great national work; and, if a wise use had been made of their achievements, there would have been no Catholicism in Ireland at present sufficiently powerful to produce mischief. Much of what they gained, notwithstanding such misgovernment as scarcely ever disgraced rulers, still remains; and this is now the state of things in Ireland. The Aristocracy and the Church, nearly all the property, respectability and intelligence, and an important part of the lower orders, belong to Protestantism; the great mass of the lower orders belong to Catholicism.

The great work has therefore been carried so far, that nothing now remains to be accomplished save the extinction or reformation of Catholicism amidst the body of the lower classes; to accomplish it, Government, in addition to other things, has the Clergy, the Aristocracy, and the property, to use as instruments.

In the first place, this affected neutrality, without any regard to the character and objects of the belligerents—this pretended equality of favour, without any regard to principle, feeling, and conduct, must be abandoned. Government, on the unassailable princi-

ple, that it is its duty to do its utmost to protect and promote what is good, and remove what is evil, ought at once to choose its side. The contest is not one of names; it is not one for the private personal interests of individuals; it is a contest between good and evil—between truth and error—between the weal and the bane of society, all that is beneficial, and all that is injurious to the British empire; and in such a contest, Government is bound by every conceivable obligation to make itself a principal, and employ its whole weight and energies.

As we have said, it can use the Clergy, the Aristocracy, and the property, as instruments; it needs none more powerful; it only needs the wisdom, virtue, and courage, for making a proper use of them.

The selection of the Clergy is of course a matter of the very highest importance. We have insisted on this on former occasions, and it cannot be repeated too often. From the most exalted dignitary to the humblest curate, each should be able, pious, and, in the first degree, zealous and indefatigable in promoting the interests of his religion, and discharging his various duties. Throughout, every effort should be used, to select men fitted in all points for their office; connexions and patronage should be disregarded, and nothing should be looked at save qualification. Every stimulant should be constantly applied; and preferment should be confined to, and bountifully showered on, the meritorious.

Not only should the Clergy be throughout men of eminent qualifications, but they should be sufficiently numerous, and great care should be taken to distribute them properly. Pluralities should be abolished, new churches should be built, parishes should be divided, and nothing should be left undone to break the population into suitable portions, and give to each a suitable clergyman. The whole system of the Church should be rigidly examined, and where necessary amended. It would, we think, be very beneficial to give a commission to a few such men, as the Lord Primate, the Archbishop of Dublin, &c. &c., to examine it, and make suggestions: certain heads of the English Church might be associated with them if expedient.

Having duly selected and distributed the Clergy, Government should second their efforts by every means in its power. It should labour to give to each a Protestant flock. In places where there are no Protestants, the landholders and gentry could easily establish them; and it could prevail on them to do so. We shall say more on this point before we conclude, therefore we will say no more here.

The Clergy, in their religious labours, should be warmly protected and encouraged by Government. The Bible, School, and other societies, are most praiseworthy in their objects; they are calculated to be eminently beneficial, and they are based on the clearest principles of constitutional right and freedom. If the Clergy join and lead them, it must have the best effects on their zeal and usefulness. That it is necessary for us to say more to prove that they ought to be favoured by the rulers of this empire, is a matter which fills us with shame.

A more perfect system for working the utter ruin of the Church than the new one is, could not be devised by the wit of man. Its commanding principle is, that nothing shall be done, no matter what its nature may be, which will offend the Catholics; and, of course, it must exclude the deserving part of the clergy from preferment, restrict the whole clergy from exertion, and prohibit all reform in the Church, which might be beneficial. Let such a system be kept in being, and it will speedily overthrow the Church and Protestantism, without the aid of Emancipation. Under it, these societies in late years have been discountenanced by Government, and attacked by its scribes on this ground only—they have exasperated and excited the hostility of the Catholics.

If exasperation and hostility exist between two parts of the community, what duty do reason and right impose on Government? Surely that of repressing the part which is in error, and protecting the one which is unjustly attacked. In the case of these societies, a part of the Irish people exercised an undoubted civil and religious right, for highly beneficial public purposes; for this they were attacked by the other part, solely because what they did, was calculated to injure, by fair means, a very erroneous and pernicious

religion ; and from no other reason than because they were so attacked, Government ranged itself against them. Such governing must be subversive of right, and all the best interests of society. It suppresses good for the protection of evil ; and makes the exercise of right and privilege dependent on the lawless will of wrong and injustice. When such societies are denounced, as they have been by the Prints of Government, and certain of its members in parliament, as being useless and mischievous on the score of exasperation, it must have these consequences :—On the one hand, it deters the clergy from exertion, and creates among them divisions : it has the same effect amidst the aristocracy, and it strips the Church and its interests, not only of efficient advocates, but of defenders ; and on the other hand, it feeds the animosity of the Catholics, and incites them to tyrannize over the Protestants, and encroach on the interests of the Church to the utmost.

We do not say that Government should directly connect itself with such societies ; what we contend for is, it should sanction them, effectually protect them, and assist them with its influence. It should do so on the broad principle, that they are, putting the interests of sects and parties wholly out of consideration, of a nature to yield great benefits to the Catholics themselves, general society, and both Ireland and Britain. The employment of its influence with the aristocracy in their favour, would be highly beneficial. If every landlord would zealously exert himself on his estate, in favour of the Scriptures and schools, these societies might be made mighty instruments for attaching the Catholic laymen to Government, or divesting them of their hostility to it, and thereby for materially diminishing the destructive tyranny of the priesthood.

In the last five years, we have again and again called on Government to do its utmost towards giving to society in Ireland the proper form ; without this, it will be impossible to give it the proper sentiments and circumstances. The creation of a yeomanry, and through it the conversion of the independent cabin occupiers into well-controlled servants, are matters of the first importance. Throughout society, one class must guide and govern

another, or laws and rulers will have small efficacy. Take one of the Irish parishes, in which the land is let in portions of a very few acres each, at rack-rent, to exceedingly poor and ignorant occupiers, who are half their time without employment. Divide the land into farms of various sizes, between 300 and 40 acres, reserving, however, a few small lots for tenants of particular descriptions. Let these farms be taken by respectable tenants, at a moderate rent, and let there be no middlemen save stewards, paid by yearly salary, between the tenants and the landowners : remove, by the culture of waste lands, emigration, or some other means, all the labourers save those who can be constantly employed by the farmers. Having done this, order, peace, and happiness, will be established in the parish ; the labourers will receive the best instruction, in both precept and example, from, and they will be duly controlled by, the farmers ; the latter will be completely under the guidance of their landlords. Do this where it is necessary, throughout Ireland, and then you will give to society the proper form, for enabling you to give it the proper sentiments and circumstances.

The middlemen, meaning by the term those who take land to let it again in small portions to the highest bidders, and the per-centage agents should be wholly abolished by law. A law would be the reverse of an unjust one, which should compel every great landholder to reside three months in the year on his estate. Property must be enjoyed under the regulation of the law, and no man has a right to make his property a public scourge ; if a landowner, directly or indirectly, people his estate with traitors, incendiaries, and robbers, he is only justly dealt with, if the laws treat him as a public enemy. Too many of the landlords have converted their estates into a fearful scourge to both Ireland and Britain ; and this forms a sufficient reason why their estates, to the necessary extent, should be placed under the direction of the law. If an absentee landlord be suffered to abandon his trust wholly towards the inhabitants of his estate in regard to residence, the law should take them under its guardianship, and compel him to provide a proper substitute. He should be constrained to appoint a steward at

a fixed salary, to reside constantly on his estate, and Government, in regard to character, should have a veto in the choice of this steward. The latter should be restrained by law from exacting exorbitant rents, and dividing the land into portions too small; and he should be compelled to make a fair outlay in providing proper farmsteads, fences, cottages, schools, &c.—in a word, he should be under compulsion to act as good resident landlords act. Place before the absentees this choice, by statute—constant absenteeism, subject to all this; or, three or four months' residence on their estates in the year, and exemption from it. This is not only reasonable, but it is necessary; and we are confident it would be highly efficacious: at the least, it could scarcely fail of mightily reducing the bulk of absenteeism. In England we have laws upon laws for the regulation of all descriptions of property; whether it consist of labour, land, money, houses, or any thing else, any injurious use of it is, if practicable, prohibited by legal enactment; our manufacturers are even restrained by law from paying their wages in goods. If such a state of things in regard to absenteeism had prevailed in England, as had prevailed in Ireland, it would long since have been met with legal remedies. But it seems to be impossible to give laws to Ireland which are called for by its condition; its legislators are too much occupied with experimental pernicious legislation, to pay any attention to that which would be beneficial. This perhaps may be in a great measure charged upon absenteeism: the latter makes it the interest of the landlord to oppose needful laws, it throws the representation into incapable hands, and it binds the representatives on this point from thinking of their duty. Much may be ascribed to party spirit; and as the elective franchise has now passed into the hands of O'Connell and his confederates, little can be expected in future from the Irish members, save support of all pernicious laws and opposition to all salutary ones.

Having thus fixed upon every estate, either the owner for a part of the year, or an efficient substitute for the whole of it, Government could use its influence with due effect amidst the great body of the Catholic laity. It could combine the property with the

clergy in favour of the establishing of schools—the distributing of the Scriptures—the protecting of the Protestants—the destroying of the tyranny of the Catholic priests—the preserving of peace, order, and freedom, &c. &c. We say again, what we said in this Magazine several years ago, that it is in the power of every landlord to people his estate with moral, orderly, peaceable, and industrious inhabitants. Every landlord in Ireland has it in his power to place the personal interests of his Catholic tenants in flat opposition to the tyranny of their Church, and to effectually protect them in their resistance to such tyranny.

Government ought to employ its whole energies in establishing a proper balance of Protestantism in the South and West of Ireland. The North is always sufficiently tranquil—in it, religious divisions and strife do not pass their legitimate bounds—it exhibits prosperity, intelligence, competence, and order; and Catholicism in it is a reformed religion compared with what it is in the South and West. From what flows the difference? In the North the Protestants preponderate; they restrain the Catholics from excesses; continually mixing with the Catholics, they force upon them instruction by example, and by this and their weight, some of the worst parts of Catholicism are practically destroyed. Where Protestantism preponderates there is wealth, comfort, peace, freedom, knowledge, and loyalty; but where Catholicism preponderates, there is penury, misery, convulsion, slavery, barbarism, and disaffection. We need not state the irresistible inference. If Government exert itself, it may establish such a balance of Protestantism in the South and West, as will produce in them, to a great extent, what is to be seen in the North.

In this the landlords and property must be its great instruments. If every landlord will make it a principle that one half, or even one third, of the inhabitants of his estate, shall consist of Protestants, the momentous national work will be accomplished. Protestant tenants could be found without difficulty: from those parts of Ireland in which they are the most needed, they are banished in great numbers yearly by Catholic persecution and oppression. The interests of the landlords call imperiously for this, and

their feelings at this moment are in the most favourable state for its success; let Government offer them its hearty encouragement and assistance, and we shall be much mistaken if they shrink from their duty.

We maintain that Government is solemnly bound to exert itself on this point by its highest DEFENSIVE duties; and that inaction in it will amount to grave criminality. Let it be remembered that the state of things is not what it has been; it has just been reversed, and it is wholly *new*.—Catholic usurpation has just seized upon the rights of Protestant property; stripped the landlords of their constitutional and necessary influence; placed the House of Commons in so far as concerns the Irish members under Catholic majority and dictation, cast to the winds the bonds of society; made it a system to banish the Protestants from a large part of Ireland, and deeply injured the best interests of the United Kingdom. The questions before Government are—shall this usurpation, this robbery, be submitted to; or shall restitution be exacted? Shall Protestantism and the religion of the State be maintained in the portion of Ireland in question; or shall they be banished by the Catholics? The conduct of the latter has rendered what we advocate, a *defensive* matter of imperious necessity. On public grounds, the landlords must regain their control over the votes of their tenants; or at the least, the control of the Catholic Church over these votes must be destroyed. If this church is to be suffered to sweep away the rights of property, seize upon the elective franchise, and reduce the great majority of the Irish members into its menials; it is very idle to say that the constitution ought to exist, and that freedom of any kind ought to be tolerated. If the qualification of the voter be raised from forty shillings,

to even twenty pounds, this alone will not be an effectual remedy. The voters will still be nearly all Catholics; they will be very poor and ignorant men; their leases, if they owe no arrears, will make them independent of their landlords;* and they will be the slaves of their priests. The only measure which can be permanently effectual, is, the substitution to the proper extent, of Protestant voters, for Catholic ones.

We say not that the Catholics who may be thus displaced by Protestants are to be consigned to want; Government has ample means for drawing them off, and establishing them elsewhere, and it ought to employ them.

We are not advocating what is impracticable. The population of towns is difficult to deal with, but such population has little to do with the matter before us; the change is needed chiefly amidst the peasantry. Place before you a single country parish, the inhabitants of which are all Catholics; and then answer us, if it be not practicable for their landlords, if they be duly assisted by Government, to remove half of the inhabitants, and replace them with Protestants? What is practicable in one parish is so in all parishes. Indolence and timidity may find here impracticability, but it will not be found by ability and courage. We do not aver that the change could be accomplished in a day, or a year; what we contend for is, that Government should commence and accomplish it as soon as possible.

Now, if a proper number of Protestants were distributed through the South and West of Ireland, what would be the fruits? The landlords would recover, in a large degree, their lost power and control—the Protestants, by their weight and influence, would keep the Catholics in order—party divisions and struggles would be confined within proper limits—the influence of

* We may here observe, that the creation of the fictitious freeholders was about as absurd a blunder as legislation ever exhibited. The Protestant property is converted into Catholic votes, which render the Protestant ones worthless; the votes of real freeholders are deprived of all value by those of the fictitious ones; and property is used to strip its possessors of all elective weight. If the landlords were intended to have any control over the votes of their tenants, it was preposterous to make the vote depend on a lease for a life, or lives. We know not what change may be made, but if the vote is still to be given to occupancy, some reference ought to be made to property, and the lowest rent endowed with a vote should be one that would require the occupier to possess forty or fifty pounds. If influence is to be given to the landlord, no longer lease should be required than one of seven years.

demagogues and traitors would be reduced to insignificance—the political power of Catholicism would be broken and dispersed—the Protestants, by their example and their intercourse with the Catholics, would practically annihilate the most pernicious parts of Catholicism—the tranquillity of Ireland would be permanently secured—and the bonds between Britain and Ireland would be rendered almost indissoluble. These would be only part of the fruits; and would they not form magnificent repayment for the toil and cost required in their production?

After what we have repeatedly said in the last five years, in favour of the annihilation of the fictitious freeholders, and the establishment of Poor Laws, we need not here say any thing.

Whether the Catholics be regarded in all respects as dissenters, or whether their clergy be taken into the pay of the State, this principle is wholly unassailable. They have no right to a greater share of civil and religious liberty of any kind, than is granted to the Protestants. If Government do not scrupulously act on this principle, it is guilty of a very indefensible violation of duty and sacrifice of public interest.

Placing it before us, we ask, would any party of Protestants in Ireland, Scotland, or England, have been suffered to do what has been done by the Catholic Association? No! will be unanimously responded from all parts of the United Kingdom. O'Connell and his gang have openly declared that, without their guilty efforts, the mass of the Catholics would regard the disabilities with indifference—that these efforts have made the Catholics what they are—that these efforts alone have filled Ireland with convulsion, and placed it on the verge of rebellion and civil war—and that, if they be silent and inactive, the body of the Catholics will become tranquil and contented. They have proclaimed that they wish to produce the utmost measure of agitation and tumult; and they have laboured incessantly to create flame, animosity, contention, and insubordination. Yet an atrocious gang like this has been tolerated by Government. Both will be held by the country to be equally guilty if the toleration be longer continued. This Association must be destroyed; and on its own confession, its destruction will contri-

bute immensely towards the restoration of order and tranquillity. The introduction of improvements of all kinds must materially depend on the vigilant prevention of all such combinations.

In England, as our readers are well aware, religious people of all denominations use every effort for the spread of their respective religions. Not only the clergy and laymen of the Church, but those of the different sects, hold public meetings to promote the establishing of schools, the building of places of worship, the circulating of books, &c. &c. These meetings, and the exertions with which they are connected, have for their object the gaining of proselytes. The schools and books teach peculiar creeds. Yet the cry is never raised in any quarter against what is called proselytism. No religious body ever dreams of defending itself against the inroads of the others, by abusing and mobbing them for wishing to make proselytes. The very word proselytism was scarcely known to the English language, until it was added to it a few years ago by the barbarous jargon of Catholicism. If Ministers, on the ground of exasperation, and the desire to make converts, were to denounce the labours of any religious sect or party, public indignation would drive them from the Cabinet.

In the name of religious right and freedom, why is not this the case in Ireland?

In regard to the Irish part of the United Kingdom, we are eternally stunned with the clamour against proselytism. Does Government support wholly, or partly, a school—it is raised against as wishing to make proselytes. Do the Clergy labour to discharge their duties—they are attacked as public enemies, on the ground that they seek to make proselytes. Do societies endeavour to disseminate religious knowledge—their existence is protested against, because their object is to make proselytes. To circulate the Scriptures without note and comment, and to establish schools from which sectarian and party creeds are carefully excluded, is to attempt to make proselytes. And in whose favour is the clamour raised? That of the Catholics. Not a syllable is said against their incessant efforts to gain proselytes from the Protestants; but it is an of-

fence not to be endured for the latter to labour to gain proselytes from them. The Government, with hypocritical vigilance, arrays itself against all endeavours to make proselytes from Catholicism. The Legislature vehemently proclaims that it is unpardonable to do what is calculated to gain proselytes from Catholicism—and schools are not to be formed, the Scriptures are not to be circulated, religious knowledge is to be suppressed, the Clergy are to be prohibited from doing their duty, and the religion of the State is to be restricted from extension and deprived of defence, merely that proselytes may not be made from Catholicism. Thus, not only defended, but stimulated, the Catholics, by persecution and oppression, by the brutish tyranny of mobs, and the fiendish tyranny of the priesthood, destroy the religious rights and liberties of the Protestants.

What ought to be the conduct of Government? It ought to silence the wretched, slavish clamour, and convince the Catholics, that it is the sacred constitutional right of every Christian sect and party, to labour by all lawful means to extend its religion, and that the Protestant shall exercise it as freely as the Catholic. It ought to establish in Ireland that full and perfect religious liberty, which is enjoyed in England; and enforce the universal admission of the principle, that the members of the Church, Presbyterians, Methodists, and other Protestant bodies, are not only in right entitled, but in conscience bound, to use all just efforts to make proselytes. It ought to speak to the Catholics in this manner:—"You shall have the same liberty to make proselytes, and defend yourselves from proselytism, as the Protestants; but not more. If this will not protect your church—if your church cannot be preserved from ruin, unless you be exalted into usurpers and tyrants over Protestant rights and liberties, it deserves to fall, and it shall fall."

If the extension of the religion of the State be called for by all the best interests of the empire, and be essential for strengthening the bonds which unite Ireland to England, Government ought to labour assiduously in its favour, in utter scorn of the outcry against proselytism. If the circulation of the Scriptures, and the establishing of schools, will benefit society,

Government is bound to support them, without paying any regard to the outcry. If the utter extinction of Catholicism would be a national benefit of the first magnitude, Government ought to strain every nerve to accomplish it, even though this should be straining every nerve to make proselytes. Rising above the mere interests of sects and parties, it is the duty of Government to promote that which is an individual and social good, and to remove that which is an individual and social evil.

Not in these matters alone, but in all others, Government should strictly confine the Catholics within the bounds of toleration. What would be done in England, if the regular Clergy, or the ministers of any Protestant sect, should by spiritual tyranny extort a tax from their flocks for the most mischievous political objects, array tenants against landlords at elections, and enforce the violation of law and the dissolution of society, like Catholic priests? Laws upon laws to restrain them, would be enacted by acclamation. What the Catholics enjoy is infinitely more than toleration; it is lawless licentiousness, granted them by depriving the Protestants to a large extent of toleration. A Catholic priest has only to plead his religion, to be suffered to do any thing. He must prohibit the Scriptures, and destroy the freedom of the press, because it is a part of his religion. He must put down Bible societies and schools, and reduce man to the level of the beast, because it is part of his religion. He must annul civil contracts, trample on laws, beat down the constitution, control the Government, and light up civil war, because it is a part of his religion. Government, in the spirit of that abject slavery which his church exacts, admits his plea, and his own will is almost the only authority in the realm to which it is necessary for him to yield obedience. It is because in late years the Catholics have been treated, not as subjects, but as petted children—because their excesses have been not only tolerated, but even encouraged—because they have been assured that every atrocity would be praised as well as pardoned, that they have acted as they have done. They have been even less blameable than their rulers. If the same licentiousness be continued to them, it is only natural to expect that they will speedily suspend the payment of rents

and tithes, and kick the Government out of Ireland as a most worthless incumbrance. Had no more indulgence been granted them than has been granted to the British people and the Irish Protestants, the dark and depraved deeds with which they have stained the history of their country would never have been committed.

If more than toleration be granted to the Catholics, less must be enjoyed by the Protestants; if the former be endowed with licentiousness, the latter must be subjected to tyranny. Nothing beyond this need be urged to prove that Government ought to place the Catholics under strict subjection to the constitution and laws. That which is injurious to society and the empire, ought to be punished and prevented in them, the same as in the Protestants. Of course, the wicked and disgraceful system of labouring to govern them by conciliation—by consulting their palate, supplicating their favour, and submitting to their will, must be abandoned; and they must be governed by the constitution and law only, without partiality or prejudice.

New laws, to whatever extent they may be necessary, ought to be enacted to bind the priests strictly to the limit prescribed by toleration; and to prohibit them from making the smallest usurpation on the rights of the civil ruler. In every matter the laws of Catholicism must be made subordinate to the laws of the realm; the privileges and liberties which the latter grant, the former must not be suffered to take away. Instead of courting the priests by sacrificing to them the laity, every measure ought to be resorted to by Government for dividing and protecting it from them. The truth should never be lost sight of, that if the tyranny of the priests be destroyed, some of the most dangerous parts of Catholicism will be destroyed; and that to protect it in any manner is to contribute to the injury and fall of the empire.

At the very least, until a large and sufficient balance of Protestantism is established in the Catholic parts of Ireland,—Ireland will always be convulsed and disaffected, and the Constitution and liberties of Britain will always be in imminent danger. If this balance be not established, the Union between Britain and Ireland

will terminate by involving both in deplorable calamities. Without it, no measures for benefiting the condition of the people will be effectual. This is our well-considered conviction. We hold it to rank with the clearest matter of demonstration that could be laid before man's understanding; and we hold it to be equally certain that Government, in the course of a few years, could establish such a balance.

Men of England, Scotland, and Ireland, we will now briefly recapitulate the leading points of what we have advanced; it is for your sake only that we solemnly bespeak your attention.

The Catholics in late years have brought the most grievous evils, not upon Ireland only, but upon the whole United Kingdom. They have rapidly increased in power and misdeeds, until they have brought you to the borders of civil war, and led your rulers to contemplate a gigantic and perilous change in your Constitution. Those who maintain, that they are justified in all this by the disabilities, must still admit that they have done it—and that they have done it because they are Catholics. It is because several millions of your population are Catholics, that they form a terrible scourge to your empire, and threaten it with almost every calamity that can visit it.

To the truth of this, you must bear unanimous testimony.

Now what are the disabilities which they plead in their justification? In the main, they merely exclude the Catholics from certain public trusts and offices which, in the nature of things, can only be enjoyed by men of fortune and connexions—by the Aristocracy, using the term in its widest signification, as including both the aristocracy of rank and that of property. In Ireland, the rank and property are Protestant, and the mass of the lower orders are Catholic. The Catholics, as a body, according to the spirit and intention of the Constitution, would be as much disqualified for the enjoyment of these trusts and offices, if the disabilities were removed, as they now are. Throwing aside religious distinctions, and looking at the rank and property of both Protestants and Catholics as a whole, if such trusts and offices were divided according to the meaning of the Constitution, the most trifling share would fall to the Catholics. Only a very few individuals of

them could be benefited. More than this they have no claim to under the Constitution; and more they could not possess, except through robbery.

But the Catholics possess the elective power; they can, as has been abundantly proved, return two-thirds of the Irish members; they can return the great majority of such members; and looking at these separately, the majority binds the minority, and practically constitutes the whole. If, therefore, you remove the disabilities, you will in reality do this,—you will remove them from the Catholics, and place them on the Protestants,—you will place the rank and property, the Protestants, on account of their religion, under the exclusions from public trusts which now rest on the Catholics,—you will exclude the Irish Aristocracy, with a few petty exceptions, from the House of Commons and various high offices, on account of its religion,—you will make the religion of the State a disqualification for the possession of the highest public trusts;—and you will throw your rank, property, and intelligence out of your political system, and make a democracy of the lowest character every thing in it.

You must be guilty of this scandalous robbery and injustice—this most unscientific and barbarous absurdity—this fratricidal sacrifice of one part of the community to another for the ruin of the whole; or, you must take from the Catholics an enormous portion of the public trust and privilege which they now possess. Beyond this, you have no alternative. Circumstanced as society is in Ireland, you must, to a vast extent, take away the elective franchise, when you abolish the disqualification, destroy the power of returning members to Parliament, and thereby that of reaching office when you grant eligibility to office; or you must commit the guilt.

This is naked and unadorned truth. It may be abused by profligate newspapers, it may be laughed at by the leaders of party and faction, and even the Duke of Wellington and Mr Peel may, at the head of the legislature, proclaim it to be error; and still it will be naked and unadorned truth.

But can you take from the Catholics the requisite portion of trust and privilege, and disqualify the many of them, that you may qualify the indi-

vidual? No. To do this, you must limit the vote to the real owner of the freehold; and this you do not think of. If you do it, you will in reality increase the disabilities tenfold; and, by your emancipation, mightily augment Catholic turbulence and disaffection. If you do it not, you may raise the qualification of the vote as you please, and still, in those parts of Ireland in which the inhabitants are nearly all Catholics, the elective power of the Catholics will sustain no diminution.

If you concede what is called unconditional emancipation, you will inflict the most flagrant wrongs on the Protestants, and give a gigantic increase of most unconstitutional power to the Catholics. You will change the election contest between Protestant and Protestant, into one between Protestant and Catholic;—you will give the Protestants and Catholics a national Church to fight for;—you will place between them local offices as matter of contention;—and you will multiply objects to quarrel and combat for, and make each side more anxious to preserve its party power, and encroach on that of the other. You will leave the despotism, to which the Catholic priests and laymen are subject, as omnipotent as it is, and render it far more jealous, vigilant, and active. Will the fruits of all this be peace, content, subordination, and loyalty in the Catholics? Reply as honest men; for to your dishonesty here you alone will be the victims. If heaven have made no change in the laws of nature, these must be the consequences:—You will render the Catholics infinitely more powerful by the robbery of the Protestants; and, at the same time, you will render them infinitely more turbulent, ungovernable, and dangerous.

If you only concede conditional emancipation, the case will be the same, with only a difference in degree.

The baleful evils which Catholicism produces, and the portentous dangers with which it surrounds the empire, would, therefore, only be increased by emancipation, whether total or partial.

In late years you have been labouring to conciliate the Catholics, and what have you accomplished? As you have indulged, they have encroached; as you have pardoned, they have transgressed; and they now trample on

your laws, and beard your Government. You have rendered them infinitely more powerful than they ever were, and this power is employed to produce the most calamitous effects in your Cabinet, in your Legislature, and through the whole range of your interests. If their power increase as it has done, it is matter of moral certainty, that they will speedily reduce your Constitution to ruins, or involve you in civil war for its preservation.

If all this do not prove that you must wholly change your system of governing the Catholics, and that it must henceforward be to annihilate Catholicism to the utmost point possible, proof has vanished from this world of guilt and error. Under your inaction the evils will not remain stationary; your exertions are called for, not only for aggression, but for defence;—you must destroy the enemy, or the enemy will destroy you.

What are you really called on to do in regard to principle and measure? The Catholics consist almost wholly of the ignorant lower orders, and they are wholly led by priests and profligate demagogues. They would be tranquil and obedient; they would treat the disabilities with disregard, were it not for these leaders. The latter have told you this; they have declared to you, that their atrocious efforts have made the body what it is, and that such efforts alone can preserve it as what it is. They have confessed before the world, what the world knows to be true, that the Catholics are not a people acting from settled principle, and a strong steady belief of wrongs, but an uninformed populace acting from passion and delusion, produced by the vilest practices of unprincipled men.

With this before you, as matter of demonstration and confession,—with the natural and necessary knowledge of the remedies forced upon you by the Catholics themselves,—what has been your conduct? You have not only tolerated but justified the demagogues and priests in every device of tumult and treason they could conceive; and you have even encouraged the people to become their victims. You have suffered the former to give unlimited scope to their will in trampling on law and authority, scattering abroad every stimulant to madness and

convulsion, and establishing every institution calculated to generate flame and rebellion; and the latter would have been more than men, or less, if they had not been rendered what they are. The same causes, without the aid of religious divisions, would have produced the same effects in any country. Had the lower orders in England been so worked on, they would long since have trod your imbecile rulers in the dust. The Catholics have, as they proclaim to you, gained their power through your criminal incapacity; and it now exists in your criminal cowardice.

What then ought you now to resolve on? If you bind your rulers by statute to their imbecility, and give to the Catholic leaders both a large increase of power and of legal means for doing what they have done, will this be a remedy? Because the constitution and laws have been thus far destroyed, will the farther destruction of them be a remedy? Because the Catholics have been made what they are, will the sacrifice to them of the Protestants of England, Scotland, and Ireland, be a remedy? We ask for your own sake, and not ours. If you had to speak in respect of England, instead of Ireland, your reply would be—*Restrain the demagogues and priests from violating the laws, and injuring the public weal!* Such would be your reply, and you would at once reduce it to practice. And why cannot you so speak in respect of Ireland? Why is it that every thing Irish has such a fatal effect on your understanding. Until you ascertain that in Ireland truth is falsehood, sanity is madness, wisdom is folly, and guilt is innocence, treat it as you do the rest of the United Kingdom. Legislate for Ireland as you would for England—remedy Irish evils as you would English ones—coerce Catholic crime as you would Protestant crime!—This must be your conduct if you are not bent on your own ruin.

If laws and measures are necessary in Ireland, does it follow that you are not to resort to them because they are not necessary in England? If a gigantic evil, which threatens every thing dear to the empire, exist in Ireland, is it to be tolerated, because it is not to be found in England? The injuries which afflict, and the dangers which surround you, must extort from you a negative;

and such a reply must bind you to use all practicable means for the extinction of Catholicism. You are called on, not to injure the Catholics, but to release them from a devouring tyranny from which they suffer more than the Protestants.

You are told to confide in the Duke of Wellington, and sanction any change which he may originate. Is the Duke of Wellington some deity invested with the power of reversing the relations between cause and effect? Would that, done by him, be beneficial, which, if done by O'Connell, would be ruinous? Whether the measure for removing the disabilities be the offspring of the Duke of Wellington, or Dr Doyle, the consequences must of necessity be the same; you cannot deny it. Therefore, if you be men, and not children, if you be freemen, and not slaves, you are bound to treat it in the one, as you would treat it in the other.

Are the grounds on which the Duke of Wellington has through life formed his opinion on the Catholic Question, altered? The only change they have undergone is, they have been rendered infinitely more powerful, and wholly unassailable. He could not now change his opinion, without be-

ing guilty of such apostacy as scarcely any Minister ever exhibited; and would this be a reason why you should, in such case, confide in him? It was chiefly because in place and out of it he declared himself to be hostile to emancipation, that you enabled him to reach his high office; and if he now change his side, and thereby disable you for making an effectual stand in the Cabinet and Parliament, will this be a reason why you should, in such case, confide in him? If he attempt to force a vital change of Constitution like this upon the British people, in opposition to their deliberate, conscientious, and decided conviction, he will be guilty of the most unconstitutional conduct.

We believe the Duke of Wellington to be utterly incapacitated by honour and honesty for attempting to remove the disabilities; but he could not make the attempt without being and doing what we have stated.

We now leave the subject. The fairest and noblest creation of law and institution that ever emanated from human talent and wisdom, to promote human prosperity and happiness, must remain or vanish, according to your decision.

THE GIPSY'S MALISON.

Suck, baby, suck, mother's love grows by giving,
 Drain the sweet founts that only thrive by wasting;
 Black manhood comes, when riotous guilty living
 Hands thee the cup that shall be death in tasting.
 Kiss, baby, kiss, mother's lips shine by kisses,
 Choke the warm breath that else would fall in blessings;
 Black manhood comes, when turbulent guilty blisses
 Tender thee the kiss that poisons 'mid caressings.
 Hang, baby, hang, mother's love loves such forces,
 Strain the fond neck that bends still to thy clinging;
 Black manhood comes, when violent lawless courses
 Leave thee a spectacle in rude air swinging.—

So sang a wither'd Sibyl energetical,
 And bann'd the ungiving door with lips prophetic.

C. LAMB.

THE TWO MAGICIANS.

A GERMAN TRADITION.

THE Master of the magic spell
 Reclined upon the rocky shore,
 And view'd the heaving billows' swell,
 And listen'd to their hollow roar.

He sat in melancholy mood ;
 He gazed upon his mighty book,
 And thought more joy attends the good,
 Even in the lowliest, loneliest nook,

Than he, in all the wealth and pow'r
 Gather'd from his forbidden art,
 Could find in many a heavy hour
 To still the yearnings of his heart.

Then earthly quiet, heav'nly bliss,—
 Soft visions!—floated o'er his mind,
 And in the ocean's dark abyss
 To drown his book he half inclined.

When, to pervert his kindly will,
 High sailing on a fleecy cloud,
 The former pupil of his skill
 Approach'd the Seer, thus taunting loud :—

“ Ho ! Teacher of my novice years,
 Boasts yet thine art no wider range?
 Know'st not that o'er the starry spheres
 A science soars, deep, fearful, strange ?

“ Long bow'd I humbly at thy chair, —
 From thee imbibing mystic lore ;
 Now times are changed, I ride the air,
 Whilst thou liest helpless on the shore.”

The Master of the magic spell
 Curl'd his pale lip in calm disdain ;
 His feats he heard the boaster tell ;—
 No further noticed words so vain.

“ What, art thou silent, Master mine ?
 Yield'st thou to my superior might ?
 Or means that lurking sneer malign,
 Me and my wizard power to slight ?”

No answer yet vouchsafed the Sage,
 As, deaf to these pretensions high,
 He turn'd the mystic Runic page,
 And scann'd each line with earnest eye.

“ Cast that worm-eaten book aside,
 A stronger charm to learn of me !
 Scorn'st thou mine offer ? Be't then tried
 Whose science claims the mastery !”

" Forbear ! forbear, presumptuous boy !"
 Thus sternly, sadly spoke the Seer ;
 " Awake not wrath that must destroy
 Even what compassion yet holds dear !"

Loud over sea and rocky strand,
 The boaster's scoffing laugh is heard—
 It ceases—Now he waves his wand,
 Low muttering many a mystic word.

And yielding to th' enchantment's force,
 The spirits of the tempest rise,
 Sweep o'er the earth their whirlwind course,
 Convulse the seas, obscure the skies.

The lightnings flash, the thunders roar,
 The mountain billows threaten heaven :
 The rock that stateliest guards the shore,
 Yawns, to its base asunder riven.

The Seer, with pity-temper'd scorn,
 Beheld the tempest's maddening rage,—
 Beheld the rocky bulwark torn,—
 Then heedful turn'd the Runic page.

The spell was found—some words he read,
 Of fearfully resistless sway ;
 Words filling earth and heaven with dread,
 Forcing the Powers of Hell t' obey !

The boaster's cheek is ashy pale,
 Bristles his hair, his sight grows dim ;
 Senses, pulsation, breathing fail,—
 Wild horror palsies every limb.

He 'lights unwilling on the shore,
 He moves with slow, reluctant pace ;
 He strives forgiveness to implore ;—
 In vain !—The Seer averts his face.

Tow'rs that dread rock himself has riven,
 Fruitlessly struggling 'gainst his fate,
 He goes—by force unearthly driven—
 Repentant of his taunts too late.

His foot has touch'd the rifted cave ;—
 " None, none shall thus control my will !"
 Again he moves—into his grave !
 One shriek—the rock has closed—All's still !

The storm is hush'd, bright shines the day,
 The billows roll with gentle swell ;
 And, deeply sighing, turns away
 The Master of the magic spell.

M. M.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE'S LETTER.

SIR,

I OFFER no apology for calling your notice to the letter lately written by his Grace the Duke of Newcastle to Lord Kenyon. The principles of your publication, and the forcible and consistent manner in which you have sustained them, are sufficient proof to me that you will feel like every friend of the Constitution on the subject, and be rejoiced at the appearance of a document doing so much honour to the noble writer, and to the class of society to which he belongs.

The truth is, sir, that whatever might have been the value of vigour and integrity among our men of rank, they are now more essential than ever. The British nation can never be without powerful and accomplished minds; but we want to see combined with that intelligence, the candour, fearlessness, and dignity of head and heart, without which mental power degenerates into trick and subtlety, and the more accomplished a senator is, the more he becomes hazardous to his country.

But there are circumstances connected with this Letter, that give it a peculiar value. If the Duke of Newcastle had been one of those pushing and presumptuous individuals that perpetually disgust the public, an obtrusive orator, a man in the habit of forcing his claims and his connexions on the public, and encumbering our governorships and embassies with spendthrift puppyism and impudent incapacity, in the shape of his dependents; or if he had been one of those fragments and survivors of shipwrecked faction that we see, with hourly ecorn, struggling to make their way to shore on the turn of the tide, and glad to scramble into beggarly possession; I should not have cared more for his letter than for the paper on which it was written. But the writer is altogether the reverse. A man who evidently dislikes the tumult and teasing of political life; who has not spoken half-a-dozen times in the House; who, notwithstanding the most evident and sensitive feeling on the greater public questions, and, as he has sufficiently shewn, with the ability to make his opinion of importance, has in general turned away from the task, and rather

incurred the self-reproach which he acknowledges to have felt, than broken through his natural reluctance to mingle in public discussion.

In this Letter we have the sentiments of a mind that nothing trivial could have tempted to come forward. Whatever is spoken, is spoken from a solemn sense of its imperious necessity; its principles are dictated from the heart of a man, whose strong sincerity and absolute conviction of the truth have conquered his habitual aversion for public appeal; like the son of Cræsus, his tongue has been untied, and he has cried aloud only in the strong alarm and affection for his endangered King and Country. There is another value in this Letter. It is the language of a part of the nation, who have hitherto not spoken. That immense and unobtrusive, but immeasurably powerful majority, by whom all the great questions of England must finally be decided; that vast and solid mass of the mind, the property and the religion of England, which is emphatically the nation; which, engaged in its own concerns, and relying upon the strength of the Constitution, looks with a careless eye, or with utter contempt, on the petty tricks and changes of the common rivals for office, and the equally unimportant pranks of popular opinion. Such barks and barges may cut their courses, and follow or sink each other just as they like, without leaving a wrinkle on the wave. The mighty expanse round and below them, will not be shaken from its depths by such disturbers. It requires a higher impulse; but when the tempest comes to summon it, woe be to the wretches that think to sport upon its surface still.

When the British nation shall once raise its voice, the whole petty clamour and quackery of the political charlatans will be extinguished in the roar. But it is tardy as it is powerful, and generations have passed down to the grave since the occasion for its summons has been given; and without that occasion it will never abandon its natural and wise reluctance. But the time seems to be at hand, and the writer of this letter, in *his reluctance*,

his sincerity, or his truth, seems not unlike the representative of that great body. But let us hear him speak for himself.

"I am not more given to dilution with my pen, than I am by word of mouth.—I never use either but by compulsion; and if I could now conscientiously avoid the labour and the consequent discomfort, I have every inclination and every motive, but one, for consulting my ease, and indulging in that privacy, which, perhaps, may be most congenial to me. Such a course, however, consistently with what I conceive to be my duty, I cannot find it within me to pursue. I must embark in the same vessel with you, and sink or swim in our endeavour to preserve the Religion which we love—the Constitution which we reverence.

"An appeal to the nation is our only resource—it must be made—and the voice of the nation must decide whether Protestantism or Popery shall prevail; whether, by treading in the footsteps of our forefathers, we will maintain the Protestant ascendancy, which their practical wisdom established for us,—or whether, to our eternal shame, to our certain punishment, we will see the Jesuits triumphant, and the idolatrous worship of Papists openly displayed throughout this now Protestant land. In short, the nation must decide whether these kingdoms shall be at once the cradle and the citadel of Protestantism and real liberty, or the hot-bed of Popery, with its scarlet train of mental and political despotism.

"We are now arrived at the period when we are compelled to judge and act for ourselves; the bane and antidote are before us; our choice must be made; we must now decide whether we will range ourselves with Protestants or Papists—whether we will serve God or Mammon."

After accounting for the extraordinary toleration of public meanness and shuffling, the general indifference to character, the amalgamation of vice and virtue to such a degree, that they appear to be held in equal value—the honours and emoluments bestowed on the most corrupt and contemptible individuals, as if for the purpose of inviting a contempt of public and moral obligation—he justly attributes the chief portion of this singular deterioration to the "NEUTRALITY" adopted by Government of late years. He then gives a rapid sketch of the Perceval Administration and its successor.

"In 1807, the voice of the nation rejected an Administration, strong in talent, but weak in the possession of the public

confidence. An overwhelming feeling confirmed the power of its successor, which was proudly and triumphantly favoured by popular support, because it was supposed to be purely Protestant, to be pledged to oppose Popery, and to support the national affections, the national interest. Nobly and most beneficially did this Administration execute its duty, opposing Popery, upholding Protestantism, supporting the national interests, cherishing the Established Religion, encouraging national morality, as well by its example as by its care, boldly defending the Constitution, and preserving it uninjured, in Church or State, from the united attacks of dangerous and desperate men; and, above all things, keeping this leading object in view,—that it is the duty of a government to act towards a nation, as a good father of a family would act towards his family, namely, by the establishment of public virtue founded upon public principle. The admirable Perceval knew well by experience, and thus foresaw, that, because it is worthless, nothing can be lasting that is not founded on principled virtue, that no nation can endure and prosper without it, that other nations had suffered the severest retributive justice for their national crimes, and that we evidently owed our comparative exemption from the horrors which the Divine vengeance poured on those devoted countries, to our own comparative exemption from the vices and corruptions which prevailed in them. Taking for his motto, that honesty is the best policy, the straight-forward, intelligible, and defined policy of the Minister, gained the applause even of his opponents, whilst his friends, sure of his support and encouragement in their endeavours to promote his generous measures for the public welfare, acted with spirit, union, and confidence.

"Thus we continued blessed with an administration which acted upon known principles, until in 1812 the same hand which deprived Mr Perceval of life, extinguished also the light of the administration. We lost our virtuous, exemplary, and highly-gifted Minister, and from that time our moral decline commenced. Then began that accursed system of liberalism, neutrality, and conciliation—right and wrong, virtue and vice, the friend and the enemy of his country were to be confounded, distinctions were to be levelled, all was to bend to expediency, and principle must not stand in the way of policy.

"Could any one mistake what would be the sure consequence of such a vile system? Assuredly, as it has happened

it would follow, that the country would be gradually demoralized. What before seemed odious, or immoral, no longer disgusted; all ancient institutions began to be considered as rubbish; history as an old almanack; experience was to be cast away; all that is valuable to us was to be vilified, derided, and trampled upon; and, finally, liberality enthroned itself in the chief seat, to influence and direct the counsels of the nation. The country now found itself without guides, although it had a Government; the high offices were filled, it is true, but not by Governors. The executive was in other hands; instead of resisting innovation they yielded to it,—instead of leading public opinion, they bowed to its counterfeits—and thus quackery, deceit, and hollow pretension, gained so much strength, that their opposites were almost obliged to hide their diminished heads. Then followed the effects of this contemptible system. The depraved, the disaffected, and the self-opinionated, are always the most noisy and turbulent; they clamoured, they made themselves heard: finding their strength, and presuming upon their acquired consequence, they artfully contrived, through the Administration, in fact, to rule the State; and the Administration preferring place and irresponsible tranquillity to a noble rejection of either, when principle is at stake, suffered our constitutional excellence, and all that has been hitherto deemed most sacred or most valuable, to perish, for want of encouragement and protection; whilst the designing Liberalist gloried in his success, and chuckled at the impending misfortunes which he well knew would result from such a total revolution in the government and constitution of the country."

Nothing can be more forcible, melancholy, or true than all this. The death of Lord Liverpool has now removed him from all sterner remark; but it is not to be denied, that to his distrust of himself and of the nation, a vast share of the singular and calamitous system which characterised his later years is to be assigned. An excellent man in all the private relations of life, he palpably wanted the moral intrepidity essential to the conduct of the British empire. His whole career was good intention, but good intention under guidance. In the early portions of his premiership he had the advice of a man of vigorous mind, and still loftier principle, the late Marquis

of Londonderry. While that statesman guided the council, the whole army of Liberalism shrank; the mob haranguers, the Catholic agitators, the venal and atrocious hirelings of rabble revolts were struck dumb; and the rapid action of justice and the jail relieved the public from the nuisance. In the House, the whole leaven of disappointed corruption, the livid tribe of briefless barristers, the impudent empirics from North and South; the reviewers and pamphleteers, the hollow clamourers for reform, the panegyrists of the public enemy; Jacobinism with all its heads—were crushed under the weight of manliness and reason.

The death of that noble person, exhausted by the perpetual labours of his station, left Lord Liverpool to seek another guide. He, unhappily, soon found one, the direct reverse of his predecessor. The grave too has closed upon him; and we will not violate the sacredness due to that spot where all earthly passions sink to rest, by dwelling upon the errors of that remarkable individual. But nothing in his career was more remarkable than the fatal facility with which he plunged from the elevation of his principles into the pool of Liberalism. From the first moment of his influence on the Premier's mind, the colour of the government was darkened. The old lofty principles to which the people of England looked in all times of danger, as the seaman in the battle looks to his flag, with the feeling that whatever may be the scenes of dismay or death round him, while that flag floated, the ship triumphed still; the generous pride in our ancient institutions, the resolute scorn of popular intrigue, the firm adherence to the religious laws and privileges that were bought by many a day of heroic sacrifice, were honoured by our forefathers as the noblest reward of their blood; principles that it had taken ages to bring to their maturity, and which were given to form the impenetrable defence of the constitution, the armour, "tempered from the armoury of God," were utterly cast away—turned into a jest by the most accomplished master of ridicule of his time—flung out to the scoff of the enemies alike of the Church and the Constitution; and by them received with answering

jest on their lips; hut with other feelings in their hearts, with the fierce and gloomy joy of evil tempters that saw their temptation complete, their victim in their grasp, and the gates of their long exile flung open for a general ascent into the full enjoyment of rapine and revenge. Then came those monstrous coalitions, those strange intercourses from which nothing but perverse repulsive births could follow. From the councils where the Royalist and the Jacobin sat in sudden anity; where the worshipper of a God, and the bold-faced atheist embraced; where the man who honoured his King, and the miscreant who cursed him with the basest name that the memory of man has for the tyrant and the parricide, mingled their souls together,—came forth the true fruits in the true shape; popular beggary and riot through the ruin of trade and manufactures; furious disaffection in Ireland, and war threatening every ally of England in the Old and New Worlds.

But a delay has been suddenly interposed; and, sir, I am not afraid of the scoff of irreligious men, nor in expectation of the dissent of religious, when I say, that I fully believe this delay to have been given for our preservation, if we have the surviving virtue to avail ourselves of the interposition. The Radical Cabinet has been broken into fragments—its very dust has been scattered to the winds; a man of great fame and great abilities, all whose early habits and later experience must have made him the hater of the Radical tribe, has been placed at the head of affairs.

The Duke of Newcastle's Letter speaks of this eminent person in language which has been misinterpreted into defiance, or distrust. But it is neither; abounding in high testimony to the Premier's faculties of public good, a tribute the more valuable from its being so seldom offered by the noble writer, the Letter merely lays open those views in which the nation have so long coincided with him; and declares, that there is infinite hazard in suffering the violence and intrigues of the public disturbers to grow to a head, for the mere convenience of more compendious extinction. He exclaims, and justly, against giving up the care of interests on which every privilege and life in England may de-

pend, to the wisdom of any one human being, while we can protect them for ourselves; and unquestionably, while inquiries and demands of this nature must have been among the Minister's expectations, when he determined on the course of reserve, which, however he may feel it essential to success, is, in a country of balanced and sensitive interests like ours, a perfectly justifiable source of anxiety; the Peer, who, on the first day of going down to the House, may find himself met by a proposition for invading his rights by an influx of popish strangers; the man of property, who may meet a proposition changing the whole course of that law on which property depends; the friend of the Constitution, who may see the pen in the hand ready to blot out the Constitution; and, above all, the man of religion, who may see, in act, the desperate folly and guilty ingratitude of bringing popery into the very temple where Protestantism had been enthroned by the spirit of the Constitution, and had given evidence of its high descent in the freedom and prosperity of three hundred years; may well shrink from the unquestioning reliance which would surrender the future to any man. I, sir, will not believe that the Duke of Wellington is suddenly so fantastic as to think of carrying the popish question. A man whose sagacity has been hitherto so little at fault, cannot be blind to what all the world beside see as plain as the sun at noon. He knows that the question *cannot* be carried; that it would overthrow ten Ministries; that there are thousands, and hundreds of thousands, of high-principled and loyal-hearted men within the borders of the realm, who would meet the most stern extremities before a Papist foot should pollute the floor of parliament; and, knowing all this, the Duke of Wellington will honour and obey the command of his country. But his measures must not be confined to negation; he must do more than tell the Irish and English vassals of the Pope, that they cannot be suffered to betray the British empire to their Italian master and his allies. He must extinguish their means of disturbance by the activity and courage that belong to his character. In the eloquent and true words of the letter—

^a Let the nation look to the future;

let it consider what must very shortly be the inevitable consequence of the present frightful state of things; it will then see the danger which stares us in the face; and if it is desirous of preserving our glorious constitution, of upholding religion, of maintaining the laws, rights, and liberties of our country, so as in some measure to merit the favour of God and man, then, I would say, let the nation arouse from its lethargy; let it stand forth in the panoply of its natural excellence; let it declare its intentions; let it demand that the Popish Association shall be instantly annihilated; let it demand that the voice of treason shall be stifled; let it demand that all Popish establishments, of whatever nature, whether Jesuits' Colleges, or Monasteries, &c. &c., shall be immediately abolished; let it demand that no Roman Catholics shall vote at elections; and, finally, let it require a full and undisputed Protestant ascendancy within these realms.

"This, however, must not be delayed; time presses, and the enemy is at the gate; the unanimous voice of the nation should be heard in a tone which cannot be mistaken, and our invaluable Constitution will be safe against her most inveterate enemies, whether secret or avowed.

"I have thus endeavoured, very imperfectly I admit, to describe my notions on this momentous subject. I have written freely; why should I not? Some one must speak out; my duty and my interest compel me to conceal nothing, and in this respect I acquit myself of any

deficiency. I have extenuated where I could do so with propriety; I have set down nought in malice or hostility, for I entertain none. Perilous times require strong remedies and home truths; you will perceive that I have not flinched from recommending the one, and stating the other. I am well aware that in doing this I am subjecting myself to severe animadversions; but I am heedless of consequences to myself, if I may ever so slightly benefit the great cause which is at stake. My anxiety also to prove my gratitude to you by answering to your appeal, has been an additional incitement, and thus I have been doubly urged forward to the completion of my unpleasant task."

Thus, in the modesty and graceful feeling in which it was begun, finishes this letter; eloquent without the affectation of studied language—singularly impressive, and direct in its appeal to the understanding—and stamped throughout with the evidence of a true patriot's heart. If I had met such a letter in history, I should have said, that the country in which such feelings existed and found an utterance could not perish ignobly; and that the class of society in which its writer was to be found, must have deserved to be the leaders and the hope of their country. I have the honour to be,

SIR,

A PROTESTANT.

"NOBODY IS MISSED."

POLITICAL APOPHTHEGM.

THE world is gay and fair to us, as now we journey on,
Yet still 'tis sad to think 'twill be the same when we are gone.
Some few, perchance, may mourn for us, but soon the transient gloom,
Like shadows of the summer cloud, shall leave our narrow tomb.

For men are like the waves that roll along the mighty deep,
That lift their crest a while, and frown, and then are lull'd to sleep;
While other billows swelling come, amid the foam and spray,
And, as we view their furrowy track, sink down, and—where are they?

And ever thus the waves shall roll, like those but now gone past,
The offspring of the depths beneath, the children of the blast.
And ever thus shall men arise, and be like those that be,
And a man no more be miss'd on land than a wave upon the sea.

PEREGRINE WILTON.

IRELAND AS IT IS.

CHAP. VII.

"—Quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus, et quæ
Ipse tibi tradit Spectator."

HAVING spoken in our last chapter of the Landed Proprietors, the Merchants, and the Manufacturers of Ireland, we now return to the Peasantry, concerning whose habits and character we made some observations already; but as the most marked distinction between the people of this, and the sister country, lies in this portion of the population, we find it necessary, in order to accomplish our intention with respect to this series of papers, to go somewhat farther into a description of their present state, and to glance rapidly at some circumstances which have an immediate connexion with it.

And, first, we have to speak of their habitual insubordination to the law, from the benefit of which they were so long excluded by the pernicious system of government adopted by England in former times, and which, now that it is proffered to them, they too often reject, like the savage who refuses convenient clothing, thinking only of the restraint which it would be upon the wild freedom of his limbs.

We set out upon our observations, assuming that, which we of our own knowledge assert to be true, namely, that whatever irregularities there may occasionally be in the minor details of the administration of justice in Ireland, yet in the final resort of a trial by jury before the King's judges, it is as purely and as fairly administered as in England. There is less order perhaps, and more occasional levity of manner, but there is not less integrity, or more partiality. We know that Mr Sheil lately said at a public dinner in London, that an injured Roman Catholic could not obtain justice in the North of Ireland, and the *Morning Chronicle* asserted the same thing with considerable sturdiness; but we also know, that both Mr Sheil and the *Morning Chronicle* asserted in this regard, what was not true—the newspaper possibly because it knew no better, and the orator because he studies effect, and not truth, in his speeches,

and in certain compositions published by his direction, and purporting to have been spoken, but which in reality and truth have never been uttered. Assuming, then, that all the people of Ireland *may have* the benefit of the law, the same as in England, we proceed with a description of the actual state of the matter.

In England the common people have a sturdy confidence in the law of the land—they may grumble at its expense, but still they feel it to be their birth-right, and their security. They know it is a restraint, but they feel a pride in the consciousness that this restraint is equally binding upon the greatest man in the country, as upon themselves. They therefore feel, that any infraction of the law, is a breach of a system, in the preservation of which they have a direct interest, and, consequently, they are the less apt to commit such a breach themselves, and the more willing to assist in the detection and punishment of it in others. But in Ireland, such a feeling does not, or does only very partially, exist. They have a notion that the law is merely a system of organized vengeance, supported by the powerful, and with which they have no connexion, except as its victims. Their naturally impatient and headlong spirit gives them a distaste to the slow process of justice which the law supplies; and even when this is not the case, the same vivacity of temper, combined with a certain confusion, which commonly pervades their statements, frequently makes it impracticable for the law to decide between them, and they go away resolved by violent means to obtain satisfaction for the injury, which they understand very well, though they can make the Justice comprehend no more, than that all parties are wrong. Thus it happens, that in disputes among themselves, they have been little accustomed hitherto to make use of the law, and their acquaintance with it arises chiefly from those cases in which their superiors

are obliged to resort to it against them. The manner of administering justice, too, in the first resort, was, until of late years, very loose and irregular, and not unfrequently something worse. The magistrate heard the parties in his private apartment, where there was no influence of the public eye to control his decisions, which were often any thing but fair. To "make interest with the magistrate" was a common expression; and a judgment strictly upon the merits of the case, without bias, favour, or affection, was hardly ever expected. Indeed, under the circumstances, it was not in human nature, more especially Irish human nature, that it should be obtained. It is impossible that a gentleman sitting in his parlour, without any of that ceremonial which reminds a man that he is entering upon a business where he should allow all private feelings to merge in the loftier one of a sense of his public duty, and without any control of public observation, shall not be biassed towards the side of his friend or his tenant—whereas, if he have to go into a public court, and meet his brother magistrates, as at Petty Sessions, the necessity of explaining his view of the matter to those who preside with him, will induce him, in common candour, to give fairer weight to the arguments which go against his opinion, than they ever would have, if merely deliberated in his own mind; while if there be any thing worse than a bias of feeling, or error of judgment, leading him towards an improper decision, a recollection of the public scrutiny under which he sits will operate as a wholesome terror. Accordingly, the custom now so prevalent of holding Petty Sessions, has been productive of the very best effects. The people are becoming more accustomed to have recourse to the law, and doubtless will, by degrees, be found to have more respect for it; yet impressions like those which have been formed respecting magisterial partiality having some foundation in truth, and being fostered and inflamed by the fomenters of discontent, are not easily eradicated, and will remain long after the reason of them has passed away.

A wonderful change has certainly taken place within these few years in the administration of justice by the magistrates in Ireland. They are sensible that an active spirit of inquiry

respecting their conduct has gone abroad in the country, and that any malversation they commit is likely to be made public, and severely scrutinized. The consequence has been, that a complete re-action has taken place, and at present the greatest fear of injustice is from a too great leaning to the popular side. Magistrates dread the imputation of "illiberality," if they do not make allowance for the most absurd popular prejudices; and it is sometimes deemed an excuse for violent tumults, that the "feelings of the people were irritated" by some fifer playing a tune which was disagreeable to their party prepossessions. As a matter of policy it is certainly very right that these party tunes should cease to be played; yet, in cases of magisterial inquiry into serious assaults, it seems strange that any respect should be paid to such gross absurdities. We think that the folly of men suffering their passions to be acted upon by so ridiculous a cause, ought, like drunkenness, to be rather an aggravation than an excuse for the crimes they commit when under its influence; and we consider it to be a serious injury to the people, to allow them to suppose, that prejudices so opposite to reason and common sense, should be in the least degree tolerated by judicial authority.

A feeling of clanship is a great cause of the insubordination to law in Ireland. It gives the people a sense of strength whether in aggression or resistance. If a man feel inclined to break another's head in a fair, he is quite sure of being joined by all of his own "faction" on the spot, and the assaulted man, instead of looking for a constable, calls aloud on his cousins and kinsmen to the thirtieth degree removed, to revenge the insult. The "O'Tooles" and the "Mac-Loghlins," the Montagues and Capulets of the bogs, are shouted on either side, and dire is the crash of shillelaghs and of heads. The habit of hostile factions fighting at fairs was quite usual but a very few years since, and still happens occasionally; but the constabulary police, who are now stationed in most of the country towns in the South, and have been in many respects so exceedingly useful, operate as a salutary check on this brutal and barbarous custom, which it is to be hoped will soon cease to be known,

except as a matter of recollection, when sires shall awake the wonder and the pity of their sons, by telling

— "of some distressful stroke

Which their youth suffered."

But this feeling of clanship is not confined merely to one another. If their landlord be resident and indulgent, but particularly if he be (as frequently happens) a careless, extravagant squire, who mismanages his estate with the most culpable negligence, and allows himself to be cheated on all hands with impunity, they will make any exertion to serve him on a pinch, and if a violation of the law be required, so much the readier. The landlord, proud of his sovereignty, often connives at this conduct—talks about "his people" as if they were his subjects, and will in his turn serve them if he can, even at the expense of another violation of the law. Mr Blackburne, in his evidence before the Committee of the House of Commons in 1825, related a circumstance illustrative of this shameful patronage of resistance to the law.

A person of the name of Noonan was the creditor of a Mr Blennerhasset, and obtained a judgment of Court against his property, called in Ireland a custodiam, the nature of which is to give the plaintiff custody of the defendant's lands, until he has received sufficient of the issues and profits to liquidate his debt. In pursuance of this judgment, Noonan employed his brother to serve notices upon the tenants of the lands to pay their rent to him, and not to Mr Blennerhasset, the landlord. The tenants, who had no notion of suffering the authority of his Majesty's Judges to compel their landlord to pay his debts, instead of receiving the notices, fell upon the server of them, and beat him dreadfully. Some of them were seized, and brought to justice; but one of them at the trial called on the Knight of Glyn, who was on the Bench, to give him a character. The Knight recommended him not to call him for that purpose, but the man persevered, and Mr Fitzgerald gave him a bad character. The next day, however, the brother of the landlord of the men, who was also a magistrate, and on the Bench, wished to fasten a quarrel on the Knight of Glyn, and to provoke him to fight a duel, for thus giving his evidence, and acting in the only way he could have acted

as an honest man. The Knight treated this violent conduct in the proper way, and Mr B. was deprived of his commission of the peace.

We hope we shall not be supposed to go too far in our search for the cause of the people's wild spirit of insubordination to regular institutions, if we refer it, in no small degree, to the moral effect of the wild and unimproved state of the country in which they live. While the mind of man remains what it is—while his original ideas are derived from impressions on his external senses, there will be an analogy between his mind, and the scenes to which he is accustomed. The mountaineer, who dwells in a region of mists and shadows, is a seer of visions, and a dreamer of dreams; he is changeable as his climate, and impetuous as his native torrents. The lowlander, whose eye beholds no changes but such as are slow and gradual, who dwells amongst smooth and cultivated fields, is plain in his speech, slow to wrath, and steady in his pursuits. Why then should we wonder, that the mind of the Irish peasant should be like his land, bringing forth weeds instead of fruits, from want of proper cultivation of its native fertility,—that his passions should be like his fields, unameliorated by improvement? We have no doubt that, were the country improved as it ought to be, a corresponding improvement in the moral character of the inhabitants would gradually follow.

The desire of decent comforts, and determination to avoid those practices which render their attainment impossible, will, we trust, follow upon the better instruction of the people. In countries where the people are constitutionally calm, where subordination to law has become habitual, and where political matters are left to the event of open public discussion, the ignorance of the common people, although in a moral point of view to be lamented, may not be productive of political mischief. But in Ireland, circumstances are just the reverse of these. The people are passionate, impetuous, and easily wrought upon—impatient of restraint, and continually subject to the practices of those who work upon their undisciplined passions, and imbue them with notions, which nothing but their gross ignorance prevents them from rejecting as false. With respect to

their domestic concerns, the result of this ignorance is a disgraceful acquiescence in the very lowest state of animal existence; their uninformed minds (we speak of the very lowest order of the peasantry) feel no shame in dirt, and nakedness, and promiscuous herding together like cattle. They are not taught to look up to any thing better, nor encouraged to that line of conduct which would lead to any thing better; but they are rather discouraged by being told falsely, that it is to certain political matters they owe their degradation; and under this delusion, money is wrung from them by the Catholic Association for political purposes, while they are in want of the very coarsest decencies of life. They have much idle time on their hands, but they do not think of themselves, nor are they instructed to apply it to useful purposes. When they can get no one to hire them, the unfortunate people lie in stupid apathy amid the smoky gloom of their cottages, while every thing about them is in the greatest want of the labour of their hands. The ground slopes down to their cottage door, and conducts the wet of the road into their cabin; but they do not think of taking a spade, and making the slope the other way. The pig lives among them, though three hours' labour would make a separate mud edifice for his sole and especial use. The rudest hands might build a chimney, rather than live in continual smoke. The thatch might be repaired,—gates in the last stage of decay might be restored to strength, by the timely application of a few nails judiciously disposed,—a hundred things would present themselves on which to employ the time that is now entirely wasted, were they but taught a little of the value of decency, and the disgrace of being destitute of any comfort which their own activity alone was sufficient to supply. In a religious and political point of view, their ignorance leads to evils of enormous magnitude,—it hinds them down in the most abject state of slavery. In religion they are wrought upon by superstitions, and in politics they are misled by false statements of facts,—they cannot judge for

themselves. There is no such thing as a common Irish peasant exhibiting a calm consciousness of his rights as a rational and freeborn man. He crouches before some master, whose will he obeys through terror; and he submits to indignities from priest* and layman, which, had he the knowledge and the spirit becoming a man, he would never put himself in a situation to suffer. When he breaks from this state of bondage, as he sometimes does, it is to plunge into the opposite extreme of desperate insubordination,—he rushes from apathy to frenzy, and knowing no government but that of passion, he is easily led on to acts of atrocious outrage.

The instigators of political discontent find their best ally in the ignorance of the people, as they may put forth any untruth however monstrous, without fear of detection. The peasantry are taught to consider themselves oppressed by the Church establishment,† and to expect some great, but undefined change. They have vague notions of great benefits to be derived from Catholic emancipation; and many of them fairly believe that if it were granted, Catholics would get the lands, and the priests the church property; and that the present landlords are usurpers.‡ Even men who can read, and who do read the newspapers, believe that by the treaty of Limerick, all the forfeited estates were guaranteed to the Roman Catholics, and that the violation of that treaty is a fact as certain and notorious as that there is water in the Shannon. Every falsehood of the Demagogues in Dublin, or the secret emissaries of discontent and disorder throughout the country, is greedily swallowed by the poor people in consequence of their profound ignorance of every thing except the traditions and superstitions, which lie like shapeless shadows, in the dim twilight of their minds.

There is another important evil which operates most powerfully to press the common people down to the depth of degradation in which they are found; this is their early and improvident marriages, which are the fruitful source of great wretchedness.

* Lords' Report, 1825. Evidence of the Rt. Hon. D. Browne.

† Lords' Report, 1825. Evidence of Mr Bennet and Mr Blacker.

‡ Commons' Report. Evidence of Col. Irwin.

We do not so much mean that wretchedness which is accompanied by sorrow and dejection of spirits, for the Irish under the greatest privations are habitually cheerful;* but the low and base condition of crowds huddled together in dirt and darkness, and destitute of all those comforts and decencies, without which humanity loses all its dignity.

"Queis humana sibi doleat natura negatis."

It is sometimes wondered at that the priests should marry persons together whom they well know to be incapable of decently providing for themselves, or the families which married persons in general are likely, and, if they be Irish peasants, are certain to have. Doctor Doyle asserts that they do often dissuade the parties from marriage, but they are overcome by entreaties; they "yield to the sighs of the virgin, or the tears of the youth, and bless the nuptials they can no longer prevent."† But whatever I. K. L. may choose to represent as the result of his experience, we do not believe that it is generally true, that Roman Catholic priests in Ireland offer any dissuasive to marriage; but on the contrary, we have it in evidence before the Committee of the House of Commons in 1825,‡ that their bishops dispense with the law of the Council of Trent, prescribing that there shall be banns published, three Sundays previous to the day of marriage, and they thus take away the check which previous publicity, and a preparation of three weeks, might give to those imprudent and ruinous matches.||

Indeed, notwithstanding the horror which has been affected at the supposition, we have no hesitation in avowing our opinion, that while the priests are paid as they are, and while the largest fees they receive, are at marriages, it is not natural to suppose that they should, nor is it true that they do, dissuade young people from matrimony. The same I. K. L. tells us, that it is the poverty of the people which leads to these marriages, and

that they say it "cannot make them worse;" and this he thinks proper to designate as "a weak plea," but yet that "he admits it, and excuses the weakness by which it is dictated." Now, this is a notable example of the pernicious teaching which the poor Irish receive from their religious and political leaders, even when these teachers affect to be most moderate and candid. Why did he not tell them the plain truth as he ought to have done, that the plea was false? That it was false, that marriage, without any means of providing for a family, could not make them worse, and certainly true, that if they remained single, and were enabled to procure the same quantity of potatoes that they should procure, to support their family, being married, they would become better. But this would not suit the system of the policy of I. K. L. and his abettors, that policy by which they keep the ignorant people chained to their chariot wheels. They encourage the idea, that they "can be no worse," in order that they may retain their power over them, and drive them like cattle wherever and whenever they list, instead of teaching them to seek by forbearance, prudence, and industry, for those comforts and decencies of life which soften manners, and give a tone of independence to the mind. We believe, however, that the evil of improvident marriages has at last received a check, from the determination of landlords to act upon Sir H. Parnell's bill, and not to suffer any more divisions of land to take place, or additional cottages to be built on their estates. The poor people cannot well marry, without having a cabin ready in which to commence their miserable housekeeping, and this, under the new system of land letting, they will find it hard to get, without some capital in hand—at least this will be the case on the large estates; but on the small properties of the second rate gentry we cannot expect this improvement for a considerable time, as they are an impracticable race, and many of them are fully as much given to bad habits, and

* Lords' Report, 1825. Archbishop of Cashel's evidence.

† Letter on the State of Ireland, by I. K. L. Dublin, 1825, p. 109.

‡ Commons' Report. State of Ireland, p. 425-6.

|| Since the above was written, we have been informed that a regulation was lately made, enforcing, in the province of Leinster, this law of the Council of Trent.

slovenly management, as the lowest of the peasantry.

We are very glad, however, to know that so much has been already done towards checking the spread of a pauper population on the large estates, and we exhort landlords mercifully, but steadily, to persevere in the work they have begun. Let them employ as many as possible in agricultural labour, and spare no exertion in improving the condition of those who already exist, and at the same time, by the denial of cottages and small portions of land, in the first instance, and afterwards by the gradual diffusion of domestic improvement, and a higher feeling of decency, check this unfortunate habit of early marriages, which, as long as it exists, must keep the peasantry in beggary and want. It is but fair to add, after what we have said, that in the latter part of this advice, we but follow the precept of the very I. K. L. of whom we have been speaking; he, too, says, "let the condition of the poor be altered, enable them to acquire a competency, give the parent some means of providing for his daughter, give to her a better education, and a deeper sense, not of propriety alone, but of politeness and social decency, and you will delay marriage, and thereby retard the increase of population without infringing on virtue."

This is all very well; but it is the misfortune of I. K. L.'s writings, that, like Falstaff's sack, they have a twofold operation in them. His feelings as a man, knowing the advantage of knowledge, at whose fountain he has largely drank himself, seem to lead him one way, while his policy as a Romish Ecclesiastic carries him another; and he proceeds in his eloquent career with a marvellous contempt of contradictions. Thus, while he lauds education, he opposes those who wish to educate; while he deplores the wretchedness of the peasantry, he perpetuates it by teaching them that the fault lies altogether in the Government, and not at all in themselves; and while he descants upon the excellence of religion, he mentions with praise and exultation, the conduct of a man who took the Bible—not in his hands, lest it should defile him, but in the tongs, and carrying it forth from his

house, hurried it deep in the earth, that he might no more be offended at the sight of a thing so abominable.

All this is bad enough; but we are sorry to say, that Doctor Doyle does not improve, as he grows older. We find him in his public career, exhibiting a strange and revolting mixture of Republicanism and Jesuitism, without the hold sincerity which sometimes belongs to the one, or the polished refinement which has frequently belonged to the other. There is no touch of *honesty* in the public character of this Popish Doctor, and one would no more think of associating it with his name, than of ascribing piety to Carlisle the bookseller, or consistency to O'Connell the barrister. Undoubtedly J. K. L. possesses considerable ability as a disputant in theological and political controversy; but his coarse arrogance is more apt to disgust, than his declamatory logic to convince, those who have been accustomed to see even the strife of literature carried on with polished weapons.—"Something too much of this"—Doctor—let us return to the peasantry.

We have been obliged, by our regard for truth, to describe them as very degraded in their moral condition; but after all, had as that condition is, there is positively in it something more encouraging to the moral cultivator, than in other places where the vices of the people do not challenge such immediate attention. The mere Irish have thought and feeling, however wrongly directed, and a real reverence for religion, though that reverence is contaminated with superstition. They have within them the materials for becoming respectable intellectual beings. They are mere Irish, but they are not mere animals, like some of the lower orders in England. There is none of them whose very sublimest idea is that of pudding and ale—none who never heard of God, and whose highest notion of accountability for their actions is connected with the parish constable and Quarter Sessions. There is none of that stupid apathy, that fatness of the heart, which in England frequently leads one to meditate upon, whether the cart-horse, or his driver, is the nobler animal. In Ireland, the moral, like the material

soil, is rich, but like it also, it is overrun with weeds. It should be the task of the natural protectors of the poor—

of the lords of the soil, to eradicate this noxious growth, and sow good seed in its place.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE FORTY SHILLING FREEHOLDERS.

THERE is no greater source of vexation, violence, trouble, and misery to the Irish peasantry, than the system by which they are permitted to vote at elections for members of parliament, under the pretence of being freeholders of forty shillings a-year. We say pretence, because it is quite notorious that the mass of persons who vote as possessing a freehold property of two pounds a-year, are not *bonâ fide* freeholders at all. They themselves do not know what the meaning of a freehold is; they have a lease, and a knowledge that a vote is attached to it upon the taking of an oath or two, which oaths they frequently hold it a matter of conscience to take, without any particular inquiry as to the meaning of what they are swearing. They possess no one requisite upon earth which a reasonable man would say, should entitle them to a vote. As to property, we repeat that it is all a falsehood; they have no property, except the clothes upon their backs, and these they may justly call their own, only because the law does not allow their apparel to be taken for the payment of their debts. They almost universally owe more rent than they are able to pay, and if it be the policy of the law of England that men who have not a clear possession of forty shillings a-year, should not vote for members of parliament, then the usurpation of the privilege by these nominal freeholders is a direct violation of that policy. Even in England, where the forty shilling qualification is generally a *bonâ fide* possession, it is by no means clear that it is sufficiently high. Hume, in noticing the statutes of the 8th and 10th of Henry VI. (A.D. 1430), limiting the elective franchise to such as possessed at least 40s. yearly in land, above all taxes and burdens, observes, that this sum was equal to at least L.20 of the currency of his time, and that it would have been very desirable that the spirit of the law had been maintained by raising the nominal amount of the limitation to keep pace

with the depreciation of the value of money. The observation applies to our own times with redoubled force. With the Grecian politicians it was an established maxim, as we learn from both Plato and Aristotle, that to qualify a man for any share in the government of his country, it was requisite he should possess the means of living independently, and of enjoying some degree of leisure. By the census of the Athenians taken in the time of Demetrius Phalareus, it appears, that of upwards of five hundred thousand inhabitants, not more than twenty-one thousand possessed any voice whatever in the legislation of the state; and of these, by far the greater number, namely, all who were not possessed of lands producing more than two hundred measures annually, had only a vote in the election of magistrates, and in the general assembly of the people. Of the other inhabitants four hundred thousand were slaves, and the rest disqualified as foreigners, freedmen, or under age. In Ireland we find that of a population of 6,800,000, two hundred and ten thousand enjoy the privilege of voting for members of Parliament, of which number 184,000 are forty shilling freeholders. So that that constitution which was deemed the nearest approach to a perfect democracy that civilized society would admit of, and which in effect from that very circumstance terminated in its own destruction, vested political power in a proportion of its members not very far exceeding the relative number of those who are already armed with this weapon in Ireland; a number too which is liable to be increased to an almost indefinite amount. It is evident that the less a state is advanced in civilisation and improvement, the more unfit is the mass of the people to be intrusted with the exercise of political functions; and this circumstance establishes a plain line of distinction between Great Britain and Ireland, which would free from any imputation of impropriety the es-

tablishment of different standards of limitation in these different parts of his Majesty's dominions ; but at present while the standard is nominally the same, it is practically and in effect much smaller in Ireland than in Great Britain, and we have the preposterous anomaly of political privilege extended the more widely among the people who have made the less progress in civility, and the art of living together in society.

To the ruinous system of forty-shilling freeholds may, in a great degree, be referred the distressing evils of small farms, occupied by a pauper tenantry. By this system it became the political interest of landlords to do that which was alike injurious to their estates, and to the decency and morality of those upon them ; and it became the private interest of the tenants to establish their claim to vote by open and shameless perjury.

Bad as the case always was, it is now worse than ever. The poor peasant in Ireland never knew any thing like independence ; his poverty put him at the mercy of his landlord, his religion at the mercy of the Priest. While these two powers did not directly interfere with each other, there was some chance of managing them. If the tenant could not pay the landlord, he could oblige him with his vote, for which favour due allowance was made, and time was granted for the payment of his rent ; and the Priest, though he might inculcate that the landlord deserved to go to a warmer place than Parliament for his opinions about the Catholic Church, did not venture to insist, that the tenant should fly in his landlord's face, and tell him so—that he should refuse him his vote, while he was unable to pay his rent. But now the Catholic Priests do venture upon this course. The Clergy of the Church of Rome throughout Ireland are eagerly and busily engaged in politics ; and having, for political purposes, dissevered the little tie of friendly connexion which did subsist between the landlords and their poor tenantry, the latter are left to all the misery which attends upon abject poverty, accompanied with the enmity of the only person whose forbearance can alleviate it.

The quantity of absolute misery which this cruel policy of the Catho-

lic agitators in Ireland has occasioned, is very great, while the handle which it has afforded for making the ordinary process of the law appear a political persecution on the part of the landed proprietors, has been in another way productive of the very worst effects. If a gentleman's tenants vote differently from him, and he afterwards proceeds to enforce payment of rent, which he should have received a year or two previously, and would have proceeded for, no matter how the tenant had voted, a clamour is set up about his private affairs, as if the recovery of his property had necessarily any thing to do with political hostility ; and thus men who never had, nor ever wished to have, any thing to do with party politics, are held up on political grounds as monsters of oppression, and get disgusted with a country where ignorance and political rancour combine to produce continual discord in society.

In many instances since the last general election, proprietors, whose lands have gone out of lease, have not given freehold renewals, in order to avoid the annoyance of having a political quarrel with their tenants at every election ; and the tenants are very glad to be left without a privilege, the exercise of which would be likely to make an enemy either of their landlord or their priest. The danger of this practice is, that it may have the effect of giving an undue preponderance at elections to Catholic proprietors, who omit no opportunity of making forty-shilling freeholders ; however, while the proportion of Catholic landed proprietors remains so inconsiderable as it is at present, it may be safely met, by making as many freeholders as possible, of such a rank in society as to be above the terrors of priestly authority. A complete reform in the system of elections in Ireland is extremely desirable, both as to the amount of qualification, and the manner of ascertaining and exercising it. The fraud which is carried on, according to the present system, is, as we have said, quite manifest. No man is hardly enough to assert that the mass of voters, at Irish elections, are really freeholders of even forty pence a-year, though they have gone through the forms which the law requires for freeholders of forty shillings ; and certainly

this is not a fiction, in which, as is said of the *fictiones juris*, "*semper subsistit æquitas*."

It is of the utmost importance to Ireland; nay, it is almost necessary for its security as a part of the British dominions, that the elective franchise should no longer remain upon the absurd and dangerous footing on which it rests at present. It is scarcely conceivable that, in a well-ordered state, such power should be left in the hands of such people, because nothing but confusion and disorder can flow, from suffering the mere rabble of a kingdom, to select the persons who shall make the laws for its government. As to the shallow, noisy demagogue, who has the insolent folly to talk about "*resistance by force*," to any alteration which the Parliament may think fit to make in this system, we shall waste but one observation upon him, and that is, that there are such things as gallows and a hangman. We are aware,

however, that the expression we have quoted is but the impudent swagger of one, who, if "*resistance by force*" were to be adopted in a fashion more dangerous than belongs to mere talk, would take good care to keep out of the way of bodily harm. There is no man who, in certain cases, understands the "*tutus cavendo*" more clearly than he does; and therefore he is the more to blame for exciting the people to a desperate undertaking, the danger of which he does not mean to share. But this, unfortunately, is nothing new in Ireland.

We close this part of our subject with the expression of our earnest hope, that, before the close of the Parliamentary Session which is shortly to commence, we shall have to congratulate the country upon having got rid of that anomalous and frightful nuisance in the State, the Irish Forty-Shilling Freeholders.

SIR TOGGENBURG.

A BALLAD OF SCHILLER.

"*Love, Sir Knight, of truest sister,
From this heart receive;
Ask no more than love of sister,
For it makes me grieve.
I would see thee calmly cheerful
Come, and cheerful go:
What that eye, so mutely fearful,
Means, I may not know.*"

Dumb he heard, and from her wrung him
Though his heart must bleed;
One last wild embrace—then flung him
On his ready steed.
To his bands of Switzer yeomen
He hath given command;
Breasted with the cross, they roam on
To the Holy Land.

Exploits there of mighty bearing
Wrought the heroes' arm,
Crests upon their helmet flaring
Flout the Paynim swarm;
Name of Toggenburg with horror
Doth the Moslem quail,
But to heal his own heart's sorrow
Nothing can avail.

One year he hath borne it—never
Can he bear it more!
Peace still mocks at his endeavour,
He forsakes the war;

Sees a ship from Joppa's haven
 Sailing, home he goes ;
 Dear home ! where each breath of heaven
 With her lov'd breath blows.

And her castle's gateway under
 Knocks the pilgrim poor,
 Ah ! and with the word of thunder
 Open'd is the door:
 " Thou dost seek a veiled sister,
 She is Heaven's bride ;
 She was to her God on yester
 Holy day allied."

Then the halls he leaves for ever
 Of his ancestors ;
 Visiteth his armour never,
 Nor his trusty horse.
 Toggenburg's high castle there he
 Leaves unrecognised,
 For his noble limbs in hairy
 Sackcloth are disguised.

And a lowly cabin made he
 To that dear spot nigh,
 Where, from out the lindens shady,
 Peep'd the nunnery :
 Waiting from dawn's earliest brightning
 Till pale evening shone,
 Quiet hope his face enlightning,
 There he sat alone.

There he look'd with ceaseless gazement
 On its walls, hours long,
 Gazing on the loved one's casement
 Till the casement rung ;
 Till the lovely one did shew her,
 Till that calm face smiled
 Gently on the vale below her,
 Like an angel mild.

Then in comfort down he laid him,
 Slept contented then ;
 Yet it ever happy made him
 When 'twas morn again.
 So he sat to many a morrow,
 So he sat years long,
 Waiting, without plaint or sorrow,
 Till the window rung ;

Till the lovely one did shew her,
 Till that calm face smiled
 Gently on the vale below her,
 Like an angel mild.
 And so sat he there one morning,
 Sat, a corpse death-glazed,
 Yet that still pale face upturning
 On the casement gazed.

H. B. H.

IT'S VERY ODD!

"It's very odd!" These words have been haunting us like a tune. "It's very odd!" Every being, thing, and incident which we meet with, seems to combine to fix them upon our mind. They rushed upon us this morning, when dressing ourselves at the house of a worthy friend. Things went wrong—the razor was to us like Mrs Brulgruddery's dear Dennis; it "brought tears into our eyes"—shirt-pin mislaid—sleeve buttons do.; and divers other minor miseries of human life did we endure, marvelling somewhat that they should have so combined to come together. So we solaced ourselves with ejaculating, "It's very odd!" and descended to the breakfast parlour, where our young friend Mr Robert held full possession, and was invigorating himself by whipping his top, contrary to the *lex loci*, upon a new Kidderminster carpet.

"Whip away, my boy," said we.

"It's very odd!" replied he.

We thought indeed it was, and felt as though the young urchin were mocking us; but, on inquiry, it seemed that he could not comprehend why the top should spin when he whipped it; and, when he ceased flogging, make its escape, by running off like a live thing, into some corner, as it were, for repose.

Having read Emerson on this thaumatropical proceeding, and, moreover, conned some of the modern juvenile Encyclopædias, which account for many unaccountable things, we did seriously incline to expound the said mystery unto the youth, who listened attentively for at least a minute and a half, and then evinced strong symptoms of a preference in favour of practice versus theory, and flogged away. We had spoken of a centrifugal power or impetus, and our oral lecture being suspended, proceeded mentally to solve unto ourselves, or recall to memory, the arcana of those wondrous laws, by which tops, balls, and the great globe itself, are kept spinning. In five minutes, that globe and the system to which it belongs, were behind us, at an immeasurable distance—beyond—beyond—and far away were other systems—it was too much. "Reason reel-ed." So, selecting a comet, we began

to ponder upon its eccentric course. With some degree of humility be it confessed, that it hath been unto us a delight occasionally to disport ourselves, as a Triton among the minnows, in the shallows of this world; and we have reaped the usual advantages, a fair proportion of self-confidence, or modest assurance. So we wrestled manfully awhile with the difficulties to which we had presumptuously elevated ourselves, and consequently soon became enveloped in a most especially fuliginous maze of mystery. We began to apprehend that, in a few years, or mayhap centuries, one of the said comets might come down, tail on end, with dire intent, upon this globe, and — just at this moment the parlour door opened gently, and the gentle lady of the house entered. "It's very odd," said she, after the usual "good morning,"—"It's very odd, my dear Robert. There is the long gravel walk, and the yard, and the barn, and the nursery, which are all much better places for spinning your top than here, upon a carpet; yet this is the third morning I have found you—There! it has tumbled down again!"—"It is very odd," said the boy.—"Not at all, my dear," replied his mamma; "it becomes entangled in the carpet—it would spin very well upon the plain boards."—"Ah! but, mamma," quoth young Hopeful, "the centrifugal force operates above the carpet." At these words, the good lady looked in our corner, with a glance of mild reproach, which seemed to say,—"So, you have been swimming my poor child out of his depth again? It's very odd!"—"Don't be alarmed, dear madam," said we, "Robert was too intent upon his play, or the whole should have been explained to him. Now, however, he understands that the top is kept spinning, upon the same principle, as this world revolves upon its axis."

"Yes!" replied Master Robert, "and I've been thinking about it, while you thought I was only playing, and I've made it all out—there's the pole it spins upon that Captain Parry went to find the end of: hut, my stars! what a big whip it must be!" Our worthy host the Rector entered

at this moment; and young "spes gregis" and his top were removed to their proper gymnastic arena.

"I am convinced," said the good man, when our previous conversation was related to him, "that it is vain to endeavour to teach a child the nature of those mysteries, which the intellects we call nature can scarcely comprehend a tithe of. What we *know* is absolutely nothing; and we content ourselves, and look big when we have exchanged one word for another. We then fancy that we have discovered a secret. It's very odd—very odd, that we should delight to practise a *double* deceit, upon ourselves and the world."

What could we say? We had just returned from a mental excursion, compared with which a voyage to the moon was as a "hop, step, and jump;" and what had we brought back? "Words, words, words," Confusion worse confounded. But it was evident that something was expected—it was our turn—so we ventured to remark, that when man attempted to dive into the mysteries of creation, and to comprehend the wondrous works of Him who meteth the waters in the hollow of his hand, all he could expect was to catch a glimpse of the leading principles.

"Rather say, the leading effects," observed the Rector; "truly, we know not the cause of any thing: yet we boast of our reason. Nine times out of ten, instinct, brute instinct, is a more unerring guide; for *that* is ever upon the alert, while reason sleeps or dreams. It's very odd!" And, truly, the Rector said right. It is very odd, that those, whose spirits seem compounded of ethereal matter, whose intellects far surpass the excellency of the multitude; that those on whom reason hath shed her brightest beam, should yet, notwithstanding,—if the reader have a spark of genius, let him fill up the blank, and mourn over the frail wanderings of those whose endowments have made them as beacons for good or evil.

The Rector's wife is a good, quiet, amiable woman, kind-hearted withal, and spareth neither her time, her cookery, her advice, nor her medicine chest, when the poor are in need. Her children she loveth; and her husband she almost worshippeth. But "it's very odd," we have, with our own proper

optics, seen her dark eyes glisten, with an almost wicked delight, when one of those tales, for which (we feel especially thankful) the tea party is more notorious than the breakfast table, has been poured into her ears. Verily do we believe that she would walk miles, through rain and dirty lanes, at the risk of spoiling her best bonnet, could she, by such an effort, alleviate the distress and anxiety caused by events, of which, under the name of "news," she delighteth to hear. "It is very odd!" why—why is it, that so many ladies (Heaven bless them! We know their hearts are good and kind) should so greedily devour long and particular accounts of murders, crimes, and other abominable what nots? And yet more odd is it, considering the mean and despicable nature of the employment, that scarcely a village or hamlet in the United Kingdom is without one of those busy bodies, whose delight is to convey from house to house, the story of guilt or misfortune, and the illiberal or malignant whisper of "envy, hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness."

"It is very odd," that these creatures should meet with encouragement in any family that hath not declared war against the human race. There indeed, in such a circle, one might expect that the treason would be sweet, though the traitor could not be respected. But that, to so calm a fireside as the worthy Rector's, and to thine, gentle reader, a warm and friendly welcome should be given to one of these "*νεμεσιφρονα*," these scavengers of society, is, in truth, "very odd indeed." Yet there came such an one in upon us, even at the breakfast hour, the sacred "meal of friendship." Slowly the door opened—there was a rustling of silk and a "hem;" and then a lean unblessed figure advanced, making mouths of apology for such early intrusion, simpering, sideling, and apparently casting her eyes about as if, by possibility, something not correct might be discovered even in our sober party. We wished, for certain reasons as thereunto and then mightily moving, that it had been a man:—but such reptiles are of no sex—the creature had been out the day before, creeping from its hole, "*Talpa domi, argus foris*," foraging for a supply of slander, or "*materiel*" for its construction. Scarcely was it seat-

ed, ere a furtive glance, and "knowing" smile, announced privily to our good hostess that there was "news." A look of intelligence was exchanged between the two. "It was very odd"—no two natures could be more dissimilar—but, in making a salad, we incorporate oil and vinegar together, by the addition of mustard, and so—but, after all, "it's very odd!"

"A dog that brings a bone to you will steal one from you," said we, as a young mongrel whelp (for our *revere*nd is no sportsman) thrust himself to the hearth rug. "Well, I declare!" ejaculated it in the bonnet and rustling silk, "I thought how it would be. I saw the dear creature watching at Syms the butcher's door, and I met that Sally, Mrs Jones's maid, whom they call 'pretty,' pshaw! and I looked back, and saw her go into the shop, and it is not the first time, I'll venture to say, that *she's* been there, without any business, for I know Mrs Jones *always* goes to market herself. So—well done, poor Mungo!" Here it stooped to caress the animal, but Mungo shewed his teeth, most dog-gishly; bravo! thought we; now, mongrel as thou art, dear unto us shalt thou henceforth be, if thou wilt but make a snatch at those five lean bones, though they be unworthy of a gripe. But the Rector interfered to save that withered hand, and yet, "it was very odd," not a word was said in defence of poor pretty Sally, who had no teeth wherewith to bite the slanderer, and whose character was, at least, worth a bone. "Bone of his bone shall she be, however," said we, as we stalked away from the Rectory in no placid mood, and, consequently, deeming ourselves somewhat better than the generality of our fellow creatures. "If that fellow Syms dare to play the fool with poor Nanny Inglis's daughter!" and we grasped a "grievous crahtree cudgel," which graced our right hand most crabbedly.

We began then to think the matter over. Why was it, that, holding the slanderer, as we did, and yet do, in utter contempt, the slander should have wrought *any* effect upon us? "It is very odd!" but so it is, that a whisper, true or false, aimed at a venture perchance—a mere surmise—a something that would be nothing in any other case, if it light upon the name of a female, leaveth her not as it found

her. The impression is effected upon the tablet of our memory, and however alight and almost imperceptible it may at first seem, it will re-appear unhidden, at some future time. "Shall we admit a doubt?" said we, "upon *such* authority too? No, Sally shall be as immaculate in our eyes, as when we first recommended her to the widow Jones; when she was neither child nor lassie, and her only ambition and hope were, that she might be thought worthy of *some* wages, by which she might obtain a few of the grocer's luxuries for her poor mother."

But it would not do. Poor Sally appeared to us like one of those beautiful peaches, over the bloom of which the reptile snail hath crawled, and left its slime behind. It may not be rivalled by any on the tree, but we pass it by for no other reason, than that the stain is thereon. We care not to examine farther. The disgusting crawling thing hath been there, and defiled it. Alas! even thus is it with the victims of idle gossip, or rather, to speak correctly, of calumny. We look—we hesitate—perchance we pity, and then, like the Levite and the Pharisee, we "pass by on the other side." And not *we* alone, the coarser and grosser portion of our race, but, "It's very odd!" Ye! ye, the fairest creatures of God's fair creation! Ye withdraw the light of your countenance. Ye are like the bounding graceful herd of deer, that roam the forest in passing beauty, surpassed only by your own. If perchance the hunter's arrow strike in suddenly among them, they startle at the sound, and, as though borne upon the wings of the wind, scour over hill and dale in wild dismay, dreading perchance the hunter's spear, but apparently still more fearful of being again joined by that poor stricken one, that pants afar off after them in vain, and then, in tears and loneliness, lays him down to die unpitied, and, in a few moments, forgotten by those with whom erewhile he, hreast to breast, brushed aside the young underwood, or cropped the mossy turf. The poor dumb animals are right. They have no skill to medicate the wound, no power to extract the winged shaft, and they know that the spoiler cometh to seize his prey. But *ye* have power, and ye are well aware that ye have; and, on certain occasions, mayhap use it wisely and well. Exert it then, and

chase *not* the innocent or thoughtless victim, but the detractor, from among you. Guide ye the steps of the young, friendless, and the orphan. First errors are seldom the consequences of depravity, and she who stands giddy upon the brink of a precipice, may often be recalled by a friendly word: but, another step taken, the poor infatuated being is, perchance while ye are deliberating, rushing headlong to destruction.

Ye know how little we may do for the poor persecuted victims. Ye know that even the proffer of our advice and assistance *individually*, rendereth the breath of the slanderer doubly venomous.

Really, ladies, "it is very odd" that ye do not combine to send these hybrids to Coventry. Verily, on our knees would we willingly go to crave such a boon.—Away! away with them from among ye! Then shall the orphan be glad, and the "widow's heart shall sing for joy." For the unprotected, the poor, and her "who hath no helper," are marks for the bolt of the slanderer.

So, pondering on these and similar fantasies, and having narrowly escaped slipping from a narrow wooden bridge into the trout stream, we found our footsteps wending unconsciously towards the widow Jones's. Nay, madam, why that smile? "It's very odd!" The widow Jones can scarcely be less than sixty-five years of age, and we are—no matter what. It is not our wont to visit "lone women," as they are called; and that may possibly account for our expecting to find the widow Jones, with spectacles on nose, reading the Bible, or, at the farthest, nothing less edifying than *The Whole Duty of Man*. No such thing. There were the spectacles, and there was the widow Jones in her arm-chair, with clean-starched ruff, cuff, and apron, perusing Moore's *Loves of the Angels*! (*More puellarum matrumque!*) "It was very odd!" If there be any invention by which an old woman may be ground young, it must be poetry. The good soul was quite in the extatics, and seemed essaying to believe herself a sort of Peri!—indeed, she gave us a look, which appeared sufficiently whimsical considering all things. "It's very odd," thought we. We are not very vain; but we began to think of the Dragon of Wantley,

and had almost commenced carolling aloud, "Oh, oh, Mr Moore! you son, &c." when we recollected in what presence we were. Now the widow Jones may have been a pretty woman in her day; but, certes, hath now as fair a title to the Bruce motto *Fuimus*, as any of that noble family.

Alas, for human nature!—We had, in a moment of weakness, beguiled, partly by bright eyes, and carried away captive by "the harmony of sweet sounds," both which have a wondrous influence upon our usual stoical inflexibility, particularly after Burgundy or Champagne, (and the squire "delighteth to honour us," during our summer baunt, and brief winter visit, by the trout stream,)—we had written some execrable rhymes in one of those man-traps, called an "Album," which, gay and gaudy as the snake, reposeth in splendour in the drawing-room, at the manor-house, ever ready to unclasp and unfold itself, to the dismay of loitering, lounging swains. Now be who committeth himself in such a book, achieveth unto himself a fame, the average extent of which shall be about five miles in diameter in the country,—about twice the number of family circles in London,—and as many "flats" in Edinburgh.—Alas! the widow Jones had heard of our "original," though she had never seen it. If she had, perhaps we might have escaped; but, as matters were, nothing would the provoking old body talk about save poetry for the first half hour. Then followed a rhapsody of "Paradise and the Peri," and she subsequently seemed disposed to converse on any thing rather than ($\pi\epsilon\tau\iota$) Sally, who had opened the door to us on our arrival, and had "been running in our head" ever since. And is this, thought we, in very deed, the wife of poor Simon Jones, the village lawyer? whose Burns was him of the "Justice," and the law ecclesiastical? Who knew no difference between John o' Groat and Tam o' Shanter? Who had heard of one Sir Thomas More, but of Anacreon Thomas never? Who would have been puzzled to discriminate between an epic and an epidemic? Unto whom a bill of inclosure appeared a finer composition, than aught that Milton or the wondrous Shakspeare ever indited? Poor Simon! well is it for thee thy bones are in peace, and thy plodding spirit resteth from its la-

hours! for, of a truth, hadst thou lived to see thy Penelope turn so very blue,—worse than the blue devils with which thou wert occasionally beset, what would it have been to thy bewildered sense? What couldst thou have done with a cerulean wife? A sorry Simon wouldst thou have appeared in her eyes! But this comes of “Reading Societies!”

Now the widow Jones had a back-door, which caused a marvellous turn in our conversation.

“Pray,” inquired she, most earnestly, as though the thing was of the utmost importance, “have you seen ‘The Lights’?”

“The butcher has brought the liver, ma’am,” said pretty Sally, opening the door at the moment; “but the lights are gone to Miss Simkins’s cats.”

“Why didn’t he come to the *front* door?” inquired Mrs Jones.

“I don’t know, indeed, ma’am,” replied Sally; and there was a light in her eyes, the like of which we remember to have seen elsewhere in bygone days.

There were only two faces in the room beside our own, (which we have not been latterly much in the habit of scrutinizing,) so we looked upon Sally’s—it was all beauty and innocence. Heavens! thought we, and shall this butcher, with his marrow-bones and cleaver—“It was very odd!”—What concern could it possibly be of ours if she liked the man of beef? He had thrown as good men as ever we were, in our best days, upon the village green. Did that mortify our pride? Not a whit. We were angry we scarcely knew why, and cared not wherefore; and were resolved to have the matter set to rights, and “sifted to the bottom.” So, when Sally left the room, we spoke of her; and the widow Jones, now in her natural sphere, gave us so good an account of the lassie, that when we took our leave, and she opened the door for us, we slipped a half-crown into her hand. Bless her little eyes!—how she looked!—No doubt she was thinking of her poor mother. We confess we were not; but forthwith betook ourself to the butcher’s, who had arrived a few minutes before us, and was husily engaged in cutting up a *lamb*.

“It is very odd!” thought we—for though not given to regard the “ominous,” we cannot help an occasional

touch of weakness, when odd “coincidences” present themselves, and we reflect that the ancients, before whom occasionally our boasted intellects twinkle like stars around the moon, thought somewhat more deeply of these matters. “We have been killing to-day,” said the butcher.—“Humph!” said we, “likely enough. And what have you killed?”—“As fine a young lamb, your honour, as ever was taken from its dam; it cuts up delightfully tender.”—“Humph! any thing else?”—“Aye, indeed,” replied the fellow, “I’ve floored as great a calf as ever I see’d in my born days.”—“It was very odd!” Why should we have been out of humour? But we were, and positively half savage at the moment, and the next we burst out into a fit of laughter at our own folly. The butcher, in his turn, looked as though he wished to say, “It is very odd!” yet he held his peace respectfully. Indeed, we ever have been treated with no small deference by the villagers, (among whom we are wont to sojourn during the summer months,) principally, we imagine, from the general belief that we are of that privileged class which “much learning” hath warped aside from pursuing the ordinary course of mankind. This character we obtained almost on our first visit, having been described by some rustics,

“*Recubans sub tegmine fagi*,”

at the “grim and sultry hour of noon,” reading in a “printed book,” when we had given out that we were going “a-fishing.” It was not the way to catch fish, they were certain, and yet our basket was generally well filled. “It was very odd!” they said; and thenceforth we were never expected to do any thing like any body else. And, sooth to say, we seldom did; for the feeling of independence, as Sancho Panza saith of sleep, “doth as it were, cover a man as with a blanket.” There are, perchance, times and places when and where men must “mow, and chatter, and grin,” and play the ape among their fellow-men; but, where the pure stream glides by in its eloquent beauty, and the thousand graceful forms and tints of the waving foliage rustle around, and the clouds sail high in the blue firmament above our head, our spirit leaps within us with joy and gladness, we inhale the free

air of Heaven, ourselves as free; and exclaim, in the fulness of our delight,

"Thy spirit, Independence! let me share,
Lord of the lion heart and eagle eye!"

And we feel that we are indebted to and blest by ONE alone—HIM "in whom we live, and move, and have our being."

Now, if the man who bath lived an artificial life, till his enjoyments fade before him for very weariness, so that he listlessly roameth from Dan to Beersheba, seeking rest and finding none, and ever exclaiming, "Cui bono!" doth not understand this, let him be of good heart, for, "there are more things in heaven and earth" than have "been dreamt" of in his "philosophy." We, too, have "beard the chimes at midnight," and

"Run each extreme of folly through,
And lived with half the town."

"It is very odd," that men should blunder so abominably in their search after happiness. Our senses were given to us for the purposes of enjoyment, and our reason was meant to direct us. Well, "it is very odd!"—away we go, in expectation of finding "Happiness, our being's end and aim," by galloping after fashion, folly, and even vice; anything rather than poor reason, who is kicked into the ditch by the wayside, to struggle forth as she may. And for our senses—What do we with them? Do we not every thing in our power to deprave and vitiate them? Stew-pans, and all the infernal "batterie de cuisine," are invented for the purpose of bribing the appetite to admit into the system a series of villainous compounds, that shall destroy our natural taste and relish for that which is simple and wholesome. The eye is tutored to judge of beauty by Fashion, and to consider even lovely woman "frightful," if her head be not bound up tight as the wax of a Burgundy cork, or encumbered by a square yard of thatch, patch, pomatum, or lace, as that capricious goddess may dictate. Under her guidance, the exquisite and endless variety of form displayed in vegetation becometh rugged and coarse to the eye of man; and he planteth his trees in straight lines, and clippeth them into the misshapen semblance of birds, beasts, and hobgoblins. And, for his ears, he knoweth not what he

would have. Could he, in his fastidiousness, command the birds of the air, the rooks, as they passed overhead, might caw, "I'd be a butterfly;" the nightingale warble, "Scot, wha hae wi' Wallace bled!" and the pigeon and the ring-dove, "Rookety coo," "I've been roaming." "It is very odd!"

And yet this is man! Phaugh! Foh! This is the "similis Deo" animal, who strutteth to and fro upon the face of the earth, "vaunting himself and being puffed up," with scornful brow and haughty mien, as though he verily believed that he had made himself, and all the vast creation with which he is surrounded!

"Mais, retournons à nos moutons."—Let us return to the butcher's shop. We ordered the calf's head, opining that Cuncgunda might bedevil it into mock turtle for to-morrow, when the rector, the squire, and the captain, are to dine at our cottage. And then, "it is very odd," we knew not what to say next. Had we been intent on mischief, however, we are firmly persuaded we should have been at no loss; but ever thus is it when a good deed is to be performed—a lion starteth up in the way. It suddenly occurred to us that we might really be doing mischief, if there was nothing "going on" between the parties, should we introduce the name of such a lily of the valley as Sally Inglis to such a long-legged, hard-trotting butcher. Then, why came we here? It was not to seek after a calf's head, for we had all that we wanted in that way at home, and, moreover, we generally leave those matters to Cuncgunda. "It was very odd," and we thought it more particularly odd, when, casting our eyes on the opposite side of the way, we saw the short name and long pole of M'Nab the barber, the very man of all others, within ten miles round, to throw a light upon the subject. There he sat, according to his wonted habit, twisting a few hairs about, and composing lamentations over the days of perukes, cauliflowers, toupees, and powder; while his own locks had assumed a snowy whiteness, as though despairing of keeping up their long-accustomed alpine tint from any extraneous source.

Now, your village barber, that is, he of the old school, for we never encourage your "Waterloo" cutting shops

—your village barber is, generally, a good civil sort of a fellow, and somewhat of an angler withal, a name which with us covereth a multitude of sins. And so old Jerry M'Nab is a bit of a favourite, or "crony" of ours; and he opened his door, and stood with glistening eyes to welcome us, ere we had crossed half the space between him and the hutchers. Now, Jerry is firmly persuaded, that, when a man's hair begins to "baldify," (that is his term,) it cannot be cut too often; therefore, in ten seconds, we were installed in his arm-chair, and enveloped in a table-cloth, and the glittering scissors were flourishing about our pericranium. Such hath been the legitimate situation for gossiping from time immemorial,* and we felt that we had a right to inquire if any news were stirring in the village. "None," was the reply; and, unlike the generality of inquirers, we were pleased to hear that such was the case. But a wretched shaver indeed is he, who, when he hath got a man down in one of his chairs, and, as it were, at his mercy, cannot say *something* to him. Yet such we have seen, (our flesh seems crimping on our bones as we think thereof,) when compelled to commit a "morning call," and endure a *συμπρωτος Αδελφου*, for what wot we of the adulterated white, mayhap Cape at home made, which goeth its eternal round, with a tail of gingerbread, or jaw-breaking biscuits?

Think not, fair and gentle lady! that we do not properly estimate thine industry in the manufacturing, or concocting of thy "home made," from thy worthy grandmother's receipt. No—we agree with you perfectly, and think "it ought to be kept in the family." We really swallow a glass, occasionally, at three houses: but, as

a general custom, we have not dared to make the experiment since a lady, for whom we feel the greatest respect, and towards whom we were anxious to make the agreeable, took us in hand, and played us as skilfully through a maze of bottles, as ever surly trout or jack was guided by veteran angler amid the weeds, roots, and shelves of the running waters. She believed, good easy soul, in her very heart, that the preference given to foreign wines was *merely* a prejudice. "It is very odd!" for she is really a clever body enough. But so it is. And she had a favourite maxim, namely, that, "if made wine was kept to a certain age, you would not know what you were drinking." In the truth of this adage we perfectly concurred, for the wines at dinner, particularly the pseudo champagne, had completely "bothered" us: and she, having made a short trip "over the water," had learned the French mode (see Sterne) of taking a compliment, when its meaning is at all doubtful. Smiling then most complacently, she filled a glass, with her own hand, from a fresh bottle, and, her bright eyes glistening triumphantly, presented it to us, exclaiming, "There! now, tell me what *that* is if you can." Had it been poison (we were some years *younger then*) we must have swallowed it. Down it went;—hut, to give it a name, more perplexed were we than the father of Tristram Shandy.—"Io!" thought the lady, and "heigho!" thought we. "It is impossible to tell by *one* single glass," quoth she—and then—oh! then—another bottle of *another* sort was produced, and "another and another" stood, producible, like the ghosts of Banquo's heirs. Has the woman no bowels? thought we:—And surely,

* Certainly ever since the days of Theophrastus, who speaks of τὰ κατὰ ἄνθρωπον συμπεριεργία, as an Irishman might say, morning "noctes" without caulk or toddy. Hum-drum work! little patronised by us. We have it, however, from good authority, that there are, in the vicinity of London, certain shavers of the lower class, who "operate" upon the chin for a penny, and give a "glass of gin into the bargain." Truly these modern Licini, who have thus emancipated their profession from an odium of more than two thousand years' standing, merit immortality. Let not the "tonsor principes," who adorneth his rooms with the similitude of palm trees and Egyptian monsters, and "taketh in the news," to beguile the time of the "gentlemen waiting their turn," imagine that he hath achieved a novelty. Let him take his Horace, (of course no Barberosissimus would venture upon "a Brutus," without reading the bard of Venusium,) and refresh his memory by perusing the commencement of the 7th Satire, lib. 1.

"Proscripti regis, &c. . . . opinor
Omnibus et lippis notum tonsoribus esse."

though we have often deplored the arrangement, never did we feel more respect for the old Goth, whoever he may have been, who introduced the custom of separation between the sexes after dinner; for, to the observance of that custom, do we conscientiously attribute the preservation of our valuable existence. "Here's to thee, old Cerberus!" said we, instanter, in a bumper of Glenlivet. "It's very odd" that ladies should love to metamorphose themselves into cellarmen. Economy is, doubtless, praiseworthy; but, we are marvelously mistaken if any thing is saved by the *generality* of these compound incorporators of sour fruit, sugar, and brandy. What with the waste because it is *only* "made wine"—a foul cask every now and then—"misses," and mistakes, and "turnings off," to be rectified by more sugar and more brandy, *ad libitum*, it's a poor speculation at the present price of wine. We were once told—but we cannot believe it—that "it did quite as well as any other, to give to the poor." This we look upon as a libel—unless it shall have been administered in lieu of physic, in which case it may be "all right," as the guard says before the coachman sets all a going. But, as we said before, there are some rare exceptions.

"How do you contrive to fill up your time?" asked we of him of the long pole, (which pole, by the way, we opine to be a degraded semblance of the caduceus of Mercury.) "Your regrets for past times would lead one to suppose that you had no earthly thing to employ yourself about. What is that little mess of hair that you were twiddling in your fingers just now, up in the corner? Eh, M'Nab?" Jerry began to titter at the idea of our being ignorant of such matters; and then, for our edification, went on to state, that the making of "them things," which, he at length told us, were artificial fronts for the "womenkind," was now one of his principal sources of employment.

"Artificial fronts for women in a country village!" exclaimed we. "In town we wonder at nothing—all is artificial, fronts and every thing: but *here*," and we lifted the fringe-like thing between finger and thumb, "*here*, where nature reigns or ought to reign, what old foolish body can

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you find *here* so besotted as to be ashamed of her grey hairs, when *every body* must know her age? Foh! A false front indeed!" and we dropt the petty demi-semi-periwig in contempt. "He, he!" quoth Jerry. "If your honour knew as much of the women-kind as I do—" "Heaven forbid!" thought we, for the fellow has had three wives, and, by all accounts, none of them any thing very particular—"You wouldn't wonder at such a fashion as this. But *this*," continued he, holding the thing up, between himself and the light, as though admiring his own handiwork, "this is not for any *old* woman, but for the prettiest girl within ten miles of this place, let the other be who she may." Now, "it's very odd," we do not think we can possibly know *all* the pretty girls within ten miles, but we instantly exclaimed, "Why, it cannot possibly be for Sally Inglis?" The man of wigs stuttered, and stammered, and looked grave, and said that "we (meaning himself and the other three-and twenty barbers of the district) make it a point of *honour* not to tell," &c. "Jerry," said we seriously, "this will not do. You know that Sally is a sort of favourite—and you know likewise *who* recommended her to the widow Jones—and, by Jove! *she* shall *not* wear a false front." "Why," said the barber, "it was not Sally's doings altogether; but her mistress's, who said that she didn't like to see her come into the parlour with her hair in papers, nor yet all hanging about; and so she is to have a front, as it will save a great deal of time."—"An old Jezebel!" said we; "and no doubt she has got a better for herself. That's the way when an *old* woman once turns blue"—"Blue!" exclaimed the astonished shaver, "the widow Jones turned *blue*!"—"Yes," we replied, "blue as a blue bottle."—"Then *that*," quoth the barber, "accounts for her sending to me this morning for rouge."—"Rouge!" we repeated in amazement; "blue and red!" and then, thinking on the extreme silliness of the old body, in thus exposing her folly in the village, when she might have obtained the abomination at the market town, we added, "and very green too!"—"It's very odd," observed Jerry, who was evidently posed; "blue, red, and green?"

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—"Aye," said we, fooled and fooling 'to the top of our bent'; "aye, and white, Jerry, white as thy powder puff."—"Blue, red, green, and white! I can't make it out;" quoth the barber, speaking slowly, and looking earnestly, as though he began to suspect that our "chief end of man" was damaged in a degree which his art could not repair.

Away then went we, murmuring

"Blue spirits and red,
Green spirits and grey,"

to the Rectory, in order to consult with the good lady of the house how Sally Inglis was to be saved from "the three perils," the false fronts, a blue painted mistress, and a jolly butcher. "It's very odd!" We men think, all of us at times, particularly well of our own talents, acquirements, invention, &c. &c.; but when, with our boasted knowledge of the world, and "all that sort of thing," we are at a loss, what do we? We consult "the womankind;" and lo! "the gordian knot they do unfold, familiar as" we thrust the envelope from a main-tenon cutlet. The good lady did "seriously incline" unto our tale. Sometimes there was a smile upon her countenance, particularly when we spoke of the widow Jones's "Mooreish" propensities; but she listened patiently unto the end—and then said that the only subject of her fears was the widow Jones's back door, which had not entered at all into our calculations, although we saw instantly that there was danger to be apprehended therefrom, and resolved to get it stopped up. "They are sad things for servants," continued the gentle dame, "and have been the ruin of many. The easy access afforded by them to idle gossips introduces idleness, and then clandestine habits—and so on—and then, when there is only one servant, as in the present case!"—

We felt the truth of her observation, and not a little ashamed that we had been vapouring and rhapsodizing all the morning about imaginary dangers, and utterly overlooked that which was real. The lady resumed by observing, "we must make allowances for what Miss Scraggs (*it in the bonnet and silks*) says—she is a *little* apt to see more than other people, and has

been telling me a strange tale this morning, which, *really*, I can *hardly*" — "The words of a tale-bearer are as wounds,"* said we—"which we must do all in our power to heal," added the dear benevolent soul mildly. "Heaven bless her!" thought we, as she left the room, to put on her cloak and bonnet, to go forth into the village on her errands of mercy. And then, being left alone, our thoughts wandered to the blighted dreams of our youth, to withered hopes, buried in the everlasting silence of the tomb. "Had it been our lot," thought we, "to realize those dreams, to wander with that fondly-beloved one through the mazes of this wilderness, far different had been our path of life! We might then, in our day and generation, have been—not like that stunted willow, left dry and withering upon the ancient bank of the river, when the living waters changed their course—nor like the hollow, scathed oak, which shooteth forth a few green leaves in summer, as though in mockery of its former self—but—oh, no! It is a vain presumption! The course of man can be trod but once. What we *really* are we know but in part, and of what we might have been, under other auspices, nothing." What strange creatures we are!—not five minutes before, had our young friend Robert entered the room, we should have been delighted to join him in any gambol, for we love children; but, he came in then, and we took him by the hand, and, "it's very odd," we clasped him to our bosom, and could have wept over him! Some undefined, misty illusions of the fearful past were floating before our eyes—and, when he inquired for his "mamma," we arose and walked to the window. Yet we are not, by nature, lachrymose. We feel that we are not, and know that we have much to be thankful for; but—at times, when the mind glances retrospectively, bitter fancies will

"Overcome us like a summer cloud."

"It's very odd!" Here we are, walking erect in our conceit, and fancying unto ourselves that we know somewhat of the human mind: and yet, joy and grief come welling forth from

the heart, as from a spring of strange waters, why and how we know not. Who is there that can say unto himself, "I will be joyous to-day, and no cloud shall pass over my soul?" Prosperity giveth not contentment, and adversity is brightened by the sunny gleams of hope. And what we call high or low spirits—whence are they? Certain events may produce either; but, seldom is it that we can trace them to their source—and the strange imaginations and eccentric excursions of the mind—Can we control them? The most intensely occupied, engaged in the most interesting of their pursuits, have unbidden fantasies floating and passing before their imaginations. Even in those moments, which we determine shall be hallowed, consecrated, and set apart from all others—are they not broken in upon by fleeting and trivial things? Dreams, visions, hopes, and reminiscences? The internal process of our minds is utterly beyond our comprehension or government. But of this we are assured, that our *actions* are at our own command, and that we know well *how* we ought to steer. We are like ships at sea. There may be rioting and carousing, thoughtless gaiety, melancholy and profound study, the timid spirit, and the daring mind, breathing defiance on its enemy even in slumber:—these, and more jarring discords, may be within, while the stately vessel keeps her steady course, amid the turbulent and angry waste of waters. Reason was given to preside at the helm: and He, at whose breath the wondrous and complicated frame started into existence, and who launched her forth upon the deep, hath not sent her unprovided with a chart to direct her unto the desired haven. This chart the Christian knows. But enough, mayhap "somewhat too much of this."

The Rector's daughter, Jane, has ever been a great favourite of ours; not so much for her beauty—though of that she hath enough wherewithal to gladden a parent's eye—as for the goodness of her heart, and that glorious overflowing spring of filial affection which shameth the term "obedience." A dull and cold word, more fit for the parade than the fireside, where hearts are "mingled in peace," and every wish is mutually anticipated. She had just returned from a brief visit at

"The Hall," and walked, with her mother leaning upon her arm, into the village. We accompanied them, and met the Rector, who, as is his wont, had been visiting the sick, and comforting the widow and the orphan in their affliction. Far different were then our feelings from those feverish and angry sensations which, in our previous ramble, had driven us from house to house, like an unquiet spirit, imagining evil in all we saw, and bitterly devising strange mirth at the frailties of our fellow creatures. A benign influence seemed to hover round us. We were about to do good; and we were linked in our pursuit with those whom firm principles, and seclusion from the world, had enabled to walk in "the path in which they should go," and blessing and blest, to keep "the noiseless tenor of their way."

We loitered along till we came to old Nanny Inglis's cottage; and there the good lady entered *alone*. "It's very odd!" the older some people get, the more stupid they seem to become. Why did we not go to Sally's mother in the first place, instead of talking nonsense to old women and barbers? The poor woman is the widow of the old veteran corporal, who saved our uncle George's life at Bunker's Hill; and many a day have they both dandled us on their knees, and romped and played with us when we had acquired strength to gambol, and there was something hopeful about us; and many a fair prophecy concerning our future years did they utter, which assuredly would have come to pass, if their good wishes could have effected so desirable a consummation.

Poor Inglis! He never got the better of the fatigue and irritation of mind consequent upon his appointment to the dignity of drill sergeant to the * * * volunteers. His awkward squads were indeed awkward; yet Inglis was sanguine at first, for he had seen good soldiers made from worse materials: but he soon found that he was not in a barrack yard. The rustics would hide their muskets in hedges and ditches to be "handy" for the next day of meeting; and their consequent appearance was far more annoying to the veteran than if they had been presented to him in anger. He did all he could—but, though some years had then elapsed, the volleys,

which some of the "picked men" fired over his remains, bore a sad resemblance to a "feu de joie." Yet, to his honour be it said, for we were present, there was scarcely a dry eye around his grave. If he had a fault, they say it was that of spinning "long yarns" concerning the American war, at the village alehouse, where he was as much missed as Falstaff at the Boar's Head. There he had his daily, or rather his evening pipe, tankard and bread and cheese, at my uncle's expense, who knew the corporal's habits. Perhaps my uncle was wrong, but he used to say, that no man enjoys freedom so much as an old soldier, who has been at the command of his officers all the prime of his days; and, he added, the air of an inn makes a man free the moment he enters it. "So, there let Inglis enjoy himself, if he will; and, if not, he knows that my kitchen is open to him. Tell me not of the immorality of a second, or even upon occasions, of a third pint of beer, till we, in the parlour, have discovered sin in the "other" bottle. There, boy! it stands with you. I hate cant. Your labouring men, whom the king himself, God bless him! cannot make, as he may dukes and lords, are unable to brew for themselves: and shall they be deprived of a wholesome beverage because some hypochondriac Mawworm, who never knew the meaning of warm openhearted friendship or social delight, has perchance met a poor fellow for once in a state of glorious independence? Yes! boy," for so he would call us to the last, "had it not been for me, the license would have been taken from the White Hart, on the hill-side—old widow Boyd would have been faced to the right about, to face the attacks of adversity and old age, and those poor fellows, who were disposed to take a pint of beer, must have gone two miles for it, at least. And what would have been the consequence? a waste of time, which is the labouring man's wealth, in the first place: and then talk of morality indeed! I hate cant, boy! Why, the man who went so far for a pint of beer, would take two; and then, waiting for his companion, a third, and so on, and, nine times out of ten, make a jollification of it. And he would mix with strangers, poachers, thieves, and vagabonds, instead of refreshing himself in moderation, af-

ter the fatigues of the day, among his own friends and neighbours. Let not a man be driven for his comforts away from the spot where he has a character to maintain, aye, and a wife (I wish you had one, boy!) to look after him. The bottle stands with you. Here's a bumper of confusion to all canting humbugs, who would deprive the poor man of "genuine homebrewed," which would soon be scarce enough, if it were not for competition. Zounds! what would the British bayonet be in the next generation, if these fellows had their way? Now, I look upon the corporal's chair, at the fire-side, to be worth five pounds a-year to the landlord. I calculate that it will add ten years, at least, to M'Nab's life, who had begun to "sokk himself," under his lamentations for departed wigs and hair powder. And I know, for I have given him orders to that effect, that, if any man in the village, no matter who he may be, makes a beast of himself in that house, the corporal will "cut him dead;" and, if I know anything of human nature, that will have more effect than canting to him for a month. I remember once, in America, when I commanded a party on the banks of the Penobscot river, that a government sloop, laden with rum"—and so the worthy old gentleman would run on, for he was occasionally given to prosing a trifle. And, in truth, the habit seemeth yet to continue in the family, for this is a long digression, and appeareth to have little connexion with pretty Sally's present concerns, saving that it treateth somewhat of her "parentage."

We were all anxious to hear the result of the conference at the widow Inglis's cottage; but, when the good lady of the Rectory joined us, not a word would she disclose: yet there was a smile upon her countenance, a playful and benignant smile, that was perfectly satisfactory to all parties, with the trifling exception of a certain mischievous triumph, when her eye glanced towards us, and which reminded us of the butcher's braggardism, when he averred that he had "floored as great a calf this morning as ever he saw in his born days." "It's very odd!" thought we; but we felt perfectly satisfied with our own proceedings in half a second, being proudly conscious that the "delicate

Ariel," who had now taken the work in hand, was a spirit invoked to the task by ourselves. And we strutted along as proudly as old Prospero. "It's very odd!" we pretend to love the truth: yet, if any thing that we have undertaken goes on wrong, how miserably are we wont to shuffle, and endeavour to shift the blame from our own shoulders, and accuse chance, or the awkwardness of others, though, in reality, the fault be all our own: and, on the contrary, if things prosper, although we may have "given it up," like a posing conundrum, how we do hug ourselves, and rejoice in our own devices. Oh, self love! with what strange people art thou sometimes enamoured! Yet art thou a delightful passion, having no rivals: and, moreover, thine addresses are ever accepted. From that moment we had only to look on and perceive what female influence and activity can effect.

Sally was soon brought to a confession, and it appeared that she *did* know the reason why the butcher came to the back door. Matters are all now put into a train, and we understand one another. To-morrow we have our party, and hope to do something comfortable for the young people. But "it's very odd!" the interest we have taken in the poor girl's welfare arose, no doubt, entirely from our youthful reminiscences of her father's kindness to us in the days of "auld lang syne:" and yet his widow, who, though called *old* Nanny, declareth she is *not* on the wrong side of fifty, seemeth, like queen Dido, to have commenced "*abolere* Sychæum." And her Æneas, the moving cause thereof, appeareth to be no other than M'Nab the barber, who hath already buried three wives. Truly "it's very odd." And, moreover, the widow Jones, they say, has *her* eye upon *somebody*. Heaven defend us!

FAREWELL TO AN ADOPTED DAUGHTER.

Written at her request when about to sail for India.

THY sails, above the sea,
With favouring breezes swell!
Eliza! Take with thee
This brief, but warm farewell.

And when far hence thou'rt gone,
Where all is sea and sky,
The tall ship rushing on,
The swift clouds passing by,

Remember, nought can check
The feelings of the soul:
Till memory lies a wreck,
They roam without control.

And mine to thee shall fly
O'er lands and billows wild;
And, hovering round thee, cry,
"Farewell! God bless my child!"

Alas! thou art now to me
As a daughter gone to rest;
And I must think on thee
As a spirit of the blest.

Since, when thou comest again
To Britain's sea-girt shore,
This "Farewell" may remain,
But this heart will beat no more.

P. W.

SKETCHES OF ITALY AND THE ITALIANS, WITH REMARKS ON ANTIQUITIES
AND FINE ART.

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

THE following sketches are principally drawn from the works of Winkelman, Goethe, and other intellectual Germans, whose copious and valuable remarks on Italy have been hitherto a sealed book to English readers. The Germans, whom Sterne would have classed amongst his "inquisitive travellers," wander over the classic soil of Italy with intense delight, and qualify themselves for this darling object of their youthful ambition by years of preparatory study. As observers of human nature and of human art, they are at once acute, industrious, and impartial; and they are enabled, by a previously acquired and sound knowledge of Latin and Italian, of Roman history and antiquities, to gather much valuable information, where the more indolent and prejudiced travellers of other nations discern only a gleaned field. The compiler has numbered the sketches, and at the conclusion of the series, an index to the various authors will be added.

I. ROMAN BANDITTI.

The most authentic and interesting of the numerous banditti tales which circulate in Rome, is the detail of an attack made upon the villa of Baron v. Rumohr, at Olevano, on the 16th of June 1819, of which a narrative was transmitted to a friend in Rome, by the hero of this romance of real life, a young and intelligent Swiss painter, named Salathé. I have extracted the most striking particulars in the words of this modern Salvator.

"I had been residing some time at Olevano, a small town in the mountains, near Palestrina, and 38 Italian miles from Rome, for the purpose of sketching the scenery; and before my departure, paid a farewell visit to the Baron v. Rumohr, who occupied a villa in the vicinity. I arrived there about ten o'clock in the forenoon, and my return being delayed by a thunder storm of uncommon violence, accompanied with torrents of rain, I sat down to a game at chess with the Baron, after which, as the storm still raged, we were pacing up and down the saloon, accompanied by a young artist from Mentz, named Rambour, when suddenly two Italians, armed with carhines, and dripping with rain, entered the room, and, in tones too peremptory for guests or travellers, inquired for the master of the house. The Baron, whose opulence was well known in the vicinity, saw at a glance that

these men were banditti; and, guessing their object, replied, with ready and wonderful self-possession, 'that he would go and call him.' Hastening from the saloon, he ran down stairs, and escaped from the house; but, as I afterwards learned, was pursued by one of the gang, who fortunately slipped and fell on the wet soil, as he was levelling his carbine, and, before he could recover himself, the Baron was far enough on his way to the adjacent town, to reach it in safety. Rambour had succeeded in quitting the saloon with the Baron, but finding himself pursued by one of the robbers, sought refuge in the kitchen, where the cook was preparing dinner. 'There are robbers in the villa! How shall we escape?' said he to the cook, who, coolly pursuing his employment, replied in a whisper, 'I know it, but I shall remain where I am.' Rambour then darted out of the back door, and across several gardens, until he arrived at a lonely house, where he requested of the female inmates shelter from the storm, and was no little surprised to find them perfectly aware of the attack upon the villa, which they told him as the news of the day. He did not long delay his departure, and eventually succeeded in reaching Olevano.

"During these occurrences, I remained in the saloon with one of the rob-

bers; and, as I paced up and down, racked my invention for some means of escape. Suddenly I heard a loud scream of horror from Rambour, uttered, most probably, when he saw the carbine levelled at the Baron. Approaching in my walk gradually nearer to the door, I sprang forward and seized the door-latch; but the bandit, who watched my gestures with the eye of a hawk, darted towards me, and levelled his carbine close to my breast. Immediately I struck it upwards with such force that it nearly fell from his hands, but in an instant the ruffian's naked dagger was at my throat. I paused as if in resignation to my fate, but, while he was recovering a better grasp of his carbine, I succeeded in opening the door, and rushed down stairs. At the bottom, however, another robber faced me with a levelled carbine, and, my pursuer being close at hand, I offered no farther opposition. The banditti eagerly searched the house, but not finding the Baron, concluded that he had escaped, and by way of compensation, seized a youth named Baldi, son of the innkeeper at Olevano, who, with ill-timed, and, as it proved, disastrous curiosity, was gazing on this scene of outrage. Attaching corda to one hand of each captive, the robbers held the other ends, and after making free with my watch, bade us move on through the still heavy rain; and although constantly impeded by the cords, which were held tight to keep our hands behind us, we were urged forward by blows and pushes from the butt-end of their carbines. The alarm-bell now sounded from Olevano, and the robbers, shouting to a peasant who guided them, 'To the forest! To the forest!' handed their wet and heavy cloaks to a goatherd who met us at this moment as if by appointment, quitted the high-road for the open fields, and proceeded with increased rapidity, until they reached a rivulet swollen by the flood of rain into a broad stream. Here they halted for two of their associates; and during the pause I had leisure to survey the apparent leader of these desperadoes, whom they addressed by the name of Nicola. He was a man of dark and menacing exterior, and apparently about thirty-five years old. He wore a round-brimmed, high-crowned, sugar-loaf hat, adorned with

red ribbands and gaudy-coloured flow-ers. Strong black mustachios and enormous whiskers almost covered his wild features, and two long black locks hung over his ears, excepting which, his hair was closely cropped. His throat and breast were naked; the latter was thickly covered with strong black hair, and in his ears hung heavy rings of gold. Around his neck were several strings of coral, and one of pearls, from which depended a crucifix of black ebony, with a Christ of gold. His short jacket, waistcoat, and breeches were of green velvet, and the waistcoat was adorned with three rows of silver buttons, while his leathern girdle was stuck round with cartridges, and in the middle of it appeared a long dagger, with a black born handle, inlaid with silver. The Papal arms were engraved on the brass clasp of his belt; a decoration which surprised me no little, until I recollected having heard that the reckless habits of these men did not preclude a profound and superstitious veneration for the Holy Father of the Church; and indeed the number of amulets and pictures of saints which covered his breast, sufficiently indicated his devotional habits. His carbine was suspended behind his shoulder by a leathern strap, in which were also fixed a silver spoon and fork; and instead of shoes, he wore sandals, secured by long bands, which wound spirally up his naked legs as high as the knees. While I was attentively observing this picturesque ruffian, he turned fiercely round, and thus addressed me. 'I shall make you answerable for the Baron. Your friends must raise money, or it will go hard with you.'

"To pacify him, I voluntarily surrendered a little hoard of about 50 scudi in gold, which I had saved by long economy, to defray my expenses to Naples. This I told him as I handed the purse, adding that I was a poor Swiss artist, and an orphan, supporting myself with difficulty by professional labour.

"'But if so poor,' he replied, as he poised the gold in his hand, 'how came you to have a watch? and how did you travel through Italy?'

"'The watch,' I answered, 'was left to me by my father, and I entered Italy with the army as an artilleryman. Afterwards I served some time in the

Swiss guards on Monte Cavallo, got tired of the service, and returned to painting for a support."

"The bandit and his men listened with growing interest to my replies, and questioned me minutely respecting the campaigns I had served, and the countries I had marched through. They appeared, I thought, to find a gratification in the close resemblance which the scenes of military rapine I had witnessed bore to their own less honourable process of exaction and outrage. We now resumed our march, and, after a five-mile walk, halted again under a projecting rock called *Mora rossa*, where they informed me that I must write a letter to obtain the sum required for my ransom. One of the robbers cut a blank leaf out of my pocket-book with his dagger; a second shook some gunpowder into the lid of his powder-flask, let some drops of water fall into it from his dripping hat, and thus prepared a substitute for ink, while, with my knife, I converted a wooden splinter into a pen. Two of the gang now suspended a pocket-handkerchief over my head, to protect me from the rain while writing, and a third levelled the point of his dagger at my throat. They then dictated with loud tones and menacing gestures a letter to Baron v. Rumohr, which I began to write in German, but was soon compelled, by very significant gestures, to make use of Italian. The letter was in substance as follows:—*'DEAR BARON, My life is in imminent peril, and if you do not immediately send 2000 scudi for my ransom, I shall most certainly be murdered. In mercy do me this favour, and save my life.'*

'SALATHE.'

"Before I had recovered from the mortal terror under which I penned this short letter, I was required to address another to the innkeeper at Olevano, demanding 10,000 scudi for the ransom of his son, after which the letters were immediately dispatched by the peasant who had been our guide. With rapid steps the robbers now commenced another five-mile stage up the mountain-road. The rain still fell in torrents; and I was so utterly worn out by terror and previous fatigue, that I fell exhausted on the grass, telling the bandits that I should expire before them if they did not allow me some repose. They

paused a few minutes to relieve me, and then started forward to the summit of the mountain, which I reached utterly exhausted and breathless, and was allowed to repose a considerable time under a beech-tree, while the robbers looked out with eagle-eyes into the vale below, to see if they were pursued. Proceeding at length some miles farther into this mountainous region, we paused for the night; and a circular hollow, resembling a crater, was selected for our bivouac. Immediately a fire was lighted by one, while others of the gang helped themselves to a calf from a not distant herd of cattle, killed and flayed it; after which slices of the flesh were roasted by the primitive process of laying them on the fire, and turning them, when done enough on one side. A few hours later arrived a shepherd with a provision of wine and bread for these marauders, who, like all others of their tribe, had numerous satellites, or accessories, in the shape of spies, providers, receivers, and barterers; through whose agency they were enabled to maintain the requisite intercourse with civilized society. The dinner being soon ready, we sat down to partake of it, and I must, in justice to these vagabonds, acknowledge that they not only shared alike with me, but helped me first. During our meal the captain observed in the possession of the shepherd a prayer-book called *Santa Croce*. He immediately seized and offered it to me, saying, 'You can read this book. Give us a prayer out of it.' I complied, and read a prayer to the robbers, who uncovered their heads and listened with much apparent unction, especially the leader, who sighed deeply, and repeatedly kissed his crucifix with much fervour. When I had concluded, he expressed himself much edified by the prayer, and immediately ordered a requisition to be made upon the town of Olevano for five similar prayer-books. This anomalous personage generally kept aloof from the others, and sat with folded arms in silent abstraction, often sighing deeply, while his men were full of life and animal enjoyment. This reserve was probably assumed by the captain to support his authority, and not unsuccessfully, as their deference to his commands and opinions was very obvious. He was also the most active and vigilant in his voca-

tion, and invariably took his turn at the look-out, in common with the others. About nine at night arrived two peasants from Olevano with a sumpter horse, carrying a supply of bacon, bread, cheese, and a keg of wine, and the bandits began to make preparations for their nocturnal banquet. Slices from the remainder of the calf were spitted on their iron ramrods, and I was compelled to contribute my assistance as a turnspit; but in return for my labour and attention, they helped me first, and always to the choicest morsels. After supper, the air on this high ground being cold and penetrating, the robbers started on their feet, and endeavoured to warm themselves by dancing. With riotous cordiality they seized my hands, exclaiming, 'Come along, Federico, and dance with us; it will warm you.' Sensible that unqualified submission was my best policy, I joined in the dance of these frolicsome ruffians, with a heavy heart, and, doubtless, a most indifferent grace. At midnight a man was stationed on the look-out, while the others stretched themselves round the fire and went to sleep. I lay down on the wet soil, and vainly endeavoured to obtain the repose I so much needed: at length I tried a sitting posture, and succeeded better. Who will believe that under all this accumulation of terror and suspense, I not only enjoyed refreshing slumber, but a soothing and delightful dream! Methought I was residing, as in early youth, under the paternal roof, surrounded and caressed by loving parents, brothers, and sisters, and without a wish ungratified. Too soon, alas! this vision of by-gone bliss was broken. The moist and penetrating cold speedily roused me to a chilling sense of my calamitous situation—to the bitter consciousness that I had lost parents, brothers, and sisters—that I was a captive, and my life at the mercy of cruel and reckless robbers. A stout and handsome youth of twenty, who reclined at my elbow, roused himself, and observing my extreme depression, kindly endeavoured to cheer me.

"'Federico,' said he, 'be tranquil. We shall do you no injury; and, before long, you will be at liberty.'

"He then questioned me for some time about my native country, the late war, and the artillery service. While I was replying to his queries, he sud-

denly interrupted me with—'Hear me, Federico; have you then really no more money?'

"'None on earth,' I replied, 'except these two scudi, and some smaller coins, all of which are at your disposal.'

"'No,' said he; 'I will not take them. They will pay your expenses back to Rome.'

"Slowly passed this miserable night; but at length the daylight dawned upon the hills; the robbers roused themselves, and sent the two peasants to Olevano for the ransom of the innkeeper's son, who was half dead with terror, and whom from time to time they tortured with imprecations and menaces. Nor did I altogether escape these brutal frolics. The mischievous Nicola, drawing his long dagger from its sheath, turned to me, saying, 'How strange it is that we can never get the rust of human blood out of the steel! Say, Federico; you have seen service; how do the soldiers contrive to keep their arms so bright?' I told him that we cleaned them with fine brick-dust and vinegar.

"'Hah! I shall recollect that,' said he, poisoning the weapon in his hand with complacency, and then with true bandit-frolic in his glittering eyes, he pointed his dagger at my stomach, and made a sudden gesture as if to stab me. 'There is a firm grasp in this handle,' he continued; 'this knife never fails me, Federico! It has blanchèd many a cheek for ever.'

"Fearful of rousing the murderous propensities of this human tiger, I concealed as much as possible my deadly terror; and, with assumed indifference, I inquired his reason for stabbing upwards from below the ribs, instead of plunging the dagger downwards into the breast.

"'We know better than that, Federico,' he replied; 'the blow downwards is never certain. The bones lie close, and often resist the blade, or give it a wrong direction; but the stab upwards reaches the heart in a moment, and never fails.'

"Thus did I endeavour, by theoretical discussion and inquiry, to prevent any practical experiments at my expense, while Nicola continued to play with his dagger, gazing on it the while with an eye of fondness, and then laying hold of the point, he threw it aloft, and, watching its revolutions, caught

it adroitly by the handle as it fell. Pleased with his own dexterity, he offered me the weapon, challenging me to do as much. I declined the attempt; but showed him another trick, common in Germany, by attaching a small bit of paper to one side of the blade, and rapidly turning the dagger to produce the appearance of a paper on both sides of the blade, and then on neither side of it. The robbers were delighted with this optical delusion, but not one of them could guess how the trick was done. I revealed the secret to the captain, who tried, succeeded, and was so much elated with his success, that his savage features relaxed into more friendly meaning; and he told me that I had really won his heart.

"This gleam of sunshine was, however, soon succeeded by a dark and threatening incident. Information was received that soldiers were approaching through the valley; and immediately my companion and I were bound with cords, laid on the ground, and told, with fierce menaces, that our lives should be answerable for theirs, and that if the soldiers attacked them, we should be instantly put to death. Ere long, however, we were released from our bonds; intelligence, as I afterwards heard, had been received by spies, that the inhabitants of Olevano, fearing this result, had prevailed upon the soldiers to retire.

"About eleven o'clock some peasants arrived from Olevano, with 200 scudi, and several watches and silver spoons, as a ransom for young Baldi. Captain Nicola, who was sitting on the ground, took the proffered valuables on his lap, counted the money, and tossed the plate and watches on the grass, exclaiming, 'I can do nothing with such trash as this—I must have money!' Indignant at the small amount in coin, his anger blazed out in furious menaces. 'What,' said he, 'do the Olevanese take me for a fool, that they dare to send me 200 scudi instead of 10,000? Have they no conscience, no decency, that they treat me thus unworthily?—By heaven, fellows! if you don't bring me more money, I will send this boy's head to his father.'

"The robbers, to shew the alarmed peasants that their leader was in bitter earnest, began to prick the trembling youth with their dagger points, and,

with fierce gestures, threatened to cut off his ears; which brutal prelude to a more horrid catastrophe frightened the poor fellow into convulsions, and he fell on the turf utterly insensible. The distressed Olevanese immediately departed in quest of a larger sum; and, as my letter to the Baron was still unanswered, the robbers bade me address to him another and still more urgent petition for his interference, to save me from death.

"With this order, however, I firmly refused to comply. The letter, I said, would be utterly fruitless. Again I assured them that I was a destitute and friendless artist, and that I had no claim upon the Baron, who was doubtless already in Rome, and would certainly make no sacrifice in my behalf. I begged them to release me: or, if they intended to destroy me, to put an end to my suspense on the spot.

"Not one of them, however, betrayed any inclination to put their threat in execution. Their deportment to me continued friendly as before;—they even desired to see some specimens of my skill in drawing, and told me to sketch their portraits. Selecting a suitable piece of charcoal from the ashes, I scraped it to a point, and began to sketch their miniature likenesses on the blank leaves of my pocket-book. Several of these rude portraits were highly approved of, and pocketed by the originals; but one of them was objected to as crooked and caricatured, which, I must admit, was the fact. With growing cordiality, these singular ruffians endeavoured to prevail upon me to take up my abode with them, telling me that I should enjoy life, and that they possessed beautiful pictures, which they had taken on the high-roads from English travellers. Some time back, they told me, that they had captured an Englishman, travelling with an English lady of dazzling beauty. They had carried them up into the mountains,—had made a chair and table of tree-bark for the accommodation of the lady,—and had endeavoured to cheer and amuse her by every possible attention,—but all in vain, her depression and alarm were invincible. They farther told me, that they only frequented the high-roads, when they had no better employment, and that such excursions were hardly worth the risk and trouble

incurred; rarely yielding above 300 or 400 scudi, and a few watches, rings, and snuff-boxes. From their conversation, at different times, I collected, that the whole gang comprised fifty men, who assembled every three months for purposes of festivity; and that each new-year's day they met to celebrate an annual festival, which was attended by many women and girls, with whom they danced and feasted for a week.

"They did not hesitate to discuss before me various projected enterprises; and, amongst others, expressed their intention to lay hold of a Cardinal, and to retain possession of him until the holy father should have granted them a free pardon.

"At five in the evening the peasants returned from Olevano, with a farther sum of 129 scudi in gold, to ransom the captive Baldi; but the robbers, still unsatisfied, threatened to murder him if more money were not procured. The peasants intreated and wept for him, assuring the captain that they had already brought not only all the father's property, but all the coin in Olevano. The agonized youth fell on his knees, and implored Nicola to release him, but the robber was inexorable; and the peasants were again dismissed with loud repetitions of the threat, that old Baldi would see his son's head, if he did not raise a larger sum.

"With regard to me, they appeared to have at length reached a conviction, that I had no friends to redeem me, and that as a hostage I was worthless. Suddenly Nicola turned to me, and, in a voice which fell like heavenly music on my ears, exclaimed, 'Go, go, Federico!—You may depart in peace.'

"Another of the band added, smiling,

'Forgive us, Federico, for taking the wrong man. We shall perhaps meet another time.'

"I hope that I shall never again burden you with an incumbrance so unprofitable," I replied, laughing.—The bandits joined in the laugh, shook hands with me in turn, and thus amicably we separated.

"I had proceeded some distance down the mountain, when my steps were arrested by a loud call of 'Federico! Federico! come back!' I paused and hesitated, but soon determined to comply; and, returning, met one of the robbers, who asked me for his pocket handkerchief, in lieu of which, being wet, he had borrowed mine to protect the lock of his carbine from the rain.

"The friendly ruffian again shook hands with and embraced me, saying, 'Kiss me, Federico.' I complied, and, again turning upon the banditti, proceeded through Olevano to Rome, near which I met several acquaintances coming with arms and money to attempt my release. They had heard of my captivity; and, through the kind agency of Mr Schnell, the Swiss consul, a sum had been collected for my ransom. The Papal government had also pledged itself to defray my ransom, and to refund any sum of which I might have been robbed; and, through the perseverance and energy of the worthy consul, I actually received from the Roman authorities the fifty scudi of which I had been deprived.

"Subsequently I heard, that Nicola and his men had succeeded, on the following day, in extorting a farther sum of 1350 scudi for young Baldi, who was restored to his father half dead from the incessant terrors he had experienced."

II. THE FATE OF HERETICS.

The following anecdote of Italian priest-craft is genuine. A worthy woman in Rome, who kept an hotel and boarding-house, having observed with wonder the correct morals and decorous habits of many English and German heretics, asked her confessor if it was really true, that all these poor foreigners would go into everlasting fire; as she could not understand why these heretics, whose virtuous and Chris-

tian lives were an example to many Romans, should perish everlastingly.

The priest reproved her folly and presumption, and thus explained:

"Even in his mother's womb the heretic is already the indisputable property of the devil; for which reason he is not so frequently teased and tempted by the arch-enemy as we Christians are, who cannot be deprived of our claims on heaven, except

by great wickedness and impiety. Rejoice not, therefore, at the good actions and good manners of those heretics, which are, indeed, the certain tokens of their irredeemable damnation; nor take offence at the elect, who so often stumble and fall in their

struggles with the tempter. The favourites of God are those whom the devil incessantly seeks to entangle; but, being sure of the souls of heretics, he never tempts them more than once, and then only out of wantonness and pastime."

III. MIRACULOUS ORISON.

As a suitable appendage to the foregoing anecdote, I send you some accurate extracts from a miraculous orison, or prayer, which is printed on a sheet of paper, and currently sold in Rome and Naples; and for the benefit of those who cannot read Italian, I subjoin an accurate translation.

"Copia di una Orazione ritrovata nel S. Sepolcro di nostro Signor Gesù Cristo in Gerusalemme, la quale conservò da Sua Santità e da Carlo V. né loro Oratorj in cassa d'Argento. Desiderosa S. Elisabetta, Regina d'Ungheria, S. Metilde, e S. Brigida sapere alcune cose della Passione di Gesù Cristo, fecero particolari Orazioni, alle quali apparve G. C. favellando con ciascheduna di esse così.

"Serve mie dilette, sappiate, che i soldati armati furono 125—Gli esecutori di giustizia furono 33—I pugn mi diedero nella testa 30—Mi diedero calci 105—Colpi di mano nella testa e nel petto furono 108—Colpi nelle spalle 80—Fui strascinato per i capelli 23 volte—Battiture 6666—Nel corpo 140 piaghe—Nella testa buchi 100—Fui strascinato e stirato per la barba 23 volte—Punture di spine nella testa 100—Spine mortali nella fronte 3—Sputi nella faccia 150—Piaghe che mi furono fatte da 1000—Quelli che mi giudicarono furono 3—I soldati che mi condussero furono 108—Le gocce di sangue, che sparsi, furono 3 milioni ottomila e quattrocento trenta.

"Chi ogni giorno reciterà sette Pater Noster ed Ave Maria per lo spazio di dodici anni continui, per compire il numero delle gocce di sangue, che sparsi, gli concedo queste grazie.

"Indulgenza plenaria e remissione di tutt' i peccati.

"Sarà libero dalle pene del Purgatorio.

"Sarà come se fosse martire e spargesse il sangue per la Santa Fede.

"Chi porterà seco questa Orazione non morrà annegato, né di mala morte o di morte improvvisa, sarà libera dal contagio e dalle saette, non morrà

senza confessione, sarà libero da suoi nemici, e del poter della giustizia, e da tutt' i suoi malevoli e falsi testimoni.

"Questa Orazione è stata approvata da varj Tribunali della Santa Inquisizione e dalli Regni di Spagna.

"Napoli, 1815. Nella Stamperia di Severino. Con permessi de' Superiori."

Translation.—"Copy of an Orison found in the Holy Sepulchre of our Lord Jesus Christ at Jerusalem, and preserved in a silver box in the Oratories of his Holiness and Charles V.

"St Elisabetta, Queen of Hungary, St Metilde, and St Brigida, being desirous to know some particulars of the Passion of Jesus Christ, offered especial prayers, on which appeared unto them Jesus Christ, and spake unto them after this manner:

"Know, my well beloved servants, that there were 125 armed soldiers—33 officers of justice. They gave me 30 blows on the head—105 kicks—108 blows with the hand on my head and breast—80 blows on the shoulders. I was dragged by the hair 23 times—the beatings were 6666—wounds on the body 110—holes on the head 100. I was dragged and pulled by the beard 23 times—I had 100 punctures of thorns on the head—3 mortal thorns in the forehead—150 spittings in the face. The wounds inflicted on me were 1000—those who judged me were 3—the soldiers who conducted me were 108—the drops of blood which I shed were three millions eight thousand four hundred and thirty.

"Whoever will daily recite seven Pater Nosters and Ave Marias for the space of twelve successive years, to make up the number of drops of blood which I shed, shall receive from me these favours—

"Plenary indulgence, and remission of all his sins.

"He shall be free from the punishments of purgatory.

"He shall be deemed a martyr, and as if he had shed his blood for the holy faith.

"Whoever will carry about him this orison, shall not die by drowning—nor by calamitous or sudden death; he shall be safe from contagion and from lightning; he shall not die without confession; he shall be safe from his enemies, and from the power of

justice, and from all malicious and false witnesses.

"This Orison has been approved by various tribunals of the Holy Inquisition, and of the kingdoms of Spain.

"Naples, 1815. Printed by Severino—with permission of the Authorities," &c.

IV. THE MORAL EFFECT OF ROME UPON THE TRAVELLER.

Those only who have lived in Rome can duly estimate the potent and lasting impression produced upon the mind of a thinking man, by a residence in this capital of the ancient world. The daily contemplation of so many classical and noble objects, elevates and purifies the soul, and has a powerful tendency to allay the inconsiderate fervours and impetuosit

of youth, to mature, and consolidate the character. I am already so altered, and, I have the vanity to think, so improved a man since my arrival here, that there are times when I almost doubt my own identity, and imagine that, by some preternatural agency, I have been born over again, and have had new blood and new vitality infused into my frame.

V. THE SPRING OF JUTURNA.

The gratifications of a residence in Rome are inexhaustible. At every turn I discover some new evidence of the power and magnificence of her ancient inhabitants, and vivid sensations of delight and awe rapidly succeed each other. This venerable metropolis is the tomb and monument, not of princes, but of nations; it illustrates the progressive stages of human society, and all other cities appear modern and unfinished in comparison.

Exploring this forenoon the vicinity of Monte Palatino, I discovered in an obscure corner, near the temple of Romulus, the time-hallowed spring of Juturna, rising with crystal clearness near the Cloaca maxima, into which

it flows unvalued and forgotten. I refreshed myself in the mid-day heat by drinking its pure lymph from the hollow of my hand, and gazed with long and insatiable delight upon the memorable fountain. This sacred spot is surrounded and obscured by contiguous buildings, and the walls are luxuriantly fringed and mantled with mosses, lichens, and broad-leaved ivy. The proud aqueducts of the expanding city diminish the value and importance of this spring, but it was unquestionably the ruling motive which determined Romulus, or possibly an earlier colony of Greeks, to take root here, as within the wide compass of the Roman walls there is no other source of pure water.

VI. TRIUMPHAL ARCHES.

I walked homeward in a reverie of deep and harmonious feeling, and passed under the three triumphal arches remaining, out of six and thirty which once adorned the Roman capital. There is a delicate and affectionate, as well as a poetical character, in these tributes of an admiring people to a successful chief. What monument of victory could have been so honourable and enduring, as one of these proud and exulting arches, decorated with the most heroic incidents in the life of the approaching conqueror? If, how-

ever, we may infer, from the comparative merits of these works of art, a corresponding degree of public spirit and good feeling in the contemporary people, and the reverse, what degraded puppets were the Romans under Septimius and Constantine, in comparison with the subjects of Trajan; and how ludicrous are the decorations upon the arch of the Christian emperor, to celebrate whose comparatively moderate achievements, the sculptors of his day inserted some masterly figures, stolen from the triumphal arch of the valiant

and enterprising Trajan, the conqueror of the Dacians and the Parthians! But the spirit of architectural spolia-

tion which prevailed at that period was alike disgraceful to the sovereign and the people.

VII. THE PANTHEON.

In the afternoon I visited the Pantheon, the majestic temple dedicated by Agrippa to the avenging Jupiter, to Ceres, and to all the gods. This matchless edifice is the only perfect specimen of ancient architecture remaining in Rome; and, in the harmony of its proportions, and the exquisite beauty of its columns, it surpasses every temple on earth. When I entered the deep and glorious portal, I could have fancied myself in a sacred grove, and surrounded by the regular magnificence of palm-trees, planted at the same moment by a divinity. The interior has a majesty all its own. Columns of the richest Corinthian rise in solemn and harmonious grandeur around the beholder, and the immense dome and circle strike him with deep, and devotional awe. The dusky light in the recesses, the profound yet speaking stillness around him, impart to this wondrous edifice the shade, the repose, and the magnificence of a colossal mausoleum; but when he looks upward through the crowning orb, and has gazed awhile on the brilliant clouds which flit across the deep blue sky, this sepulchral tranquillity is changed, as if by magic, into life and movement. The stately columns assume a bolder swell, and a more glorious symmetry; the cupola appears to glide through the pure ether, and the excited gazer dreams that he listens to the music of the spheres, and is careering with planets and constellations through universal space.

The rare combination of beauty and majesty displayed in this mighty temple, appears to have awed the successive spoilers of Rome, and to have preserved it from material destruction. The statues which adorned its niches, including the Phidian Minerva, of ivory and gold, and the plates of bronze and silver which lined the dome, were plundered by that superlative barbarian, the third Constantine, who despoiled Rome of its finest

works of art, to decorate the palaces and temples of Syracuse. Succeeding robbers carried off the bronze capitals of the interior columns, mentioned by Pliny, and substituted capitals of white marble, which are, however, well executed, and harmonize agreeably with the giallo antico of the tall shafts. The colossal pillars of the portal, and the three columns of the campo vaccino, surpass in beauty and richness all other specimens of the Corinthian, and have supplied models to all the distinguished edifices of that order throughout modern Europe.

There is certainly much to admire in the simple elegance of the Doric and Ionic columns, and entablature, but they possess not the regal splendour, the lightness, and vitality which constitute the fluted Corinthian, the monarch of the five orders; nor do they excite that agreeable association of ideas, which carries the mind of the beholder to the origin of columnar architecture, and detects, in the grooving of the shaft, and the foliation of the capital, the bark and leafage of the forest-tree.

The too ponderous attic of this rotundo was once lightened and decorated by a circling group of Caryatides, as described in Pliny. They have been replaced by pilasters, supporting a cornice, from which ascends the enormous dome. How glorious, how celestial, must have been the effect of this proudest of all the temples of Pantheism, when the deities of the heathen world filled every niche, with pale and silent beauty; the lofty Caryatides relieved the attic; and the majestic hemisphere above glittered with bronze and silver! The beauty of the existing edifice is of that dignified and serious character which succeeds the bloom and brilliancy of youth; but it is still beauty, and of that high and genuine order, which bids defiance to all criticism, and to all changes of architectural rule and fashion.

VIII. BATHS OF ANCIENT ROME.

The Romans sought the protection of their gods for every public and im-

portant undertaking; and their baths, in which a great national object was

combined with the most lavish magnificence, were placed under the especial guardianship of some divinity, whose temple was the grand entrance to the splendid whole.

Consecration was also as essential then, as it is now, to protect public buildings from the filthy habits, the "*Immondezzajo*," which has ever been the disgrace of Italy, and more especially of Rome. Indeed, the "*Rispettate la Santa Croce*," &c. of the present day, which so often meets the eye on the walls and porticos of churches and chapels, is but a modern version of the "*Si quis hic minxerit, &c. iratos Deos habet*," of imperial Rome.

It appears to me sufficiently evident, that the Pantheon was once the vestibule of the magnificent baths which Agrippa bequeathed to the Roman citizens, with revenues for their support. The ruins of these thermæ are in actual contact with the *rotondo*, and extend behind it to a considerable distance. The noble portico was subsequently added, the interior was richly decorated, and the magnificent combination ranked with the temples of Peace, and of Jupiter Maximus, the edificial wonders of Rome. The picturesque ruin by the *Porta Maggiore*, called the temple of *Minerva Medica*, was erected for a similar purpose; and the church of *San Bernardo* was the entrance, or outwork, of the baths of *Diocletian*. These differ in ornament and detail, but in general design they accord with the Pantheon. The simple grandeur of their cells, and the bold vaulting of their immense domes, possess a sublimity which immediately fascinates the eye, and in my opinion greatly surpasses the effect produced by a first view of the interior of *St Peter's*, where the narrowness of the nave disappoints the beholder, and constrains him to wonder that the interior of so vast an edifice has not roused the anticipated degree of astonishment.

The baths of the Romans were suggested by the *Gymnasia* of the Greeks; but in the latter the athletic exercises were the primary object, while the Romans regarded them only as acces-

saries. The cheap and wholesome luxury of public baths was the only valuable privilege which the proud descendants of the vagabonds of *Romulus* enjoyed over the rest of mankind. The voluptuous Romans of the empire gratified the sense of feeling with frequent ablutions, as we indulge our nostrils with delicate odours, and our palates with rich wines and sauces. Commencing with a high degree of heat, they descended through the gradations of warm and tepid in alternate baths of water and steam, until they arrived at the coldest attainable temperature. This salutary practice degenerated at length into abuse, and, during the decay of public morals and decency under the emperors, the Roman females frequented the baths of the men, and certainly, from the time of *Domitian*, in a manner the most indecent and promiscuous. It is, however, to be regretted, that the modern Europeans have not similar establishments, which, under judicious regulation, would prove eminently conducive to public health, and would indeed altogether prevent no small proportion of the maladies which embitter and destroy human life.

Notwithstanding the colossal vestiges of the Roman baths, we can form but imperfect conceptions of their original extent and beauty. We know, however, that they were the most splendid and capacious edifices of imperial Rome, that a portion of the interior was devoted to athletic exercises, that they contained libraries, and were lavishly adorned with gilding, mosaic, variegated marbles, and the most exquisite paintings and statues; thus affording to all classes health and amusement; and to the unemployed and luxurious, a place of daily resort, and of infinitely varied gratification. Modern Italy is comparatively so destitute of every means of public and easily attainable amusement, that, could a generation of Romans, born in the first Christian century, rise from the dead, they would all hang themselves in a week from absolute disgust and despair at so miserable a state of society.

IX.—PROHIBITED BOOKS.

The censure of new publications in Rome is intrusted to the *Magister Sacri Palatii* and his Vicegerents, and

without the imprimatur of both, no book can be printed and published. The Holy Office exercises a juridic-

tion over old and new works, both Italian and foreign. Amongst various books prohibited by the placards of 1818, were a large portion of the works of Kant; "Sismondi's History of the Italian Republics;" "Villier's Prize-Essay on the Consequences of the Reformation;" and an insignificant German volume on the preservation of female beauty. Foreign literature penetrates slowly into the Papal states, and as the censors are often perplexed and baffled in their occupation by a foreign language, many works are not forbidden in Rome until they are almost forgotten in their native country; for instance, "Zimmerman on Solitude," prohibited in 1818.

Several of the Greek, Latin, and Italian classics, intended for popular use, are crippled by excisions; others are entirely forbidden. These prohibitions, however, are not without limits and exceptions. Men of a certain age and rank are privileged to read the unmutilated text of Aristophanes and Horace, Boccaccio and Machiavelli; but no one is allowed to peruse the philosophical works of Voltaire and the Priapeia, without previously obtaining absolution from the Cardinal Grand Penitentiary, and from these absolutions the works of Marino and Aretino are, with rare exceptions, excluded.

To illustrate this Roman castration of the classics, I will instance the licensed Horace. In the first book of Odes are omitted Odes 5, 13, 19, 23, 25, 33. From some of the Odes only certain passages have been struck out; for instance, the two last verses in Ode 4, the last stanza in Ode 9, and the

four last stanzas of Ode 27. In all the instances quoted, the objections are obvious and reasonable; but why condemn as obscene that pure and animated ode of Horace: "*Donec gratus eram tibi?*"

The unmutilated editions of the classics, and the prohibited works of later authors are preserved in the public libraries, where they are accessible to privileged readers; but no bookseller in Rome is allowed to sell them, nor any private individual to possess them. Some Roman booksellers have, however, bought the privilege of importing and selling foreign editions of the classics, but to foreigners only; through which and other channels, however, they are sometimes attainable by natives.

There is no regular bookseller in Rome, nor is there sufficient encouragement for any one to undertake the sale of books exclusively. They are sold by antiquarians and dealers in specimens of fine arts, who assume also the title of *Librajo*. Fixed shop-prices are unknown, and purchasers bargain and are imposed upon. But in Italy every thing is bargained for; even admission into the Roman theatres; and if in Naples you require assistance from the police, it becomes a matter of bargain and sale.

The private dealers in forbidden books, &c. at Rome, are principally poor Abbés, who for a commission to compensate the risk and trouble, will procure for foreigners the works of Marino and others; also the priapeian gems and erotic *scherzi* of Giulio Romano and Annibale Caracci.

X. PRIVILEGES OF HERETICS.

At all the Roman church-festivals, the foreign heretic has the privilege of admission; in preference to the native true believer. This preference is particularly obvious at the portal of the Sistine Chapel, when the celebrated *Miserere* is performed. On this occasion an English or German physiognomy passes the lances of the Swiss guards more readily than Roman stars, and not from any motives of corruption or complaisance on the part of the military, but by especial instructions from the higher powers.

This grievance has suggested the

following pasquillo, which lately appeared in Rome.

Pasquino says to Marforio, "Where are you going, brother, with your black dress, and your patent sword?"

Marforio. "I am going to the Sistine Chapel to hear the *Miserere*."

Pasquino. "You go in vain. The Swiss guards will push you back, and the Pope's cavaliers will very politely send you about your business."

Marforio. "Never fear, brother! I am sure to get in, because I turned heretic yesterday."

THE BURIAL OF DOUGLAS.—BY DELTA.

THEY bore him barefaced on his bier,
 In his shining shirt of steel ;
 They heaved no sigh, and they shed no tear,
 Yet warrior souls can feel,
 When Death in a heart, that knew not fear,
 Hath bidden the blood congeal.

O'er each spearman's head the sun flared red,
 'Twas near to daylight's close,
 As, with measured tread, their slow steps led
 To the vaults of holy Melrose,
 Where prayers were prayed, and masses said,
 For that parted soul's repose.

Say, died he in the native land,
 Which his good sword shielded well ?
 No ! that sword in hand, on Spain's far strand
 The good Lord Douglas fell,
 And, on his death-day, around him lay
 The slaughtered Infidel.

On his journey to Jerusalem
 The heart of De Bruce he bore ;
 But he pluck'd the casket from his vest,
 And, tossing it on before,
 Cried, " Forward lead us, thou gallant heart,
 As thou wert wont of yore !"

Let not, let not, in foreign earth
 His patriot dust consume—
 Across the seas his comrades bore
 His corpse to a Scottish tomb,
 That over the head that shielded it,
 The Thistle still might bloom !

Dress'd cap-a-pie, they buried him,
 As best became the brave ;
 By torch-light peal'd the burial hymn,
 Through the Abbey's vaulted nave,
 Where lamps were lit, for aye to burn
 Beside his honoured grave.

Alas ! no lamp-fires o'er him now
 Shed forth sepulchral flame ;
 But quench'd shall the glory of Scotland be,
 Forgot her ancient fame,
 When stirs not her heart's-blood, Douglas,
 At thine immortal name.

ON A GIRL SLEEPING.

THOU liv'st ! yet how profoundly deep
 The silence of thy tranquil sleep !
 Like death it almost seems ;
 So all unbroke the sighs which flow
 From thy calm breast of spotless snow,
 Like music heard in dreams.

Thy soul is filled with gentle thought,
 Unto its shrine by angels brought
 From Heaven's supreme abode ;
 Thy dreams are not of earthly things,
 But, borne upon Religion's wings,
 They lift thee up to God.

EDINBURGH SESSIONAL SCHOOL.*

LET every man who wishes to do his heart good by witnessing a system of education, at once rational in its principles, powerful in its machinery, and rapid in its effects, pay visits—one, two, three, and as many more as he can, to the Edinburgh Sessional School. In this age of base, blind, and blundering quackery, when Ignorance, Folly, and Infidelity, seek to usurp the instruction of the young, such a school is deserving of especial admiration and support. And may it become the model of hundreds of others, all over the land—in town and country, till presumption and ignorance be ousted from all their many new strong-holds, or fortresses—misnamed schools—and wise Art lend her aid to a wiser Nature, while the mighty Mother, according to her own rules and laws, is gradually extending and enlightening the feeling and the intelligence of her children, of high and of low degree—from hut and hall—bred in the lap of affluence, or

—“breathing in content

The keen, the wholesome air of poverty,
And drinking from the well of lowly life.”

Let those who cannot visit the Edinburgh Sessional School—and those, too, who can—buy this little invaluable four-and-sixpence volume. We do not hesitate to say, that Mr Wood is absolutely a man of genius. His whole spirit seems possessed by his beneficent scheme of education, of which, though not the inventor, he is assuredly such an improver, that his name will for ever be united with the Institution now flourishing under his unwearied superintendence, and exhibiting, throughout all its departments—really with no defects of much consequence that we can perceive, though he himself admits there may be many—a most beautiful exemplification in practice of a system which, in theory too, bears the indisputable marks of an original mind. But in this world, the head can achieve nothing great or difficult without the heart; and nobody who knows Mr

Wood, either in his school—for we shall call it his—or in his book—(of his character elsewhere, amiable and estimable as it is in all relations, it belongs not to us to speak,) does so without also knowing that what his head clearly conceives, his heart earnestly feels, and his hand energetically executes. Industry, perseverance, resolution, zeal, and enthusiasm, such as his—all exerted, too, in such a cause—could, by no possibility, belong to any one but a good citizen, a good man, and a good Christian.

Before entering on an account of the method of instruction pursued in The EDINBURGH PAROCHIAL INSTITUTIONS, Mr Wood, in an Introduction admirably well written, speaks generally of the principles on which that method of instruction is framed; and we cannot deny ourselves the satisfaction of quoting an excellent passage—

“In all their arrangements they have regarded their youngest pupil, not as a machine, or an irrational animal, that must be driven, but as an intellectual being who may be led; endowed, not merely with sensation and memory, but with perception, judgment, conscience, affections, and passions; capable, to a certain degree, of receiving favourable or unfavourable impressions, of imbibing right or wrong sentiments, of acquiring good or bad habits; strongly averse to application, where its object is unperceived or remote, but, on the other hand, ardently curious, and infinitely delighting in the display of every new attainment which he makes. It has, accordingly, been their anxious aim to interest no less than to task,—to make the pupil understand (as much as possible) what he is doing, no less than to exact from him its performance,—familiarily to illustrate, and copiously to exemplify the principle, no less than to hear him repeat the words, of a rule,—to speak to him, and by all means to encourage him to speak, in a natural language, which he understands, rather than in irksome technicalities, which the pedant might approve,—to keep him while in school not only constantly, but actively, energetically employed,—to inspire him with a zeal

* Account of the Edinburgh Sessional School, and the other Parochial Institutions of Education established in that City in the year 1812; with Strictures on Education in General. By John Wood, Esq. Edinburgh: John Wardlaw. 1823.

for excelling in whatever is his present occupation, (whether it be study or amusement,) and, even where he is incapable of excelling others, still, by noticing with approbation every step, however little, which he makes towards improvement, to delight him with the consciousness of excelling his former self."

We venerate the benevolent Bell—he has done as much good as most men of his generation—but it is a pity he should ever have so far forgotten the necessary and inevitable imperfection of all things human, as to have said of his system, in his Manual, "that the art of man can add nothing to it, and take nothing from it." Now, the Sessional School is not in Utopia—but in the Old Town of Edinburgh; and Mr Wood, if not wiser than Dr Bell, and we do not say he is, is certainly much more moderate—much more modest, when speaking of his own achievements. Indeed, we have seldom, if ever, met so modest an enthusiastic man as Mr Wood appears to be—as he is—both in his school and in his book. Attributing to himself—and to his worthy and able coadjutors—no other merit than that of good intentions strenuously carried into practice, and common sense—he does not write a dozen pages without making his readers feel that he is no such ordinary man—but is gifted by nature with very rare endowments. What these are will appear in our analysis, often in his own words, of his most interesting Book.

After a candid admission that there are defects in the system, especially in the working of it, which its conductors are incessantly labouring to supply—he observes, that he is anxious to guard his readers against the erroneous notion that the success of any seminary can ever depend entirely, or even principally, upon its *machinery*, or external system of arrangement. The systems of Bell and Lancaster have, by the facilities they have given to this department, greatly contributed to the cause of general education.

"Every judicious conductor of an establishment for education, accordingly, will be at the utmost pains to render his system in this respect as perfect as he can. But, when this is done, he will keep in remembrance, that the weightier matters remain behind. He will consider, that it is not upon the nature of the

scaffolding or building apparatus, however skilfully devised and admirably adapted to its own purpose, that the beauty, or usefulness, or stability of the future fabric is to depend; nor will he suffer himself to forget, how often it has happened, that on the removal of the scaffolding, some deformity or flaw in the structure itself has been disclosed, which the apparatus had hitherto concealed from the eye of the spectator. From inattention to this fundamentally important truth, how large a proportion, unfortunately, of the schools instituted even upon the most justly celebrated systems, have been allowed to become little better than mere pieces of mechanism, pretty enough indeed in external appearance, but comparatively of little use, in which the puppets strut with wondrous regularity and order, and with all that outward 'pomp and circumstance,' which are well calculated to catch a superficial observer, but in which all the while the mind is but little exerted, and of course little, if at all, improved."

There is also much sound sense in what Mr Wood says about the liability of the scheme adopted in the Sessional School, to the imitation of injudicious and hurtful admirers. The servile and slavish copyist, destitute of sense and feeling, may imitate all the forms, without catching the spirit, and thus exhibit a miserable mockery, or, say rather mimicry, of the Sessional School scheme. For what artificial contrivance can ever supersede the necessity of diligence and zeal, earnestness and kindness, on the part of the instructor! Pupils are not automata, neither can you cram them with knowledge, like turkeys with *drummock*, to fatten them into mature scholars. The great object of the Instructor is to inspire the taste for knowledge, and to cultivate the power of acquiring it. The boy who repeats rules by rote with a slavish precision, is a parrot, and will continue a parrot; and of all parrots the most absurd is the methodist, who pronounces with formal tone and measured cadence and inflection, a mere jargon of words, to which, of course, the creature has never learned to attach the slightest signification. Heavens! in a school, how palsying and deadening to the whole nature of youth is a dull, cold, lifeless routine!

Nothing can be more common-place than remarks like these; but people forget the most important common-

places, and often continue all their life long to look on placidly and well pleased at the most hideous and fatal abuses and perversions of "good old rules"—all the while believing that they see something else, the very reverse of what is before their eyes; nor are they aware of the mischief done both to the souls and bodies of children, though it is as obvious as pale sickly faces can be, yawning jaws, sleepy eyes, and a general lassitude.

But besides—Mr Wood, hating all quackery, wishes that there should be no exaggeration of the character or operations of his scheme; and says, with much liveliness—"Struck with the alleged success of the system as exhibited in the Sessional School, one may investigate every its minutest detail with no less punctilious care than that of the poor savage, who, restored on one occasion to health by the administration of a particular drug, ever afterwards fondly treasures up in his memory, with a view to the recurrence of a similar exigency, the recollection of the day of the moon, the hour of the day, the position of his own body at the time of receiving the medicine, and every other little adventitious concomitant of his case." The application is obvious.

Still the externals of the system are necessary to the preservation of its spirit. Neither monitors, nor all the other arrangements of Bell and Lancaster for facilitating mutual instruction, can, it is true, of themselves insure success to any seminary. But Mr Wood believes that the Sessional School could never have attained its present character without them, by the mere operation of a purer love of excellence, or still purer love of knowledge, or love of duty, superior to either. Without these no good can be done; but they always need support, and they receive that support from every part of the system.

There is another danger to which this method of education is exposed, and which it requires knowledge and wisdom in the instructor to guard against and avoid. Children must not be treated like men, any more than like machines. The mind of a child is wondrously powerful—far more so than shallow and superficial observers have any idea of; but it is only powerful when exerted on the right materials—that is, the materials which no-

ture herself spreads out before it. All other nutriment is as poison. Children must be fed on "milk, not on meat." "Above all, they must not be crammed," says Mr Wood, "with the strong meats" either of the theologian or the philosopher.

"Great care must be taken, to distinguish between the kind of information and mode of communication applicable to the younger children, and those which may be employed in the more advanced classes of the same seminary. A single year at the opening of life, it ought ever to be remembered, makes a prodigious difference in the capacity of the human mind. So also in Schools, where children are retained till they arrive at twelve or fourteen years of age, a much wider range of information may be attempted, than would be at all proper where they leave it at eight or nine. In a school, also, for children of the humbler ranks of life, whose whole education is in all probability to be confined within its walls, it may be advisable to crowd a greater quantity of useful information into a narrow space, than will be either necessary or expedient, in the case of those more highly favoured individuals, whose circumstances hold out to them the prospect of a more protracted education, and leisure for a more gradual, extensive, and systematic course of study. But nothing, in short, can be more injurious to the young, draw down greater ridicule on any system of education, or give more countenance to the old and pernicious practice of learning by rote, than a teacher indulging his own vanity, or that of his pupils and their friends, by allowing them to converse, to read, or to write, upon subjects altogether beyond the capacity of their years."

Mr Wood also alludes to a common,—and very silly,—even base insinuation, which one hears thrown out by stupid people against all new institutions or schemes of any kind, that are seen working wonderfully well, and producing happy effects on the well-being of society. "Oh! it is all very well here, as long as the system is under the direction of Mr So-and-So, for he is a singularly able man, and full of zeal for the success of his own scheme; but depend upon it, it will never do generally—for where will you get a Mr So-and-So in the town of What-do-you-call-it, or the village of You-know-where?" This is very pitiful and contemptible

—yet not harmless—it often does evil. Now Mr Wood says well, that while the mode of tuition in the Sessional School undoubtedly affords ample scope for the exercise, under judicious control, of the highest qualifications, it seems no less certain, that there is none, in which the most moderate talents and acquirements can be employed to greater advantage.

But Mr Wood is not under the necessity of confining his appeal to experience, in proof of the excellence of the scheme, of its working in the Sessional School alone—though there, we do verily believe, owing to his own admirable exertions, its working has been—weshall not say wonderful—for we pitch our tone to his—but more efficient than in almost any other seminary. But in many other establishments it has been introduced with the greatest and most permanent success. Its leading principles have been adopted in some private schools*—in public schools and hospitals—and in domestic circles, under the tuition of men of the highest talents and acquirements—of ladies instructed only in the ordinary branches of female education—of lads, whose sole education was obtained within the walls of the Sessional School—and even of boys, who are still themselves scholars in the seminary.†

All the Edinburgh Parochial Institutions, of which the Sessional School now forms an important branch, derived their appropriate origin from our Church. In the winter of 1812 the streets of our city were the scenes of atrocious riot and bloodshed—and a lamentable disclosure was then made of the extent of the depravity of the youthful population. The clergy looked to stem the torrent of vice by the best—the only means—the education—especially the religious education, of the poor. Dr Inglis, ever alive to the promotion of every plan for the good of his fellow-creatures, suggested a

committee, consisting of Drs Davidson, Brunton, and Fleming—and the committee sent to the consideration of their brethren the scheme which they had prepared.

“By this scheme a school was to be opened in each of the parishes of the city, for the Religious Instruction, on the Lord’s Day, of the children of the poor, under a teacher to be specially appointed for that purpose by the kirk-session of the parish, who was also to accompany his pupils to the parish church during the hours of divine service, at least in those parishes, where the church contained sufficient accommodation for their reception; the expense to be defrayed by an annual contribution from the inhabitants; and the whole to be under the superintendence of ten Directors, five of whom to be Ministers and five Elders, being a minister, or elder, from each kirk-session, to be appointed according to a mode of rotation thereby prescribed.

“The scheme was no sooner proposed, than it received the cordial approbation of the Clergy and their Sessions, the Magistracy of the City, the Judges of the Supreme Criminal Judicatory, and the inhabitants in general. In the course of the month of March, the Directors were appointed, and the office of Secretary was devolved upon that highly respectable individual, who, for nearly seventeen years, has continued so faithfully to discharge its important duties, and to whose ability, zeal, and judgment, the institution is so deeply indebted, for its existence, its original constitution, and its present welfare. Masters were appointed by the various Sessions, and the Sabbath Schools commenced their operations on 26th April. Besides devotional exercises, which were directed to be short, and general reading of the Holy Scriptures, the masters were specially enjoined to instruct their pupils in the Lord’s Prayer, the Ten Commandments, the Creed, the Shorter Catechism, Psalms and Paraphrases. By a subsequent regulation, such Sessions as thought proper, were allowed to introduce into their schools the Mo-

* Mr Wood tells us, that he had recently the pleasure of witnessing a most beautiful specimen of the adaptation of this system to the instruction of young ladies, at the school of Mrs Duncan, of this city. The correctness of her pupils’ answers to every question put to them, relative to what they read, he never had seen surpassed, though the passages were all selected, and the examination of them conducted, exclusively by strangers.

† The leading principles of the system have been adopted with the most brilliant success in the various children’s hospitals in this city, particularly George Heriot’s, George Watson’s, and the Orphan Hospitals.

ther's Catechism and Watt's first Catechism; as preparatory to the Shorter Catechism; and, by a still more recent regulation, they were allowed to avail themselves of the Old and New Testament Biography, in the form of Questions, with reference to the Scripture for the Answers, which were drawn up primarily for the benefit of these institutions."

Scarcely had the teachers entered upon their duties, when it was found—hear this, all men—it was found, that even in the metropolis of Scotland—the land that has so long prided herself (pride is blind) on being the very Land of Knowledge—"the Nation of Gentlemen"—a very large number of the pupils admitted into these schools—could not read! To correct this evil, it was resolved that a new school should be annexed to the parochial institutions—that five scholars should be admitted into it from each session *gratis*—and that ten more should have a preferable right of admission, on payment of the school-fee, which was fixed at 6d. a-month. The Daily School was opened in Leith Wynd, under the name of THE EDINBURGH SESSIONAL SCHOOL.

This school was modelled on the system of Lancaster, though in many things it wisely deviated from it, and so it continued for two years or more, during all of which time, much labour and pains were bestowed upon it—and successfully bestowed—by the amiable and able secretary, Dr Brunton.

In April, 1815, that gentleman reported to the Directors, that a narrow inspection of the Central School, London, had convinced him that many parts of the system of Dr Bell might be introduced with great advantage into the school in Leith Wynd. He, and Dr Andrew Thomson, who, on all occasions, has given the Institution his warmest support, and judiciously, strenuously, and successfully exerted himself, with all his great abilities, in the cause of Education all over Scotland,*

were requested to consult with Dr Bell, who gave them many highly useful suggestions, afterwards carried into execution by the Secretary and Dr Thomson, both of whom, in order to assist the teacher in accomplishing that object, gave for some time their daily attendance in the school-room. In 1818 some farther improvements were made in consequence of an institution of a Madras school at St Andrews.

In the course of the winter of 1819-20, Mr Wood, during the discharge of some duties of charity—became acquainted with this school, while under the very able management of Mr Bathgate, now one of the burgh teachers in Peebles.

"While we were thus employed, very serious doubts used frequently to come across our mind, whether we were doing all the good, which others were perhaps too easily inclined to imagine. The children were taught, indeed, to read, but the doubt was, whether they had been made such masters of their own language, as in future life to give them any pleasure in reading, or to enable them to derive much profit from it. They had learned their catechism, but were they much wiser with regard to the truths which it contained? The Bible was read, as a task, but was it not also, like a task, forgotten? The more we inquired into the actual condition of the lower orders, the more we were convinced, that reading, together with *spelling out* the meaning of what they read, was too formidable an attempt to be frequently resorted to by them; and that even of those who did read, few had recourse to the books calculated to give them the most useful instruction, because they were unable to understand their language; while most resorted to works of a lighter and unfortunately of a less unexceptionable kind, which they found it not so difficult to comprehend. This evil called loudly for a remedy, which the meagre explanations, introduced along with the other practices of the Madras system, (however useful to a certain limited extent,) did not supply. We therefore felt an

* No where more than in the Committee appointed to institute and manage the Assembly's Schools in the Highlands. At the head of that Committee is the venerable Principal Baird—of whose voyagings and journeyings in the good cause we shall speak, at some length, in an early Number. Meanwhile we join our voice to that of our country, in honour of that enlightened and unwearied benevolence which graces his truly Christian character—which has twice carried him as a Missionary to the Isles, and which, under the blessing of God, has already done great things for the education, and the religion, of the inhabitants of many remote places, among glens, and mountains, and moors hitherto enjoying imperfectly the light of heaven.

extremely strong anxiety to give the school more of an intellectual tone, not only in order to enable the pupils better to understand what they read there, but also to give them a taste for profitable reading, and make them understand whatever they should afterwards have occasion to read. The task did not appear to us to be without difficulty, nor were we unconscious of the presumptuous nature of any such attempt upon our part. Still, however, if we left it untried, the opportunity which we now possessed, of doing something, however little, in this way, might be entirely lost. Were we to content ourselves with proposing the scheme to others, it might, and in all probability would, be treated as visionary. We, therefore, resolved silently to do our best. And so silently indeed, and with so little stir did the thing proceed, that neither the Directors, nor even the masters, knew what was going on, till they heard the children of the highest class, to whom we first confined our attempt, answering questions of an unusual nature. In the commencement of the attempt, we received even far stronger proofs, than we had at all previously anticipated, of its extreme necessity. We found, that we had by no means formed an adequate conception of the gross misapprehensions into which even the ablest of our children fall, regarding the meaning of what they read. We saw of course still more strongly the necessity of perseverance; and, in order the better to accomplish our object, we, with the cordial approbation of the Directors, compiled a new school-book, better adapted to our purpose, than the highest one at that time in use. As soon as it was sufficiently proved, that the plan was both practicable and beneficial, a series of works was prepared for the same purpose, and with the like approbation. The result is well known to all who are acquainted with the school. We shall only now remark, that those who imagine, that it was from the first anticipated by us in its full extent, pay a compliment to our discernment, to which we feel that we have no just claim. A far more moderate degree of success was all we then ventured to expect, and an insurance to that extent would have amply satisfied us.

"Along with the improvements in the reading department, we were at the utmost pains also to give additional life to that of arithmetic. Perhaps we should rather say, that our labours in the latter department took the precedence, for it was in this that there originally appeared

to us most necessity for some additional incentive, and it was through this medium that energy was first infused into the pupils, which afterwards pervaded every department. Soon afterwards, also, grammar and geography were introduced, in a manner that will hereafter be explained."

In 1823, a small circulating library was annexed to the Institution. In 1824, the school was removed from Leith Wynd to Market Place, and in 1825 was opened an evening school, for the benefit of individuals more advanced in life. In various instances have been seen at this seminary the parents of the children who were then in attendance upon the day-school—and there is now a father and son together in the evening school. The branches of education taught in it are reading, with English grammar, general knowledge of the English language, and explanations of the subject on which they read, arithmetic, writing, and geography. It has been seen that SUNDAY SCHOOLS were originally the principal, if not the exclusive, object of the Edinburgh Parochial Institutions. Mr Wood has two excellent chapters on Sunday Schools—but of their contents we can give but a very concise abridgement.

First, he turns himself to meet an objection often urged against them, that it is an improper thing to take the religious education of the young out of the hands of their parents, and to devolve that important duty on strangers. It is, he allows, to be regretted that any parents, from indolence, indifference, mistaken diffidence, a desire to spend their own Sunday evenings at sermons or prayer-meetings, or elsewhere, or in idle gossip, or worldly cares, or dissipation shocking to the sanctity of the day, should entirely delegate to the sabbath-teacher, tutor, or friends, that sacred trust which God and nature have so strongly reposed in themselves; but what if hundreds of children in any large town, nay, in any parish, have no parents who will instruct them, or no parents at all? That argument is a clencher, and there is really no need for another.

A Sabbath school then was opened in every parish in the city. Such schools were founded so far on the principle of *locality*, but for good reasons given by Mr Wood, not exclu-

sively; and their management seems to be excellent, though we cannot go into the details.

An objection, it seems, has most absurdly been made to these Sabbath schools, that the teachers are paid. Indeed! The religious instruction of the poor should be "a labour of love!" Indeed! Is not the labourer in such cases worthy of his hire? He is, if in any case whatever. The very *responsibility* of the teacher is increased by some not inadequate remuneration of his labours. We doubt if without it responsibility could exist. Gratuitous services are suspicious; they puff up those who bestow them—they flag—they pant—they die.

In these Sunday schools, teachers are wisely enjoined to *observe brevity* in their devotional exercises—not by their immoderate length to produce the offerings of harassed, impatient, and wandering spirits, which never can be acceptable at the heavenly shrine. A similar brevity is enjoined to the *exhortations* of the teachers. The chief, the main time, is occupied in the examination of the pupils, and in easy conversational instruction. All right.

But of all modes of instructing the young in religious knowledge, none is equal to *catechising*, as defined by Dr Johnson—"To instruct by asking questions, and correcting the answers." There are formularies and text-books, however, which every church ought to possess for the use of its young members.

"As *text-books*, to secure their attention being called to those fundamental truths, without which Christianity might be reduced to a meagre and lifeless system of ethics; as *standards*, to guard their minds as much as possible from error of opinion with regard to these essential points. Much were it to be wished, however, that all such works as are put into the hands of children, should be compiled exclusively for their benefit, and with reference to their age and capacity. Perhaps it would be of advantage that there should be more than one composition of this kind, one for younger children, and one, at least, for more advanced catechumens."

Of all the personal and odious experiences of one's youth, is there one more odious in memory than the "saying our questions?" Not one. Afraid that we should answer ill—and feeling that it was impossible that we could answer well—for children con-

not always deceive themselves into a belief that words are thoughts, even when the words come pat, and when the unintelligible question is instantly followed by the unintelligent reply—we abhorred the Catechism—first, in almost utter gloom of its meaning—afterwards in glimmerings—then in a faint, broken, and uncertain light—nor was that ever clear enough to the reason, or satisfactory enough to the heart, to be felt as instruction, even when such instruction was most earnestly desired,

"For piety is sweet to infant minds."

How many must feel the force of the following passage!

"To say nothing of the torture to which the poor wretch is, in such a case, subjected, *they* are miserable judges of human nature who imagine, that this early and unmeaning repetition of any thing will afterwards afford the pupil any facility in really learning it. If in riper years a child so educated *can* be induced, (which, we believe, very rarely indeed is the case,) to recur to a work which, under such circumstances, can be connected in his mind with no other than the most unpleasant associations, his former mode of learning, in place of being a facility, will clearly be an obstacle to him. He will find it infinitely more difficult to attach a just meaning to words, which have been long accustomed to pass through his mind without making any impression, (or which, perhaps, have left an erroneous one,) than he would have done if he were now to begin the work for the first time. How often, in attempting to hammer into the minds of such pupils the meaning of what they had long learned to repeat, have we wished that they had previously seen as little of the catechism, as some others beside them, who, with very inferior talents, were making far more satisfactory progress. Such, we are persuaded, is likewise the experience of all who have ever had any practice in teaching upon rational principles. They will, we suspect, in all such cases, be much disposed to concur with a famous musician mentioned by Quintilian, who always charged a double fee for teaching his art to those who had previously received instruction elsewhere."

But how, it may be said, can a child understand religion? Ay—how, it may be said, can a man understand religion? A child may understand something of religion—and that something may be much to it—

"God pitying its simplicity!"

There are more senses than one—

says Mr Wood excellently well—in which we may be said to understand a thing. We are said, for example, to understand the narrative of any remarkable phenomenon when we have received a just conception of the appearances described, though neither ourselves nor the narrator can have the slightest notion of the causes of these appearances. We may perfectly understand a thing, in short, in so far as we can conceive it, while in other respects, it is involved in obscurity; and this is a distinction which cannot be too much attended to in the religious instruction of children, and we might add too, of those of riper years, for all in this imperfect state are at best but grown children. Yes indeed. In religion, more than in any thing else,

“Men are but children of a larger growth.”

“We ought ever to remember, that, in the department of religion, no less than of nature, ‘there are secret things that belong unto the Lord our God,’ as well as ‘things which are revealed, that belong unto us and our children for ever.’ Thus we are bound to make those intrusted to our care understand, as a *revealed truth*, that by the death of Christ pardon has been secured to sinners, and to point out to them the authority upon which we make this statement—to show them no less clearly, by the same authority, that in the benefits of his death, no *impenitent sinner* can ever have the slightest hope to participate—and to render them well acquainted with the appointed means by which these benefits may be made available to themselves. But it is quite unnecessary, and would indeed be highly improper, to perplex their minds with any subtle and idle inquiries about the *method*, in which this sacrifice, so clearly revealed, can operate for salvation. Such discussions, we are decidedly of opinion, ought never to be heard in their presence.”

Mr Wood then explains the way in which the Sunday-school scholars are taught the Assembly's Shorter Catechism—than which nothing can be more judicious and instructive; and likewise what use is made of two little works, the Old and New Testament Biography. These works resemble Catechisms in this respect, that they are drawn up in the form of questions; but they have no answers annexed to them; and for these the pupils must have recourse to the Holy Scriptures themselves. The better to exercise their own discernment,

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they are referred merely to the chapter, without any mention of the particular verse where the answer is to be found, nor are they expected or wished to give the answer in the exact words of Scripture, but in their own language, except in the more remarkable colloquial parts. This is illustrated by a few examples. The greatest recommendation of compilations of this kind is, that they lead the young mind to take an interest in the Holy Scriptures—and a little leading will do that—and not to resort to them merely as an act of duty, or a prescribed regimen.

Finally—though of these two chapters we have necessarily given but a most imperfect analysis, the instruction at these Parochial Sunday Schools is purely and exclusively *religious*. And seeing that reading, spelling, and writing are taught the scholars elsewhere, this certainly is right.

The DAILY EDINBURGH SESSIONAL SCHOOL, of which all the rest of this volume gives an account, contains, on an average, 500 scholars—the largest number present on any one day being 601. They are all under the tuition of one master, who conducts the school on the monitorial system of mutual instruction.

Mr Wood first explains the duties of the Directors, of which we cannot speak; then of the Masters, which, of course, are not unobvious; and then of the Monitors. One passage only shall we extract from his chapter on Masters—for its sound sense on a subject which is often looked at in a very false light.

“On a vacancy in some other seminaries, and particularly in parish schools, it has become a common practice to give public notice, that ‘none who have any views of preferment in the church need apply for the situation.’ The wisdom of so sweeping an exclusion, whether with reference to the particular seminary, or to the general interests of education, may reasonably be doubted. Its leading object, we presume, is to protect the school from being exposed to too frequent a change of masters. We cannot help thinking, however, that, great as this evil may be, the insurance against such a risk may still be purchased at too high a rate. Of the candidates for parish schools, it will scarcely be denied, those in general are the best informed and best educated who have been trained with a view to the church; and it

does by no means appear to be either necessary or proper, to preclude the community from the services of one who, to his personal attainments, joins acknowledged and transcendent zeal, abilities, and experience as a teacher, merely because he will not debar himself from all prospect of higher preferment, which, by accident, at any future period of his life, may open up to him. How many in this situation have long continued the greatest blessing to parishes, that had the good sense not to spurn them away! How many are there at this hour, of the very best teachers, both in our burgh and our parish schools, whom such a proscription would have excluded! Their removal, from whatever cause, it is true, would be a source of deep regret to their neighbourhood; but this regret would be mingled with gratitude, both to the teachers themselves and to their patrons, for the benefits which the families of the district had received during the period of their valuable services. Were the principle of this exclusion carried to its full extent, we know not where it might stop. In the case of those schools whose emoluments are but scanty, we may expect to see advertisements bearing that 'none need apply who are *highly qualified* for the situation;' because it is not unnatural to suppose, that such will be looking out for higher promotion. The injurious tendency of such a system of exclusion, as it regards the *general* interests of education, is not less obvious. Shut out from all hope of church preferment, the parish school-masters can hardly fail to lose caste in society. Unless means be taken to ameliorate their situation, (in which case, indeed, higher qualifications for it may be exacted,) their own education will be as scanty, and their opinions, as narrow as their prospects are limited. Nor does it appear that the interests either of secular knowledge would be promoted by any unnecessary separation of the two departments."

Lancaster originally confessed, — although he denied it afterwards, and was encouraged and backed in his denial by many who ought to have known better, and who did know better, but who sacrificed the truth to party spirit and sectarian zeal, — that he had borrowed, in a great measure, the Monitorial system from Dr Bell. The controversy that soon arose respecting their respective claims to that part of the system, and their other comparative merits, kindled a great zeal for the system, and National and Lancasterian Schools rose side by side in many a town, village, and hamlet, where the education of the poor had hitherto been unable to find an abode. Mr Wood expounds, at great length, the

advantages of the Monitorial system — shewing that, in those large establishments, where it becomes necessary to put some hundreds of children under the superintendence of one master, it is absolutely essential, — that young monitors are more pliant and flexible, and thus more easily moulded by the master to his own views, so that he can at all times maintain nearly as perfect a system of unity, and as nice an accommodation of one class to another, as if he were himself every moment personally occupied in each, and ostensibly conducted the education of every individual scholar from its commencement to its close, — that the monitors are in general more active and alert than ushers, make better fags, and take a pleasure and a pride in performing duties which the others are too apt to regard as an excessive bore and degradation, — that they can more easily sympathize with the difficulties of their pupils, while they, on the other hand, with a greater prospect of success, strive to emulate their young teacher, — that in many schools, though not extensive, children of very different ages, and of very different grades in attainment, and engaged in very different branches of education, are necessarily confided to the superintendence of one master, assisted perhaps by a single usher, in which cases it is evident, that the larger proportion of those assembled in the school, must always be comparatively idle; whereas there is no remedy for this more simple, more cheap, or more efficacious, than that of enabling the pupils to teach others, in place of remaining thus idle during the necessary intervals between the master's personal examinations. These, and other benefits of the monitorial system, are pointed out very distinctly, but perhaps rather prolixly, by Mr Wood; while he concludes by observing, that the field which appears the most unpromising for the use of monitors, is, fortunately, the very one in which their employment is least necessary — namely, such classes as compose the two great Grammar Schools of this city, where the children committed to one master are all in the same stage of their education. The monitorial system, however, has been partially adopted, with advantage, in both these admirable establishments. What follows, is good.

"Every monitor in the Sessional School is provided with an ASSISTANT, whose duty it is to preserve order and attention in the class, while he himself is occupied in teaching. The advantage of such an officer must be sufficiently obvious. In some schools, excellent in every other respect, a practice prevails, which, in our opinion, cannot be too much condemned, of encouraging the children to become general informers against each other, and giving them an interest in doing so, by putting the informer in the delinquent's place, if the latter be previously superior in the class. This mode of informing is never practised in the Sessional School except by a novice, and, from the reception which it encounters, not merely from the master, but from his fellow scholars, who never fail to send their officious companion to Coventry for a season, is in no great danger of being repeated. But the *assistant*, who, in giving information, does no more than his duty, secures the approbation alike of his teacher and his fellows. It is, accordingly, no unusual thing to see a boy playing at the door of the school with the individual who, the very moment before, had, in discharge of duty, been the occasion of his censure or punishment."

What ought to be the size of a class? Thirty, at least, quoth Bell—Nine, at most, quoth Lancaster. Mr Wood sides with the Doctor, and so do we. Half a dozen is a contemptible class, except when there are no more than half a dozen boys fit to be put into the same class. Mr Wood shudders—as well he may—at the tremendous noise that would envelope a great number of such small classes, especially if all these, according to the Lancastrian fashion, were reading at the same time. Besides, (an objection more vital,) how could you get a sufficient supply of fit monitors to conduct the system? On the excellence of the monitors almost all depends; but, triple or quadruple their number, and all power of selection would be taken from the master, and many of the monitors would be pretty fellows indeed. Of the classification of the pupils, the principle is excellent.

"In determining the class to which any individual pupil should either be originally posted or subsequently removed, the natural criterion obviously is neither his age, nor the length of time he has been under tuition, but his actual proficiency. When a child, accordingly, is introduced into the Sessional School, trial is first made of his qualifications, in order to determine in which class he

should be placed. This is sometimes no easy matter to decide, and we doubt not the decision has, in the very threshold, given umbrage to many a parent. '*My laddie*,' we are not unfrequently told, '*was in the boommost class at his last school; he had lang been oot o' the Eible and was in the 'Beauties'; he can say a' the questions; and he was through a' the book in the coonting.*' Notwithstanding this profession, the alleged proficient is sometimes found quite incapable of reading our most simple and introductory book, of understanding a single syllable of his catechism, or of performing the most elementary operation of arithmetic. He is accordingly of course placed in the class where he is most likely to receive improvement, without regard to his former high pretensions. But his continuance in this class depends entirely upon his subsequent progress. If it be found, that he so far outstrips all his companions as to stand continually at the top, without much exertion on his own part, it is high time that he should be promoted to a superior one, where he may find his level, and have all his energies called forth into exertion. If, on the other hand, it turn out that he is constantly at the bottom of his class, in a hopeless state of inability to compete with his present class-fellows, it may prove, and in the Sessional School has very frequently, in such a case, proved of infinite advantage to remove him to a lower class, where he may be better able to maintain his ground. We have sometimes found children in the latter situation, who, chagrined at not being able to keep up with the class in which they happened to be, of themselves requested to be put into a lower. And not unfrequently those, who had been so put back, have been able ere long to overtake their former comrades, and to enjoy with them the benefit of a more equal competition; whereas had they been doomed all along to retain their original situation, they would undoubtedly have lost all heart, and, as scholars, have been ruined for life. There are some children extremely slow in laying the foundation of any branch of education, who, when it has once been laid, are no less alert than any of their companions in rearing the superstructure. Such children require to be kept a much longer time in the elements than those of more quick apprehension. Now it must be evident, that were both constantly retained in the same class, either the latter must injuriously be kept back on account of the former; or else the former must be dragged forward blind-

fold, and totally ignorant of all that is going on, through the rest of the course."

The object of the explanatory method of instruction, which has been pursued so successfully in the *Sessional School*, is threefold—First, to render more easy and pleasing the acquisition of the mechanical art of reading; secondly, to turn to advantage the particular instructions contained in every individual passage which is read; and, above all, thirdly, to give the pupil, by means of a minute analysis of each passage, a general command of his own language.

Of the first of these objects we at present say nothing—except that, at the *Sessional School*, the pupils engaged in the commonly distressful task of learning the mere letters and words, wear the happy faces of children engaged at their sports. Instead of being harassed by a mere mechanical routine of sounds and technicalities, their attention is excited, their curiosity satisfied, and their fancy even amused.

As to the second—Along with facility in the art of reading, much information is communicated to them which is well adapted to their present age, and may be of use to them for the rest of their lives. In most schools, how many fine passages are read in the most pompous manner, without leaving a single sentiment in the mind of the performer! Here Mr Wood tells an amusing and illustrative anecdote of a gentleman of his acquaintance, (and we beg leave to say, that he may tell it of us—even of us, Christopher North,) who had been accustomed to repeat—without the slightest attention to the sense—Gray's *Elegy*—yes, that eternal *Elegy*—not uncommonly known at school by the name of "*The Curfew Tolls*." What either curfew or tolls meant, he, (we) according to custom, knew nothing. He (we) always thought, however, of *toll-bars*, and wondered what sort of *tolls* were *curfew-tolls*, but durst not, of course, put any idle question on such a subject, to the master. The original impression, as might be expected, remained; and to the present hour, continues to haunt him (us) whenever this poem comes to mind.

With regard to the third object, Mr Wood explains himself thus:—

"Thus, for example, if in any lesson the scholar read of one having 'done an

unprecedented act,' it might be quite sufficient for understanding the meaning of that single passage, to tell him that 'no other person had ever done the like;' but this would by no means fully accomplish the object we have in view. The child would thus receive no clear notion of the word *unprecedented*, and would therefore, in all probability, on the very next occasion of its recurrence, or of the recurrence of other words from the same root, be as much at a loss as before. But direct his attention to the three-fold composition of this word, the *un*, the *pre*, and the *cede*. Ask him the meaning of the syllable *un* in composition, and tell him to point out to you (or, if necessary, point out to him) any other words in which it has this signification of *not*, (such as *uncommon*, *uncivil*.) and, if there be leisure, any other syllables which have in composition a similar effect, such as *in*, with all its modifications of *ig*, *il*, *im*, *ir*, also *dis*, and *non*, with examples. Next investigate the meaning of the syllable *pre* in composition, and illustrate it with examples, (such as *previous*, *premature*). Then examine in like manner the meaning of the syllable *cede*, and having shewn that in composition it generally signifies *to go*, demand the signification of its various compounds, *precede*, *proceed*, *succeed*, *accede*, *recede*, *exceed*, *intercede*."

Thus the pupil not only knows the word in question, but he has a key to a vast variety of other words in the language; in getting which key, he is all the while animated and amused. There is no feeling of irksome drudgery—and the acquisition being founded on principle is permanent. It cannot be lost. Nor manifestly is it necessary that every word should be gone over in this way, any more than that every word should be syntactically parsed; for a single sentence well done may prove of the greatest service to the scholar in all his future studies.

But it may be said—it has been said—why, this may be all very well with regard to a foreign language, but it is quite superfluous with relation to a vernacular tongue. 'That is a very great mistake.

"The humbler classes of society, in every sermon which they hear,—in every book which they read, however simple, and written peculiarly for their own use,—nay, in the Bible itself,—meet with a multitude of words and expressions, even of frequent occurrence, which, from want of such a key, not only lose great part of their force, but are utterly unintelligible,

and are often grossly misunderstood. We would, ourselves, have been in a great measure ignorant of the full extent of the disadvantage under which such persons labour in this respect, but for the representations of the lads in our evening school, many of whom were possessed of no ordinary abilities, and had received all the education formerly bestowed on persons in that rank of life. We were much struck, too, with a conversation which we had on this subject, on occasion of a recent visit to a seminary in Newhaven, under the excellent tuition of a young man who had received his education in the Sessional School. We there met with a fisherman, the parent of one of the pupils, well known in the village as one of the most respectable, intelligent, and well educated of his class. He evidently took a deep interest in our proceedings, and, while we were in the act of examining the children on the meaning of what they had read, he at length broke out in nearly the following manner: "Eh, sir, you'll not know how little of this I understand, and how much I miss it: I learned to read like my neighbours, hut I never learned the meaning, and I find it a hard thing to turn up the dictionary for every word."

The truth is, from the manner in which the education of the lower orders has generally been conducted, parents in that rank of life have for the most part been quite satisfied that their children have received a good education when they have been taught to *read*, conceiving that this mechanical attainment is in some inexplicable way or other to act as a charm, though they be quite unable to apply it to any beneficial purpose. In good truth, set a young learner, or an old one either, thus educated, to read any book in which words occur unfamiliar to him in the narrow range of his every-day talk, and he will not understand perhaps one word in twenty, and that is called reading!

But why speak only of the lower orders? Go a step higher—and you find hundreds and thousands of very pleasant ladies and gentlemen, who are no deacons in their vernacular. They are far indeed from being mistresses and masters of their own tongue, however glibly they may wag it. Set one of them to read rather a difficult sermon, on a Sunday evening, and you will perceive from a peculiar expression of face, that many words—of considerable importance—go in at one

ear, and out at the other, without having deposited—in *transitu*—any thing in the shape of an idea. In the more advanced classes of all academies—grammar-schools,—a portion of the time of the lads ought to be devoted to the study of their own language. But the boys, it is said, will despise such a class—and still think themselves not in the "grammar-school," but the "reading-school." Not if the class be taught on right principles. Not

"If, along with due attention to good reading, the understanding of the pupils be at the same time cultivated, which is the best source of that elegant accomplishment; if they be made well acquainted with the full force and meaning, as well as the grammar, of their own tongue, and also its connexion with those languages which they learn at their other hours of study; if, as they advance, they be instructed in the principles and trained to the practice of composition; and if their English reading be throughout rendered the means of forming their taste, and the vehicle of general information."

All judicious mothers do, in fact, teach their little ones according to their ability, by the explanatory method; and when the time comes, when more or all mothers shall themselves have been taught by that method, the rising generation, before they even go to school at all, will know more than they now often do after they have been at some schools for a year or two years. For, in teaching her child to read, does not the judicious mother take pains to shew her child the benefit of reading,—or rather to make him *feel* the benefit of it? Would she not, says Mr Wood, in picking out for him the smallest words, when she comes to the word *ox*, for example, tell him not by any regular definition, but in the simplest language, that it meant the animal which he had so often seen grazing in the meadows? Would she not do the same with regard to every tree or plant? Or, as his capacities unfolded, would she not gradually proceed to communicate to him such higher information, as his lessons might suggest? But this *natural* teaching has been too often banished by *artificial* teaching; and the meanings of words have been less attended to than the sounds. Gentle reader! You can now read excellently well, and are seldom, if ever puzzled to under-

stand even Maga. But tell us now—were you not accustomed, when saying your lesson, to mouth out the words as fast as you could, with a strong but not unpleasant pulpit accent, (which, by the way, you still retain,) and with an indifference, too, and ignorance of the meaning of multitudes of them—which, now that you have become—by what means we know not—a finished scholar—you look back upon with shame and astonishment?

Mr Wood, who frequently enlivens his discussions by little apt anecdotes and allusions, refers to the account which the amiable Murdoch, the preceptor of Burns, gives of his own method of instruction, which coincides remarkably with that practised in the Sessional School.

“ ‘The hooks,’ he says, ‘most commonly used in the school, were the Spelling Book, the New Testament, the Bible, Mason’s Collection of Prose and Verse, and Fisher’s English Grammar. They (Robert and Gilbert Burns) committed to memory the hymns, and other poems of that collection, with uncommon facility. This facility was partly owing to the method pursued by their father and me in instructing them, which was to make them thoroughly acquainted with the meaning of every word in each sentence, that was to be committed to memory.’ [Why only in these?] ‘By the by, this may be easier done, and at an earlier period, than is generally thought. As soon as they were capable of it, I taught them to turn verse into its natural prose order, sometimes to substitute synonymous expressions for poetical words, and to supply all the ellipses. These, you know, are the means of knowing that the pupil understands his author. These are expedient helps to the arrangement of words in sentences, as well as to a variety of expression.’ ”

Mr Wood’s method of examination far exceeds, in accuracy and comprehensiveness, even that of Dr Bell.

“ In the national schools, Dr Bell introduced a method of examination, which, though not without its use, was obviously quite inadequate to accomplish the objects we had in contemplation. In explaining, for example, the text, ‘On these two commandments hang all the law and Prophets,’ which, we think, is one of those that Miss Hamilton tells us was all her life connected in her mind with an absurd association formed in early youth, the examination, according to this method, would in general be of the following description: ‘What is said of these two commandments?’ ‘The law and the Prophets hang on them.’

‘What are the law and the Prophets said to do?’ ‘They hang.’ ‘On what do they hang?’ ‘On these two commandments.’ But of what is meant by ‘the Law,’ by the *PROPHETS HANGING on the two commandments*, no explanation would in all probability be given. We shall not say that, under this system, no teacher ever carried the explanation farther than we have here mentioned. But, after the most anxious inquiry at the numerous visitors of the Sessional School from England, who take a deep interest in education, we may venture to assert, that the contrary is the common, if not the invariable practice. Hence the surprise which such visitors express, on examining our school, and the extravagant praise which they are too apt to bestow upon it. Hence, too, the erroneous tendency on the part of those, who know the explanatory method only on the narrow scale we have just described, to think lightly of its importance, and to imagine, that it can be carried to no farther extent than that to which they have been accustomed.”

The meagreness and insufficiency of the method of explanation practised under the Madras system was soon apparent. More life and energy was infused into it—it was made more rational and intellectual—in short, the pupil was made to *understand* as well as *read*, to *use* as well as *name* his tools. It is pleasant to read what follows.

“ In accomplishing this object, we were in some measure guided by the recollection of our own early education. How different, we well remembered, in point both of interest and utility, from the dry translations of ordinary teachers, were Dr Adam’s lessons, enlivened as they were with every species of illustration, etymological, grammatical, historical, antiquarian, and geographical, bearing reference one while to the sayings of the wise ancients, at another time to the homely proverbs of our own country. How much better did his pupils acquire a knowledge of the idioms of the Latin language, from the variations, which he required them to make, in the construction of the passages which they happened to read, than from all the rules in his grammar! While the formal lessons, which he was himself in the habit of prescribing as tasks, from his own excellent work on Roman Antiquities, were generally most irksome, and forgotten almost as soon as read, the lesson of to-day expelling that of yesterday from the memory, how much more pleasingly, distinctly, and durably were the same instructions

impressed upon the mind in an incidental form, through the medium of the ordinary reading!"

We find it impossible—within reasonable bounds—to explain Mr Wood's mode of teaching the alphabet—the reading of words of two syllables—and then the reading of three. A chapter is given to such explanation—and none but the silly and the shallow will smile at the details. How the greater number of "children of a larger growth" now on the breast, at the bar, in the army and navy—physicians, professors, poets, and editors, ever came in early life to read words not only of two—but absolutely of three—nay of four letters, lies far out of the region of our conjectures. Much misery did they all endure long ago—before they knew the word CAT, for example, when they saw it—without being in imminent danger of declaring it aloud to the whole school to be "dog." To our eyes, in the prime or decay of life, these two monosyllables—cat and dog—are as unlike each other as the creatures they severally denote; but it was far otherwise long ago; they were then as like each other—and they could not be liker—as "cow" and "nag." For our own parts, we learned to read by a continued miracle. We do not doubt that in one month of the Sessional School, any boy of about the same average capacity as ourselves were when boys, would be made to read not only small single words—but sentences of small words—far better than we could do after a summer and a winter's hammering, frequently with a blind headach. We well remember that about four-and-twenty of us urchins, all in a row, used to keep sitting, first on the one hip and then on the other, with unhappy paper concerns held up in both hands till they touched our noses, called "London Primers." Not one in the whole class could read a new word—except by daring—indeed desperate conjecture. And yet, the moment one of us rose up in his place—for of course *the examination*, as it was called, went on standing,—and instead of wasp, for example—no easy word—drawled hesitatingly and tremblingly out—"task"—a very creditable conjecture, and no unfelicitous hypothesis—then down came a long black hard lignum vitæ ruler on our head, in the hand

of a Master of Arts in the University of Glasgow, no less distinguished for the extent of his erudition than the gentleness of his temper—and thus we were *taught* to know "wasp" from "task," although to this day we start with horror at the name or nature of either—just as to this day we are lost in perplexity at *Curfew-tolls*.

Let us come, then, to the chapter in which the small student is seen employed in the use of his knowledge, after he has become master of lessons in words of three letters. Then, he is no longer allowed to linger on the threshold. No more tables of unconnected words, nor even any more detached sentences, are presented to him; but he is now, by the perusal of *interesting and instructive passages*, initiated into the real benefit, as well as the practices of reading. He is furnished with the means—small as they appear to be—of knowledge—which, even in his case, is felt to be both pleasure and power.

"The first passages, indeed, consist of words having not more than four letters: but, without any perceptible injury to the instruction, the children are in this form presented with a pretty long passage on GOD, and with the histories of ADAM and EVE, CAIN and ABEL, and NOAH. We may here remark, that we have found no narratives more pleasing to children, than those which relate to the antediluvian and patriarchal ages. Both the manner and the incidents related possess a simplicity peculiarly delightful at their years. And when we tell them that such narratives are to be found in the Bible, they naturally contract a desire to become acquainted with the other contents of that sacred volume.

"From the article on GOD we extract the following paragraph, in order to illustrate our mode of explanation in use at this stage.

"God bids the sun to rise, and he bids it set. He doth give the rain and the dew to wet the soil; and at his will it is made dry. The heat and the cold come from him. He doth send the snow, and the ice, and the hail; and, at his word, they melt away. He now bids the tree to put on its leaf, but ere long he will bid the leaf to fade, and make the tree to be bare. He bids the wind to blow, and it is he who bids it to be calm. He sets a door, as it were, on the sea; and says to it, thus far only must thou come."

"On the above passage, the child is

asked some such questions as the following:—Who bids the sun to 'rise?' What is meant by the sun rising? Where it rises? When it rises? What its rising occasions? Who bids it 'set?' What is meant by setting? Where it sets? When it sets? What its setting occasions? What is meant by 'dew?' What is meant by 'soil?' What good is done by wetting the soil? When 'the tree puts on its leaf?' What is meant by the leaf 'fading,' and 'the tree being bare?' When this happens? What is 'snow,' and 'ice,' and 'hail?' What causes them? Who sends the cold? What makes them 'melt?' Who sends the heat? What is meant by the word 'calm?' What is meant by saying, 'He sets a door on the sea?' [Here we may remark in passing, that children come both to understand and to relish a figurative expression, much sooner than we might naturally be led to imagine.] When the passage is concluded, the child may be asked, Who does all these things of which he has been reading? and, What he thinks of one, who can do all these things, and is so wise and so good as to do them? None of the questions, however, are put in any one form, but vary according to the nature of the answers received. In nothing has the skill of our monitors been more admired by strangers, than in this adaptation."

Articles are next admitted, containing *six letters*, in which they revert to Scripture History—that of Abraham and Lot, and so on and on, as they become familiar with words—through that of Isaac and Jacob, and Esau, and Joseph. These histories present them with much useful instruction in the department of Natural History.

The various lessons, or readings, are from the First and Second Book, compiled or rather composed for the school. The children have not these books at home. They are all the property of the school, and remain there. The whole information, therefore, which the children communicate to questions put to them, has been acquired from the reading in school, and from the previous examination of their young teachers. There is a specimen of some of the questions put—in presence of strangers, to a very young class taught by a monitor, without any other aid than the little histories themselves, contained in his book, and the previous general training which he had himself undergone. In every one case the questions were correctly answered by one or other of the boys in the class, and in

the greater number of instances by the boy to whom the question was first addressed. The few failures were almost entirely on the part of children, who had not entered the school, at the time when part of the lessons, to which the examination extended, was read by the rest of the class.

Several other examples of reading lessons are given—and we quote—as a good one—the introduction of the article on glass.

" 'You have already, in the course of this little work, read of several very extraordinary changes, which human art and ingenuity have been able to make upon natural productions. You have heard of the shroud of a worm in its lifeless state, of the fruit of one plant, and the fibres of another, being all converted into articles of dress for human beings. But perhaps none of these transformations has surprised you more than that which you are now to hear of. Would you believe that so clear and beautiful an article as glass, could be made out of so gross a substance as sand? Yet it is the fact, that glass is made by mixing sand with the ashes of certain burnt plants, and exposing them to a strong fire.'

" On this passage the child, besides describing generally how glass is made, is asked, What is meant by 'art?' What is meant by 'human art and ingenuity?' What are 'natural productions?' Can you tell me any of them? What is a 'shroud?' What worm has its shroud 'converted into an article of dress?' Can you tell me the various changes through which that worm passes? Do you know any of the uses to which silk is put? What plant is it of which the *fruit* is converted into an article of dress? Are there more than one kind of cotton plant? Which is the best? Do you know any thing that is made of cotton? Can you tell me any plant of which 'the *fibres* are converted into an article of dress?' Do you know any piece of dress that is made of flax? Do you remember the various hands through which the flax must pass before it becomes a shirt? What do you mean by 'transformations?' What is meant by a 'gross substance?'" &c.

After finishing the second book, the children, besides Scripture, which is in regular use in all the higher classes, read the "National School Collection," originally compiled, like all the other books of the series, for the use of this seminary. This compilation consists of religious and moral instruction, a collection of fables, description of animals, places, manners, and historical passages, and other useful and interesting information for

youth. As the pupils advance in each book—each passage, besides being fully explained in all its bearings upon the subject in question, is subjected to a still more minute analysis, than had been practised in its former stage, with the view of giving them the full command of their own language, and such general information as the passage may suggest.

It has, it seems, been argued against the system by persons who never were in the Sessional School in their lives, that though the pupils are taught, perhaps, the meaning of *words*, they are not enabled by such means to comprehend the *general scope* of the passages which they read. By the way, "General Scope" is an old veteran, who has seen a great deal of active service, fought in many campaigns—and to storm strong fortresses often has he been sent at the head of the forlorn hope. General Scope, then, is something formidable and fearful, and not a little mysterious in his very name. Ask not a mere boy—but any man, if he understands "General Scope," and he will be shy of saying "Yes." This being the case, in fairness we ought not to insist on all the little fellows in the Sessional School understanding "General Scope." A wiseacre might puzzle them not a little, and a wiseacre might be not a little puzzled by them in return. No doubt, they, just like their elders, seem to know—think they know—not a few things, of which they are ignorant—but what then? Is it not sufficient that the boys thus taught, probably know much more, and that more much better, than boys of their own age who are taught in any other school in Scotland? That they know twice as much this month as they did the month before—and so on for a year or two—till they leave the school, fifty times better informed than when they entered it, and with good habits instead of bad—cheerful and pleased—themselves full of gratitude and forward-looking hopes—yet not mannikins—by no means mannikins—but simple sportful boys still—and, so natural has their progress been felt to be, not in the least wondering

"That one small head should carry all they know?"

Mr Wood, besides modestly appealing, which he may well do, to the multitudes who have visited the Sessional school, and especially to those who have

examined the pupils, whether they have "often elsewhere met with children who entered more completely into the spirit of what they read, or could give a more accurate and clear account of it to others—tells one or two most beautiful little anecdotes, in proof of the clear understanding of the pupils. One gentleman of talent and virtue had his doubts, and selected a passage of Dr Johnson on "the varying aspect of nature, as well adapted to man's love of novelty," and examined upon its import the *least*, though certainly not the *lowest*, boy in the class. "Our sense of delight," quoth the Doctor, "is in a great measure comparative, and arises at once from the sensations which we feel, and those which we remember." Now, "What," said the gentleman to the little boy, "do you mean by our sense of delight being comparative?" "We enjoy health a great deal better when we have been sick," answered the little boy—thus speaking in the spirit of a beautiful passage in Gray's Ode to Vicissitude. "Pray, then, put into other language, 'the sensations which we feel, and those we remember.'" And instantly the little boy improved, in our opinion, on the style of Dr Samuel Johnson—"Present and past sensations." That we call a pretty little anecdote.

On a different occasion, a person of a different character, a stranger, undertook to question a little boy on his opinions respecting the value of natural theology! He seemed, says Mr Wood mildly, very strongly impressed with the opinion, that in order to exalt revelation, it is necessary to maintain, that there is no such thing at all as natural religion. On occasion of some mention being made of the ancient philosophers, in a passage which one of the boys was reading, he asked one of them—a *blind boy of ten years of age*—"What did their philosophy do for them?" The blind boy was silent. "Did it," resumed the examiner, "lead them to any knowledge of religion?" The *blind boy of ten years of age* opened his lips, and said, "They had no right knowledge of God."—"But could they," rejoined the visitor, in a marked tone of disapprobation, "be said to have any knowledge of God at all?" After a moment's thought, the blind boy of ten years of age answered, "Yes!"—

"That," observed the gentleman, turning to Mr Wood, "is by no means a right answer."—"Have you any reason," said Mr Wood, gently to his pupil, "for making that answer?"—"Yes."—"What is it?"—"The little blind boy, ten years of age, laying an emphasis on the right words, replied, 'The Apostle Paul, in the 1st of the Romans, says, that when THEY KNEW God, they glorified him not as God.' We called the former anecdote a pretty—this is a noble one. Nothing indeed can be more affecting."

The unhappy man, we hope, slunk out of the school under the rebuke of the little blind boy, whose outward eyes God had extinguished, but given him, for holiest and happiest comfort, the clear inward eyes—the spiritual eyes that see things invisible to the material senses—whose orbs "no drop serene" ever veils, and when they shut on earth, open next moment in heaven!

Let it not be thought, however, that either Mr Wood or his little blind boy of ten years of age, trusted too much to natural religion. For, had the *gentleman* (we take the liberty of putting that word in italics) thought proper, says he, to press the conversation farther, as we in consequence thought it necessary to do on the following Sunday, he would have been quite satisfied, that our pupils were by no means impressed with any undue or too favourable estimate of the extent of religious knowledge possessed by the wisest heathens, nor were at all insensible to the infinitely superior advantages in this respect, which may be enjoyed by the poorest child in a Christian land! It soon became desirable to furnish the scholars with an additional book, which might afford them more interest and information than could be expected from the continued perusal of those with which they were already familiar. The desideratum was supplied by the publication of "Instructive Extracts, comprising Religious and Moral Instruction, Natural History, Elementary Science, Accounts of Remarkable Persons, Places, Manners, Arts, and Incidents, with a Selection of Passages from the British Poets."

No articles, it appears, have been studied with greater avidity, or have been more thoroughly understood, than those which treat of the mechanical

powers, and other elementary science. As a specimen of the method of examination employed in this department, we annex the following.

"What is necessary to put a body in motion? What property of the body is it which renders force necessary in such a case? Will a body go quicker of itself? or slower? or stop? Why then does a marble rolled along the floor first go slower, and at length stop altogether? On what two circumstances does the force of a moving body depend? How then can you increase the force of the same body? If two bodies move quite round the same centre within the same time, have they the same velocity? or which has the greater? Do you know any mechanical power that acts upon this principle? What is a LEVER? How many kinds of lever are there? What is the first kind? Can you give me any examples of its application? In what proportion is power gained by the use of this lever? In raising a heavy coal with a poker, whether will it be easier done by applying the hands near the ribs, or at the extremity of the poker? Why? If the arms of a just balance be each divided into the same number of equal parts, how many ounces at the 3d division from the fulcrum on one side, will be balanced by 9 ounces at the 2d on the other? [or any similar question which a stranger may propose.] What method of detecting false balances does this suggest? Do you know any kind of balance formed upon this principle, by which you may weigh all articles with one weight? Describe the *steelyard*. Can you give me any instance of a double lever of the first kind? [*scissors*, for example.] What is the second lever? Can you give an example of it? In what proportion is power gained by the use of this lever? In moving a heavy door, how will you do it with the greatest facility? Why? Can you give any example of a double lever of the 2d kind? [*nut-crackers* for example.] What is the 3d kind of lever? How is power affected by it? Why? Can you give an example? If you wish to raise bodies to a greater height than the lever can accomplish, what other mechanical powers must be resorted to? What do you mean by the WHEEL AND AXLE? On what principle does it operate? Can you give any example of it? How is its power increased? In drawing up water from a well by means of this power, does the operation grow easier or more difficult as it advances? Why? What is a PULLEY? Is any power gained by employing a *fixed* pulley? What is the use of it? Is any power gained by the use of a movable pulley? or what? On what principle does the movable pulley act? Can you illustrate the double velocity of the moving power in this case? What in

this case supports the weight? If two such pulleys be combined, what power will be gained? If six, what will be the result? What circumstance, in a certain degree, disturbs all the calculations with regard to the precise power gained by this and other machinery?"

In the Sessional School, great and unceasing attention is paid to Grammar. And pray, it may be asked, What use can grammar be of to poor people? Why, as much—sometimes more—and of the same kind—as to rich people. Its chief value lies, in its enabling us to understand what we read. Every sentence, at all inverted or involved, has been observed by Mr Wood to be a stumbling block in the way of a child striving to understand. A lad once said to him, that he had never himself understood the metre translation of the Psalms, until the acquaintance which he there received with the principles of grammatical construction, enabled him to turn them into the ordinary prose arrangement, and that he felt the same thing in some degree, with respect to sermons. There can be no doubt—surely—that a knowledge of grammar must enable a man to know any discourse at all in a different style of language from every-day talk in the shop or at the fireside, a hundred times better, than any man, of equal natural vigour of mind altogether ignorant of it. Could any of us, without impaired faculties, totally forget all our grammar, how we should stare at a great preacher, or a small one either—and in what a painful and perplexing glimmer and gloom, should we suddenly find all our powers of apprehension involved! Why, you may speak to some men in the lower orders, for hours, on very plain and simple matters, and they come to understand you about as well as a post. This does not arise from stupidity—for they are perhaps ingenious men in their profession—but they "have no grammar," and wonder what the deuce you,—who have, we shall suppose, some little,—would be saying, if you could speak like themselves; for, granting even that they have been told, and believe, that you are a scholar, they cannot, or will not, make mental effort sufficiently strong to enable them to think that you are not talking a parcel of sad nonsense. It is certainly desirable that human beings should, as generally as possible, be

able to hold oral, or written communication with each other; and, for such pleasing and useful purpose, nothing, in our humble opinion, like grammar. If we seem to treat the subject too jocularly, do only think a moment on the idiots who can see no use in teaching the lower orders how to be intelligible to the upper, and *vice versa*—and indeed to themselves; for there is perpetual blundering, and badgering in consequence of that blundering—many mistakes, and not a few lies, daily disturbing and infesting humble life, from the want of grammar—that is, the proper and the rational use of speech.

But how shall grammar be taught? That's the rub. Can it only be acquired by the memory arising from rules? From the tyranny of Dr Syntax? Mr Wood remembered too well his own gross ignorance of grammar, when a little boy at school, and it could not excel our own, in spite of all that horrid and hideous committing to memory. O, dear! "getting off by heart!"—a task which, in spite of our delight in angling, and other rural amusements, did often make us wish that we never had been born! He tells a good story of the proficiency made in grammar by the scholars generally, in the school in which he received, what were facetiously called, we presume, "the elements of his education."

"Nor could we avoid frequently calling to recollection a singular, but now highly instructive incident, which occurred in this stage of our education. In going over the grammar as usual, the boy at the head of our class was asked, 'What is an article?' to which he orthodoxly replied, 'An article is a particle, which' does something or other that we do not at this moment precisely recollect, adding, of course, in the usual manner, as a part of the definition, 'as, there is the lady I saw at church yesterday.' By some extraordinary accident, our worthy teacher, on the particular occasion of which we are now speaking, contrary to all his ordinary practice, asked, 'What is the article in that example?' to which the boy replied, 'An article is a particle, which,' &c. 'But what,' rejoined the master, 'is the particular article in that passage?'—'An article is a particle,' was again and again the reply. The next boy was now applied to, who insisted that the dux was quite right, and that it was in that way in his book. A similar attempt at procuring an answer was made all round the class, and with a similar want of success. The attempt was at length

abandoned. We were permitted ever afterwards to repeat our grammar tasks, without being any more annoyed with troublesome questions, which were not in the book. And it was not until a very long time afterwards, that we could discover, what crotchet the good old man had taken on this singular occasion."—pp. 214, 215.

That there should be no such scene as this ever acted in the Sessional School, Mr Wood adopted what may be called the *inductive method*—that is to say, he attempted to make them acquainted merely with some of its leading principles, by illustrations from the passages which they happened to read. At first, grammar—the pure grammar of their own vernacular tongue, without reference to the peculiarities of other languages—was confined exclusively to the highest class, then extended by degrees to the second, third, and fourth classes.

To understand Mr Wood's very simple and efficacious method of teaching grammar, we must give a very long extract.—

"In order to illustrate our method of teaching grammar, let us take the commencement of a passage in the school collection. 'The grandest, the most sublime, and extraordinary object, we have yet seen, is Fingal's Cave, in the isle of Staffa. It is a natural grotto of stupendous size, formed by ranges of columns,' &c. If the class be only commencing this study, after telling them that all names are NOUNS, we desire them to pick out the nouns in the passage before them: when the first boy will give 'object,' the second 'Fingal's,' the third 'cave,' and so forth, till they have exhausted the remaining nouns, 'isle,' 'Staffa,' 'grotto,' 'size,' 'ranges,' 'columns.' When they are a little farther advanced, the first boy at the time of naming the noun 'object,' will be asked why it is 'object,' and not *objects*, and the distinction of *singular* and *plural* will be pointed out to him, and so on with the rest. After a little time, in place of putting the question in this form, the boy will be asked at once whether the noun is singular or plural? why? and what it would have been if it had been plural? As soon as these words singular and plural are so familiar, as not only to be easily distinguished from each other, but readily brought to recollection, the question is put in this form, Of what *number* is *object*? why? &c. A similar process is observed with regard to the *Genders*. The *Cases*, as we observed, are at this period omitted.

"After the class have been for a sufficient time exercised exclusively on nouns, they next take the ARTICLES along with them. After their nature, object, and distinction, have been explained, the boys are then called upon to point out the articles contained in the particular passage. After the first boy has given 'the,' he is asked what every article is prefixed to? what noun 'the' is prefixed to in the present instance? what would be the difference between 'the object,' and an object? and the distinction between the *definite* and *indefinite* article is then explained. As the children become better acquainted with this distinction, they are asked at once, Whether 'the' is the *definite* or *indefinite* article? and, when these terms are sufficiently familiar to them to be brought easily to recollection, the question is put generally, What kind of article is 'the'? What other kind of article is there? &c. The second boy is in like manner called upon to mention the next article in the passage, which also happens to be 'the,' and to be connected with the same noun 'object.' The third boy will, in like manner, mention the subsequent article 'the,' and its connexion with the noun 'isle.' And the fourth will give the article 'a,' and mention at the same time its connexion with the noun 'grotto.' In this last case, in addition to the former questions, the child will be asked why the article here is 'a' and not *an*.

"ADJECTIVES follow next in order. After having pointed out the difference betwixt these and substantive nouns, and the manner in which the former are employed to qualify the latter, the children are required *seriatim* to point out the different adjectives in the passage. Thus the first boy will give 'grandest.' He is then asked what every adjective qualifies? what noun 'grandest' here qualifies; and, when the pupil is sufficiently advanced to be able to understand the degrees of comparison, he is further asked of what degree of comparison 'grandest' is? what it would have been if it had been *positive*? and what if it had been *comparative*? In like manner the other adjectives, 'sublime,' 'extraordinary,' 'natural,' 'stupendous,' are successively disposed of.

PRONOUNS are next explained, and the children being called upon to mention the first one in the passage, the boy at the top answers 'we.' He is then asked what a pronoun is used in place of? and what 'we' is put for in this passage? what kind of pronoun it is? of what *number*? why? and what it would have been

if it had been *singular*? The next boy, having in like manner given the pronoun 'it,' is asked what it is used in place of? what kind of a pronoun it is? of what *gender*? why? what it would have been if it had been *feminine*? and what if it had been *masculine*? of what *number* it is? why? and what it would have been if it had been *plural*?

"The VERB and PARTICIPLE follow next. Their nature and object having been explained, the children are called upon to select the first verb in the passage, which is 'have.' When they are sufficiently acquainted with the nature of the verb itself, they are farther instructed about its different variations. Thus in the present instance the child, who has given the word 'have,' is next asked of what *mood* it is? and why? of what *time*? what it would have been if it had been *past time*? of what *number*? why? of what *person*? and why? The second boy, having in like manner given the verb 'is,' is asked of what *mood* it is? why? and what it would have been if it had been *subjunctive*? of what *time*? and what it would have been if it had been *past*, instead of *present*? of what *number*? why? and what it would have been if it had been *plural*? of what *person*? why? what it would have been if it had been of the *second person*? and what if it had been of the *first*? The participles will then be selected; and the boy who mentions 'seen' is asked whether it is the *present* or the *past* participle? what it would have been if it had been the other participle? and what if it had been the *past time* of the verb? The participle 'formed' will then be disposed of in like manner.

"PREPOSITIONS are next explained and selected. The first boy, having made mention of 'in,' is asked what every preposition is placed before? and before what noun 'in' is here placed? The like inquiry is made with regard to the prepositions 'of' and 'by.'

"The pupils, being now made acquainted with verbs and prepositions, are at length in a condition to understand the nature and object of cases, which are therefore explained to them. In addition, accordingly, to the other questions regarding nouns and pronouns, those which relate to their cases are now asked. Thus, of what case is 'object'? why? Of what case is the pronoun 'we'? why? what if it had been *objective*? what if it had been *possessive*? Of what case is the noun 'Fingal's'? Of what *number* is it? what would have been the difference if it had been the *plural possessive*? what if it had been the *plural objective*? what if it had been

the *plural nominative*? Of what case is 'cave'? why?—[And here, if the child be sufficiently advanced, he may be farther called upon to enumerate, in his own way, the various occasions on which a nominative case is used.]—Of what case is 'isle'? why? what other words besides prepositions govern an *objective* case? Of what case is 'it'? why? what if it had been *possessive*? what if it had been *objective*? So also with regard to the other nouns, and pronouns.

"The pupils are next instructed in the nature of ADVERBS, and the distinction betwixt them and adjectives. Having mentioned the word 'most' as the first adverb in the passage, they are next asked what words the adverb is used to qualify? what word the adverb 'most' here qualifies? what degree of comparison 'most' is? what is the positive? what the comparative? whether 'most' is ever any other part of speech? whether they can give any example of this? why the word is an adjective in the example so given? The children will then be required to point out the next adverb in the passage, which is 'yet.' With regard to this word, if they had previously been made acquainted with conjunctions, we should have asked, whether it is ever any other part of speech? and when?

"The next part of speech to which the pupil's attention is particularly called is the CONJUNCTION, of which, in the present case, they will give as an example the word 'and,' and be required to say what it connects.

"INTERJECTIONS form the last subject of consideration; and as these but rarely occur in the course of ordinary reading, it becomes necessary to furnish extraneous examples.

"After the children have learned all the parts of speech, or at least all the principal ones, the practice of classing the same parts of speech is entirely dropped, and each word is parsed according to the common method in its own order. Thus 'the,' the definite article prefixed to 'object'; 'grandest,' an adjective in the superlative degree qualifying 'object'; 'the,' the definite article prefixed to 'object'; 'most,' an adverb in the superlative degree qualifying 'sublime'; 'sublime,' an adjective qualifying 'object'; 'and,' a conjunction connecting 'sublime' and 'extraordinary'; 'object,' a noun, neuter, singular, nominative to 'is'; 'we,' a personal pronoun, plural, nominative to 'have'; 'have,' a verb, indicative mood, present time, plural number, and first person; 'yet,' an adverb qualifying 'seen'; 'is,' a verb, in-

dicative mood, present, singular, third person; 'Fingal's,' a noun, masculine, possessive, singular; 'cave,' a noun, neuter, nominative, because it follows the verb 'is' preceded by a nominative; 'in,' a preposition governing 'isle'; 'the,' the definite article prefixed to 'isle'; 'isle,' a noun, neuter, singular, objective, governed by the preposition 'in'; 'of,' a preposition governing 'Staffa'; 'Staffa,' a noun, neuter, singular, objective, governed by the preposition 'of.' This routine, however, is very often broken in upon, (much oftener, indeed, than otherwise,) as the state of the class, the particular answer given, or any other circumstances, may suggest the propriety of more particular questions."

In no other department is the proficiency of the boys in the Sessional School, more striking than in ARITHMETIC.

Some of the boys multiply the longest line of figures by another figure—quite according to the common method—with perfect accuracy, in less than half a second to a figure. That is to say, they will multiply such a line of figures as

7,685928,165487,938764,

by 7, 8, or any other figure, in less than the sixth part of a minute. From such a line they will *subtract* another of the same length, in the ordinary way, in about seven seconds; and if allowed to perform the operation from left to right, while the question is under dictation—though it should be dictated with a rapidity which would not permit any one to take down merely the original figures—they will present the whole operation, both question and answer, in scarcely one second from the time of announcing the last figure. In *addition*, they will sum up seven lines of eight figures each, in the ordinary way, in less than one-third of a minute; and if allowed to perform the operation while the question is dictating, in about three seconds. All other calculations they perform with proportional celerity. These modes of working during dictation—*when allowed*—are suggestions of their own in their zeal to surpass each other, and not taught by the master.

While the principles, and various processes for carrying these principles into effect, have been explained, the application of these principles, and the selection of the particular opera-

tion, are, in each case, left to the pupils themselves, who frequently devise new combinations, and far shorter and easier methods, than have occurred to the Master. In many schools, a quite opposite practice prevails. In these, upon the same principle by which the pupil is compelled to repeat every rule in the same undeviating words, and to give every translation in precisely the master's own language, he is also required to perform every arithmetical calculation in the particular manner, which has been peremptorily enjoined by the master, or has been prescribed in some particular book. With Mr Wood, on the contrary, the scholar is not only permitted, but encouraged, to take his own way; and, accordingly, out of half a dozen of boys performing the same calculation, it not unfrequently happens, that no two of them have been following the same method.

The *mental arithmetic* of the Sessional School is carried on as nearly as possible after the ordinary principles of slate arithmetic. The detail of the method is as complete as may be—the power acquired is surprising. The experiment was, of course, at first confined to the highest class, and reached no farther than the easier questions, What is the price of so many yards as so many shillings? or at 6s. 8d., 3s. 4d., and 1s. 8d., the integral parts of a pound? but was afterwards gradually extended to more difficult questions, such as the price of 272 yards at 103d. Mr Wood originally had no difficulty in making the calculations himself mentally along with the children, but this he was soon obliged to give up, and to resort to the slate. This, too, he ere long discovered would not answer, as the children performed the calculation so much more rapidly, that much time was unnecessarily lost. He then, in self-defence, thought of resorting to the "Ready Reckoner," which has ever since been employed as the principal Catechism in such matters. Those who have never had an opportunity of witnessing the performances of these children in mental arithmetic, may form some estimate of it, when they are told, that on more than one occasion, when three or four of the best Arithmeticians were employed to answer one question in every page of the Reckoner, and selected from every variety of column in that

page, (that is to say, the first question being 13 yards at a farthing, the second, 54 at a halfpenny, the third, 95 at three farthings, and so on to the last, being perhaps 10,000 at 19s. 6d.) the whole questions being 147 in number, were answered *seriatim* within 20 minutes, including the time taken in announcing the questions. Each boy was, of course, according to custom, allowed to take the method he found easiest for himself.

Mr Wood afterwards put the mental arithmetic in a more systematic train, commencing it simultaneously with the slate arithmetic, which improvement has been found of the greatest advantage, and has clearly evinced, that, though in the acquisition of this, as of every thing else, there is a variety of aptitude in children, all may arrive at it to an extent, which could not naturally be foreseen, and has been found highly beneficial. At the very commencement of Arithmetic, the child is taught to answer how many are 1 and 2, 3 and 3, 6 and 4, 10 and 5, 15 and 6, 21 and 7, &c. In preparing to enter upon subtraction, in like manner, he is asked, Take 1 from 100, how many remain? 2 from 99, 3 from 97, 4 from 94, 5 from 90, &c. So also, before entering upon multiplication, he is taught to answer twice 2, three times 3, 4 times 4, &c. "What is this," it may be asked, "but the old multiplication table?" So it undoubtedly is; and this, he begs leave to add, is the only way, in which this table is now learned in the school, and it has been found a far more effectual, as well as more pleasing mode of learning it, than when it was enjoined as a task. Formerly nothing about the school was more annoying or more difficult to accomplish, than learning this table: now without any such table at all, or any annoyance, (for the present practice is literally a sport,) the object is infinitely better accomplished. Our readers cannot fail to remark, how much this practice is in unison with the rest of the system in its other departments. When the children are entering upon division, they are practised in a similar manner as in multiplication, only having the questions inverted; for example, how many eights are in 100? In the same manner, in entering upon the compound rules, they are made acquainted with the money tables, &c. and practised upon them mentally.

Finally, *geography* is taught very effectually, as far as it goes—in the Sessional School. This part of study, indeed, is not obligatory with pupils; but was bestowed as a boon, during extra hours, when it suited Mr Wood to attend, upon such as volunteered—while among the volunteers none were allowed to enter who were not distinguished for propriety of conduct.

In carrying this plan into execution, Mr Wood put no books into the hands of the children, nor prescribed to them any tasks to be learned at home. He set maps before them, and pointed out to them, and afterwards required them to point out to him, the various places on those maps, describing at the same time any thing remarkable connected with these places. As soon as they were able to do this sufficiently well upon the map, they were next transferred to a mere blank board, and required in the same manner to point out upon it the position of the same places, with their relative situations to each other. He has found this method remarkably successful in imprinting the map on the memories of the scholars. He by no means says, that the use of books ought to be proscribed in the study of geography, but much more use ought undoubtedly to be made of maps. With regard to ourselves, at the time of entering upon the study of geography, we may mention what we presume must also have occurred to many others, that we learned the names almost entirely from the book, as if they had been a mere vocabulary, and could much more easily have pointed out the word in the book, than the place on the map. The use of the blank board too, has, in Mr Wood's opinion, considerable advantages, which do not belong to the employment even of outline maps, though without names. The outline too often directly suggests at once both the existence and position of a country, which, where the board is used, are brought to recollection merely by the map engraved on the memory.

Hitherto we have purposely overlooked two excellent chapters—one on Emulation, Places, and Prizes—and another on Punishments—that we might not be interrupted in our abridgement of the other principles and details of the scheme. Mr Wood, like all other sensible people, who know any thing of human nature, sets a high value on Emulation as a strong

stimulative passion in the youthful mind. Yet have some superstitionists loudly condemned this fundamental principle of all the arrangements of the Sessional School, and of all good schools—as one utterly malignant and diabolical, and that ought not only to be banished from every seminary of education, but entirely extirpated from the human heart. But a noble principle like this laughs to scorn the power of the base superstition that would destroy it. Secure in its generosity against the entrance, or at least the permanent abode, of envy, the heart of the young boy actively and ardently engaged in the pursuit of knowledge, along with his fellows, expands and exults in emulation. With every fresh exertion of power—with every new acquisition of knowledge—with every honourable triumph—Emulation becomes purer and purer, and more akin to a moral virtue.

The very eye of an emulous boy laughs with light—his brow is irradiated by the happiness of his heart—and all his deportment dignified. What though, in such contests, there be occasional fits of disappointment, dissatisfaction, displeasure—nay, even envy and jealousy themselves? These clouds pass soon away from the healthful exercise of the moral and intellectual powers, in a school where all is life, spirit, and animation, and where upright, straight-forward, open, cheerful, fair, and honourable conduct, is at all times found to be the best adapted for securing success and distinction. That boys, when animated by emulation, should be supposed all anxious to outstrip each other by any means in their power, however base and unworthy, shews in the mind of those who harbour such a suspicion, or entertain such a belief, a consciousness of something contemptible and low indeed, and alien altogether to the natural dispositions of youth. It is soon seen in a good school, that nothing can prosper but good conduct; and that strong conviction of the understanding meeting with the warm feelings of the heart, the boy cherishes not only with self-respect, but with high self-satisfaction, cherishes—at once and obeys it,—a principle in his nature, which blamelessly leads him on to rejoicing triumphs, and encourages him by brighter prospects in all his unhumiliating defeats. Emulation is al-

ways allied during its gladsome work, with other principles better, perhaps, even than itself—and so far from being akin to envy—envy is incompatible with it in the same bosom—and never gains an entrance into a boy's heart, till emulation has deserted it, and left it in its feebleness or hopelessness a prey to that other poisoning and gnawing passion. Envy is a passion rather of the old and impotent. Youth has seldom any temptation to be envious; for it is contented, in the main, with its own ever fresh-springing streams of gladness; and as long as no baleful hand seals up their fountains, the heart of the boy sings inwardly at his tasks, dearer to him, and more dearly beloved, though he may not know it—even than his sports, his plays, and his pastimes. Who ever saw a boy of any worth made miserable by tumbling down twenty places at a wrong word? He screws up the nerves and sinews of his soul—and look at him again, and you see him with a glowing visage at the head of his class. Deaden or destroy emulation, and a school will be like a quaker meeting unmoved by the spirit.

The opponents of this principle, as Mr Wood observes, may now be divided into two classes—those who oppose it on moral grounds, and as contrary to the true dignity of man, and those who oppose it as contrary to the genuine spirit of Christianity or evangelism. The true dignity of man! Man is by no means so dignified a being as these moralists would fain make him out to be—and they know that intimately by their own experience. The pure, unmingled love of knowledge is very beautiful no doubt—in imagination—and the love of duty more than beautiful—in reality. But, in our bumble opinion, an urchin in corduroy breeches, who had breakfasted that morning voraciously on brose, while his mother sat by in terror at every gulp, lest he should swallow the horn-spoon, were he to pretend in the Sessional School to be inspired alone by the pure, unmingled love of knowledge, would be a little monster unfit to live. And pray, if emulation must not be permitted to breathe in the school, on what principle can it be suffered to knuckle down at taw, or play at leap-frog, or marbles on the play-ground? Must

boys run no races? What is to be done with the wretch who excels at foot or hand-ball? With the boy who so far lowers the "dignity of man," as, with super-*puerile* agility, to put all his fellows to shame at "touch the honnet?" Why—were emulation extinguished in human nature, nine-tenths of all the boys in the world would lie a-bed till they were pulled out, duly every morning, by the legs, by father or mother, actuated by a strong sense of duty. The playground would be converted into a penitentiary—and a holiday would be duller than a general fast.

But emulation is unchristian and unevangelical? It is nowhere said to be so in the New Testament—in many places said to be the very reverse. But then, according to a Mr Campbell of Carbrook, a reverend Cesar Malan of Geneva "seems to have set this question at rest." No man ever set any question at rest. Mr Campbell of Carbrook indeed may have set the General Assembly asleep—but that is another affair altogether—for the General Assembly awoke again, on Mr Campbell setting himself at rest, and is awake at this hour. Mr Campbell of Carbrook, and the Reverend Cesar Malan of Geneva, are two as silly persons as may be met with on a midsummer's day—even in a district remarkable for the numbers of its old women—and, in ludicrous inconsistency with their own doctrine, have striven with the most strenuous emulation to outdo each other in folly and fanaticism. The one narrates the following scene, said to have occurred in a seminary which—as Mr Wood says—he "presumptuously, I had almost said profanely, hesitates not to call an *EVANGELICAL THEOCRACY!*" and the other conceives, that by such a scene "the question has been set at rest!"

"On occasion of a visit to this seminary by a royal chaplain, Mr Malan says, This pious and excellent man came to me, evidently much affected, and with tears in his eyes, 'Oh! it is most admirable,' he exclaimed with emotion, 'it is truly most astonishing, and all to the glory of God. I could never have imagined it, and I am happy to have seen and heard it myself.'—'What has happened,' said I? 'I first went,' he replied, 'to that dear little child, who is the lowest in the school,' [query, how comes there to be a lowest and a highest?] 'and I said to him, even with an appearance of harshness and seve-

rity, 'So you are lowest, my child?'—'Yes, sir,' he replied, with candour and modesty. 'And are you not ashamed,' added I in the same tone. 'Sir,' said this poor child with wonderful calmness, 'I assure you that it is not my fault: I do all that is at present in my power; but God has not yet given me a good memory.' I could do nothing but silently embrace him, [had this embrace no tendency to excite emulation?] for he had melted my heart. Upon leaving the amiable boy who was lowest, I went to the boy at the top of the class, and said to him, 'Well, my friend, you occupy the highest place. It is a post of honour and glory. I congratulate you on your attainment.' Upon this the modest youth fixed his eyes upon the ground, and said *with an air of embarrassment*, 'Sir, I am not entitled to any praise; all the glory belongs to God: and, if I relaxed my efforts, I should sin against him.'"

Pho! Let us contrast the profane drivelling of this poor weak creature on emulation, with Mr Wood's truly philosophical, and truly *religious* views of the same principle.

"After telling us, that 'these answers were certainly most satisfactory,' the reverend gentleman proceeds to detail another scene, in which all the boys at once threw up the medals, which they had formerly obtained, (and no wonder, seeing they were no longer regarded as marks of honour by him who conferred them,) assigning as their reason, 'it is the glory of God that we are anxious to obtain.' What a contrast, we readily acknowledge, do such scenes as these present to the more simple and natural ones, of which alone Market Street can boast! But, to the following incident our own seminary, with all its *odious* emulation, can contribute innumerable parallels. 'I witnessed in my school, what is rarely to be met with in colleges conducted on worldly principles, namely, during the hours of recreation, a boy who was further advanced, retiring to a corner of the school, or of the play-ground, and patiently and kindly teaching one or two others, who had not made such progress.'"

The chapter on Punishments is equally excellent. Mr Wood sets out with this undeniable proposition, that in every large seminary for the education of young pupils, as well as in every other large community, punishments of some kind or other are essential to its right management. This proposition is indeed so undeniable that he would have forborne to state it, were it not that thoughtless people, when they hear of schools managed without *corporal* punishment, suppose

that all punishment whatever has been abolished in such establishments. That is a gross and a rather important mistake. Now, preventive measures are always to be preferred to remedial or retributive ones; and it is plain that the arrangements of the monitorial system are, by its provision, on this account, well calculated, to a certain extent, to supersede the necessity of punishment—but it operates this effect—not by the abolition of punishment, but by its certainty. Of what use, asks Mr Wood, would a monitor or assistant be, if the little urchin, his pupil, might laugh in his face, and petulantly and with impunity tell him, that he would attend or not, just as he himself pleased? Dr Bell would fain have us to believe, that in his system of monitorial superintendence, the fear of punishment has no place. But unfortunately the doctor lets the cat out of the bag without knowing that pussy has made her escape. "The business of our little teachers," quoth he, "is *not to correct*, but to prevent faults—not to deter from *ill behaviour* by the fear of punishment, but by preventing ill behaviour, to preclude the use of punishment." All this is very pretty—and to a certain extent it is true. But hear the doctor again. "Scarcely," says he, "can an offence be committed without instant detection and *immediate correction*." That is an awkward contradiction, and leaves the mind of the gentle reader in a state of scepticism.

Well, then—is the punishment—for punishment there must be—to be *corporal*? And is *corporal* punishment such a very horrid—such a very shocking thing, as it is pictured by the sensitive educationists of this thin-skinned age? Have schoolmasters generally been the monsters of cruelty and incapacity that they have been described by eloquent declaimers against the rod and taws? Dr Johnson, we all know, once exclaimed, "Rod! I honour thee!" Mr Wood confesses that it is with other feelings than those of *unmingled* gratitude or veneration, that he has been accustomed to regard that implement. This is candid. But he regards it as a justifiable and indispensable implement in every such large establishment as the Sessional School. And so do we. Were it banished from the school—he holds—and so do we—that we should either sacrifice its general order, or else be compelled to have re-

course to some substitute neither less degrading and revolting, nor more unobjectionable. Often, says he, have we seen the bringing out of a child to receive a single stripe on the hand, restore order and attention, which the young teachers and their assistants had been unable previously to procure. Indeed, the abolition of corporal punishment—by way of conciliation and concession, we presume, to the spirit of the age—was tried for a while in the Sessional School; a new master had a whim or crotchet on the subject that led him to despise the wisdom of his ancestors—and among them, that of his own old father, who had been a flogger; the resolution against corporal punishment was "heard with much satisfaction" by the thoughtless boys, the most unprejudiced of all judges—the taws dwindled into a length of mere neat leather—unequivocal symptoms of insubordination soon shewed themselves over the school,—the warning voices of the masters lost all their power. Mr Wood went for a week or two to his sheriffdom at Peebles—on his return the master had a most rueful countenance indeed—he was comforted by being told that he might *shew* the taws—confessed that he had already been reluctantly compelled not only to shew them, but to use them too; Mr Wood smiled, "snavigator in modo," and the master frowned "fortiter in re," and once more the Sessional School became of all the scenes in this noisy world, the most orderly and composed;—Such power may reside and *re-si* single—pawmy.

We are frequently told, says Mr Wood, about establishments from which every species of corporal punishment has been banished, with the most complete success. There is frequently, in such cases, either falsehood or deception. In some instances, where teachers have proudly asserted that they had "ceased to employ corporal punishment," they had acquired the pernicious habit—of striking their pupils with their fists! When they ceased to be floggers—they became pugilists. In another school which made a similar boast, Mr Wood said to some children, "Your master has no *taws*?" To which they all replied, "Ah! but he has a *cane*!" In another school, Mr Wood saw one boy after another brought up—first to be touched with a cane—by way of

form—a formal expression of blame and censure—but from the trembling, and other symptoms of terror in their looks, it was plain to his eye that they had—when he was not by to see—been *caned*—and precious well caned too—for on caning either a boy or a man it is difficult to preserve the golden mean. At all events, the taws being of leather—we believe—and a cane being a species of tree—the former is not so apt as the latter to fracture the skull. A dominie may be thrown off his guard, in a sudden fit of passion, and administer the *taws* to a boy's shoulders, just like Christopher North inflicting the knout on the shoulders of a Cockney—but heaven pity the boy when the dominie has recourse to his *cane*, and heaven pity the Cockney when Christopher North has recourse to his crutch!

The short and the long of it is this, that a simple, humane, and authoritative schoolmaster can contrive to manage a large school of medium idleness and wickedness by the terror of the *taws*—without very frequently performing the manual or platoon exercise; but if there be no taws in that particular school, it is the same thing, to all intents and purposes, as if there were no taws in the universe—and were there no taws in the universe, there need be no laws either—for, in that case, laws would be dead letters—and society would be subverted. Besides, the answer to the question, "Why is a schoolmaster like—or rather unlike a schoolboy?" "because the one whips tops and the other whips bottoms," would lose its meaning—and there would be one joke less in the world, which, in the present dearth of wit, the world could ill spare. For these and other reasons, we are decidedly for the taws.

From what, in the name of all that is pitiful, arises this timidity about the taws? Surely unmerciful scaring of bottoms is one thing—and merciful warming of palms is another. Is the hand—perhaps not very well washed, of a towsey-headed school-boy, so sacred—that to touch it with the taws is to violate the sanctity of human nature in the whole boy? Wherefore this spiritualising of matter? This enshrining of soul in the thumb and the little finger? This deification of the bunch of fives? Why, one of the most obvious uses of a body is to be occasionally chastised.

The hand of the dominie does not more naturally flourish the taws, by means of its beautiful mechanism, than that of the pupil is stretched out and expanded to receive the smack. It is vile Epicureanism thus to whine away about the pain in the palm—far better that Stoicism that declares such pain to be no evil—and the tingle in the fingers to be no more to a wise boy than the flourish itself is to the taws.

To be serious—which it is not easy to be, when one sees or hears of full-grown Englishmen, and Scotsmen, and even Irishmen, sighing and weeping, and even groaning in agony, over the horrors of that system of occasional personal chastisement or correction, which, we venture to assert, must have prevailed all over the world from the Fall, and will prevail till the Millennium;—to be serious we say—which it is not easy to be—when one hears it said that we are a flogged nation, merely because a certain discipline is supported by an appeal to the body, in our academies, our fleets, and our armies—and also to a far greater extent than there, in the privacy, the sacred privacy of domestic life, where we verily believe more bodily correction or chastisement ten times over is practised, without a murmur or with much murmuring, than in all the barrack-yards, on all the decks of all the ships in his Majesty's service, and in all the schools put together, Sessional, Parochial, Central, or on the very edge of the circumference, in Great Britain and Ireland, and our foreign dominions, including even the West India Islands, both windward and leeward;—to be serious, we repeat—which it is not easy to be—when one looks abroad over the whole system of animated being, rational and irrational—from man to mouse, from *homo sapiens* to *ridiculus mus*, and beholds how all that breathe, and move, carry on their very existence by a continued process of discipline, at least as corporal as it is mental; here, the old mother or father ape being seen sitting on the branch of a tree, with one of a plaguy progeny held firm between parental knees, and cuffed in kind correction by two pair of silutory paws, into a more subdued chatter—there, the middle-aged mother or father man, sitting on a chair also made out of the branch of a tree, and polishing up squalling Dickey into a better—

behaved Christian boy, by the well-timed, and well-placed application of one pair of taws;—to be serious—when in the dreadful din of this world's passions, roaring louder than the hurricanes that sweep the seas of ships, and the shores of houses, we see people stopping at the door of some small school-house, or large academy, and with all the earnest intentness of philosophical eavesdroppers, listening, their soul sitting in the ear from which the cotton pea has just been withdrawn, in hopes to discern the smack of a pawmy, or the sob of a begrutten bairn, in the midst of all the busy and blessed murmur of the human *skep*, (see Dr Jamieson); and should they hear—or think they hear—such smack or sob, then off like a shot, to pen, and print, and publish an outcry to the world, a cry of blood, as if all the childish population of the United Kingdoms were at that hour being flogged to death, and as if thousands of fiends, in the forms of so many “sticket ministers”—no doubt a cruel clan—one to each small school, and two at least to each large academy, were yelling to Satan over their prey, each demon continuing, long after all the small schools and large academies in the land had thus been silenced, in pure pastime to switch his tail round his horns, and in playful pride of his prowess, to pretend to be punishing his own dingy posteriors or those of his adjacent brother, with the blood-barkened implement;—to be serious, finally—when Britain, the bulwark of the world, begins whimpering, like a little girl with her finger in her mouth, about pawmies on the skelped hands of urchins, who, when they grow up, will, for her sake, be ready with those self-same hands—then horn-hard—to take in a reef in the top-gallant sail of some glorious ship that foresees the storm;—why, hang it, we must be done—when we think on all these things, and a thousand more, we read Mr Wood's Chapter on Punishments with perfect approbation, and in sympathy with his sentiments feel revived, and strengthened, our sober, but not passionate, attachment to the taws!

To conclude with a single sentence—let there be no exaggeration of trifles—no attempt to turn real taws into imaginary cart-whips; let all dominies be decent men, and most of them Christians; let children continue to

believe what nature teaches them, that occasional corporal chastisement is all for their good, and that to care, much more to cry for a pawmy, is a crime which conscience will continue to smart and blush for, long after all remorse has ceased to disturb the dominie, who, perhaps, most unjustly and somewhat too severely inflicted it. Let this be the creed of the Country—and she will reign for ever queen over all the nations of the earth.

Joseph Lancaster being a quaker, of course could not see corporal punishment in its true light—and set about ruining all the children committed to his care, by a system of punishments which could only have occurred to the mind of one of the most despicable of mankind. Its spirit was—mockery. Never having felt shame himself, it would appear, much as he must have had reason too often to do so—this cruel quaker, it is to be hoped, knew not what the insupportable sorrow of shame may be to an ingenuous boy or girl gifted by nature with a fine moral sensibility—and he made Shame head usher in his school. Such a system must either have been laughed at, and utterly despised—or regarded with heart-crushing and soul-killing horror. Probably both—and thus children were ruined either by indifference or despair. The sleek hound—who, in the character of insolent pauper, has lately, we see, been vituperating the Americans, because the United States will not give him five hundred dollars—used to stand by with his great greasy face—and of all greasy faces we ever saw, and we have seen many, his was incomparably and beyond all possibility of parallel the greasiest far—appearing, perhaps, though that was hardly in nature, greasier than it perhaps absolutely was under the shadow of his broad-brim, which, quaker as he was, bullied like a Bradshaw—and order his monitors to “fasten both a *log* and a *shackle* at the same time,” to the leg or legs of a British schoolboy! Base slave! But to do him justice, he did not inflict this punishment on many boys; for “*most boys are wise enough*,” it seems, “*when under one punishment*, not to transgress immediately, lest it should be doubled.” It was generally found, therefore, that the log or the shackle *did* singly; but in cases where the log did not seem to be felt a sufficiently remedial incumbrance, on with the

shackle—when the shackle was too light, on with the log! When a boy “sang or toned” in reading,—Joseph sent him round the room to cry matches (Scottice, spunks.) This provoked risibility, “and the laugh of the whole school was turned upon the delinquent.” A slovenly hoy, Joseph—who, by the by, was a great big greasy sloven himself, as ever disgusted a four-inside coach—distinguished by a label on his breast, and walked him round the school with a tin or a paper crown upon his head. A hoy with a dirty face was punished by having it washed before all the school by a little girl—of which little girl this, we presume, was intended as the preparatory education for a nursery-maid. The little girl, when she had finished his face—was then ordered to give the little hoy—what? A kiss? No—that would have been right, both in natural feeling and in Christian kindness—but “a gentle box on the ear.” These are specimens of the now-forgotten villainy of this quaker-clown—who, instead of being dinned by Whigs, should have had a kettle tied to his tail by Tories, and been sent jingling along the city streets, to the extreme delight of all the hoyes whilom of the tin or paper crowns, nor less to the milder amusement of all the girls who had been forced by the ignorant tyrant to perform on the faces of others a task which greasy Joseph very seldom performed on his own; and which, we have been credibly informed, he has altogether relinquished, totally abandoned, in the New World.

The volume concludes with a chapter on the supposed dangers of general education. It is a good chapter, but we cannot help thinking that Mr Wood adopts too cautious—too timid a tone; that he seems disposed to allow too much force to the commonplace objections to the Instruction of the People. Of course, he utterly despises such objections; but he condescends to argue upon them at greater length, and with more earnestness, than, on such a thread-bare topic, needed to have been expected from such a man. Who are they who would keep the lower orders in ignorance? We never could discover that; and have always been at a loss to know where the lovers of darkness reside, and from what high or humble places they have lifted up their voices against education.

“They that the rising morn invidious mark,
And hate the light, because their deeds are dark,”

cannot be intended by those eloquent and vehement declaimers in Whig periodicals, who are often heard bawling against certain men, and classes and orders of men, for setting their faces against the improvement of the People. For the poet alludes, in these fine lines, to sinners who fear the detection of their own wickedness. Who then, we again demand of the Whigs and Liberals, are the opponents of the improvement of the people, and where do they hide or exhibit their heads? There may possibly be a few poor creatures among the Tories who, like poultry in the pip, do go about disconsolately chirping and cheeping of danger to the State, lurking in the education of the lower orders. But all the enlightened and manly Tories, constituting about three-fourths of the educated of Great Britain, are indeed the true Friends of the People, and zealously desirous of seeing their condition made strong and steady on the basis of religion. That secured,—then they welcome all schemes of education calculated to increase the power of the People over the hardships, and difficulties, and drawbacks on happiness, naturally annexed to their condition. They are the foremost—the very foremost—in establishing new schools of instruction—in expounding the principles on which they ought to be constructed—in giving the Theory of the Practice. True, that they are not so noisy as some others—so addicted to crowing and wing-clapping, and playing, with Eolian checks, on the penny-trumpet. Neither are they seen quarrelling among themselves for precedency of rank in the work of well-doing, and falling to intellectual fisticuffs in support of their claims to priority in the devising of plans for settling all disputes by an appeal to reason. They do their work more silently; for there is a certain silence natural to all the operations of beneficence. In their personal intercourse with their inferiors—with the lower orders—they are distinguished by kindness and courtesy—by the expression of that sympathy which, however different may be their estate, ought ever to exist between men and men. And when they write of their

fellow Christians of humblest degree, it is in a Christian spirit, free from that proud condescension which, in too many of the false friends of the People, plainly shews that they would be ashamed to own too close an affinity of nature with those on whom they are bestowing the honour of their cheap but liberal patronage. The politics, the poetry, the philosophy, the literature, and the life of such Tories, are all imbued with a love of the People, comprehended in the love of their kind. Their minds are at all times in harmony—in unison with all schemes of which the object is human happiness. But they know well the main

sources of human happiness—in what lofty regions they lie—and whence they are perpetually fed—and that knowledge guards them against the adoption of all schemes of instruction, originating in ignorance, or denial of those great truths which cannot fall into oblivion, without those who forget them falling into misery and guilt. They have made a stand for those truths at a time when they had been insidiously, and were about to be openly, assailed; and the assailants have slunk off, seeing that there was no hope of either sapping or storming the citadel. So let us conclude with a noble strain of Wordsworth:—

O for the coming of that glorious time,
When, prizing knowledge as her noblest wealth
And best protection, this Imperial Realm,
While she exacts allegiance, shall admit
An obligation, on her part, to *teach*
Them who are born to serve her and obey;
Binding herself, by statute, to secure,
For all the children whom her soil maintains,
The rudiments of letters, and inform
The mind with moral and religious truth,
Both understood and practised,—so that none,
However destitute, be left to droop
By timely culture unsustained; or run
Into a wild disorder; or be forced
To drudge through weary life without the aid
Of intellectual implements and tools;
A savage horde among the civilized—
A servile band among the lordly free!
This sacred right, the lisping Babe proclaims
To be inherent in him, by Heaven's will,
For the protection of his innocence;
And the rude Boy—who, having overpast
The sinless age, by conscience is enrolled,
Yet mutinously knits his angry brow,
And lifts his wilful hand on mischief bent,
Or turns the godlike faculty of speech
To impious use—by process indirect
Declares his due, while he makes known his need.
—This sacred right is fruitlessly announced,
This universal plea in vain addressed,
To eyes and ears of Parents who themselves
Did, in the time of their necessity,
Urge it in vain; and, therefore, like a prayer
That from the humblest floor ascends to heaven,
It mounts to reach the State's parental ear;
Who, if indeed she own a Mother's heart,
And be not most unfeelingly devoid
Of gratitude to Providence, will grant
The unquestionable good; which England, safe
From interference of external force,
May grant at leisure; without risk incurred
That what in wisdom for herself she doth,
Others shall e'er be able to undo.

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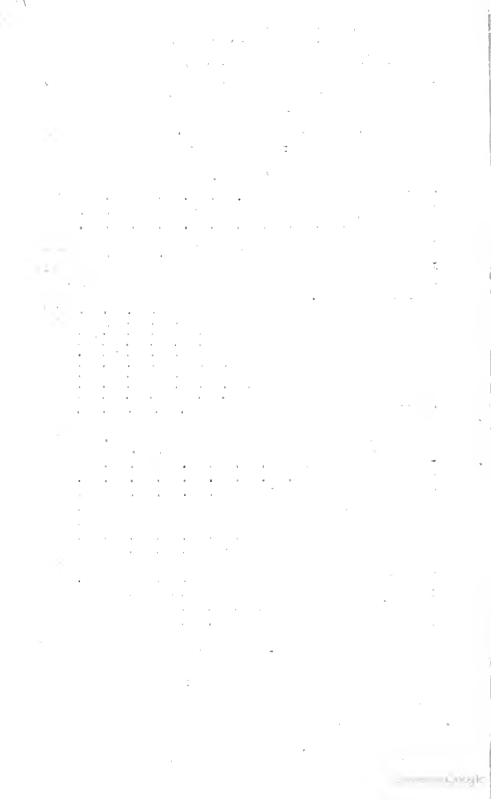
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VOL. XXV.

THE WORKING OF THE CURRENCY.

THE *experiment* which the country is at present undergoing in regard to its currency—the future experiments of the same kind, which, according to the promises of its rulers, it is destined to undergo—the difference of opinion which prevails touching the wisdom of such experiments—the pressure which the community feels in its pecuniary concerns—the destitution of proof which the received principles of currency exhibit—and the vast importance of the general question, render it a matter of the first consequence that the actual working of the currency should be regularly watched. There are doubtlessly people who hold an opposite opinion. The Cockney scribes, who, with inimitable liberality, call all who dissent from them on any subject “dolts,” “hoohies,” and “knaves,” may be reasonably supposed to labour under the conviction that nothing can be known on the currency question beyond what they have oracularly promulgated. And there are other people, of infinitely more respectability and character, who, in all probability, think it both idle and pernicious to attempt to know more on the question than is known already. Our impression, however, will, we imagine, be participated in by all who have at heart the weal of their country—all who wish for correct knowledge—all the friends of sound philosophy, who are anxious to see the currency regulated by principles rendered worthy, by demonstration, of bearing the name of science.

We are therefore led to offer some
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remarks on the working of the currency in the last twelve months.

We confess we are in some degree moved to do this by the circumstance that some of the metal people have revealed an inclination to do, what bears a striking resemblance to backsliding. One of them, in a most ludicrous explosion of wrath, egotism, and abuse, has admitted that prices may be, to a great extent, governed by other things than the currency; and the admission takes the ground from under the feet of himself and his unhappy brethren. A part of them raised their system chiefly on this—a rise of prices is always accompanied by enlarged issues of currency, therefore the enlarged issues cause the rise of prices. Now, if it be conceded that prices can be raised by other things than an increase of currency, the concession must bury these ill-starred wisacres under the ruins of their system for ever. If it be granted that the currency only affects prices occasionally and componently—that without being in any material degree influenced by it, they may be high, and may fluctuate greatly, there is an end of the present currency system and its metal supporters. The currency is the sole or primary governor of prices in the general rule, and is not so only in the exception to such rule; or this system is bottomed on principles wholly false. What was alleged in the outcry concerning the “depreciated currency,” the high prices of the war, and the “excessive issues” of the Country Bankers? To what has the banishment of gold been attribu-

ted, except to the excessive issues of Bank-notes and their consequences? On what was the law respecting the Country Banks in 1826 founded? Why has it been argued that a metallic currency must virtually raise, in a large degree, the amount of taxation? And why have the metal people themselves proclaimed that such a currency would render the Corn Laws inoperative, by keeping corn at low prices? The truth is, the champions of gold, and, to a great extent, the champions of paper, have alike entrenched themselves on the same dogmas, that a metallic currency must be the parent of low prices—that if money be abundant, it must be cheap, and in consequence it must raise commodities to high prices; that if it be scarce, it must be dear, and in consequence it must make the prices of commodities low; and that it must be rendered, by a paper currency, abundant, and by a metallic one, comparatively scarce, therefore the former must produce high prices, and the latter low ones.

This we mention, because it is necessary to hind the enemies of paper to their leading doctrines; if they abandon them, they abandon their system, and practically confess that the currency legislation, with which this unfortunate empire has in late years been cursed, has been wholly useless—has been only capable of producing fits of ruin, by making prices low for a moment, without having the virtue in it to yield its intended benefits.

Notwithstanding the limitation to which small notes had been subjected, money, for a large part of the year, was extremely abundant. The country papers teemed with offers to lend it on mortgage, the Country Banks were oppressed with a surplus of it. The London Banks were oppressed in the same manner, and many millions of it were deposited in the Bank of England, for the sake of security, because they could find no employment. No reduction in the rate of interest could relieve it from its state of idleness. It may be safely assumed, that there was about as much unemployed money in the country then, as there was in the years which preceded the panic, or in any former period; and far more of it than there was in the most prosperous days of paper currency.

Now, what produced this superabundance of money. Certainly not

the Country Banks, by excessive issues. Their small notes were in course of extinction; and the approach of the period for the final extinction of such notes compelled them to contract, rather than to increase, their issues of large ones. Many of them had been deprived of being by failure. Although there was this excess of money in the hands of capitalists, there was generally amidst business throughout the country a scarcity of it. The amount of circulating medium issued was even less than the legitimate needs of the community required, and of course there were not too many Bank-notes in circulation.

Here then is decisive proof that as great a superabundance of money may exist, as the country ever knew; and yet, at the same time, the issues of the Country Banks may be even below what they ought to be.

The metal men, however, have stoutly maintained, that the superabundance proved, beyond dispute, that the issues of the Banks generally, if not of the Country Banks in particular, were excessive, to its amount. During the year they again and again gravely urged this, and called for a contraction of issues. We will, therefore, throw the issues of the Bank of England, and all other Banks, into a whole, and then look at the matter. The amount of the superabundance we will take at ten millions. Now, if the Banks had called in notes to this amount, the idle money could not possibly have gone to replace them except in the shape of sovereigns, for in such a shape only could it have been made use of. If the Bank of England, by the sale of government securities, the transferring of mortgages, &c. could have drawn in ten millions of its notes, and thereby have given employment to the idle money, what would have been the fruits? In the first place, by giving employment to the money of others, it would have deprived the same amount of what constitutes its regular capital, its own money, of employment. In the second place, the Country Banks must either have added ten millions to their issues, or a most ruinous scarcity of money must have fallen on trade and manufactures. The Bank-notes would have been taken from one employment, and the superabundant money would have been sent to one wholly different. The population

was not fully employed at very inadequate wages; there was no speculation; no charges were made of overtrading; and had there been less trade, much misery must have been caused by the want of work; and this is sufficient to prove, that ten millions could not have been wholly abstracted from the circulating medium, without filling the country with bankruptcy and pauperism. In other words, the fruits would have amounted in reality to this. In order to give employment to ten millions of idle money, the same amount of other money would have been deprived of constant and beneficial employment, to the unspeakable injury of the community.

If the Country Banks had contracted their issues, the effects would have been similar. The Bank of England must have put out as many additional notes as they called in, and thus have kept the aggregate issues from diminution; or a destructive scarcity of money must have been created in general trade.

If the Banks generally had given gold in exchange for the notes they called in, there would have been no diminution of issues or currency. This might, however, have had some effect, though not a sufficient one, on the idle money. But they would not have done it. The Bank of England would have replaced its notes with government securities, which could not have been used as currency; therefore it would have deprived money of employment on the one hand, to give employment to different money on the other. If it had given gold, which it had in its possession, in exchange for its notes, without buying other gold, this would have had no effect on the superabundant money; it would merely have employed its idle gold, and rendered its paper idle. The Country Banks, instead of giving gold for their notes, would have called in loans: they would have contracted their issues by the annihilation of money which was beneficially employed, and which could not have been replaced to any material extent by the idle money.

While it is manifest that the superabundance did not flow from an increase of issues in the Country Banks, it is equally manifest that it did not flow from such an increase in the Bank of England. The aggregate issues rather declined than increased, and yet

idle money kept continually accumulating.

These things, then, are evident: 1. The Banks did not create the superabundance by enlarging their issues; they did not, by putting more of their own money into employment, throw the money of other people out of it. 2. In so far as they were concerned, the idle money belonging to other people could not have been provided with employment, except by the rendering of an equal amount of what constitutes their regular capital, idle. 3. If they had contracted their issues, the superabundant money could not have gone into the void caused by the contraction, except in the shape of circulating medium, which shape it could not have taken. And, 4. They could not have contracted their issues without rendering beneficially employed money, equal in amount with the contraction, idle, to the mighty injury of the community.

Now, what caused the superabundance? In London the idle money of the whole country, to a very large extent, is collected. Putting out of sight that which cannot find employment, the bills of all parts of the country are in a great degree payable in London; therefore money has to be sent thither to take them up with. This money is sent through the different Country Banks, and it is generally forwarded before the day on which it has to be paid. If town and country bills to the amount of one million should become due in London daily, and the money to meet them should be provided three days previously to the day of payment, this would cause three millions to be laid idle in London constantly. If the bills should all be payable at one house, it would always have this amount of idle money in its hands; and yet the money, in regard to its owners, would not be seeking, but would be on its way to employment. When this money is looked at, in connexion with that which is seeking investments of different kinds, it can surprise no one if there be always several millions of unemployed money in London.

The great houses in London which employ their capital in money speculations, take it in one year out of the money market to use it in loans to Foreign Governments, trading in bullion, &c.; and in another year they bring

it into this market to employ it in discounting, the buying of Government securities, &c. These houses, with their home and foreign connexions, can create between one year and another a difference of some millions in the amount of idle money in London.

The great mercantile houses throughout the country use their capital to a very considerable degree in speculation; therefore they do not keep it in regular employment. At times they have a large amount of it idle at their Bankers', vested in Exchequer bills, &c.; and at other times they have the whole, and large borrowed sums in addition, vested in merchandise. These houses make frequent and very large variations in the amount of money in London.

When there are articles to speculate in, the manufacturers and tradesmen speculate largely; when there is no speculation, many of them have balances in the hands of their Bankers, which form an immense sum in the aggregate. They make mighty variations in the amount of money in London.

It will be seen from these cases—others could easily be added—that in one year there are several millions of money in London seeking employment; and perhaps in the next they are all employed in foreign countries in the shape of loans, exported manufactures, purchased corn, &c. For a considerable part of the last year, money like this was kept in London, and it naturally caused superabundance.

If the country collectively make a certain amount of net profit yearly, and cannot find employment for it, this profit must be idle money. If the Sinking Fund pay off three millions annually, and no new means of re-investing the sum be created, it must become idle money, although the country may make no net profit.

During the war, Government, by borrowing, created new means of investment to the amount of many millions annually. If we assume that, after allowing for the operation of the Sinking Fund, it borrowed on the average twelve millions yearly, and that the Sinking Fund pays off at present three millions per year,—the country possessed, during the war, annual means of investment to the amount of fifteen millions, of which it is at pre-

sent deprived. Then, with a much smaller population, it not only provided the fifteen millions, but it invested infinitely more new capital in agriculture, manufactures, and trade, than it does now. We believe that, after allowing for difference of population, its annual savings in the war amounted to forty or fifty millions more than they amount to at present. Its capital then rapidly increased, but there is every indication that it is at this period rapidly diminishing. The change is most melancholy and portentous.

If, when Government annually took twelve millions out of the money market, and destroyed the sum as capital, money was in general sufficiently plentiful, it is not surprising that the latter should be now occasionally abundant, when Government, instead of doing this, is annually pouring two or three millions into the market. The wonder is, that the abundance is not greater.

It will be seen, from what we have said, that it is utterly impossible in the nature of things for the supply of money to be exactly proportioned to the demand, particularly in London. There must, of necessity, no matter what the circulating medium may consist of, be frequently a great superabundance: if this were not the case, there would often be scarcities of the most destructive character.

It will be likewise seen that, in the production of these variations, the Banks are as principals guiltless. Their own capital, including their notes, remains about the same, and is confined to the same employment; their issues undergo no material alteration, and yet such variations occur. In the production of the latter, they are merely the instruments of others; they apply the money of others according to directions which they are bound to obey. Their customers take two or three millions out of speculation, or employment in foreign countries, and place the sum in their keeping for a few weeks or months; they bring it into the market in reality as agents; in truth it is thrown upon the market by its owners, by being placed in their hands; this causes superabundance; these customers take it from them to speculate with or send abroad; it is returned, and the superabundance va-

nishes. This money is not theirs, and in the management of it they have no control of moment, if any.

The doctrine, that when a superabundance exists, the Banks ought to contract their issues to the amount of it, is in reality this: They ought only to be suffered to employ their money in their regular trade, when people of other trades do not think good to employ their money in it. When capitalists take their money out of their regular trade, and become for a few weeks or months the competitors of the Banks, the latter ought to give up their trade to them. A banker ought only to be permitted to employ his money in his own trade at intervals, when people of other trades will not employ theirs in it. The doctrine, in common right and justice, is atrocious.

Passing from cause to effects, we will look at the subject in the most favourable light possible for the doctrine. Suppose that the idle money of capitalists accumulates in the market to the amount of six or seven millions, and that to give employment to it the Banks convert it into sovereigns, and call in their notes in exchange for the sovereigns, what must be the effect? A large demand for gold takes place, which, saying nothing of its operation on the price, renders it necessary for the Banks to import; from this necessity the capitalists require their money, in order to trade in gold with it, or if no such necessity arise, they are sure to require it after the lapse of a few months for some purpose or other; the Banks, however, to the keeping of which it was confided, have parted with it, and they cannot for some time to come recall it; they have given it for their notes, and these notes cannot be made use of by the capitalists. There is no idle money in the market, and a demand is suddenly made on it for six or seven millions; a destructive scarcity ensues, and many of the Banks are ruined; the latter set to work to put out their notes and get in the sovereigns again, but before this can be accomplished the mischief takes place. The notes are got out, and the gold is got in again, superabundance again appears, and this is repeated.

To illustrate this further, we will observe that the idle money, no matter who it may belong to, is placed in the Banks, and it is only by them that

it can be given for their notes in the shape of sovereigns. We will suppose that it is all placed in one Country Bank. This Bank holds six millions in balances and deposits belonging to its customers, which it must pay them on demand, or at a very short notice; it parts with the whole in exchange for its notes. Then its customers call on it to return them the money, by taking up their bills in London: its own notes will not do this, and it has nothing else; it is called on for six millions, and it has scarcely a shilling which it can use in payment; if it attempt to borrow, there are no lenders; it can only put out its notes, and collect the gold very gradually, and it must return the money long before this can be wholly effected. It is scarcely possible for it to escape failure.

It will be seen, that the call for the Banks to reduce the idle money by contracting their issues of notes, is in reality a call for them to vest the money of others confided to their keeping in such a manner, as will disable them for repaying it when called on to do so, and of course to place themselves under a certainty of bankruptcy. Were they at any time to do so, they would a few months afterwards be ruined without any run by the ordinary course of business. They would not do it.

A striking proof of the truth of this is now before the eyes of all. The capitalists, &c. who a few months ago had so much idle money, have since been exporting gold, speculating in corn, &c.; they have in consequence called on the Banks for their money; the Banks have taken it out of the market, and there is at present a scarcity. If the Banks, instead of keeping the money loose and in readiness for the call, had paid it away in exchange for their notes, they would nearly all at this moment have been suspending payment.

It is manifest, that, although trading capital, and circulating medium or currency—meaning by the term Bank-notes and coin—are convertible into each other and connected, there is still a wide difference between them in nature and uses. There may be at the same time a superabundance of the former, and a scarcity of the latter; and it may happen that a deficiency of currency may cause a glut of trading capital. It is generally

seen that a contraction of issues in the Banks, is, after the first moment, followed by an accumulation of idle money. The means of small and middling traders and manufacturers, who can only carry on business through the instrumentality of Bank-notes or sovereigns, are taken away—speculation is destroyed—large houses import and export less—the Banks cannot employ their own capital and the balances in their hands amidst their needy connexions—and thus capital is stripped of employment. On the other hand, an increase of issues in the Banks, by stimulating trade and manufactures amidst those who can only carry on trade with Bank-notes or gold, may clear the market of idle money.

What we have said will throw great light on the nature of the scarcity of money in London, which was felt previously to the panic, or that which is felt at present, and on such scarcities in general. It must be remarked, that they relate chiefly to discounts, and that they are in a considerable degree, so far as regards their more direct and severe effects, confined to London. In the latter, during a superabundance, many of the capitalists, mercantile houses, &c. employ a portion of their capital in lending and discounting; in respect of doing this, they practically form so many additional Banks; and they deprive the regular Banks of a large part of their business. They do this for a few months, and then they turn their money to other employment; they shut up shop as Bankers, and instead of being lenders, they become borrowers; instead of discounting bills, they draw an enormous amount of bills to be discounted. The same things which give the other employment to their money, also give employment to the idle balances and deposits of the merchants, &c. throughout the country. These effects inevitably follow. Virtually many irregular London Bankers abandon the business of Banking—an enormous drain on the regular Banks takes place for balances and deposits, which contracts greatly their means of discounting; the London Banks at the same moment have to part with the deposits of their town customers, and the sums confided to their keeping by the Country Banks—additional bills to be

discounted are created to an immense amount—the Banks are compelled to employ the balances and deposits of their rich customers in taking up the bills of the latter, instead of being able to use them in discounting the bills of other customers—the additional country bills travel to London to be discounted—the Bank of England will not enlarge its issues—and there are infinitely more bills on the market than the amount of Bank-notes and sovereigns can discount. Of course, none but the best bills can be converted into cash; the inferior ones, which during the superabundance were regularly, safely, and even eagerly discounted, are now rejected, not from the fear of loss, but from the want of means. It will be remembered, that, previously to the panic, the Bank of England daily refused bills of the first houses, as well as those of others, solely that it might keep its issues of notes within certain limits.

Now what becomes of the idiotic trash which charges such scarcities upon the lending, discounting, or issues of the Banks? The variation is not in these, but in the bills which the Banks do not draw; the amount of bills is increased, not by those who previously needed discounts, but by an additional body of different bill-drawers; the glut of bills is produced, not by the Banks, or by men of bad or doubtful credit, but by rich houses, over which the Banks have no control. Those who have had their bills regularly discounted draw as usual, without expecting to encounter any difficulty; the parents of the new bills know that their paper will take the first place in the market; and it cannot be known by the Banks, or in any other quarter, that too many bills are in being, until the market is overwhelmed with them.

Many bills are rejected, and the holders are in consequence ruined. The country banks are suddenly deprived of the wonted accommodation afforded them by the London ones; they cannot get the bills they take in business, and send to London, cashed; therefore they call in, or suspend, their advances to their customers. Forced sales, to raise money, follow, and prices become ruinous. Then bankruptcy spreads through the community.

It will be observed, that the glut is in reality caused by bills of the highest character,—the inferior bills are in consequence rejected, not from the want of property in their owners, but solely because there is not a sufficiency of bank-notes and sovereigns in being, with which to discount them,—this insufficiency is the primary cause which destroys credit, reduces prices, creates stagnation, and fills the island with ruin and distress. And, from what springs an insufficiency, which has such horrible consequences? Some crazy dogma or other touching the exchanges, or the effects of excessive issues? The Bank of England with the utmost ease, with great profit to itself, and in perfect security, can provide bank-notes in profusion; and it is only prevented from doing so, by fallacious doctrines; if even these doctrines were as true as they are false, its providing of the notes would not produce one-tenth of the evils which flow from its refusal to do so.

Although there is in this case a destructive scarcity of money, it is only of one kind of money: there is, at the same time, a destructive superabundance of another kind of money, from which flows the scarcity. The idle capital, in its idleness, caused a scarcity of bills, and an excess of notes; it now reverses matters, and causes a scarcity of notes, and an excess of bills. When this scarcity of notes takes place, the means and temptations of speculation are generally almost exhausted: the capitalists have got their money vested in goods; prices have gained their height; no inducement exists for farther speculation; and the moment has arrived for re-converting the goods into idle money, in order to realize profit. If even the speculators, &c. hold their goods, the regular dealers in such goods run themselves out of stock; buy in the most sparing manner; and thereby render their capital idle, and draw fewer bills. If the Banks should so far increase their issues of notes, as to discount every good bill; the bills, notwithstanding, would, in a few weeks, fall to their common amount; an immense number of the latter, when once discounted, would not be replaced by others; and both the speculators, on the one hand, and the regular dealers, on the other, would be zealously operating to diminish the aggregate

bulk of bills, and produce idle money. The Banks might put out additional notes, to the amount of twenty or thirty millions, and in a very short period, they would be all forced out of circulation.

If the issue of silver and copper coin should be restricted to a certain amount, while that of sovereigns should be left without limit, the restriction would be precisely the same in its nature with that which binds the issue of Bank-notes to a certain amount, while it leaves the issue of bills without limit. Bills are as much a part of the circulating medium of this country as sovereigns or shillings; and it is preposterous to permit them to be drawn and circulated to an unlimited extent, and then to refuse the small change necessary for giving them use. We of course speak of good bills. If the refusal of notes would prevent excess of bills in any way, it would not be wholly indefensible; but it cannot. The refusal does not operate until the excess is in existence; and then it renders the latter a source of ruin to the community. It undoubtedly checks bill-drawing to a certain extent when it thus comes into operation; but the check, instead of being confined to bills which ought not to be drawn, falls principally on those which are necessary to prevent public calamity.

It is one of the fashionable errors of the day to speak of Bank-notes as though they were issued for the benefit of the Banks only; or, at any rate, as though they were lent by the latter for profit, to none but penniless adventurers. They are almost treated as if they were needed by none but men destitute of property, and as if they were an evil rather than a benefit to the community. Now, putting the interests of the Banks wholly out of sight, by whom are their notes wanted? To the community at large, and to the rich, these notes are things of the first necessity. Speaking generally, they are not lent, but sold; the mass of those who obtain them from the Banks buy them; they give for them some other kind of money, or solid property of some description. A restriction on the issue of them, is therefore to a certain extent a restriction on the community from buying them, no matter what it may have to offer as an equivalent.—In the same

degree in which the restriction has effect, the community must be prohibited from huying notes on any terms.

From what we have said, we draw the following conclusions.

1. The general capital or property of this country, is in its nature wholly distinct from Bank-notes or other circulating medium. The Banks draw a capital from the sale of their notes for it, but such capital belongs to themselves, and the chief part of it they do not lend to the community. The Bank of England has received for the principal portion of its notes solid property, and this property it uses for its own purposes, but does not lend it to individuals. The case is the same to a large extent with the Country Banks: they receive in exchange for great part of their notes solid property, they only lend a portion of this to individuals, and the remainder they vest in gold, government securities, &c. Upon the whole, the Banks borrow more capital of individuals, than they lend to them. The mass of the Bank-notes and other circulating medium possessed by the community has been, not borrowed, but bought with solid property: those in general who need discounts buy their bills with goods or money. Bank-notes are only a medium of exchange, and the capital or property which they represent, must exist before they can have circulation.

2. The term money, when it is used in regard to abundance or scarcity in the money-market, does not mean merely Bank-notes, and other circulating medium; in reality, it means the capital or property with which circulating medium is purchased. There may be, in one year, ten millions of idle money in the market, and, in the next, there may be none; and still the amount of currency may be the same in both years. A body of merchants, &c. may send ten millions of their idle capital abroad in the way of loan, or in the exporting of hullion and goods; after suffering it to remain abroad for some time, they may recall it, and convert it again into idle money; and in the whole process it may not employ a million of circulating medium. A body of traders may have generally capital to the amount of forty millions vested in goods; from the decline of trade, fall of prices, or some other cause, they may reduce their

united stock of goods to thirty millions, and thus render ten millions of their capital idle; the ten millions enter the market, as idle money, in their activity they employed only a small amount of currency, and in their idleness they employ scarcely any. Money, in the more correct sense of the term, means capital, which will buy circulating medium; in its employment, and in its transitions from employment to idleness, or from the latter to the former, it uses more or less of such medium, but it often uses very little, and generally far less than its own amount.

3. An enormous amount of the capital of this country—meaning by the term solid property, which, in its existence, is independent of circulating medium—is purposely confined to speculation. Its owners will not invest it permanently, and they will not employ it in regular trade; they reserve it for speculations, as the most profitable means of employing it. Sometimes it is, for a few months, idle, in the keeping of the Banks, and vested in government securities; at other times it is, for a few months, sent to foreign countries in the shape of money and goods, or vested at home in merchandise. This capital is distinct from the regular capital of the Banks, and it is distinct from the capital employed in regular trade; it is solid property; it is not created by the issues of Bank-notes, and the Banks cannot control it. Its owners employ it as they think proper.

4. As this, which we will call, for the sake of distinction, speculation capital, is sometimes money, and at other times goods; is in one moment in the money market, and in the next out of it; is to-day in this country, and to-morrow in a foreign one; it must inevitably cause immense variations in the supply of money. It must keep the money market continually alternating between superabundance and scarcity. It must do this, no matter whether the currency be gold or paper,—whether there be Bank-notes, or none. Other things, utterly unconnected with Banks, and their notes, may often aid it mightily in producing such variations.

5. This capital, speaking generally, is not, and cannot be, applied to the uses to which the regular capital of the Banks, and particularly that form-

ed by notes, is applied. It and the latter, in the general rule, form two different kinds of capital, employed, for different purposes, by different parts of the community. The capital created by Bank-notes, can only be made use of, in the shape of such notes or sovereigns, by that part of the community which employ it. If a large amount of Bank-notes be called in, without being replaced by sovereigns, an equal amount of this part of the community's capital, saying nothing of the Banks, must be annihilated. The whole of the speculation capital may be idle, and still it cannot be used in lieu of the capital so annihilated. Such a contraction of notes must destroy the actively and beneficially employed capital of one part of the community, without being able to give employment to the idle capital of the other.

6. If the Banks, when the speculation capital is idle and confided to their keeping, convert it into gold, and replace their notes with it; or if they substitute it in any manner for their own regular capital, so as to be unable to disengage it, and replace it with such capital at a very short notice; they must place themselves under a certainty of almost immediate ruin.

7. There is always a certainty, that if this speculation capital come into the money market, it will soon be taken out of it again—that if it become idle, its owners will soon employ it again in speculation; therefore, its coming into the market and its idleness ought never to cause the Banks to reduce their own regular capital: their capital should always be kept up to the full point without any reference to it.

8. When this speculation capital is taken from idleness into employment by its owners, the change must be effected in a great degree by the instrumentality of Bank-notes or sovereigns. From a shape which employed very few of either, it is converted into one which employs a vast amount of them. The speculator, who had vested L.20,000 in government securities, now sells, and the sale creates for the moment much additional employment for notes. A number of speculators, who amidst them had L.3,000,000 of idle money in the hands of their Bankers, and which employed only a trifling amount of notes, now give

cheques and acceptances for the money; and this creates for notes a vast portion of additional employment.

9. As the speculation capital at times employs very few notes and sovereigns, and at other times employs a vast amount, it necessarily causes enormous variations in the demand for them. If the amount of them be limited from change, there must be frequently a destructive scarcity. This capital can always command the portion of them it needs, in spite of all competition. If, when it is idle, 40,000,000 of them are constantly employed by that part of the community to which they form the daily capital; and if, when it gets into employment, it requires 10,000,000 of them, and no additional ones can be created; then it will take 10,000,000 from the capital of this part of the community. Under a limitation of the issues of Banks, this must of necessity be the case. The capital of that part of the community which cannot carry on business without the daily use of such issues, must be increased or contracted, as speculation capital is idle or employed; because one part of the nation employs its idle capital in speculating, the other part must have its beneficially employed capital taken from it; to speculators, regular traders must be sacrificed.

10. This loss of capital to one part of the community through the employment of capital in another, does not take place, because the property, of which circulating medium is the representative, is in any very great degree transferred from the one to the other. To a very large extent, those who lose their means of carrying on business through the employment of the speculation capital, have the same property to offer for notes and sovereigns, when the loss takes place, which they had previously. To a very great extent the property employed in speculation is only taken from a state of idleness into one of activity. The case is, the speculation property and the regular trade property form two distinct masses; and both can only be employed through the medium of Bank-notes and sovereigns. There is an insufficiency of these, therefore both cannot be in full employment at the same time. When the speculation property gains such employment, it deprives the regular trade property

of notes and sovereigns, and thereby renders it incapable of being used.

11. If the Banks keep the regular trade capital fully supplied with notes, and issue additional notes to speculation capital as it procures employment, even until both are wholly employed; these additional notes will only circulate for a very short period. In the nature of things, the speculation capital will soon return into the market again as idle money, and while it is employed, the regular trade capital will constantly labour to do with a smaller amount of notes. The speculation capital, from the peculiar employment to which it is confined, must be frequently idle; it can at all times command as many notes and sovereigns as it needs; therefore it is impossible for the additional notes to keep in constant employment, and as often as it may be idle, they must be thrown out of circulation.

12. The speculation capital is confined to speculation, and it can always command as many notes and sovereigns as it may need; therefore it is impossible for any limitation of the issues of the Banks to prevent it from being employed in speculation, and thereby raising prices.

13. A limitation of the issues of Banks cannot in the nature of things be an effectual limitation on speculation capital; it can only be one on regular trade capital; and it can only limit this, not by constantly restraining it from passing certain bounds, but by frequently enabling speculation capital to strike off a large part of its just and necessary amount. Such a limitation leaves speculation capital without limit, and binds regular trade capital to continual variations. While it thus forms no security against high prices, it compels such prices to produce ruinously low ones; because the prices of some articles become high, it brings down those of other articles to glut ones; it is the certain parent of continual and destructive fluctuation of prices. It produces no benefits on the one hand, while it produces the greatest evils on the other.

14. To preserve the community from the dreadful loss, ruin, and suffering which a great scarcity of money is sure to create—to prevent the destructive fluctuation of prices which is sure to flow from such a scarcity—to restrain the high prices of some articles from

sinking those of others to glut ones—to prohibit speculators from stripping the regular traders of their capital, and forcing them into bankruptcy, depriving the working classes of bread and employment, and rendering themselves almost a pest to the country, it is essential for the Banks to put out additional notes, no matter to what amount, in proportion, as speculation capital gets into employment. Any law to prevent the Banks from doing this, must be, even demonstrably, false in principle and most injurious in operation. Experience has again and again furnished decisive proof of the truth of this, and it has done so in the last few weeks. During this period money has been scarce, and the Bank of England, contrary to its former practice, and in flat contradiction to the currency doctrines, has discounted in the most liberal manner, and put out a large additional amount of notes. If it had not done this; if it had kept its issues from increase, or had, from the state of the exchanges, contracted them in a small degree, what would have been the fruits? At this moment the community would have been in such circumstances as it was in three years ago.

Additional evidence to establish what we have advanced, will be found in our further examination of the working of the currency.

It has been shewn, that for a considerable part of the year, money was about as superabundant as it was ever known to be, and yet the superabundance was not in any degree caused by increase in the issues of the Banks. Now, what effects had the superabundance? Did speculation take place merely because it existed? Did it sink the price of money, and make commodities dear? Did it produce high prices, and banish gold? No. There was almost a total absence of speculation; if it was commenced, it was from the want of success immediately abandoned; commodities in general were at prices so low, that they would not yield any profit: and gold, instead of being banished, was imported. Did this flow from the want of money in the Banks? No, they were deluged with it; in town and country they had it to lend in profusion, on proper securities.

Now, why was there no speculation? Because the various crops of

natural produce had been plentiful in proportion to consumption, and the abundance of money kept merchandise in profuse supply; speculation could not find ground to stand on. And why were prices so low as to be losing ones? Because, from the abundance of money such heavy stocks were kept, and so much production and competition were caused—because, if the prices of various articles of home production had been raised, the abundance of money would have imported a ruinous excess of such articles from foreign countries.

Here, then, is clear proof that a limitation of the issues of Banks is no preservative against gluts of money; and that, speaking generally, such gluts will as often prevent, as cause, speculation; and will as often lower, as raise, prices.

In the days of "excessive issues" and "a depreciated currency," gluts of money like this were unknown. The public funds paid more than five per cent interest, the Country Banks allowed five per cent on their deposits, there was often great difficulty in borrowing money on mortgage at five per cent, and much was borrowed at a higher rate of interest. Surpassingly marvellous it is, that at a time when, according to the metal sages, money was in such excess as to be rendered cheap beyond all precedent, there was a scarcity of it in respect of supply, and it was at a scarcity price in respect of interest. Surpassingly marvellous it is, that when the Country Banks were putting out their "unlimited issues," they actually paid five per cent for all the money they could borrow. Surpassingly marvellous it is, that when money was in such excess, a sufficiency of it could scarcely be obtained for the legitimate needs of the community. And surpassingly marvellous it is, that money has been far more abundant, and has been much more subject to violent fluctuations in regard to supply, since the return to a metallic currency, than it was during the suspension of gold payments.

When the currency was paper, money was scarce; when it has been a metallic one, money has been superabundant; when there was a scarcity of money, prices were high; when there has been a superabundance, they have been low. When we look at all past experience, and then turn to the

doctrines of the metal people touching the "excessive issues" of Banks, and the excess of money, speculation, high prices, and export of gold, caused by these issues, we are amazed that such doctrines can be seriously believed in by any sane person. The truth is, the paper currency did not make money scarce during the war, and the metallic currency has not made it superabundant during peace. The scarcity in the one case, and the superabundance in the other, were of solid capital, not of circulating medium; and they were but little affected by the kind of the latter. During the war, Government constantly borrowed, and destroyed as capital, all the loose money of the country. Money never could accumulate in idleness, because it was always eagerly sought for at a high rate of interest: when the speculation capital was not employed in merchandise, it could find profitable employment in the public funds; and those who had money to lend, had always a choice of mortgages and other securities before them. In consequence, no excess of capital was forced into trade and manufactures: the trading and manufacturing interests, upon the whole, had generally a deficiency rather than an excess of capital; they therefore produced a deficiency rather than an excess of goods; and thus they generally obtained high prices. Agricultural produce was in short supply, none of moment could be imported, therefore it was dear.

During the peace, Government, instead of destroying yearly many millions of capital, has thrown a large portion on the market to seek investment. When it borrowed, the loans were made to it in such a manner, that they prevented the speculation capital from becoming idle when the latter was not employed in trade: but since it ceased to borrow, this capital has been compelled to be idle when it has not been employed in trading speculations. From this has flowed superabundance of money: the superabundance has forced an excess of capital into trade and manufactures, and such excess has produced an excess of goods, and, of course, low prices.

If, from the increase of population, or any other cause, the demand for merchandise and manufactures be considerably increased, and the mer-

chants and manufacturers have no additional capital for supplying the increase, a rise of prices must take place. Merchandise and manufactures will, without the aid of a shilling of additional money, become dear. Without the use of any additional money, the capital of the merchants and manufacturers will be greatly increased, solely by the rise of prices. If the supply of capital be kept short in proportion to the demand for goods, prices will continue high.

If, from an excess of money, the merchants and manufacturers provide more goods than demand calls for, this alone must make prices low. The employment of additional money without any other cause, will sink prices. Let the merchants and manufacturers keep in employment an excess of capital, and they will generally have an excess of goods; the latter must produce low prices. If their prices be high, give them an abundance of additional money, and this will reduce their prices by producing abundance of goods.

This disposes of the doctrine that the price of commodities must be high or low, in proportion as money is abundant or scarce. The reverse of the doctrine is the truth. The price of money, that is the interest of it, will be high or low, as the supply is small or large; but when it is used, not as a commodity to lend, but as a medium of exchange between one commodity of trade and another, a continued general scarcity or excess of money must be attended with a continued general scarcity or excess of goods, and in consequence with general high or low prices.

The forcing of a large amount of trading capital out of employment by reducing the circulating medium or destroying money in any other way, must naturally lower prices for a time, because it produces for a time excess of goods; but afterwards its effect will be to raise prices. Let three or four millions be taken from the capital of the woollen or cotton trade. In the first moment, the trade will find itself grievously overstocked with goods in proportion to its capital; it will have no resource to meet its payments, but to make forced sales; such sales it will of necessity make, and in consequence its prices will become ruinously low. But let the demand for its goods re-

main the same, and restrict it from replacing its lost capital; and its prices will soon become high, because, from the diminution of capital, the supply of its goods will be below the demand. Let every trading and manufacturing interest be constantly prevented, by the want of capital, from bringing to market other than a short supply of goods, and we must then of necessity have high prices.

We, of course, speak generally; prices must often be occasionally or permanently affected by other things than the mere abundance or scarcity of money in this country. What is erroneously called Free-trade, binds certain interests to ruinous prices, no matter what the state of the money-market may be. In countries where there is an excess of land, corn must be cheap, whether money be scarce, or the contrary: The land always remains; it must be cultivated to yield a profit to its owners, and it cultivates itself almost without the aid of money. The cheapness arises from excessive supply of corn, and the latter arises from excessive supply of land: the quantity of money, and the kind of circulating medium, have nothing to do with the matter. In this case, the excessive supply of land operates on the prices of agricultural produce, as an excessive supply of capital operates on prices in trade and manufactures. From bad crops, different articles of merchandise may be occasionally made dear, for a short period, by an abundance of money. But speaking generally, in regard to both time and commodities, abundance of money or capital will produce abundance of goods and low prices, while a scarcity will produce the reverse.

The difference between money, in the proper sense of the term, and mere circulating medium, will be here observed. When the Banks were not limited in their issues, they could not make money abundant, or prevent it from being, to a certain degree, scarce. The restrictions which have since been placed on their issues, have not prevented it from being superabundant. With a metallic currency, they have had a far greater excess of money, and have had infinitely more of it to lend to speculation, than they had with a paper currency. It will be observed, too, how superlatively absurd the doctrines of the metal men are touching

the difference of effects on prices between one kind of circulating medium and another.

On the approach of harvest much speculation took place in wheat, and the price rose considerably. When the law for the annihilation of small notes was enacted, the metal people declared it would keep the quarter of wheat at from 45s. to 50s. or 55s. This egregiously nonsense, in reality, proclaimed that the law, no matter how population might increase, and how the sowing of wheat might vary in extent between one year and another, would always, except after a bad harvest, keep wheat in profuse supply at prices insufficient to cover the costs of its production. Trash like this was actually put forth and received as profound and unimpeachable truth. When wheat began to rise, there was no scarcity of it; but, on the contrary, the supplies poured into the London and country markets were far greater than usual, and largely exceeded the needs of consumption. It was not known that the crop would be a bad one; it was matter of certainty that it might be rendered almost an average one by a change of weather; and there was even much difference of opinion as to whether it was a deficient one at the close of harvest. The issues of the Banks were declining, and the time for a great contraction of them was at hand. Notwithstanding all this, much speculation took place in wheat, and the price rose greatly.

Now what was here the primary cause of speculation? A belief, on the part of the speculators, that the crop would be a greatly deficient one, that a supply to cover the deficiency could not be procured from abroad except at a high price, and that wheat would be scarce and dear until the next harvest. This, and not the abundance of money, was the great cause. The abundance of money, which provided the means of speculation, did not flow from the issues of the Banks; the money made use of belonged, in the main, to the speculators or their friends: it was laid idle at the Banks in the shape of balances and deposits; and, when they called for it, the Banks had no alternative but obedience to the call. A portion of it was vested in government securities, and those who bought the securities of them did not borrow the money for the purchase of

the Banks. While the contraction of currency, actual and approaching, could not prevent speculation, it was equally unable to prevent a great rise of price. The price of wheat was raised fifty per cent, when the supply at market far exceeded consumption, solely from the expectation of scarcity. It has been said that it would have risen much higher if the currency had been in different circumstances; but we doubt it. The crop was much better than it had often been before in years of scarcity; in some parts of the kingdom it was about an average one; there was much old wheat, British and foreign, in the country; it was certain that a large supply could be procured from abroad, and that a higher price would greatly increase such supply. Our conviction is, that, under these circumstances, the speculators would not have given a higher price if the currency had been what it was during the war.

Here then is decisive proof that, when there is ground for speculation, a limitation of the issues of Banks cannot prevent it, or restrain prices from becoming very high ones. If the currency had been wholly gold, there would have been a sufficiency of speculation capital to have caused an equal rise of price. On the one hand, there would not have been so much money to speculate with, but, on the other, there would not have been so much to procure supplies with from abroad.

The doctrines of the metal people make it necessary for us to ask here, if the speculation capital was all vested in the wheat which was in this country? Did this capital all go into a limited quantity of wheat, and thereby raise the price? By no means. While a part of the superabundant money went to the quantity of wheat in the market at home, an enormous portion of it was sent to all parts of the globe where wheat could be obtained to enlarge this quantity by importations. This money operated greatly against a rise, as well as for one: if it caused the speculative purchases at home to be large, it likewise caused the weekly supplies from abroad to be large in, or probably beyond, proportion. If not a single speculation had been entered into, the supply of wheat for the year would have been much smaller, and scarcity alone would before har-

vest have made it far dearer than it has been, or will be made by the speculations. In regard to the whole year, wheat has been rendered, by the abundance of money, not dearer, but cheaper; it would have been much dearer if not a shilling of additional money had been vested in it, than it has been or will be.

But then the metal people say the high price here was caused by scarcity. Well, the scarcity, so far, has been little more than an expected one; and there never were higher prices when the currency was wholly paper, except when there was a scarcity actual or expected. Abundant supply then produced low prices; when the peace took place, corn became ruinously low in spite of a paper currency.

In the last few months much gold was exported—now what caused the export? Did it arise from the issues of the Banks? Did these issues raise the price of our manufactures and foreign goods—diminish exports—enlarge imports—and turn the exchanges against us? No—in all quarters they are held guiltless. It is confessed that this export of gold was caused, partly by the war between Russia and Turkey, and partly by the large purchases of wheat in foreign countries. Gold was wanted by Russia, and by foreign farmers; it therefore rose in price abroad, until it was profitable to send it thither from this country. The case would have been the same if the currency had been a metallic one. The issues of the Banks had nothing to do with the purchases of wheat abroad, or the war between Russia and Turkey. Manufactures were at prices low almost beyond example, and still no enlarged export of them prevented the export of gold.

A limitation of the issues of Banks is, of course, no effectual preventive to the export of gold.

When the rise on wheat took place, an attempt was made to cause a rise in most of the leading articles of merchandise, but it failed. A trifling advance created by speculation could only be maintained for a moment; the essential matter, scarcity or short supply, was wanting, therefore the abundance of money was powerless. While wheat continued to rise, other kinds of grain remained stationary, or became cheaper; and the prices of colonial produce, manufactures and la-

bour, were reduced. The excess of money could only render a single article of moment dear, and it did this through the aid of scarcity. Combined with dear bread, it could not even prevent other articles from becoming cheaper.

This shews that a superabundance of money cannot, unaided, produce general high prices; it shews, too, that the price of wheat does not govern the prices of other commodities and labour.

Although money was in such excess for great part of the year, it was extremely scarce towards the close. A large part of the idle money was sent abroad by capitalists in the shape of gold; another large part was vested at home in wheat; a third large part was vested in wheat in foreign countries; and a fourth large part was sent out of the country in the form of manufactures, and the money which ought to have come from abroad in lieu of it, did not make its appearance. All this had a leading share in producing the scarcity, although it was doubtless much assisted by other things. The season of the year, the badness of trade, the inadequacy of wages, the inability to get in debts, and the calling in of advances by the Country Banks. These contributed materially; but, however, they were, in some degree, the offspring of the withdrawal of the idle money from the market. Speculation in wheat was carried on to a great extent in every large place throughout the kingdom; it, in consequence, called on every Country Bank, as well as on the London ones, for a large amount of idle money; and the Country Banks had all to take this money to a considerable extent, in one way or another, from the London market. Such speculation is prolific of bills. A merchant has in the warehouse L.5000 worth of corn, which he sells to another, and receives his bill in payment; the other, in a few days, sells it to a third, and receives his bill in payment; in this manner it passes from owner to owner, without leaving the warehouse until it gives birth to bills of the amount of fifteen or twenty thousand pounds. These bills, before they are due, are all in circulation together, and perhaps they all go to London at nearly the same time to be discounted. Independently, therefore, of the idle money which the speculation took out of

the market as the real property of its owners, it caused a very large additional demand for money by the bills it created in this manner.

Wheat was not lowered, or prevented from rising, by the scarcity of money. Foreign wheat has, with little intermission, continued to rise almost to the moment at which we write, and its weekly rise has sometimes been the greatest when the weekly scarcity of money has been the greatest. There has always been abundance of money to speculate with in corn, although there has been such a scarcity for the carrying on of regular business. This tends to establish what we have said, that speculation capital can always at its pleasure take the circulating medium from all competitors. The limitation of the issues of the Banks has had no effect in checking speculation, and the rise of price in wheat; its effect has been to enable such speculation to deprive regular traders of their means of carrying on business.

The different speculators created employment for a vast additional amount of currency; a proportional amount of additional currency was not created, therefore they took from regular trade much of the currency it needed, and subjected it to a great scarcity of money. The inevitable fruits to such trade were stagnation, a reduction of prices, and every thing which could increase the scarcity.

Here then is proof that a limitation of the issues of Banks cannot prevent speculation, and high prices in articles which are in short supply,—that such articles will be as much subject to them with the limitation, as without it,—and that it will convert speculation and high prices in these articles into a scourge to general trade, and the community at large.

During the scarcity, the Bank of England discounted most liberally, in utter disregard of the exchanges; and for this it deserves the highest praise. But then, in doing so, it recklessly trampled on the principles of the fashionable currency system; for, according to them, it ought to have contracted its issues instead of enlarging them. It actually acted on the principle of “unlimited issues.” The course it took shews that it felt it could not resort to the contraction, or refuse the enlargement, without plunging the country into bank-

ruptcy and suffering; and this testifies to the falsehood of the principles it trampled on.

Did this increase of Bank-notes raise general prices? No, it even did not prevent them from falling. Strange to say, an increase of circulating medium was attended with a decline of general prices! This proves how worthless the doctrine is, that an increase of Bank-notes must necessarily produce in such prices a corresponding advance.

We have said sufficient for establishing the utter falsehood of the leading principles on which the present currency system is founded; actual experiment in the last twelve months has made such falsehood matter of demonstration. These principles, in respect of the Bank of England, have been abandoned. According to them, it ought always to regulate its issues by the state of the exchanges, and to contract the former, whenever the latter become unfavourable. It has with the sanction of government done the reverse, and even regulated its issues by the call for discounts. When this is the case, we ask, why are the principles to be adhered to, in regard to the Country Banks? It must be observed that the law for the suppression of small notes had, avowedly, for one of its objects, a limitation of their issues, to prevent excess of currency.

The suppression of the small notes of the Bank of England was not of a nature to contract, or even limit in any material degree, the issues of currency. The Bank, through its arrangements with government, did not suffer from the measure in means; it was not compelled to call in or shorten its advances. To the London, Manchester, and Liverpool Banks it made no difference whether they had small notes or gold; an abundance of small notes was replaced with an equal abundance of sovereigns, and the amount of currency sustained no diminution, from the change worthy of notice. The Bank enjoyed ample means for enlarging its issues at pleasure, and the measure, in reality, neither contracted the issues of currency, nor placed on them any limit of consequence.

The suppression of the small notes of Country Banks will have a totally different operation. In the first moment it will be a large contraction,

and afterwards it will be a severe limitation.

The Country Banks have not the means which the Bank of England had for substituting sovereigns for their small notes, without calling in or shortening their advances. The suppression of these notes must be the annihilation of about an equal portion of their trading capital. Their conversion of the balances and deposits confided to their keeping into sovereigns, is out of the question: they must buy the sovereigns to replace their notes with; not with borrowed money, but with their own. They will not sell their Government securities, because these form their fund for the payment of deposits, &c., and they will not sell their estates. They will call in their advances; practically they will call in a vast amount of notes without issuing any thing in lieu of them.

A Country Bank in a manufacturing district, receives to a large extent, bills in exchange for its notes, a portion of which it lends to its customers. If it constantly have small notes out to the amount of £10,000, and through this have bills lent to the amount of £5,000, then these notes in reality add £15,000 to the capital of its customers. In consequence, £15,000 of the capital of its customers must be destroyed by the destruction of £10,000 of its own capital. The suppression of the small notes must take far more than the amount from the trading capital of the community.

When the speculation capital is idle for a few months, some portion of it is sure to be sent in some way or other to regular trade; when it is confided to the keeping of the Banks they can scarcely avoid so lending a part of it. It is therefore a matter of the first public necessity, that the Banks should be able at a moment's notice to provide money sufficient to protect regular trade from sustaining any serious loss of capital through the transition of speculation capital into employment in speculation.

The Bank of England can always, if it be only permitted to do so, provide money to any amount, that its interests may call for. The London Banks not only require their trading connexions to have in the aggregate heavy deposits always in their keeping, but they hold the deposits of the nobility,

gentry, professional men, &c. The latter deposits are never wanted by their owners for trade or speculation; they lie in the Banks to pay the yearly expenses of those to whom they belong, or to accumulate for investment. When, therefore, the speculation capital is dragged at a moment's notice from the Banks, the London ones have large funds towards supplying the wants of regular trade, and if the Bank of England will only discount liberally for them, they can fully supply these wants.

The Country Banks are in far different circumstances. They have no regular deposits from their trading customers. They pay interest for the sums deposited with them for a term, therefore they must keep these sums constantly employed at interest. They have comparatively no people of large independent fortune, professional men, &c. to keep heavy sums with them in running account; and the money which they can afford to keep idle for emergencies, necessarily consists in a large degree of that which they receive in exchange for their notes. They receive interest for their notes, and likewise receive in one way or another to a certain extent money for them in exchange, therefore they can afford to let such money lie idle. When the London Banks have a heavy drain on them for money belonging to one class of customers, on account of speculation or badness of trade, they have heavy sums to meet it with belonging to another class which has nothing to do with speculation or trade; but the customers of the Country Banks are nearly all traders, therefore when they have such a drain, they are called on for almost all balances, and they cannot meet the demands of one class with the money belonging to another.

It is from this a matter of especial moment to give to the Country Banks every facility for increasing the issues of their notes in cases of emergency to the extent required by the needs of the community. The suppression of the small notes will operate powerfully, not only to prevent them from doing so, but to diminish their issues in such cases. In times when money is scarce and credit is bad, country people prefer gold to notes in their pecuniary transactions; in other times, they prefer notes to gold. When the currency consists wholly of Bank-notes, they

take them at all times, no matter what their preference may be; but if it be partly changed into gold, they will draw out large notes when money is plentiful, and throw them in again for gold when it is scarce. In such cases as we have mentioned, the Banks, instead of being able to increase their issues of large notes, will have the latter returned to them for gold; their idle money will have to be employed in taking up their notes, instead of supporting trade. Whenever gold may be exported to any extent, rise in price, and become somewhat scarce, the country people will hoard it in all directions; and this hoarding will throw in an immense mass of notes to be exchanged for gold. The suppression of the small notes is exactly calculated to make all scarcities of money infinitely more severe, and to render them as injurious as possible, to both the Banks and the community.

One of the pernicious consequences of the suppression will be this,—it will annihilate a vast portion of the capital of industrious traders of small property; they will be its principal victims. They carry on business chiefly with notes; and they are the great instruments for circulating them. The Banks now can keep them fully supplied with notes on loan at all times when necessary; and they have a deep interest in doing it, for the sake of circulation. The money used by these traders must always consist, to a considerable extent, of small notes or sovereigns; and, from the suppression, the Banks will not be able to supply them, except occasionally, with either. If they cannot be constantly supplied, they cannot carry on business. The London Banks pay no interest for their deposits; they sustain no positive loss when these are idle; therefore they have generally a sufficiency of money to lend to all reasonably safe borrowers. Their own notes are to the Country Banks what the deposits are to the London ones. These notes form money to the Country Banks, which costs them scarcely any thing, and for which they pay no interest when it is idle: they can therefore always have a sufficiency of it to lend to proper borrowers. But, under the suppression, they must buy their sovereigns at the full value, therefore they must have no more than they can buy, and they must have no more

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than they can keep constantly employed, excepting those necessary to be kept always by them to meet runs. They will no longer have the means; and, putting means out of sight, it will no longer be their interest, to lend constantly to the small traders; and, without constant loans, these traders cannot carry on business. They may lend occasionally to the latter when money is abundant; but in all scarcities, accommodation must be refused, advances must be called in, and the sovereigns must go to take up notes, or aid wealthy borrowers, to the ruin of these small traders. Very many of the latter employ the money they thus borrow in the purchase of labour, and their loss will be the heavy loss of the labouring classes.

This applies to the general and constant effects of the suppression. What its temporary effects will be while it is taking place, is a matter which admits of much difference of opinion. From what we have said at present, as well as on former occasions, our readers will perceive that we do not share in the gloomy anticipations which are entertained in some quarters. It will doubtless while in course of accomplishment give birth to much embarrassment, ruin, and suffering; and it may for a short period reduce prices. But after it is completed, it will in our judgment cause general prices to be higher, rather than lower. As the supply of gold varies very greatly almost annually, it will cause a great and pernicious scarcity of money almost annually; and in consequence it will be the parent of frequent and violent variations in prices.

What we have said against the limitation of the issues of Banks, makes it necessary for us to say that we do not go beyond this. Government ought always to have knowledge of the perfect solidity of the Bank of England. The Country Banks ought not to issue notes of less value than a pound, and their notes ought to be convertible on demand into gold when it is in sufficient supply, and at other times into Bank of England notes—and the Banks ought at all times, but especially in fits of scarcity of money, to have the ability to supply a sufficiency of circulating medium to all who can offer the proper equivalents. This is only arguing that the community ought at all times, but especially

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those of its greatest need, to be permitted to procure for the proper equivalents a sufficiency of money.

We will conclude with the following propositions:—

1. The same quantity of goods must be raised in price to employ an additional amount of money.

2. If a quantity of goods be increased in proportion to the amount of money employed in it, there can be no rise of price; if this quantity be doubled, there will be no rise of price, and yet it will employ double the amount of money.

3. It is impossible to limit the quantity of goods to a certain point. If the price of a particular quantity is raised by the employment of additional money, other money will be constantly employed to enlarge the quantity until the price is brought down. Thus, because additional money has been employed in the quantity of wheat at market in this country, and has thereby raised the price, other money has been employed to increase the quantity by importations from all foreign parts. The primary cause of the advance in wheat was, a great diminution of quantity in proportion to money, and not an increase of money in proportion to quantity. If no additional money had been employed in the quantity, the farmers, in the course of the year, would have raised the price greatly from the falling off in quantity without any increase of money.

4. It is impossible for an abundance of money to be wholly employed in a fixed quantity of goods. If a portion of it be employed in such quantity, and thereby raise the price, another portion of it must be employed in enlarging the quantity, and bringing down the price. If there be no real scarcity of the goods in regard to consumption, it will only produce a momentary addition of price to be followed by a subtraction. If there be such a scarcity, the price will rise greatly from the falling off in the quantity, although not a shilling of additional money may be employed in it. The fair probability therefore is, that speculations flowing from abundance of money, do more, upon the whole, to lower prices by enlarging quantity, than to raise them by employing in it additional money.

5. There must be a scarcity of goods in proportion to consumption, or price

cannot be raised above what is required to pay for production, except for a moment. The goods of a country consist, in general, of things in which no other than a momentary scarcity can take place, unless there be a continued scarcity of money; therefore it is impossible for an abundance of money to raise the prices of the general goods of a country at the same time above what is necessary for yielding a proper profit on production, except for a short period at distant intervals.

6. An occasional short scarcity of money differs wholly in its effects on prices, from a regular and permanent scarcity. In the former, the merchants and manufacturers cannot procure money to meet their payments; they in consequence make forced sales, and this renders prices ruinously low; but in the latter, while they can provide a sufficiency of money to meet their payments, they can procure none for enlarging their business and production of goods; therefore demand presses on them, and they obtain high prices.

7. If there be a general scarcity of goods in proportion to consumption, and there be no idle money, the absence of an abundance of money will operate powerfully in favour of high prices. Prices will rise greatly, not because money is abundant, but because it is not,—because the short supply of money will produce a short supply of goods.

8. An abundance of money cannot raise price without at the same time raising quantity. In most articles it can produce excess in regard to consumption almost at once; if it produce such excess, it must, except for a moment, lower prices: its general operation must therefore of necessity be to keep prices at the lowest point. An abundance of money must on the whole make goods cheaper and not dearer.

All this of course relates to money as capital, which is the matter at issue, and not to money as revenue.

We have said sufficient to sweep away the foundations of the existing currency system, and make it a subject almost beneath the scorn and derision of schoolboys. Whether the empire is still to be plundered and tortured by such a system—and whether after this any man can be found hardy enough to defend in Parliament the “exploded principles” to which it owes its being—are mysteries not to be solved by ourselves.

DOCTOR COLE.

AN HISTORICAL TALE FOUNDED ON FACTS.

1.

IN Mary's days, when Canterbury Pole *
 Summoned the dead, and as they could not hear,
 Burned them to make their heresy more clear,
 There lived, about the court, one Doctor Cole:
 A man not formed to play a first-rate part;
 Yet marvellously skilled to make his way,
 Mole-like, by grovelling on, with plodding art,
 In darkness till he stumbled into day.
 On such a man (more than two centuries past)
 The Queen's eyes, speaking favour, did look down,
 May such a pair of eyes with such a cast
 Ne'er gleam portentous 'neath the British crown!
 "Here, Doctor Cole," she said, "is our commission;
 Take it to Ireland—to that land of ire.
 We hear 'tis in a terrible condition:
 And we will have it purified by fire,
 Till schism and heresy of every sort expire."

2.

Well pleased, the Doctor bowed himself from court,
 And posted off to Chester to embark.
 But packets then were more like Noah's ark
 In all their movements, than like those which sport,
 Bubbling and hoiling, now, with plunging keel
 Across the Channel, without oar or sail;
 Some towing other ships with flapping wheel,
 Like dogs that run with kettles at their tail:
 They then consulted weather, wind, and tide.
 So Doctor Cole invited Chester's Mayor,
 To tell him who he was, mayhap, in pride;
 Or, eke, that he might taste his Cheshire fare.
 He then produced from underneath his gown,
 With consequential air, a leathern box:
 "Behold!" he cried, "this mandate from the crown
 Shall lash the Duhlin folks with desperate knocks,
 And Ireland cleanse from all that is not orthodox."

3.

This doubtless made the "worthy magistrate"
 With wonder huge his civic optics ope,
 And guess the Doctor might turn out the Pope,
 Travelling, from policy, without his state.
 And so he felt his zeal within him rise,
 And shook his head most woefully, and said,
 That he had heard of many heresies,
 And that he did catholically dread
 The very name of what they called reform;
 That Chester city was a loyal place,

* "Cardinal Pole visited both the Universities. Whilst he was at Cambridge, Bucer and Fagius, two German divines, dead some years before, were ridiculously cited before the commissioners to give an account of their faith, and, upon their non-appearance, both were condemned to be burnt. This sentence was followed by a warrant from the court to execute it, and the two bodies in their coffins were tied to stakes, and consumed to ashes."—RAPIN.

Cardinal Pole was appointed to the Archbishopric of Canterbury on the condemnation of Archbishop Cranmer, but delayed taking formal possession thereof, until the day after the martyrdom of his predecessor.

And for the Romish cause extremely warm ;—
 The corporation ran a Godly race—
 And divers other matters, such as Mayors,
 When once they get a great man by the ear,
 Will bore him with, though he nor knowa nor cares
 More of what corporations dread or fear,
 Than Cole, who only held his own preferment dear.

4.

But Mayors and Doctors in Divinity
 Love not dry lips ; and so they told their dame,
 Good Mrs Edmonds, who had gain'd a name
 For wassel, which bore strong affinity
 To what we now call punch—most excellent
 For men who've travelled far, like Doctor Cole,
 Who drank thereof, much to his heart's content,
 Until they saw the bottom of the bowl.
 Now, what it held, it were unfair to say ;
 But it was time to roost, at least 'twas dark,—
 So Doctor Cole lay down till break of day,
 And then arose, for Dublin to embark.
 Meanwhile, good Mrs Edmonds, soon as Nox
 Had drawn his curtain and the Doctor dozed,
 Pandora-like, untied the leathern box,
 And felt alarm'd and wonderfully posed.—
 But what at length she did, in time shall be disclosed.

5.

The pitchy, pitching ship threw Doctor Cole
 Into strange attitudes, which ill besem'd
 His courtly dignity ; and so he deem'd
 It wisest to creep into a dark hole
 Which sailors humorously call a bed,
 And there to sleep or tumble as he might,
 With the much-valued box beneath his head,
 Dreaming of Mary or the Stagyrte ;
 Of robe and mitre, stall and scarlet hat ;
 Anon of strait-backed, stiff-necked heresy,
 Acts of the faithful, faggots, and "all that."
 But still Saint George's waves tumultuously
 Kept heaving round and thundering in their pride ;—
 It seem'd as though he'd got some merman's "berth,"
 Who knock'd without, in hopes to get inside ;
 And oft his ear caught sounds of boisterous mirth,
 While he lay still, and sigh'd for better *sees* on earth.

6.

At length they reach'd the other side o'th' water,
 And Doctor Cole beheld the hill of Howth,
 And eke the bay of Dublin ope its mouth—
 So, in he went, the infidels to slaughter.
 High beat his throbbing pulse to get to work ;
 He vow'd in each good deed to bear a part,
 And felt like Richard, when he met the Turk,
 Save in the matter of the lion heart.
 But Dublin quay quaked not beneath his tread,
 The streets all seem'd unconscious where he walk'd
 In measured step along, with upborne head,
 As, at his heels a raw-boned porter stalk'd,
 Bearing a trunk fill'd with canonicals,—
 While he himself hugg'd close the fatal box :

And yet, 'tis said in all the chronicles,
None felt alarm ; the men were mute as blocks,
And squares and houses all stood round like solid rocks.

7.

" Soon shall they know why I the ocean braved,"
The Doctor cried,—and went into his inn,
And ordered breakfast, business to begin :
Then, sate him in an arm-chair to be shaved.
The shaver spake not. Doctor Cole was glum ;
But glanced around him with a furious scowl.
" Sit aisy !" cried the barber, " or, by gum !
I will not shave, but cut you, cheek by jowl !"
The Doctor, as " in cathedra " he sate,
Knew well the time to succumb or oppose ;
And deemed it folly to exasperate
A surly wight, who held him by the nose.
His toilet o'er, he heard the Dublin clocks
Toll out the hour of nine : then, slow and grave,
He rode forth to the Castle with his box,
Delighted much to miss the noisy wave,
But more that he was sent so fine a land to save.

8.

Some fears he had the Deputy might falter ;
For Viceroy's are not Kings, and oft have cause
To dread responsibility and laws :
Yet a kind, courteous man was Earl Fitzwalter ;
So, he received the Doctor with urbanity,
And (when he spake about the Queen's commission)
Somewhat he talked about humanity,
But more of Ireland's heretic condition ;
And that, in due respect, he thought it fitting
That letters from her Grace the British Queen
Should not be opened till the court were sitting,
That they, by every member, might be seen.
A messenger was then sent forth to summon
Ireland's prime rulers all, " within the hour,
Because important business was to come on."
They came, like lover to his lady's bower,
Or more, perhaps, like men who love to shew their power.

9.

On the green cloth were paper, pens, and ink,
And, eke, a man behind each separate sheet
Sat all prepared the Queen's envoy to greet ;
Yet what her will might be not one could think :
When in the Doctor walked, with courtly dignity,
And lost no time in coming to the point ;
But waved his hand, and smiled with great benignity,
As he affirmed " the times were out of joint ;"
And then he sighed, and said that he lamented
That heresy had struck so deep a root ;
Then frowned, and vowed such things must be prevented,
And he had power. The council all sat mute.
Forthwith the Doctor raised the leathern box,
Majestic as the lion paws his cubs,
And loosed the tape that served instead of locks,
When, lo ! severest of the Doctor's rubs !
A pack of dirty cards, in chief the knave of clubs !

10.

This royal packet posed the secretary ;
Not Earl Fitzwalter's self could make it out ;

The Doctor gazed, in huge dismay, about ;
 And some around the board waxed wondrous merry.
 "Is this a bull?" cried one—and then the joke,
 To Dublin ever dear, held on its way :
 One cut the pack, one gave "a lucky poke,"
 And on the cards most ruthlessly did play.
 "I vow the Queen hath sent us here a knave !
 The dirtiest knave, methinks, about her court,"
 Cried one, of schism suspected, looking grave,
 As wags will look, and swore 'twas "pretty sport :"
 Then begged the Queen's serene ambassador
 Would not allow the thing his mind to ruffle,
 But join their play and get a matadore ;
 Or, if he should decline—why, then, they'd shuffle.
 So—out the Doctor stole, and strove his wrath to muffle.

11.

"Once more upon the waters ! and once more
 The billows bound beneath him like a steed
 That" throws "his rider." Things went ill indeed.
 The Doctor thought the sea a monstrous bore :
 For, though the "heaving ocean," in a sonnet,
 Looks mighty smooth, and makes a gentle rhyme
 With "soft emotion," yet, when one's upon it,
 Albeit the scene is wondrous and sublime,
 There are such ups and downs, such jerks and jolting,
 Squalls, creaking booms, ropes, planks, shrouds, sails, and yards,
 With divers other matters more revolting,
 We needs must loathe it more than Cole did cards.
 The Doctor's passage was both long and rough,
 Provoking to a man in haste and hilarious ;
 And, as though these disasters wer'n't enough,
 His tale "got wind," which drove him half delirious,—
 For tars, who love a joke, are seldom too punctilious.

12.

At length he landed, though in sad condition,
 And, caring nought if winds now blew contrary,
 Posted, on terra firma, to Queen Mary,
 To beg her to renew his lost commission.
 Safely he got to town. The lord in waiting
 Heard his sad tale—looked grave—and then said—"oh—no ;
 You cannot see the Queen—I know—'tis grating—
 For—really—entre nous—her Grace is—so—so."
 But Doctor Cole, whate'er might be his failings,
 Had perseverance, which is often better
 Than giving way to impotent bewailings ;
 And so contrived to get another letter
 Signed by the sickly Queen, which, in the box
 He sealed with his own seal, and vowed to keep
 By night and day, as shepherds tend their flocks,
 That no vile heretic therein might peep,
 And rob him of his strength, like Sampson when asleep.

13.

Big with the fate of Ireland, off he sped,
 Nor once for Mayors or wassel bowls delayed,
 Until again the ocean he surveyed,
 And felt himself secure at Holyhead.
 Then came the gusty breeze from off the main,
 A furious, western, equinoctial gale,
 With firm resolve the Doctor to detain,
 And end right merrily our pleasant tale.

For while his Reverence by the wind was bound,
 Watching the world of waters dark and green,
 There rang through England's vales a joyous sound,
 Hailing ELIZABETH the Island's Queen.
 Mary had past away. And, with a start,
 The British Lion shook himself and woke ;
 Stern indignation filled his free-born heart :
 From off his sinewy neck the chain he broke,
 And trampled under foot the slavish Roman yoke.

14.

His deep-toned roar was heard throughout the nation !
 And some turned pale, as Doctors Pole and Cole,
 While Mistress Edmonds' friends sat round the bowl
 And drank, " Success to Britain's Reformation !"
 Then, the poor Doctor's high-prized leathern box
 Had fallen in its value most immensely,
 More than 'Change Alley e'er could lower the stocks,—
 And so he mused thereon, sad and intensely.
 Thus often ends the courtier's proud ambition :
 Our dreams and hopes are most notorious cheaters.
 Of far more value now than his commission
 Was that of Captain of the Queen's beef-eaters ;
 For they went to and fro, like carrier pigeons,
 That keep the dove-cot, though it change its master ;
 Nor pondered much on difference in religions :
 Fashion they deemed the genuine court plaster
 To shield their dubious souls from heretic disaster.

15.

But truth, in those good days, was most prevailing,
 Especially among the men of learning,
 Who found no difficulty in discerning
 That good sound arguments for Rome were* failing.
 For, while the Reformation was advancing,
 Though it may seem but an irreverent trope,
 Men carried their religion as, when dancing,
 The tumbler holds his balance on a rope ;
 Lifting up either end to keep him steady,
 As he to either side inclining feels,
 And ever with quick eye and hand still ready
 To shift his pole to save his neck and heels.
 So men's religion seemed to have two ends,
 Though well we know it ought to have but one ;
 This went aloft to greet reforming friends,
 That rose when Mary's papal reign began,
 And see-sawed up and down till Rome's proud race was run.†

16.

The Doctor, at this juncture, held a place,
 And was most intimate with Bishop Bonner :
 Wherefore, he said, that really, on his honour,
 He must consider his a doubtful case ;

* "Of nine thousand four hundred beneficed clergymen in the kingdom, only one hundred and seventy-one chose to quit their preferments rather than their religion."—RAPIN.

† "The same thing happened in this (Elizabeth's) Parliament, as in those under Henry, Edward, and Mary, that is, the Court caused to be enacted almost whatever they pleased. This is not very strange with regard to the House of Commons, where the members may be changed every new Parliament. But the readiness wherewith the House of Lords consented, one while to acts favouring the Reformation, another while to those establishing the Romish religion, is much more surprising."—RAPIN.

And looked as though 'twere desperate, as he hied
 Alone, with melancholy steps and slow,
 From Holyhead and that dark water's side,
 Since now to Dublin wherefore should he go ?
 Though in no haste, he saw not Chester's Mayor,
 For supper heeded not, nor wassel either :
 In truth, the Doctor seem'd the worse for wear,
 " Nor man delighted him nor woman neither ;"
 For he suspected his embassy's ruin,
 The introduction of that clubbed knave,
 Must be the curious Mistress Edmonds' doing ;
 Yet felt that he must all inquiries waive,
 And, to the uttermost, the change of fortune brave.

17.

Right well knew he, that, as in days of pride
 There is no place to shew off in like London ;
 So, when it comes to pass that men are undone,
 No spot on earth will more securely hide
 Their poverty than that huge wilderness
 Of buildings, which stretch forth like the antennæ
 Of monstrous polypi ; though somewhat less
 The town was then : the streets not half so many
 As since have caused such horror and vexation
 To men who, vainly, scribble and invent
 Long theories about the population,
 Since folks will marry, though they may repent.
 Therefore the Doctor straight to London rode,
 Determined there awhile his tent to fix ;
 And find himself a private, snug abode
 " Deep in the bosom of those sheltering " bricks,
 Where he might sit and muse on shifting politics.

18.

Meanwhile, in Dublin, still they shuffled on
 Till the wind changed ; and then the merry people
 First toll'd—then rang the bells of every steeple ;
 While Earl Fitzwalter was to England gone.
 And there he saw the landlady at Chester,
 Who own'd to him she stole the dread commission,
 To save her Dublin friends,—and so he blest her ;
 And mused upon her widow'd, lorn condition
 As he rode up to town ; and, when at court,
 He told her story, which caused pleasant mirth,—
 For dames of quality are fond of sport,
 And love a tale that giveth laughter birth.
 What thence befell the Doctor should be said,
 If history's page were more precise and clear :
 But Great ELIZA order'd " to be paid
 To Mistress Edmonds, forty pounds per year."
 More than the poet's meed for this long tale, I fear.

PEREGRINE WILTON.

THE BOXES.

SIR,

IN the course of my study in the English language, which I made now for three years, I always read your periodically, and now think myself capable to write at your *Magazin*. I love always the modesty, or you shall have a letter of me very long time past. But, never mind. I would well tell you, that I am come to this country to instruct me in the manners, the customs, the habits, the policies, and the other affairs general of Great Britain.* And truly I think me good fortunate, being received in many families, so as I can to speak your language now with so much facility as the French.

But, never mind. That what I would you say, is not only for the Englishes, but for the strangers, who come at your country from all the other kingdoms, polite and instructed; because, they tell me, that they are abonnements* for you in all the kingdoms in Europe, so well as in the Orientals and Occidentals.

No, sir, upon my honour, I am not egotist. I not proud myself with chateaux en Espagne. I am but a particular gentleman, come here for that what I said; but, since I learn to comprehend the language, I discover that I am become an object of pleasantries, and for himself to mock, to one of your comedians even before I put my foot upon the ground at Douvres. He was Mr Mathew, who tell of some contretems of me and your word detestable *Box*. Well, never mind. I know at present how it happen, because I see him since in some parties and dinners; and he confess he love much to go travel and mix himself altogether up with the stage-coach and vapouring† boat for fun, what he bring at his theatre.

Well, never mind. He see me, perhaps, to ask a question in the paquebot—but he not confess after, that he goed and bribe the garcon at the hotel and the coach man to mystify me with all the boxes; but, very well, I shall tell you how it arrived, so as you shall see that it was impossible that a stranger could miss to be perplexed, and to advertise the travellers what will come

after, that they shall converse with the gentlemen and not with the badinstructs.

But, it must that I begin. I am a gentleman, and my goods are in the public rentes,‡ and a chateau with a handsome propriety on the bank of the Loire, which I lend to a merchant English, who pay me very well in London for my expenses. Very well. I like the peace, nevertheless that I was force, at other time, to go to war with Napoleon. But it is passed. So I come to Paris in my proper post-chaise, where I solded him, and hire one, for almost nothing at all, for bring me to Calais all alone, because I will not bring my valet to speak French here where all the world is ignorant.

The morning following, I get upon the vapouring boat to walk so far as Douvres. It was fine day—and, after I am recover myself of a malady of the sea, I walk myself about the shep, and I see a great mechanic of wood, with iron wheel, and thing to push up inside, and handle to turn. It seemed to be ingenuous, and proper to hoist great burdens. They use it for showing the timber, what come down of the vessel, into the place; and they tell me it was call "Jaques in the box:" and I was very much please with the invention so novel.

Very well. I go again promenade upon the board of the vessel, and I look at the compass, and little boy sailor come and sit him down, and begin to chatter like the little monkey. Then the man what turns a wheel about and about laugh, and say, "very well, Jacques," but I not understand one word the little fellow say. So I make inquire, and they tell me he was "box the compass." I was surprise, but I tell myself, "well, never mind;" and so we arrive at Douvres. I find myself enough well in the hotel, but as there has been no table d'hote, I ask for some dinner, and it was long time I wait: and so I walk myself to the customary house, and give the key to my portmanteau to the Douaniers, or excisemen, as you call, for them to see as I had not no snuggles in my equipage. Very well—I return at my hotel, and meet one of the waiters, who

* Abonnements—subscription.

† Bateau au vapeur—a steam boat.

‡ Rentes—public funds.

tell me, (after I stand little moment to the door to see the world what pass by upon a coach at the instant,) "Sir," he say, "your dinner is ready." "Very well," I make response, "where was it?" "This way, sir," he answer, "I have put it in a *box* in the café room." "Well—never mind," I say to myself, "when a man himself finds in a stranger country, he must be neversurprised. 'Nil admirari.' Keep the eyes opened, and stare at nothing at all."

I found my dinner only *there there, because I was so soon come from France; but, I learn, another sort of the box was a partition and table particular in a saloon, and I keep there when I eated some good sole fritted, and some not cooked mutton cutlet; and a gentleman what was put in another *box*, perhaps Mr Mathew, because nobody not can know him twice, like a cameleon he is, call for the "pepper *box*." Very well. I take a cup of coffee, and then all my hards and portmanteau come with a wheelbarrow; and, because it was my intention to voyage up at London with the coach, and I find my many little things was not convenient, I ask the waiter where I may buy a night sack, or get them tie up all together in a burden. He was well attentive at my cares, and responded, that he shall find me a *box* to put them all into. Well, I say nothing to all but "Yes," for fear to discover my ignorance; so he bring the little *box* for the clothes and things into the great *box* what I was put into; and he did my affairs in it very well. Then I ask him for some spectacle in the town, and he send boot-boy with me so far as the Theatre, and I go in to pay. It was shabby poor little place, but the man what set to have the money, when I say "how much," asked me if I would not go into the *boxes*. "Very well," I say, "never mind—oh yes—to be sure;" and I find very soon the *box* was the loge, same thing. I had not understanding sufficient in your tongue then to comprehend all what I hear—only one poor maiger doctor, what had been to give his physic too long time at a cavalier old man, was condemned to swallow up a whole *box* of his pro-

per pills. "Very well," I say, "that must be egregious. It is cannot be possible;" but they bring little a *box* not more grand nor my thumb. It seem to be to me very ridiculous; so I returned to my hotel at despair how I could possibility learn a language what meant so many differents in one word.

I found the same waiter, who, so soon as I come in, tell me, "Sir, did you not say that you would go by the coach to-morrow morning?" I replied "Yes—and I have bespeaked a seat out of the side, because I shall wish to amuse myself with the country, and you have no cabriolets† in your coaches." "Sir," he say, very polite, "if you shall allow me, I would recommend you the *box*, and then the coachman shall tell every thing."—"Very well," I reply, "yes—to be sure—I shall have a *box* then—yes;" and then I demanded a fire into my chamber, because I think myself enrhumed upon the sea, and the maid of the chamber come to send me in bed: but I say, "No so quick, if you please; I will write to some friend how I find myself in England. Very well—here is the fire, but perhaps it shall go out before I have finish." She was pretty laughing young woman, and say, "Oh no, sir, if you pull the bell, the porter, who sit up all night, will come, unless you like to attend to it yourself, and then you will find the coal-*box* in the closet." Well—I say nothing but "yes—oh yes." But, when she is gone, I look direct into the closet, and see a *box* not no more like none of the other *boxes* what I see all day than nothing.

Well—I write at my friends, and then I tumble about when I wake, and dream in the sleep what should possible be the description of the *box* what I must be put in to-morrow for my voyage.

In the morning, it was very fine time, I see the coach at the door, and I walk all round before they bring the horses; but I see nothing what they can call *boxes*, only the same kind as what my little business was put into. So I ask for the post of letters at a little boota boy, who showed me by the Quay, and tell me, pointing by his

* Là là, signifie passable, indifferent.

† The cabriolet is the front part of the old French diligence, with a hood and apron, holding three persons, including the guard, or "conducteur."

finger at a window—"There see, there was the letter-box," and I perceive a crevice. "Very well—all box again to-day," I say, and give my letter to the master of postes, and go away again at the coach, where I very soon find out what was coach-box, and mount myself upon it. Then come the coachman, habilitated like the gentleman, and the first word he say was—"Keep-horses! Bring my box-coat!" and he push up a grand capote with many scrapes.

"But—never mind," I say; "I shall see all the boxes in time." So he kick his leg upon the board, and cry "cheat!" and we are out into the country in less than one minute, and roll at so grand pace, what I have had fear we will be reversed. But after little times, I take courage, and we begin to entertain together: but I hear one of the wheels cry squeak, so I tell him, "Sir—one of the wheel would be greased;" then he make reply, nonchalantly, "Oh—it is nothing but one of the boxes what is too tight." But it is very long time after as I learn that wheel a box was pipe of iron what go turn round upon the axle.

Well—we fly away at the pace of charge. I see great castles, many; then come a pretty house of country well ornamented, and I make inquire what it should be. "Oh!" responded he, "I not remember the gentleman's name, but it is what we call a snug country box."

Then I feel myself ahymed at despair, and begin to suspect that he amused himself. But, still I tell myself, "Well—never mind; we shall see." And then after sometimes, there come another house, all alone in a forest, not ornated at all. "What, how you call that?" I demand of him—"Oh!" he responded again, "That is a shooting box of Lord Kill-fots."—"Oh!" I cry at last out, "that is little too strong;" but he hoisted his shoulders and say nothing. Well, we come at a house of country, ancient, with the trees cut like some peacocks, and I demand, "What you call these trees?"—"Box, sir," he tell me. "Devil is in the box," I say at myself. "But—never mind; we shall see." So I myself refreshed with a pinch of snuff and offer him, and he take very polite, and remark upon an instant, "That is a very handsome box of yours, sir."

"Morbieu!" I exclaimed with inadvertency, but I stop myself. Then he pull out his snuff-box, and I take a pinch, because I like at home to be sociable when I am out at voyages, and not show some pride with inferior. It was of wood beautiful with turnings, and colour of yellowish. So I was pleased to admire very much, and inquire the name of the wood, and again he say, "Box, Sir!" Well—I hold myself with patience, but it was difficultly; and we keep with great gallop, till we come at a great crowd of the people. Then I say, "What for all so large concourse?"—"Oh!" he response again, "there is one grand boxing match—a battle here to-day."—"Peste!" I tell myself, "a battle of boxes! Well, never mind! I hope it can be a combat at the outrance, and they all shall destroy one another, for I am fatigued."

Well—we arrive at an hotel, very superb, all as it ought, and I demand a morsel to refresh myself. I go into a salon, but, before I finish, great noise come into the passage, and I pull the bell's rope to demand why so great tapage? The waiter tell me, and he laugh at same time, but very civil no less, "Oh, sir, it is only two of the women what quarrel, and one has given another a box on the ear."

Well—I go back on the coach-box, but I look, as I pass, at all the women ear, for the box; but not none I see. "Well," I tell myself once more, "never mind, we shall see;" and we drive on very passable and agreeable times till we approached ourselves near London; but then come one another coach of the opposition to pass by, and the coachman say, "No, my boy, it shan't do!" and then he whip his horses, and made some traverse upon the road, and tell to me, all the times, a long explication what the other coachman have done otherwhiles, and finish not till we stop, and the coach of opposition come behind him in one narrow place. Well—then he twist himself round, and, with full voice, cry himself out at the another man, who was so angry as himself, "I'll tell you what, my hearty! If you comes some more of your gammon at me, I shan't atand, and you shall yourself find in the wrong box." It was not for many weeks after as I find out the wrong box meaning.

Well—we get at London, at the

coaches office, and I unlightend from my seat, and go at the bureau for pay my passage, and gentleman very polite demanded if I had some friend at London. I converse with him very little time in voyaging, because he was in the interior; but I perceive he is real gentleman. So, I say, "No, sir, I am stranger." Then he very honestly recommend me at an hotel, very proper, and tell me, "Sir, because I have some affairs in the Banque, I must sleep in the City this night; but to-morrow I shall come at the hotel, where you shall find some good attentions if you make the use of my name." "Very well," I tell myself, "this is best." So we exchange the cards, and I have hackney coach to come at my hotel, where they say, "No room, sir,—very sorry,—no room." But I demand to stop the moment, and produce the card what I could not read before, in the movements of the coach with the darkness. The master of the hotel take it from my hand, and become very polite at the instant, and whisper to the ear of some waiters, and these come at me, and say, "Oh yes, sir. I know Mr Box very well. Worthy gentleman, Mr Box.—Very proud to incommode any friend of Mr Box—pray inlight yourself, and walk in my house." So I go in, and find myself very proper, and soon come so as if I was in my own particular chamber; and Mr Box come next day, and I find very soon that he was the *right* Box, and not the *wrong* box.—Ha, ha!—You shall excuse my badinage,—eh? But never mind—I am going at Leicestershire to see the foxes hunting, and perhaps will get upon a coach-box in the spring, and go at Edinburgh; but I have fear I cannot

come at your "Noctes," because I have not learn yet to eat so great supper. I always read what they speak there twice over, except what Mons. Le "Shepherd" say, what I read three time; but never could comprehend exactly what he say, though I discern some time the grand idea, what walk in darkness almost "visible," as your divine Milton say. I am particular fond of the poetry. I read three books of the "Paradise Lost" to Mr Box, but he not hear me no more—he pronounce me perfect.

After one such compliment, it would be almost the same as ask you for another, if I shall make apology in case I have not find the correct ideotism of your language in this letter; so I shall not make none at all,—only throw myself at your mercy, like a great critic. But never mind,—we shall see. If you take this letter as it ought, I shall not promise if I would not write you one other some time.

I conclude in presenting at you my compliments very respectful. I am sorry for your gout and crutchedness, and hope you shall miss them in the spring.

I have the honour of subscribe myself,

SIR,

Your very humble and
Much obedient servant,
LOUIS LE CHEMINANT.

P. S.—Ha, ha!—It is very droll!—I tell my valet, we go at Leicestershire for the hunting fox.—Very well.—So soon as I finish this letter, he come and demand what I shall leave behind in orders for some presents, to give what people will come at my lodgments for Christmas Boxes.

CHAPTERS ON CHURCHYARDS.

CHAP. XVII.

THE GRAVE OF THE BROKEN HEART.

WITHIN a quarter of a mile of one of the most secluded sea-side hamlets on our western coast, stands its parish-church, a picturesque old building on a most romantic site—the brow of a richly wooded cliff—the burial-ground forming a sort of table-land of rich sheltered verdure, surrounded by noble elms, through the boles of which one may look down on the rolling ocean, so majestically contrasting with its ever restless billows, the unbroken silence and undisturbed tranquillity, which reign alone within that village of the dead. I visited that church and churchyard about sunset on a rich autumnal evening, when the very soul of repose and harmony, pervading earth, air, and sky, seemed to breathe over the holy ground a more holy consecration. There was not a cloud in heaven—not even one purple cloud in the whole flaming occident, when the great glorious orb was slowly sinking into the waveless sea, whose mighty voice was hushed into a lulling and delicious murmur, as the long liquid ridges advanced and receded with caressing gentleness on the broad silver sands. As I entered the lofty burying-ground, its western screen of noble elms stood magnificently dark, in undefined massiness, between me and the glowing sunset; but the golden glory stole in long lines of light through the arches of that living colonnade, burnishing the edges of many a tomb-stone, its quaint tracery of

cross-bones, skull and hour-glass, and brightening many a nameless turfen heap, as if typical of the robes of light reserved in heaven, even for the lowly righteous, who have passed away from earth unhonoured and unknown.

The church itself stood in deep shadow, except that here and there a glittering beam darting through some chink in the dark foliage, kindled the diamond panes of a long narrow window, or gilded the edge of an abutment, or the inner groining of the fine old porch; and on one particular spot, (a thickly ivied gable,) one golden ray streamed like an index, immediately attracting my attention to the object on which it centred, a small oval monumental tablet, wholly unornamented, but well proportioned, of the purest white marble, and to my taste strikingly elegant, from that extreme simplicity, and the singularly beautiful effect of contrast, afforded by its rich frame-work of dark green ivy. Of the latter, not a vagrant tendril had been suffered to encroach over the edge of the small tablet, which had been affixed to the wall through a space just cleared to receive it in the verdant arras; and I found, on a nearer scrutiny, that little more than a twelvemonth had elapsed since the insertion of that monumental record. The inscription was still sharp and clear, as if fresh from the chisel, and its purport was framed thus remarkably:—

TO THE MEMORY OF
MILLCENT ABOYNE,
DAUGHTER AND ONLY CHILD OF THE BRAVE
COLONEL ABOYNE,
THIS TABLET IS INSCRIBED BY HER FAITHFUL SERVANT.
SHE DIED AUGUST 10TH, 1—, —,
IN THE 29TH YEAR OF HER AGE,
OF A BROKEN HEART.

I cannot tell how long I had been gazing on that strangely touching record, when the sound of an approaching footstep caused me to look round, and I saw advancing towards me an old grey-headed man, bearing in one hand a bunch of ponderous keys, his

insignia of office, for he was no other than the parish-clerk, who, from his cottage window which opened into the churchyard, having observed the entrance of a stranger within its sacred precincts, and the apparent interest and curiosity with which I had

been surveying the exterior of the church, came courteously forward, (doubtless not without some latent view to "a consideration,") proffering admittance to the interior of the venerable edifice, and his services as Cicerone; and a far more agreeable one be proved, than many a pompous guardian of more magnificent temples; and far more pleasingly and profitably I spent that evening hour, within the comparatively humble walls of the village church, listening to the simple annals of that aged chronicler, than I have passed various portions of time among the proud tombs of the mighty dead, rich in all the splendour of architectural ornament, and imperishable memories, over which all the yearnings of the heart to meditate in solemn silence are effectually marred, by the intrusive chatter of the magpie hireling who follows from tomb to tomb—from chapel to chapel, with voluble impertinence. My rustic Cicerone was very differently qualified; and, as he told me, in brief and simple phrase, the history of the few monuments—of some from personal recollection of the individuals to whose memories they were inscribed, each story acquired additional interest from the venerable aspect of the aged historian, on whose bald uncovered head, thinly encircled by a few white silky locks, the sun-beams darting through some panes of amber tinted glass in the great west window, shed a halo of golden glory. The deep shadows of evening had almost blended into profound obscurity, ere I left the church, and bade farewell to my venerable guide; but from him I did not separate, ere I had in some degree satisfied my curiosity respecting that small tablet on the ivy wall, on which I was gazing so intently when he courteously accosted me. The old man shook his head in reply to my first query, and accompanying remark on the singularity of the inscription.

"Ah, sir!" said he, "that was a sad business—I am afraid some folks have much to answer for. But God only knows all hearts." And then he told me just so much of the story of that poor lady, whose fate was so affectingly recorded, as served to enhance my pleasure at hearing that I might obtain the full gratification of my curiosity, by introducing myself to the faithful old servant, who had caused

the erection of that singular memorial, who still lingered in the vicinity of a spot to her so sacred, and was never so happy as when encouraged by some attentive and sympathising hearer, to talk of "days lang syne;"—of the departed glory of her master's house; and above all, of that beloved being, whose motherless infancy she had fostered with all the doating fondness of an Irish nurse, and whose fortunes she had followed through good and through evil, even unto the death, with that devoted attachment, so characteristic of her class and country.

That very evening, the sweet hour of gloaming, witnessed the beginning of my acquaintance with Nora Carthy, and two hours later, when the up-risen moon showered down its full radiance on the jasmine-covered walls of her low white cottage, I was sitting with my new friend on the bench beside her own door, still listening with unflagging interest to her "thick-coming" recollections, and even to the fondly unconscious repetitions poured out from the fulness of long pent-up feelings.

Many were the after visits I paid to Nora's cottage, and more than once I stood beside the faithful creature on the churchyard sod, under that small marble tablet in the ivy wall; and I shall not easily forget the speechless intensity with which she gazed upon its affecting record, nor the after burst of bitter feeling, when pointing to the green grave beneath, she passionately exclaimed.—"And there she lies low—the flower of the world!—laid there by a broken heart!"

I would not venture to relate the somewhat uneventful, but not uninteresting story of Millicent Aboyne, exactly as I heard it from the faithful Nora, whose characteristic enthusiasm, and strong prejudices, combined with her devoted affection for the deceased lady, made it almost impossible that she should afford a fair statement of the painful circumstances, which, in her firm opinion, had consigned the unfortunate Miss Aboyne to an untimely grave. But I had opportunities of comparing poor Nora's relation with information derived from less questionable sources, and so gathered together, with impartial selection, the details which I shall now attempt to arrange, in memory of my visit to Sea Vale Churchyard:

The father of Millicent Aboyne was a descendant of one of the most ancient Milesian families, whose genealogy, had I listened to Nora, I might have given in uninterrupted succession from Brian Borou. But if the royal blood had flowed uncontaminated from generation to generation into the veins of late posterity, a very inconsiderable portion of the royal treasure had been transmitted along with it, and Colonel Aboyne, the last lineal descendant, had still to carve out his fortune with his sword, when the French Revolution dissolved the Irish brigade in the service of France, as an officer of which corps, and a most accomplished gentleman, he had already been flatteringly distinguished at the Court of the Tuileries. To Ireland, where the young soldier still possessed a few acres of bog, and the shell of an old tower—the wreck of bygone prosperity—he betook himself on the first overthrow of his Gallic fortunes, with the intention of resuming his military career, as soon as circumstances should permit, in the English service. But a chain of causes, which I shall not take upon me to detail, combined to procrastinate the execution of this purpose, and, at length, so fatally influenced the enthusiastic and high-spirited character of the young soldier, that, without having calculated the consequences of his unguarded zeal in what he considered the cause of the oppressed—far less having contemplated actual rebellion—he found himself deeply involved in the schemes of desperate men, and, finally, sharing with them the penalties of imprisonment, and probably approaching condemnation. The horrors of his fate were bitterly aggravated by anxiety for a beloved wife, to whom he had been lately united—whose very existence seemed bound up with his own—for he had married her a destitute and friendless English orphan—a stranger in a strange land—affectingly cast upon his compassionate protection, in her hour of extreme necessity. For her sake, life was precious to him on any terms not incompatible with a soldier's honour; and he ventured on a plan of escape so hazardous, that none but desperate circumstances could have made it other than an act of madness.—It fatally miscarried—for in the act of lowering himself from a wall of immense height, the frail

cord to which he trusted failed him, and he was precipitated to the ground—retaken—and re-conveyed to his dungeon with a fractured arm and thigh, and such other material injuries, as made it more than doubtful whether his life would be prolonged to pay the probably impending forfeiture. He was, however, spared by divine mercy, and, by judicial lenity. Colonel Aboyne was proved to have been almost unwittingly involved in the guilt of great offenders, from whom Justice having exacted the dread penalty, was content to relax from her rigorous demands, in favour of the comparatively innocent; and the almost hopeless prisoner was restored to liberty, and to his young, devoted wife, too blest to receive him back, as it were from the confines of the grave, though he returned to her, and to their ruinous home—the wreck—the shadow of his former self, with a frame and constitution irreparably injured by the fatal consequences of his late enterprise. The heavy charges of his trial had compelled him to mortgage his small patrimony, on which (thus burdened) it became impossible for him to maintain even his moderate establishment. Ireland was become distasteful to him, and the languishing health of Mrs Aboyne requiring a milder climate than that of their northern residence, he lent a not unwilling ear to her timidly expressed longing, once more to breathe the balmy air of her native Devonshire; and disposing (not without a pang) of Castle Aboyne, and every rood of his diminished heritage, with the small sum thus realized, he departed for England; and with his gentle wife, and two faithful servants—Nora Carthy and her husband—was shortly established in a small dwelling at Sidmouth.

More than one season of pensive tranquillity, rather than of positive happiness, was permitted them, in that beautiful retreat—but the fatal blow had been long struck to the heart of Mrs Aboyne, and her life—though sinking by almost imperceptible degrees, was not to be prolonged beyond the sixth summer of their residence in England. During that interval she had given birth to two children. One only—a little girl, in her fifth year, survived her mother, to be the comfort of her afflicted father, and, as she grew up, the support and

blessing of his infirm and solitary state. The faithful Nora had lost her only child about the time of the young Millicent's birth, and she had taken the latter to her bosom, with all the tenderness of a mother, Mrs Aboyne being unable to nurse her own infant.

Nora was widowed also, before her mistress's death, so that her whole stock of warm affections centred in her orphan nursling, and in the master, whose fortunes she had followed through good and through evil.

The residence of Sidmouth becoming distasteful to Colonel Aboyne, after the death of his beloved companion, he removed, with his little family, to a more secluded spot on the same western coast, the obscure village of Sea Vale, where motives of economy, as well as choice, induced him finally to fix his permanent abode.

Uneventful, but not unblest, flowed on the existence of the inmates of Sea Vale Cottage, till the young Millicent was grown up into womanhood, in the opinion of her doating father, as fair and perfect a creature as was ever formed in the imperfection of mortal nature, and in that of Nora Carthy, something still more faultless—an earthly angel!—the object of her idol worship, though the warm-hearted Irishwoman, having been brought up by her mistress, Colonel Aboyne's mother, in the Protestant communion, professed to abjure all Popish abominations. It should have been mentioned earlier in this little narrative, that the parents of Colonel Aboyne were of a divided faith, and that he himself—though educated in his father's tenets—those of the Roman Catholic Church—had received from his mother's early example, and restricted influence, such a bias in favour of the Reformed religion, as in after time, when he became the inhabitant of a Protestant country, the husband of a wife of that persuasion, matured into sincere belief in that faith which had been her support in the hour of death, and amid the pangs of separation, the mutual pledge of future reñion. It is almost needless to add, that the little Millicent was brought up in the belief which had become that of both her parents; but the circumstances of Colonel Aboyne had precluded all possibility of giving her any other ad-

vantages of education, beyond those in his own power to impart. Happily his capabilities of tuition extended to the conferring of every thing really valuable, and even beyond those attainments, to many of the ornamental acquirements, which, like the capital of a Corinthian pillar, so gracefully surmount the more solid substructure.

The mind of Millicent Aboyne was, therefore, not only stored with sacred knowledge and useful information, but she could read Italian and French with perfect facility,—drew landscapes and flowers with more taste and truth than is ever evinced by half the spoilt children of fortune, on whom vast sums have been lavished, to entitle them to daub hot-pressed card-board with likenesses of things that never existed in "heaven above or in the earth beneath;" and even acquired so much skill in instrumental music, (to accompany a naturally sweet and flexible voice), as could be taught by her father's crippled hand on an old Spanish guitar, the chords of which he had touched in his youth with such perfect execution, as, in unison with vocal powers of uncommon richness, had won for the gay and handsome soldier, many a sweet smile and admiring glance, from the circle of court beauties, of which Marie Antoinette was the eclipsing cynosure. Many a ear which shrinks fatigued and unnedified from astounding *bravuras*, and scientific *hors d'œuvres*, running matches against time with scampering accompaniments on grand pianos, might have drank in delightedly the sweet and perfect melody of two blended voices, harmonising with now and then a harp-like chord, which often sounded at nightfall, from within the small low parlour of Sea Vale Cottage, or from the honeysuckle arbour in its little garden, when the warm summer evenings drew thither the father and his child, with the tea-table, and Millicent's work-basket, the Colonel's old guitar, and his still treasured "*cahier de romances nouvelles imprimées à Paris l'an mil-sept cents quatrevingt douze*." But though this venerable recueil was prized by Colonel Aboyne as a relic of the pleasurable days of youthful vanity—when hope was high, and "the world all before him where to choose"—and though visions of "long-faded

glories" passed before his eyes, as they dwelt on the familiar music, and he hummed unconsciously the old favourite airs, he took far deeper delight in teaching Millicent the songs of his own native land, and in mingling his voice with hers, in those wild and thrilling harmonies. In one of those—the touching Gramachree—the united strains were sweetly swelling, when late in the twilight of a summer evening a solitary stranger strolled down the shady green lane which bounded Colonel Aboyne's garden, and passed close behind the honey-suckle arbour. It was not in nature—not in that stranger's nature—to pass onward unheeded of those melodious sounds, which poured forth so unexpectedly, as it were in his very path; and there he lingered—for strains succeeded strain—till the bright moon climbed high in heaven, and the unseen harmonists, desisting from their vocal labours, began to converse with each other in such sweet tones of affectionate familiarity, as would have riveted the listener's attention even more forcibly than the preceding music, had he not started away from even a momentary indulgence of dishonourable curiosity. His forbearance was not unaccompanied, however, by views of ultimate compensation; and no later than the following morning, the Village Doctor, a worthy and sensible man, ever a welcome visitant at Sea Vale Cottage, was accompanied, in his early visit to its inmates, by a stranger of prepossessing appearance, whom he introduced to Colonel and Miss Aboyne as the Rev. Mr Vernon, the new curate of Sea Vale.

Horace Vernon was one of many children, the orphans of a deceased clergyman; and his widowed mother had strained her overburdened means to the very uttermost, to continue him at the University for two years after his father's sudden and untimely death.

Beyond that important period she was powerless to assist him; and when he was so fortunate as to obtain the desirable curacy of Sea Vale on entering into holy orders, her maternal anxieties, so far relieved on his account, were naturally engrossed by the more pressing claims of her younger children. Horace was well content with his allotted station. From his earliest recollection, accustomed to retirement, and to the strict though respectable

frugality of his father's household, and subjected, during the greater part of his college life, to the innumerable privations and mortifications inseparable from the station of a poor scholar among the wealthy and the prodigal, he had acquired no habits or ideas inimical to the life of obscure usefulness apparently designed for him. There had never been any rational prospect of his obtaining church preferment, unless he should fag his way up the clerical ladder, by college tutorship, or private connexions otherwise formed at the University; and this course he might have pursued successfully, had his father lived to continue him at college, and to excite him to the necessary exertions. But his was not an energetic character. It was amiable, affectionate, and feeling—endowed with no inconsiderable share of talent, much refined and elegant taste, and a sincere desire of acting up to every moral and religious principle. Add to this a very handsome person and engaging address, a little leaven of vanity, and a too great liability to be influenced, even against his better judgment, by the graceful and showy, in opposition to more solid, but less attractive qualities, and the sketch of Horace Vernon's character, will be faithful as a mere outline. This little history affords no scope for Flemish painting.

So constituted and endowed, the young curate settled himself very contentedly at Sea Vale, and was not long in making a most favourable impression on all classes throughout the parish. He was unaffectedly earnest and sincere in his pulpit duties, and not less anxious to fulfil all others annexed to his pastoral charge. And he did fulfil them very respectably, and so as to give almost general satisfaction; though, it must be confessed, not without occasionally yielding, and often doing violence, to certain feelings of morbid refinement, which revolted with sickening disgust from many of those scenes of human misery which must come under the eye of the zealous minister, and from which the faithful follower of Him who "went about doing good," will not shrink back with fastidious weakness.

Exactly twelve months from that sweet summer evening when Horace Vernon was arrested, in his first stroll round the village thenceforth to be

his home, by the plaintive air of "Gramachree," breathed in vocal unison from behind the high holly-hedge which separated him from Colonel Aboyne's garden ;—exactly a twelve-month from that well-remembered evening, the young curate was seated in the arbour *within* that holly-hedge, and *his* voice, in lieu of her father's, was mingling with that of Millicent Aboyne in the same touching harmony, while her hand lightly swept the chords of the old guitar ; and Colonel Aboyne, reclining comfortably in his large arm-chair, the "*cabier de romances nouvelles*" lying on his cushioned footstool, gazed with tender complacency on the twain, thenceforth to be inseparably united in his affections,—for his Millicent was the affianced wife of Horace Vernon.

Such had been the very natural, the almost inevitable, result of an acquaintance and intimacy formed between two amiable and attractive young persons, brought perpetually together under such circumstances as characterised the intercourse of Horace Vernon and Millicent Aboyne. Had they become acquainted in the concourse of the world, or even been thrown together in a circle rather more diversified than that small group which constituted their world at Sea Vale, it is possible, nay, even probable, that neither would have conceived for the other a warmer sentiment than kindness and friendly interest, for in many points they differed essentially ; and Millicent, more than two years older than Vernon, gentle and serious almost to pensiveness, elegant and pleasing in person, rather than strikingly beautiful, and characterised by peculiar diffidence and simplicity of manner, would hardly have been distinguished among the more youthful, the more brilliant, the more showily accomplished, by one so peculiarly liable as was Horace Vernon to be captivated by those graces which excite most general admiration.

But he had never mixed in general society ;—had never, in the small circle of his connexions and acquaintance, seen any thing half so fair, so elegant and attractive, as the sweet Millicent. The high-bred manners of Colonel Aboyne were also delightful to his really refined taste ; and the kind hospitality with which he was ever welcomed at Sea Vale Cottage, won on

his best affections, while the tastes and pursuits of its inmates awakened his warmest sympathies. No wonder that, under such circumstances, Horace should attach himself devotedly to Miss Aboyne, nor that she, whose intercourse with the world had been even more limited than her lover's, should return his affection with the warmth and truth of a first and perfect tenderness, without questioning with herself, whether the amiable and engaging qualities which had won her unpractised heart, were built upon that stable groundwork which formed the basis of her own gentle and diffident character. Essentially requisite it was to the present peace and future happiness of Horace and Millicent, that the virtues of patience and stability should be among their leading characteristics,—for prudence, or rather necessity, deferred to a distant period their hope of being united.

It was not indeed till the twelfth month of their acquaintance that Vernon had ventured to declare to Colonel Aboyne his attachment to his daughter, and to ask his parental sanction to their future union. To this step he had been emboldened by the promise of a small living from an old friend and college pupil of his deceased father ; and the present incumbent being far advanced in years, there was a rational prospect of Vernon's becoming, at no remote period, master of such a moderate competence as might enable him to marry, without subjecting the object of his affections to the miseries of genteel poverty.

Colonel Aboyne, who had become warmly attached to Horace, was well content to accept his proposals for that darling daughter, the thought of whose friendless and well nigh destitute condition, in the event of her becoming an orphan, not only banished sleep too often from his pillow, but wrapt him in many a fit of deep and sad abstraction, while listening—apparently listening—to the sweet music of her silvery voice, or sitting with her at the social board, where she "gaily prest and smiled," unconscious of the feelings she inspired. His consent was therefore cordially and joyfully yielded ; and to Horace and Millicent, the state of sanctioned and untroubled happiness which succeeded their betrothment, seemed for a time so near the perfection of earthly felicity, that

even he (the more impassioned, but not more devoted, of the twain) contemplated, with tolerable equanimity, the possible intervention of two or three years—(a very reasonable allowance of life to the old incumbent)—between his present condition of probationary bliss, and the union which was to render it complete. Almost domesticated with Colonel Aboyne and his daughter, to the former he looked up with filial affection and respect; and his more tender and intimate association with Millicent's finely-constituted mind insensibly led to the happiest results in his own character, which gradually settled into a steadiness of pursuit and principle well befitting his sacred profession, and holding out the fairest promise of wedded happiness to his affianced wife, who already went hand in hand with her destined partner in all the sweet and holy charities constituting so essential a portion of pastoral duty. Never, perhaps, (allowing for the alloy which must temper all earthly happiness,) were assembled happier persons than the three sitting together, as lately described, under the honeysuckle arbour in Colonel Aboyne's garden, in the warm twilight of that sweet summer evening. Horace and Millicent had returned from a long ramble, and many benevolent visits among the more distant cottagers of their extensive parish.

They had felt that "when the eye saw, it blessed them;" and the tender and serious heart of Millicent, in particular, overflowed with that blissful conviction, and with the delightful assurance, that her *heavenly*, as well as her *earthly* parent, did indeed sanction her intended union, and that her lot, and that of her chosen partner, cast as it was in the quiet vale of sweet retirement and safe mediocrity, where, nevertheless, opportunities of doing good would be abundantly afforded, was one so peculiarly favoured, that while she thought thereon tears swelled into her dove-like eyes, and she faltered out something of her feelings—(for what tongue could speak them fluently?)—to him on whose arm she leant in tender and perfect confidence. So time passed on with the betrothed lovers, accompanied in its progress by all of pleasantness and enjoyment that could compensate for protracted expectation. And on, and on

it passed—still pleasantly—still happily on the whole, but to a length of probation so little anticipated by Vernon—so unchangeable as to any immediate prospect of termination, that something of the sickness of hope deferred began to steal into his heart, and now and then betrayed itself, even to Millicent, by a fretful tone or word, or a look of languor and sullenness, even in the midst of occupations and interests which to *her* had lost nothing of their soothing and salutary influence.

A year—two—three—four years—(in truth, an awful amount in the sum of human life!) passed on, at first swiftly and happily, then with more tedious pace, and at last heavily, and sometimes sadly, at Sea Vale Cottage. Still existing circumstances were precisely the same with all parties, as when, four summers back, they felt themselves the happiest and most contented of human beings. But as years crept on with Colonel Aboyne, his anxiety to see his child securely established became naturally greater, and he could not but occasionally observe and lament, that though Vernon's attachment to Millicent suffered no apparent diminution, feelings of despondency and irritability were growing fast upon his character, where they might acquire a fatal influence, not to be counteracted hereafter by the tardy operation of happier circumstances. And Millicent! she was too well aware, even more so than her father, of the morbid change which was effecting in her lover's mind, composed as it was by nature of gay and happy elements. Poor Millicent!—how many thorns had already sprung up in that peaceful path, which but so lately she had accounted peculiarly favoured! Vernon's affection for her, though less ardently demonstrated than when they first exchanged their plighted troth, she verily believed to be entire and sincere as in those halcyon days; and her feelings towards him had but matured into deeper and more holy tenderness—entire and self-devoting, such as only woman's heart can cherish—not blind to the imperfections of the beloved object, though sweetly extenuating and excusing them, with unconscious ingenuity. Miss Aboyne could not but observe, also, that the broad open brow of her dear father was more frequently con-

tracted with deep and open lines than she had ever yet seen imprinted there—and she fancied too—(it *might* be *only* fancy)—that there was a perceptible change in his whole person and deportment, as if Time were hurrying him on with more hasty strides than the imperceptibly downward pace of natural decline.

Millicent's tender apprehensions were not wholly groundless; Colonel Aboyne's constitution, impaired by former severe suffering, had of late felt the pernicious influence of increased mental disquietude, and again, the physical ailment, reacting on the moral, brought on a train of those nervous miseries, scarcely to be repelled by any effort of reason and self-control, even when perfectly imaginary; and unhappily there was too much reason for Colonel Aboyne's uneasiness. He persuaded himself the hour was fast approaching which would make his daughter not only a friendless, but almost a destitute orphan, her sole inheritance comprising the small cottage they inhabited, and a sum of money scarce amounting to hundreds, though the accumulated whole of his small annual savings, religiously hoarded, with whatever sacrifice of his own comforts, since the hour of his darling's birth. The circumstances of her engagement to Horace Vernon were such as would also render her situation one of greater difficulty, if the period was still to be deferred when she might be taken from a father's to a husband's home; and while revolving all these perplexities in his sleepless and solitary hours, Colonel Aboyne was almost inclined to yield to the frequently impatient proposals of Horace for his immediate union with Millicent; and thus, leaving fearlessly to Providence all care for the future, they might form for the present one humble and contented family, under the peaceful roof of Sea Vale Cottage. But Colonel Aboyne was too well aware of the distresses which might tread close on such a measure to sanction it, except as one of imperious necessity; and at length, after long and harassing reflection, he determined on the execution of a project, to which nothing less than overpowering anxiety for his beloved child could have reconciled his high spirit and fastidious feelings. It was no less an enterprise (great indeed to the long-secluded valetudi-

narian) than to revisit the land of his birth—the home of his forefathers, in the forlorn hope of recovering from a distant kinsman the amount of a pecuniary loan, lent, in the generous confidence of unsuspicious youth, without further security than the word of a friend, which sacred pledge had not however been redeemed, on Colonel Aboyne's written application, on his first establishment in England, and, high-spirited as he was, no personal consideration could have compelled a second remonstrance. But for his child!—his child!—what sacrifice would he not make! what difficulties would he not encounter! His resolve was made, declared, and speedily acted upon, in spite of the tender dissuasions of Millicent, and the frantic opposition of Vernon. New vigour seemed granted to him for the prosecution of his arduous undertaking; and cheerfully reassuring his anxious and drooping child, he firmly negatived her tender petition to accompany him to Ireland, on the reasonable grounds that it would not only increase their embarrassments if he failed in the object of his expedition, but at all events, protract his absence from Sea Vale.

The day was fixed for Colonel Aboyne's departure, and the preceding evening was the saddest ever spent together by the father and daughter in that dear cottage, which had been so long the scene of their domestic happiness. Autumn was somewhat advanced, but the glorious light of a cloudless harvest-moon shone full into the little parlour casement, near which sat together the parent and the child—side by side—her hand within her father's, and they were both silent. Only, when Colonel Aboyne fondly kissed the pale soft cheek which rested on his shoulder, and the full closed eyelids, with their long lashes trembling into tears in the moonbeam, poor Millicent turned her face inward on her father's bosom, and the suppressed grief half-vented itself in deep short sobs.

"Be of good comfort, dearest!" said her father, mastering his own emotion—"Cheer up, my Milly! Remember I am going to leave you but for a short—a very short time. You and I have spoiled each other, Milly! We have been too much together; I should have sent my darling sometimes away

from me, to have accustomed her to live without her old father—and there is *one*, Milly! who, if I were gone”—— but poor Milly’s thick-coming sobs told him those were not words of comfort—and after a minute’s silence, to calm the tremor in his own voice, he resumed in freer accents. “Look up, Milly! at that bright full moon—before it is dwindled to a silver thread, you may hear that I am on my way home again, and—look up, Milly! and see how gloriously it shines upon us—we will for once believe in omens, and take its bright promise for”—— Millicent looked up just as her father stooped so abruptly—a huge black bar was drawn across the star of promise, and in a few seconds, while father and daughter were still gazing earnestly upwards, the beautiful luminary was totally eclipsed.

The next morning found Millicent and her faithful Nora sole inhabitants of Sea Vale Cottage. Vernon had accompanied Colonel Aboyne to the place of embarkation—an opportunity of confidential intercourse with his future son-in-law gladly embraced by the anxious traveller. To Vernon he spoke unreservedly of his own internal conviction, that in spite of that present renovation, which he gratefully acknowledged as providentially granted for the prosecution of his immediate purpose, the termination of his earthly sojourn was at no great distance. He spoke of her, who would then be a destitute orphan, and he accepted, as solemnly as it was offered, Horace Vernon’s voluntary promise, in case of an unfavourable issue to his present undertaking, and of life not being spared him to return to Sea Vale, then to take to himself his affianced wife so soon as he could win her consent to accompany him to the altar,—and taking up his abode with her under that lowly roof, which would be well nigh all the poor Millicent’s portion, resolve for her sake cheerfully to contend with present—even protracted difficulties, and so await (patiently trusting in Providence) those better days they were reasonably encouraged to look forward to. It was also settled between the friends, that with Millicent’s consent the same arrangement should take place soon after Colonel Aboyne’s return from Ireland, were that return permitted, though unhindered by a favourable result to the business which impelled him thither.

So having spoken, and confided to each other their mutual wishes and anxieties, the old man and the young one—the almost father and son, parted at the place of embarkation, with a fervent blessing and a short farewell—and from Colonel Aboyne, as he stepped into the boat, a look to Vernon, and an emphatic pressure of the hand, which, more touchingly than language, commended the absent Millicent to her lover’s protection.

If soberizing time, and protracted expectation, had abated somewhat of Vernon’s first enthusiastic passion, his feelings for Millicent were still those of sincere and tender interest; and with all the affecting circumstances of his late parting with her father fresh in his recollection, it was with a revival of even more than former tenderness that he met her on his return, at the little garden gate before the cottage, of which she was now the sole, sad occupant. Deep and fervent was at that moment his unuttered vow to be indeed friend, father, protector, husband—every thing to the dear and gentle being who might so soon be dependent on him for her all of earthly comfort. Few words passed between them at their first greeting. Vernon hastened to answer Millicent’s inquiring look with an assurance, that all was well with her dear father when they parted at the place of embarkation; and then the two entered the cottage together, and seated themselves in the small bay window, neither however occupying the large arm-chair, which stood with its cushioned footstool in the accustomed place. Both looked towards it; and Vernon perceiving the direction of Millicent’s tearful glance, and well comprehending the subject of her fond solicitude, exerted himself to comfort and reassure her, till by degrees he lured her into the indulgence of more cheerful thoughts and happier expectations. But as he looked earnestly in her mild fair face, he was struck with the increased transparency of a complexion, always peculiarly delicate, but now beautiful with an almost fearful beauty; for the naturally pale, though clear and healthful cheek, now bloomed with a spot of the brightest carnation, and quickly glancing at the hand he held within his own, he almost started at observing its sickly hue and evident attenuation.

“Are you well, Milly?” he asked abruptly. “Quite well, dearest Mil-

licent? This little hand tells a feverish tale,—and those cheeks!—fie! fie! Milly! *You* have been a self-tormentor of late.” And he was but half-satisfied with her assurance that she was not ill—had nothing to complain of, only a little occasional languor—and now that he had brought her such consoling tidings of her dear father’s progress, she would rouse herself to hope and cheerfulness, and the resumption of all their favourite pursuits and occupations. When Nora opened the cottage gate to let out Vernon that evening, he lingered a moment to speak a kind word or two to the faithful old servant, and then, suddenly reverting to his late startling observations, he said, “Millicent has been worrying herself to death, Nora, with anxiety about her father. We must take better care of her and prevent this, or she will fret herself into a fever; I was quite struck this evening with her altered looks.” “And was you indeed?—and time you should, maybe,” answered Nora, in her driest and least cordial tone,—for *she* had long discerned a change in her darling’s health and spirits, which had escaped even the parental eye and all the shrewd quickness of doating affection; she had not failed to remark, that though the affianced lovers were together as much as formerly, and though they met and parted, to all appearance, as affectionately as ever, their separation was too often followed by a cloud on Millicent’s brow, which had not been used to hang there during such brief absences, and more than once Nora had surprised her weeping in her own little chamber, after her return from a walk with Vernon. It was therefore, that she replied to his questions with almost reproachful coldness; but her slight and vague displeasure was soon appeased by the unaffected warmth with which he now poured forth the apprehensions she had succeeded in rousing so effectually; and he slept not that night for thinking of Millicent’s burning hand and crimsoned cheek, and for wishing it were day that he might revisit the cottage, and urge her to see their good friend the village apothecary, and consult him respecting those symptoms of feverish debility, which he was now persuaded had been long hanging about her, though his own perceptions of the evil had been so tardily awakened. Full of these anxious thoughts and inten-

tions, he presented himself at Millicent’s breakfast-table just as she had descended from her own chamber; but felt almost immediately reassured by a first glance at the now natural hue of her fair complexion—the calm smile with which she greeted his appearance—and the soft coolness of the hand extended to meet his with affectionate welcome. His previous anxiety, and his earnest wish that she should consult Mr—— were not left unmentioned, however, but, by the time breakfast was over, Millicent had so well succeeded in talking and smiling him out of his fears, that, when Nora came in to remove the tea equipage, he could not forbear casting towards her one glance of almost reproachful exultation, which, however, obtained no other return than a look of discouraging seriousness.

But after a little time, even Nora’s fond apprehensiveness began to yield to the comforting evidences of her darling’s daily renovation. Long, and frequent, and satisfactory letters arrived from Ireland,—satisfactory at least as to the point she had most at heart, the welfare of her beloved father. Colonel Aboyne gave her the most positive assurances, that he had received unexpected and extraordinary benefit, from the stimulating effects of his voyage and journey, and the influence of his native air; and in his first letter, he expressed sanguine hope of a favourable result to the business he was engaged in. Succeeding accounts, however, became on that head more discouraging. Colonel Aboyne’s flattering expectations were soon overclouded—at last totally relinquished, but still he wrote cheerfully, consolingly. Spoke of himself as returning as poor a man, indeed, as when he left his Milly and their dear cottage, but a renewed one in health and vigour, and again looking forward with tranquil hope, not only to the union of his children, (for so he called both Horace and Millicent,) but, with God’s blessing, to see them assured of that moderate competence, which had already been withheld so far beyond the term of human calculation. And then Vernon breathed into Millicent’s ear the arrangements which had been entered into by her father and himself, respecting their almost immediate union on Colonel Aboyne’s return from Ireland, whatever might be the result

of his visit to that country; and Millicent, though she listened with surprise and agitation, did not refuse to ratify a compact so tenderly and sacredly hallowed.

Colonel Aboyne's last brief letter was merely to mention the day of his embarkation, and that on which, to an *almost certainty*, he might be expected at Sea Vale; "and even *now*," he wrote—"while I trace these few last lines, methinks I see our own dear cottage, my Milly looking anxiously out for me from the garden gate, and Horace advancing down the green lane, in readiness to receive the old cripple, and help him carefully down the ladder-steps of the stupendous High-flyer. Be there both of you, my children, that we may together re-enter that peaceful abode, soon, I hope, to shelter us *all* beneath its roof, one united and contented family of love."

But God had appointed otherwise. On the evening of that day, which should have restored the father and the friend to his expecting dear ones, there was a sound of weeping and lamentation, of "woman's wail," within the darkened parlour of Sea Vale Cottage, where three persons were assembled together, (all distinction of rank forgotten in the common sorrow,) to mingle their tears for the long absent—the fondly expected—who was never more to re-enter his earthly habitation—whose "place was to know him no more."

The packet on board which Colonel Aboyne had taken his passage had gone to pieces in the midst of the Channel; and of the few who were saved, he was not. Millicent was an orphan.

A.

JOCK JOHNSTONE THE TINKLER.

BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

"O CAME ye ower by the Yoke-burn Ford,
Or down the king's road of the cleuch?
Or saw ye a knight and a lady bright,
Wha hae gane the gate they baith shall rue?"

"I saw a knight and a lady bright,
Ride up the cleuch at the break of day;
The knight upon a coal-black steed,
And the dame on one of the silver grey.

"And the lady's palfrey flew the first,
With many a clang of silver bell;
Swift as the raven's morning flight,
The two went scouring ower the fell.

"By this time they are man and wife,
And standing in St Mary's fane;
And the lady in the grass-green silk
A maid you will never see again."

"But I can kill, thou saucy wight,
And that the run-aways shall prove;
Revenge to a Douglas is as sweet
As maiden charms or maiden's love."

"Since thou say'st that, my Lord Douglas,
Good faith some clinking there will be;
Beshrew my heart, but an my sword,
If I winna turn and ride wi' thee!"

They whipped out ower the Shepherd cleuch,
 And down the links o' the Corsecleuch burn ;
 And aye the Douglas swore by his sword
 To win his love, or never return.

" First fight your rival, Lord Douglas,
 And then brag after, if you may ;
 For the Earl of Ross is as brave a lord,
 As ever gave good weapon away.

" But I for ae poor siller merk,
 Or thirteen pennies an' a bawbee,
 Will tak in hand to fight you baith,
 Or beat the winner whiche'er it be."

The Douglas turned him on his steed,
 And I wat a loud laughter leuch he ;—
 " Of all the fools I have ever met,
 Man, I hae never met ane like thee.

" Art thou akin to lord or knight,
 Or courtly squire or warrior leel ?"
 " I am a tinkler," quo' the wight,
 " But I like crown-cracking unco weel."

When they came to St Mary's kirk,
 The chaplain shook for very fear ;
 And aye he kissed the cross, and said,
 " What deevil has sent that Douglas here !

" He neither values book nor ban,
 But curses all without demur ;
 And cares nae mair for a holy man,
 Than I do for a worthless cur."

" Come here, thou bland and brittle priest,
 And tell to me without delay,
 Where you have hid the Lord of Ross,
 And the lady that came at the break of day ?"

" No knight or lady, good Lord Douglas,
 Have I beheld since break of morn ;
 And I never saw the Lord of Ross,
 Since the woful day that I was born."

Lord Douglas turn'd him round about,
 And lookit the tinkler in the face ;
 Where he beheld a lurking smile,
 And a deevil of a dour grimace.

" How's this, how's this, thou tinkler loun ?
 Hast thou presumed to lie to me ?"
 " Faith, that I have !" the tinkler said,
 " And a right good turn I have done to thee.

" For the Lord of Ross, and thy own true love,
 The beauteous Harriet of Thirlestane,
 Rade west away, ere the break of day ;
 And you'll never see that dear maid again.

" So I thought it best to bring you here,
 On a wrang scent, of my own accord ;

For had you met the Johnstone clan,
They wad hae made mince-meat of a lord."

At this the Douglas was so wroth,
He wist not what to say or do;
But he strak the tinkler o'er the croun,
Till the blood came dreeping ower his brow.

"Beshrew thy heart," quo' the tinkler lad,
"Thou bear'st thee most ungallantly!
If these are the manners of a lord,
They are manners that winna gang down wi' me."

"Hold up thy hand," the Douglas cried,
And keep thy distance, tinkler loun!"—
"That will I not," the tinkler said,
"Though I and my mare should both go down."

"I have armour on," cried the Lord Douglas,
"Cuirass and helm, as you may see."—
"The deil may care, quo' the tinkler lad,
"I shall have a skelp at them and thee."

"You are not horsed," quoth the Lord Douglas,
"And no remorse this weapon brooks".—
"Mine's a right good yaud," quo' the tinkler lad,
"And a great deal better nor she looks."

"So stand to thy weapons, thou haughty lord,
What I have taken I needs must give;
Thou shalt never strike a tinkler again,
For the langest day thou hast to live."

Then to it they fell, both sharp and snell,
Till the fire from both their weapons flew;
But the very first shock that they met with,
The Douglas his rashness 'gan to rue.

For though he had on a sark of mail,
And a cuirass on his breast wore he,
With a good steel bonnet on his head,
Yet the blood ran trinkling to his knee.

The Douglas sat upright and firm,
Aye as together their horses ran;
But the tinkler laid on like a very deil,—
Siccan strokes were never laid on by man.

"Hold up thy hand, thou tinkler loun,"
Cried the poor priest, with whining din;
"If thou hurt the brave Lord James Douglas,
A curse be on thee and all thy kin!"

"I care no more for Lord James Douglas,
Than Lord Janies Douglas cares for me;
But I want to let his proud heart know,
That a tinkler's a man as well as he."

So they fought on, and they fought on,
Till good Lord Douglas' breath was gone,
And the tinkler bore him to the ground,
With rush, with rattle, and with groan.

" Ohon ! ohon !" cried the proud Douglas,
 " That I this day should have lived to see !
 For sure my honour I have lost,
 And a leader again I can never be.

" But tell me of thy kith and kin,
 And where was bred thy weapon hand ?
 For thou art the wale of tinkler louns
 That ever were born in fair Scotland."

" My name's Jock Johnstone," quoth the wight,—
 " I winna keep in my name frae thee ;
 And here, take thou thy sword again,
 And better friends we two shall be."

But the Douglas swore a solemn oath,
 That was a debt he could never owe ;
 He would rather die at the back of the dike,
 Than owe his sword to a man so low.

" But if thou wilt ride under my banner,
 And bear my livery and my name,
 My right-hand warrior thou shalt be,
 And I'll knight thee on the field of fame."

" Wo worth thy wit, good Lord Douglas,
 To think I'd change my trade for thine ;
 Far better and wiser would you be,
 To live as journeyman of mine.

" To mend a kettle or a casque,
 Or clout a goodwife's yettlin pan ;
 Upon my life, good Lord Douglas,
 You'd make a noble tinkler man !

" I would give you drammock twice a-day,
 And sunkets on a Sunday morn ;
 And you should be a rare adept
 In steel and copper, brass and horn.

" I'll fight you every day you rise,
 Till you can act the hero's part ;—
 Therefore, I pray you, think of this,
 And lay it seriously to heart."

The Douglas writhed beneath the lash,
 Answering with an inward curse,—
 Like salmon wriggling on a spear,
 That makes his deadly wound the worse.

But up there came two squires renown'd ;
 In search of Lord Douglas they came ;
 And when they saw their master down,
 Their spirits mounted in a flame.

And they flew upon the tinkler wight,
 Like perfect tigers on their prey ;
 But the tinkler heaved his trusty sword,
 And made him ready for the fray.

" Come one to one, ye coward knaves,—
 Come hand to hand, and steed to steed

I would that ye were better men,
For this is glorious fun indeed !”

Before you could have counted twelve,
The tinkler's wondrous chivalrye
Had both the squires upon the swaird,
And their horses galloping o'er the lea.

The tinkler tied them neck and heel,
And mony a biting jest gave he :
“ O fie, for shame !” said the tinkler lad,
“ Siccan fighters I did never see !”

He slit one of their bridle reins,—
O what disgrace the conquer'd feels ;
And he skelpit the squires with that good tawse,
Till the blood ran off at baith their heels.

The Douglas he was forced to laugh,
Till down his cheek the salt tears ran ;
“ I think the deevil be come here
In the likeness of a tinkler man.”

Then he is to Lord Douglas gone,
And he raised him kindly by the hand,
And he set him on his gallant steed,
And bore him away to Henderland.

“ Be not cast down, my Lord Douglas,
Nor writhe beneath a broken bane,
For the leech's art will mend the part,
And your honour lost will spring again.

“ 'Tis true, Jock Johnstone is my name,
I'm a right good tinkler, as you see ;
For I can crack a casque betimes,
Or clout one, as my need may be.

“ Jock Johnstone is my name, 'tis true,—
But noble hearts are allied to me,
For I am the Lord of Annandale,
And a knight and earl as well as thee.”

Then Douglas strain'd the hero's hand,
And took from it his sword again ;
“ Since thou art the Lord of Annandale,
Thou hast eased my heart of muckle pain.

“ I might have known thy noble form,
In that disguise thou'rt pleased to wear ;
All Scotland knows thy matchless arm,
And England by experience dear.

“ We have been foes as well as friends,
And jealous of each other's sway ;
But little can I comprehend
Thy motive for these pranks to-day.

“ Sooth, my good Lord, the truth to tell,
’Twas I that stole your love away,
And gave her to the Lord of Ross
An hour before the break of day :

"For the Lord of Ross is my brother,
By all the laws of chivalry;
And I brought with me a thousand men,
To guard him to my own countrye.

"But I thought meet to stay behind,
And try your Lordship to waylay;
Resolved to breed some noble sport,
By leading you so far astray.

"Judging it better some lives to spare,
Which fancy takes me now and then,
And settle our quarrel hand to hand,
Than each with our ten thousand men.

"God send you soon, my Lord Douglas,
To Border foray sound and hail;
But never strike a tinkler again,
If he be a Johnstone of Annandale."

*Mount Benger,
Jan. 8th, 1829.*

SKETCHES OF ITALY AND THE ITALIANS, WITH REMARKS ON ANTIQUITIES
AND FINE ARTS.

(Continued.)

XI. SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON AND MISS HART.

IF Rome is the chosen seat of contemplation and study, Naples is the centre of all worldly and physical gratifications. The contrast is striking, and I cannot yet accustom myself to this crowd of thoughtless beings, who seem to exist only for purposes of enjoyment.

Sir William Hamilton, who still resides here as English Ambassador, and who has so long been a worshipper of every thing beautiful in art and nature, has at length discovered the quintessence of nature's works, and, I may add, the perfection of fine art, in a beautiful girl who resides under his roof. She is an Englishwoman, about twenty, with lovely features and a good person. Sir William has had a Greek costume made for her, which displays the symmetry of her fine figure to great advantage. Thus attired, and her unbraided hair streaming over her shoulders, she exhibits, with the aid of two shawls, a successive variety of attitudes, looks and gestures so novel and striking, that the astonished beholder fancies he is dreaming. This singular exhibition conveys at once, and with wondrous life and variety, all that innumerable

artists have vainly employed the best years of their existence in endeavouring to accomplish. Alternately standing, sitting, kneeling, and reclining, she displays the serious, the sad, the penitent, the gay, the joyous, the bacchanalian, the alluring, the menacing, the appalling, and the appalled, in rapid succession; the various gradations of emotion and passion succeeding, or growing out of each other. She understands also how to heighten the effect of each scene by appropriate positions and foldings of her veil, and with a single shawl contrives a hundred different head-dresses.

The old knight holds the candles to throw the most favourable lights, and enters with all his heart and soul into the spirit of this novel and classical exhibition. He discovers in the features of his fair one all the antique heads, all the fine profiles of the Sicilian coins, nay, even the Belvedere Apollo himself! Whatever he may fancy, for this I pledge myself, that the joke is exquisite and unique.

The friendship of Hamilton and his fair one towards me continues unabated. I have passed another day with

them, and in the evening Miss Hart again gratified us with her musical and mimetic talents. In compliance with the request of Hackert the painter, who dined with us, Sir William admitted me into his secret repository of works of art; a scene of wild confusion, in which specimens of human art from every age were strangely intermingled. Torii, busts, vases, bronzes, carvings, paintings, and ornaments of Sicilian agate, amongst which I observed a miniature chapel.

In an oblong case upon the ground, the loose lid of which I had the curiosity to raise, I discovered two magnificent bronze candelabra. I shewed them unobserved to Hackert, and asked him, in a whisper, if they did not greatly resemble those we had seen at Portici. With a hint to say nothing of them to Sir William, he told me that probably they had been lost on their way from the depths of Pompeii, and had found a refuge in this museum. Doubtless the view of these and similar lucky acquisitions is reserved by the worthy knight for his most confidential friends.

While gazing around, I was struck with the appearance of a large upright case, open on one side, painted black within, and adorned in front with a gilt setting, like a magnificent picture frame. On inquiring into the purpose of this contrivance, I heard that this enthusiastic lover of fine art and fine women, not satisfied with Miss Hart's performances as an animated statue, had metamorphosed her into an infinitely varied and inimitable painting, by enclosing her within this golden frame, where she delighted him by personifying, in various attitudes and costumes, the antique figures of Herculaneum, as well as the most celebrated designs of more modern masters. In consequence, however, of the size and weight of this apparatus, and

of the difficulty of removing it into appropriate lights, these exhibitions had been for some time discontinued.

This contrivance of Sir William's reminds me of a favourite hobby of the Neapolitans—the exhibition of the Manger, (*presepe*), which may be seen at Christmas in every church, and displays the adoration of the shepherds, kings, and angels, grouped with various degrees of taste and magnificence. The love of the cheerful Neapolitans for out-door enjoyments has induced them to get up this exhibition on the flat roofs of their houses, where a hut-like wooden scaffolding is reared, and adorned with bushes of evergreen. The Madonna, the Bambino, and the various standing, kneeling, and soaring accessory figures are splendidly attired, and often at very considerable expense. What, however, conveys a real, and, elsewhere, inimitable grandeur to these mimic scenes, is the sublime view of Vesuvius and its environs, which, through the open scaffolding, forms the back-ground of the picture.

It may appear ungrateful in one, who has experienced so much hospitality from Sir William, to make the remark, but I must acknowledge, that his amusing fair one appears to me a most unenlightened personage; abounding, certainly, in personal fascinations, but destitute of mind, and of that fine harmony of feeling which conveys soul and pathos to voice and language. In singing, too, her tones are deficient in the essential quality of fulness.

Fine forms and features abound: but how rare is the combination of a fine organ with intense and tasteful perceptions; and how much more uncommon is the union of these advantages with distinguished personal beauty!

GOETHE'S *Journal*, 1787.

XII. INDUSTRY OF THE POOR IN NAPLES.

I must dissent from the commonly received opinion that Naples contains from 30 to 40,000 idle paupers. This impression has originated with travellers from northern Europe, who, ignorant or unmindful of the habits and necessities inseparable from hot climates, are too prone to call every man an idler who is not toiling throughout the day. During frequent and ac-

curate observation, at all hours, of the lower classes in Naples, I certainly discovered many in the garb of poverty; but none of them, save the infirm and superannuated, were unemployed. Commencing my hours of inspection early in the morning, I ascertained that the apparent idlers in the streets were labourers and porters, on the stands allotted to them, waiting for

employers; calcestrars, or drivers of one-horse vehicles, lounging with their assistant boys, but at the beck of any one; sailors on the Mole, enjoying a pipe in their hours of leisure; fishermen, basking in the sun, because the wind was unfavourable to their object. Of the numbers walking in all directions, almost every one had about him some indication that he was employed; and all the beggars were either cripples, or very aged, or otherwise disabled. Even the children are employed as soon as they can walk, in gathering chips and shavings near the arsenals, or bits of wood thrown up on the beach, which are sent to Naples, and sold to the poor artisans. Children of tender years carry fish from St Lucia, and take their stand in the markets of Naples; while some carry to the city for sale the sulphureous waters, which are in great request during the spring; and others traffic in fruits, honey, cakes, and sweetmeats, with customers of their own age. It is both comic and interesting to watch one of these trading urchins, whose whole stock and utensils consist of a board, a knife, and a water-melon, when he is surrounded by a crowd of boy-customers. Putting down his board, he begins to carve his fruit into small and equal portions, while the buyers are loudly telling him to cut fairly, and the young fruit-dealer keeps a sharp look-out upon his receipts, lest any of his riotous customers should abscond without paying him his due. The collection of manure and garbage in the streets of Naples employs a multitude of men and boys, who toil early and late, and convey their gatherings, in large panniers upon asses, to the immense and productive market gardens which environ the city, and which derive from this source their luxuriant and beautiful vegetation: nor is it uncommon for some of these street-scavengers, who have no resource but their industry, their ass, and two panniers, to rent a piece of garden-ground on their own account, and reach a higher level in society. The number of small traders and pedlars employed in carrying about refreshments in the hot seasons, and articles of domestic necessity at all seasons, is incredible. Many of the poor obtain permanent or occasional employment from the merchants and shopkeepers; and even the people called Lazaroni are not a shade behind

any other class in industry. In short, the result of my observations was a conviction, that, amongst the petty traders and poorest classes of society in Naples, there were few of either sex, or of any capable age, who could fairly be termed idlers. I admit, that the stranger meets at every turn numbers of ill-dressed, and even ragged people, but they are certainly not without employment during some portion of the day; and, however paradoxical it may appear, I am inclined to believe, that in Naples the greatest relative industry will be found in the lowest classes of society. By industry, however, I do not mean the toiling, never-ending labour of northern nations, where the necessities, not only of the passing day, but of the winter season, must be, in some measure, provided for: I mean that moderate amount of daily labour which suffices for support in a climate on which the bounty of nature has bestowed a never-ceasing vegetation, and a consequent abundance and cheapness of provisions, which raises the poorest classes above the necessity of constant toil. Thus they repose during the mid-day heats for hours, and labour, not for existence, but for enjoyment. The remarks on the Cynic philosophers in De Paw's "*Recherches sur les Grecs*," are well illustrated by this condition of human society. "In northern Europe," he says, "we cannot comprehend the real condition of these men, whose principle of abstinence from luxuries was no hardship in a climate which yielded so abundantly all the comforts of life. In a country so favoured by nature, these apparently destitute Cynics could readily command, not merely enough to sustain life, but greatly to enjoy it." Would not a Neapolitan Lazarone, by parity of circumstances and feelings, disdain the governorship of Siberia, or the regency of Norway? A natural consequence of the want of persevering application, in all classes, is a comparative inferiority in the arts of life. The mechanics and manufacturers will bear no comparison with those of northern Europe; and, with few exceptions, learning is confined to physicians and official persons. The clergy abandon themselves to a life of indolence, and the nobility are devoted to luxurious and sensual gratifications.

GOETHE.

XIII. POPULAR IMPROVISATORI.

The improvisatori of the people, whose lutes vibrate in the streets of Rome on fine summer evenings, are not unworthy of notice. Sitting near my open window, I was observed by one of these wandering poets, who struck a few chords, waved his hat, and requested my commands. "Comanda qualche cosa di serio, di malinconico, o una canzone graziosa e dilettevole? Io le posso servire con tutto!" Meanwhile all my neighbours of both sexes grouped themselves around him, and awaited in pleasurable excitement my determination. I ordered him to make a declaration of love to the finest woman in the assemblage, and the people shouted with delight at the proposal. The cunning improvisatore, however, unwilling to offend the fair ones present, avoided any serious enactment of the character of Paris. Selecting the oldest and ugliest woman, he addressed to her a most fervent declaration of his passion, accompanied with gestures and grimaces of extravagant absurdity. The old lady betrayed no tokens of displeasure, and the younger ones were convulsed with merriment. "Bravo, bravissimo! Voi siete l'asso di tutti gli Improvisatori d'Italia!" was the universal shout as the poet concluded.

I then requested, as a specimen of his tragic powers, the lamentation of a young woman for the death of her lover, who had lost his life in a shipwreck. "Sarà servita, Signoria!"—Commencing with a slow and melancholy prelude, he sighed deeply several times, and then he wept, and sang, and screamed his tragic poem with such effective pathos, that his listeners stood

aghast with wonder and sympathy. The women began to shed tears, while the men laughed at them, and the poet, after reprobating the hard-heartedness of the men, thanked the tender fair ones for their sympathy. The indefatigable singer now proposed to find subjects for given rhymes, and even after I had rewarded his exertions with a silver coin, he celebrated the *Generosità de' Forestieri* in a valedictory poem.

Most of the popular ballads of Italy are the creations of these itinerant improvisatori. It is the just and natural privilege of oral delivery, to lay a stronger hold of the memory than manuscript and printed poems. How greatly have the retentive faculties of nations, as well as individuals, declined since the inventions of writing and printing! And how much it is to be feared, that the continually increasing mass of printed works will eventually sacrifice the end to the means, and crush, under its weight, the learning which it is intended to preserve and assist! To return, however, to the Italian ballads; whenever the song of an improvisatore fits the measure of a popular aria, or is associated with a new and striking melody, it is often repeated and improved upon by the poet, and becomes gradually current amongst the people. It experiences various alterations in its progress; is at length printed, and, ere long, forgotten, unless retained in the popular memory, by some powerful charm in the melody, in which alone resides the real spell,—the preserving salt of song.

Letters from Rome in 1818.

XIV. THE CULTIVATED IMPROVISATORE.

A short time before my departure from Rome, I became acquainted with a young Neapolitan, who held a provisional situation in the Vatican library, and was introduced to me as a distinguished improvisatore. He appeared to take pleasure in my society, and in various ways shewed me so much attention, that a considerable degree of intimacy was soon established. I found in him an agreeable and valuable companion, intimately acquainted with Rome, and quite at home in every

ruin, convent, and hotel within its bounds. He conversed in Latin with fluency and elegance, and was well versed in the provincial dialects of Italy—a rare accomplishment amongst Italian literati. The classic poets of Greece and Rome were all familiar to him, and he could repeat Virgil from beginning to end. He was a member of the Arcadia, and of the *Accademia Tiberina*; and, as a Latin improvisatore, surpassed all competitors. His name I withhold, for reasons which

will be sufficiently obvious in the course of my letter.

Our first interview was in the Vatican; and after I had briefly intimated that I was a German, and had studied philosophy at Berlin, he proposed to accompany me into St Peter's, where he commenced a regular philological detail of the various monuments, in the course of which he developed a system of faith and morality, so much at variance with papal dogmata, and in language so undisguised and fearless, that I was utterly astonished at his imprudence. When, however, I expressed my surprise at his unguarded avowal, he laughed at me, told me that I was surely endeavouring to make a fool of him, and that it was impossible for any Prussiano to believe in the absurd doctrines and ceremonies of Popery. "*Conosco ben il vostro gran re, Federigo secondo,*" he continued, "*e benchè sia morto, gli vorrè dedicare per tutto al mondo il mio libretto di Epigramme politiche. Ma queste bestie di Censori non mi danno l'imprimatur.*" In his philological remarks, he estimated the merits of all those who had been honoured by monuments or inscriptions in St Peter's, entirely by the amount of their labours in the great cause of literature and fine art, by their excavations of antiquities, and their contributions to the museum and library. His information was certainly neither novel nor comprehensive, but his mode of grouping these exalted personages, and his reckless indifference to their clerical merits and distinctions, were original and amusing. Christina of Sweden he prized above every other of these illustrious dead, in consideration of her classical learning, and of the legacy of her library to the Vatican. Some bitter comments were bestowed on the well-known popes of the Farnese and Barberini families, whose monuments are behind the grand altar. The mutilation of the Coliseum, and the robbery of the bronze rosettes from the dome of the Pantheon, were severely reprobated; nor did he omit the old proverb:

"*Quel che non hanno fatti i Barbari,
Hanno fatto i Barberini.*"

On the following day, the friendly poet brought for my inspection the Latin epigrams, to which he had alluded in St Peter's. They depicted the

heroes, princes, ministers, and treaties of recent date in well-set phrases, but without acuteness, or novelty of thought. He told me that the imprimatur of the censors had been granted for the epigrams, which were, in fact, very harmless, but that it had been peremptorily refused for the dedication to Frederick the Great, King of Prussia. I inquired what motive had prompted so extraordinary a dedication. He mentioned, in justification, a few anecdotes of Frederick, which did not exhibit the most favourable side of his character, adding, that he preferred *one* such dead heretic to the entire living population of Catholics.

Before my departure for Albano, I invited the young Neapolitan to visit me there, which he promised, and, ere long, he arrived. During five days of free and uninterrupted intercourse, I enjoyed abundant opportunity to investigate more deeply the character and attainments of this extraordinary personage; and I must acknowledge, that, before my acquaintance with him, I had no conception of the degree in which an instantaneous comprehension, a powerful memory, a vivid imagination, and indefatigable elasticity of mind, could co-exist with such utter absence of concentrated power, such absolute blindness of judgment and feeling. His classical attainments I have already, but insufficiently, noticed. In poetry and dialogue he played with the Latin language as readily as with his native tongue; and besides this practical facility, which has rarely, if ever, been surpassed in modern times, he possessed a control over the classics which enabled him to illustrate his grammatical, critical, and historical dissertations, with prompt and effective quotations. In Greek he was so powerful, that he constructed epic and lyric verses in the dialect peculiar to each metre, and often increased the difficulty by the observance of acrostic and anagrammatic conditions. Of his command of Hebrew, I can only report, from my own knowledge, that his rabbinical phraseology was intelligible to the Jews of Ghetto.

Before I quitted Rome for Albano, I asked him if he had ever committed to paper a treatise on any philological subject. "*Anzi ne ho composto quantita,*" said he, evidently surpri-

sed at the question, and promised to make me a present of his latest and best dissertation, that I might publish it in Prussia, where such works would be duly appreciated. Judge then of my surprise, when he brought with him, to Albano, a treatise in Ciceronian Latin, crowded with a mass of quotations from Greek and Roman poets, historians, and philosophers, on the argument, whether the tears shed by Julius Cæsar, on the death of Pompey, were prompted by grief, or joy, or hypocrisy? Often as I had heard similar themes discussed by the Roman academicians, my astonishment at the subject was so great, that I found it very difficult to keep my risible faculties under control. Nevertheless, I must acknowledge, that not one of these Arcadians and Tiberines approaches my improvisatore in ability, or combines in so eminent a degree the attributes of a *Poeta dotto e ingegnoso*; and my opinion has been confirmed by several poetical and literary individuals, who lauded him in terms of which I send you a literal copy. “*Un Mongibello di Poesia, un ingegno del secolo, d’un estro inesaurabile, ma qualche volta stravagante.*” Of poetical stravaganza, however, I have discovered no tokens in his compositions, unless the daring satires which he levels in his verses against the Romish church are thus alluded to.

The occult mysteries of spontaneous poetry he thus explained to me, with infinite candour and self-oblivion. “I have always,” he said, “under immediate command, a store of current and favourite subjects, suitably wrought: for instance, the death of Adonis—the loves of Cupid and Psyche—the sacrifice of Iphigenia—the chastity of Lucretia—the death of Cæsar—the cruelty of Nero—and so forth. I have also in readiness a number of pompous speeches and gorgeous descriptions, which are easily interwoven in poems on every subject, and relieve weaker passages by their glowing diction: for instance, an eulogium on the city of Rome—a deprecation of the passions—a storm scene—the delights of spring—with other popular, and generally applicable subjects. It is also a happy expedient, in spontaneous composition, to interweave with the common-place subjects so often proposed, introductory remarks and conclusive moral-

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ties of universal application. Thus the poet avoids all suspicion of having prepared himself for the occasion, and by seasonably introduced compliments and apologies, he will readily adapt himself to all occasions. Memory alone will not, however, meet every claim upon the powers of an improvisatore; presence of mind, and a lively imagination, are indispensable; or, in default of the latter, the power of concealing its absence by a ready command of the classic poets, quotations from which are not regarded as plagiarisms, but rather as honourable evidence of extensive learning; and, with a command of Virgil and Horace alone, I would pledge myself to exhaust any lyric or epic theme from ancient story, without any modern accessories. The rhymes readily suggest themselves in a language so rich and pliant as the Italian, and relieve the labour of invention, especially if aided by musical accompaniment. For dramatic poems, which are almost invariably modelled after regular tragedy, and from ancient history, I have sentiments and language prepared for every probable contingency. The characters are tyrants, cruel parents, heroes, lovers, and confidants. For these I have declarations of love, farewell scenes, blessings, and maledictions, all ready, and easily adapted to a variety of situations. Occasionally, too, I employ the ancient chorus, which deals in generalities, and comes in with good effect. *Versi sciolti* are the most hazardous of all spontaneous attempts, and the poet is often in danger of splitting on this rocky problem, especially when he applies it to subjects borrowed from modern history.”

Such was the candid explanation of this accomplished scholar, whom I regard as the personification of the learned poetry, or poetical learning, of the modern Italians; and from my copious detail of his powers and attainments, you will readily estimate at their true value the literary mountebanks who are straining at the laurels of Dante and Tasso. In a single session of the Arcadians, it is not uncommon for ten poets to utter ten spontaneous sonnets each, while ten others instantaneously dress up these helpless bantlings in solid Latin hexameters. Truly, a most melancholy waste of ingenuity and Latin!

2 A

I subjoin a Latin and an Italian specimen of my Neapolitan friend's spontaneous poetry. They are, however, neither the best, nor the most

characteristic, of his effusions; but such as I was enabled to write with accuracy by his more deliberate utterance, and occasional pauses.

ON THE DEATH OF BEATRICE.

Interiit Beatrix primo sub flore juventæ,
Nec valuit terræ munere posse frui;
Sed superas arces, divini culmina Olympi
Extemplo petiit viribus ingenii.
Nam virtus, cordis pietas rectique pique,
Intemerata fides jam super astra trahunt.
O felix una ante alias, quæ carmine tanto
Mortua nunc vivis concelebrata diu!
Donec erunt Dantis versus, laudabere mundo,
Ut vivum exemplar moribus ingenuis.

IN FRAISE OF HORACE—FROM GIVEN RHYMES.

1. O de' Romani gloriosi *tempi*,
Eccelso onore dell' augusto *mondo*,
Orazio, che nel sen servavi il *fondo*
De' più sublimi e rinomati *esempi*!
2. In ogni carme con virtute *adempi*
Il sublime dell' arte ed il *giocondo*,
Tal che non si ritrova un detto *inimondo**
Nelle tue carte, che di sapienza *n'empì*.
3. Stupido il tuo lettor sempre *dimostra*
La tua grandezza nota ai nostri *giorni*
Esser più vasta dell' immenso *mare*,
Tu spira almeno nella mente *nostra*
Quell' arte bella e fa ch' in noi *ritorni*
La lode che a te sol convienai *dare*.

Letters from Rome in 1818.

XV. ROSA TADDEI AND TOMMASO SGRICCI.

Two of the most distinguished improvisatori of the present day in Rome are Rosa Taddei, whose Arcadian name is Licori Partenopea; and Tommaso Sgricci, of Arezzo, called in Arcadian nomenclature Terpandro; both of whom, unquestionably, possess no small portion of poetic fire and genius.

The improvisatrice gave, on the 24th of February 1818, a public Academia in the Teatro della Valle, which I attended. At the door of the parterre was a silver urn, into which every one who entered was allowed to throw a theme rolled up in a slip of paper. A low and simple overture from the band preceded the arrival of the poetess, who at length made her appearance in white costume. She was a pale girl, about seventeen, and her

large black eyes were full of fire. After an obeisance to the audience, she requested that the silver urn might be brought upon the stage; and, in sight of every one, a stranger drew out six slips of paper, the contents of which he read aloud, and then presented them to the poetess. The themes were these: La morte del Conte Ugolino; Saffo e Faone; La morte d'Ifigenia; La morte d'Egeo; Il cinto di Venere; Coriolano.

She selected the first named; and after pacing the stage for several minutes in visible excitement, but without gesticulation, she directed the orchestra to play an aria, which she distinguished by a number. In accordance with the subject, the melody was a deep lament, and of simple construc-

* A new merit of Horace! Thanks to the rhyme!

tion. After it had been played over twice, she gave a signal to the band, and, with an impassioned burst, began to declaim her poem in tones which were a mean betwixt recitation and singing. The musicians yielded to the words, and humoured a slower or more rapid utterance with great dexterity. The emphatic notes always fell on the rhymes, and were sustained *ad libitum*; but here the declamation yielded to the air, resembling somewhat the recitativo secco of the Italian opera, or the chanting of the mass in the Catholic churches. The improvisatrice excited astonishment and pity. Her whole frame quivered with convulsive effort; her bosom throbbed, her cheeks glowed, her dark eyes blazed, and her countenance assumed a character so widely different from its first appearance, that I could have fancied her a statue suddenly warmed into vitality by the Prometheus spark of poetry. Whenever the flow of her diction was suspended, even for a moment, or when she was conscious of any slight error or repetition, her internal agony was expressed by looks so appalling, that I felt an involuntary anxiety to help her out of the difficulty. Her delivery, however, became more flowing and impassioned as she proceeded, and, as she uttered the last word, she fell exhausted into a chair. But her excitement was too great for long inaction. She rallied almost instantaneously, swallowed hastily a glass of water, and called to the orchestra for another accompaniment. Gradually she took a bolder flight, and a wider range; calling occasionally for intercalary verses, and final rhymes from the audience, who also prescribed for her the metres of several poems. The conclusion of each effort was followed by loud and universal applause, nor could the audience always wait the close, but expressed their loud delight during the brief pauses in her recitation. These interruptions, however, were evidently no annoyance, but rather seemed to stimulate the gifted fair one to more daring flights. She wrought wonders with the stale and worn-out themes selected for her; and certainly no one, who looked and listened, could doubt her inspiration. Most admirable, too, was the unaffected and maidenly propriety with which she steered her course through

the difficulties of that slippery subject, the girdle of Venus, and avoided every allusion which might have compromised her youthful purity. The delicacy with which she accomplished this cannot, however, be conveyed by description, nor could I do justice to it, had I retained her language.

The celebrity of Tommaso Sgricci is not confined to his native country. In early childhood his mind exhibited unquestionable tokens of its peculiar powers. His poetical propensities did not accord with his father's views for him; but the dry studies to which his youth was devoted could not extinguish his poetic fire, which blazed more brightly within the barriers opposed to it, and, after the death of his father, he appeared before the public as an improvisatore. Commencing his career in Florence, he proceeded to Milan and Venice; was everywhere proclaimed the Coryphæus of his art, and at length appeared in Rome, where, during the Lent of 1818, he gave four public academies in the Venetian palace, and received a gold medal from the *Accademia Tiberina*. His poems were recited without musical accompaniment, and he had evidently powers more sustained, and of a higher order, than those of his fair competitor, whose compositions, however, derived a charm even from her occasional exhaustion.

His declamation, which surpassed any I had heard in Italy, was full of natural fire, pure from all pompous inflation, and so wonderfully accurate, that he could personify, in dramatic scenes, three or four performers, without any parrot-like imitations of different voices—characterizing each speaker by judicious contrasts, and varieties of look and gesture.

At his fourth public academia, which I attended with a German friend of phlegmatic temperament, the three following themes were drawn: *Le nozze di Amore e Psiche*, in triads; *La Morte di Saffo*, in versi sciolti; *La Morte di Socrate*, a tragedy in three acts, with intermediate chorus. How shall I do justice to the transcendent ability of this highly-gifted poet! Our northern stoicism melted into strong excitement before the fire and flow of his unequalled powers; and, as we rushed with throbbing temples down the palace stairs into the chilling night air, we

vainly endeavoured to express feelings to which no language could give utterance.

6. On the following morning we visited the young poet, who appeared highly gratified with the enthusiastic glow of our northern feelings, and who rose still higher in our estimation by the intellectual vigour of his conversation. We discovered in him a deep and comprehensive knowledge of history, and an intimate acquaintance with the existing relations of European governments, which gave rise to an interesting development of political opinions and sympathies. Of all the ancient poets, the Greek tragic writers were most familiar to him; and he maintained that, through their agency alone, could the Italian stage be liberated from the thralldom of Gallic models.

Of his own poetry he spoke as freely, but not so clearly and comprehensively, as the Neapolitan. "Such and such ideas suggest themselves;" or "they are involuntary;" or similar expressions were all we could obtain from him. I inquired if he had any of his own compositions in manuscript. "I have often tried," said he, "to commit them to paper, but could only accomplish a few fragments, with which I was so much dissatisfied, when I saw them in black and white, that I destroyed them instantly. Whenever I attempt to write a poem of some length, my ideas outstrip my pen, my head becomes confused and dizzy, and I am compelled to abandon the attempt. There is an old

and still current belief amongst improvisatori, that we lose our spontaneous powers when we begin to write; and although I indulge no superstitious fancies, I am conscious that I possess much more power in oral than in written and deliberate composition."

On the 10th of April the *Accademia Teverina* gave a grand festival in honour of Sgricci, who was to receive, on this occasion, the gold medal. The ceremonies opened with a discourse on the art of poesy, and on the merits of the poet, to crown whom they had assembled; after which his praises were sung in Italian and Latin by every member of the *Accademia*, and the decree was read, by which the honorary medal of the institution was awarded to him. The themes proposed were then collected by an *accademician*, who drew out two: *Coriolano*, in *versi sciolti*; and *La Morte di Lucrezia*, a tragedy in three acts, with chorus. On this occasion, Sgricci surpassed himself; and, towards the conclusion of his tragedy, every one listened in silent and rapturous enthusiasm, too much excited even to applaud. When the ceremonies were concluded, we found the improvisatore in a side-room, exhausted and almost fainting, on a sofa; and were informed by his mother, that every extraordinary exertion of his powers was succeeded by a similar reaction, which continued for several hours, and had sensibly impaired his constitution.

XVI. ROMAN NICKNAMES.

The Romans address each other by their Christian names, or by their nicknames, which are so general, and in such current use, that they often supersede the Christian name altogether. The Romans, however, find nothing offensive in these characteristic appellations, and answer to them unhesitatingly. Thus, one is called *Signor Baffo*, from his beard; another *Signor Biondo*, from the colour of his hair. A gossip is called *Mezzoprete*; a bulky man *Gigante*; and a wearer of spectacles *Signor Occhiali*. The Roman detects with wonderful accuracy the oddities and peculiarities of every one, and nicknames them accordingly, but without ill nature or attempt at

wit; and not unfrequently an individual receives the same appellation from different persons; so effective and true is the universal sense of criticism in this respect. Foreigners, especially, whose names are often too barbarous for Roman utterance, afford no little occupation for this nicknaming propensity of the natives. At the hotels and *tables d'hôte*, every stranger has his peculiar cognomen, which is inscribed on his dinner bill at the bar; and when the waiter delivers it, he generally tears off the nickname, lest it should prove offensive to the party indicated. This amusing custom is one of the numerous antiquities which prevail in modern Roman life. A

large portion of the most ancient surnames in all nations originated in nicknames, and the Latin language is peculiarly rich in these characteristic

epithets; for instance, the well-known Naso, Flaccus, Rufus, Varus, Caligula, Fronto, Pætus, Aviola, Labeo, and other cognomina.

XVII. CLERICAL FORGERIES IN ROME.

In the autumn of 1818, the discovery of a band of forgers, who had for several years carried on a lucrative trade in simulated papal rescripts, excited great alarm and astonishment. His Holiness is said to have been shocked by this intelligence into a fit of illness, which confined him to his bed; and the Cardinal-secretary of state left the city, and retired for some time to Civita Vecchia. The universal interest excited by this discovery, and the large acquaintance and family connexion of the parties implicated, enabled even foreigners to learn the substance of the evidence brought forward at the secret investigations; and, from the copious particulars detailed to me, I have extracted whatever appeared to me most important and worthy of credit.

Towards the end of August 1818, four ecclesiastics of rank, who were employed as secretaries and commissioners in the Papal administrative colleges, were suddenly arrested. Their names and titles are noted down in my journal; but I forbear to detail them, as I know not whether any sentence has yet been passed. Two of them sat in the bureau of the consistorial congregation; the others were in the state congregation, at the head of which is the secretary of state.

In Rome it is customary, and too often essential, for applicants to convey their petitions through some important official personage, who undertakes to support and push them through their different stages, for which acceleration the petitioning parties make a pecuniary return suitable to the nature and extent of the object attained. The four individuals in question had for a considerable period been employed in forwarding petitions, which they accomplished with so much rapidity and success, as to have acquired the reputation of possessing powerful interest in high quarters. They had thus realised fortunes, the extent of which they imprudently betrayed by an extravagant and luxurious expenditure.

An opulent individual applied to

the state-congregation for the monopoly of the sweepings and rags of Rome, and promised to the two members of this congregation already mentioned, a thousand scudi, in the event of his obtaining through their agency this lucrative privilege. The application met with considerable opposition from several members, and was referred for examination to a lower bureau. Soon, however, the monopoly in question was granted to the petitioner on the terms he had originally proposed, and the rescript was approved by the congregation, and signed by the Pope.

A cardinal, who had vehemently opposed the application, discovered that the rescript was a forgery; and, on his information, the Speditore was imprisoned. On examination, he confessed that he had sealed the forged document, having previously suppressed the opposed petition on its way for investigation by a lower commission. His colleague, who had presented the petition, forged the rescript, and the two culprits in the consistorial bureau had forged the signatures so accurately, that the Pope and his secretary of state could discover no variation from their accustomed writing.

By the corresponding confessions of the four criminals, it appeared that, in the preceding five years, not less than fifty forged rescripts had been issued from the two congregations; amongst which the following were the most important and daring.

"A permission to prolong for three years the bull-fights in the Mausoleum of Augustus; in consequence of which prorogation, these spectacles actually took place in the August of 1818, notwithstanding the marked disapprobation of these combats which the Pope had expressed for some years."

"The last male branch of a well-known and ancient princely family at Palermo, had been for some years Monaco di Messa. He obtained a release from his monastic vow, and permission to marry his first cousin

(cugina carnale,) who was a nun, and had also been absolved from her conventual obligations."

"Important powers and privileges were granted to several ecclesiastical orders in Spanish America."

"A Catholic mother, resident in Germany, was permitted to inter in a Catholic church her deceased child, which had been baptized a Protestant."

The detail of these forgeries merits attention, because it conveys a lively idea of the disorder and negligence prevailing in the Roman administration. Such facilities in the simulation and suppression of important documents for a succession of years, can exist only in states where delegated power is without effective limit and control, and destitute of connexion and concentration.

XVIII. THE COLISEUM.

There is a desolation and a nakedness in the empty seats and unadorned interior of the Coliseum, which conveys to the spectator a sense of chilling disappointment. To comprehend the whole design of the architect, we should behold the sublime, and now unattainable effect of 80,000 human beings lining the innumerable benches of this huge oval, and excited by stirring and tremendous spectacles into simultaneous bursts of applause or censure. Certainly no splendours of entablature could have competed with the appalling grandeur of this dense and multitudinous mass; this swelling, tossing tide of human existence, animated by one soul and one impulse.

Human nature shudders on a retrospect of the enormous slaughter perpetrated in this amphitheatre, and others which preceded and followed it. To grace the triumph of Metellus over the Carthaginians, 142 elephants were sacrificed in a day; and the imposing spectacle of 100 lions, collected for this purpose by Sylla, was forgotten when Pompey brought 600 to the shambles. The emperors, either from indispensable policy, or for their own gratification, trampled on all the instincts of humanity, and carried the waste of human and animal life to a degree which almost exceeds belief. After the death of Decebalus, and the conclusion of the Dacian war, Trajan gave these tragic spectacles to the Roman citizens during 123 successive days; on some of which 10,000 tame and wild animals were destroyed, and innumerable gladiators grappled in mortal combat to amuse the savage and applauding multitude; and Lampridius tells us, that the Emperor Commodus destroyed 100 elephants with his own hand.

Aristotle advised the Greeks to purify their minds from weakness and cowardice by frequent attendance at the tragic theatres. The Romans required no such training in the school of fortitude. They gazed with delight on the butchery of thousands of their fellow-creatures, and beheld with indifference captive kings and heroes dying of hunger in the prisons of the Mamertine—while the sickly and degenerate Italians of the present day shudder as they read the sublime tragedies of Sophocles and Euripides, and shrink with morbid sensibility from the contemplation of the catastrophe, which they delineate with such intensity of power and passion.

How few examples does modern history afford of that heroic self-devotion, that sublime power of pitying without relenting, of enduring without a murmur, of pursuing with iron firmness an elevated object, which distinguished the great men of Greece and Rome; and which enabled them to encounter the calamities of life with fortitude, and its close without dismay! It is impossible to justify the desolating wars and barbarous habits of these extraordinary nations; but it must be admitted that their military education, their athletic games, frequent use of the bath, and exposure from early youth to hardship and fatigue, were eminently adapted to form a manly and heroic character; and will also explain, and in some measure extenuate, their faculty of viewing with gratification those scenes of blood, from the mere details of which the imperfectly developed minds and bodies of the present day recoil with terror and disgust.

XIX. THE VATICAN APOLLO.

ON a bright and warm Sunday in February, I was sitting near the Apollo, whose saloon was from time to time visited by groups of chattering Romans, and silent Englishmen. The Romans wander through the Museum as through a pleasure-garden, and rarely pause to contemplate a statue. The lower classes are attracted only by the hall of animals and monsters; and the peasantry, when they return from Rome, relate wondrous tales of the marble hares and crabs they have seen in the Museum. Two shepherds from the

Abruzzi, who had just enjoyed this delectable treat, opened a door in my vicinity, and suddenly encountered the outstretched arm and menacing aspect of the God of Song. Starting back in dismay, they took off their hats, and gazed in silent wonder at the towering deity from a respectful distance in the adjoining saloon. After standing thus for some time, one of them pulled the other by the sleeve, and said, "Andiamo, andiamo, ci siamo smarriti. Questa è per il Papa e pe' Cardinali."

THE MURDER HOLE.

AN ANCIENT LEGEND.

Ah, frantic Fear!

I see, I see thee near;
I know thy hurried step, thy haggard eye!
Like thee I start, like thee disorder'd fly!

COLLINS.

IN a remote district of country belonging to Lord Cassillis, between Ayrshire and Galloway, about three hundred years ago, a moor of apparently boundless extent stretched several miles along the road, and wearied the eye of the traveller by the sameness and desolation of its appearance; not a tree varied the prospect—not a shrub enlivened the eye by its freshness—nor a native flower bloomed to adorn this ungenial soil. One "lonesome desert" reached the horizon on every side, with nothing to mark that any mortal had ever visited the scene before, except a few rude huts that were scattered near its centre; and a road, or rather pathway, for those whom business or necessity obliged to pass in that direction. At length, deserted as this wild region had always been, it became still more gloomy. Strange rumours arose, that the path of unwary travellers had been beset on this "blasted heath," and that treachery and murder had intercepted the solitary stranger as he traversed its dreary extent. When several persons, who were known to have passed that way, mysteriously disappeared, the inquiries of their relatives led to a strict and anxious investigation; but though the officers of justice were sent to scour the

country, and examine the inhabitants, not a trace could be obtained of the persons in question, nor of any place of concealment which could be a refuge for the lawless or desperate to horde in. Yet, as inquiry became stricter, and the disappearance of individuals more frequent, the simple inhabitants of the neighbouring hamlet were agitated by the most fearful apprehensions. Some declared that the death-like stillness of the night was often interrupted by sudden and preternatural cries of more than mortal anguish, which seemed to arise in the distance; and a shepherd one evening, who had lost his way on the moor, declared he had approached three mysterious figures, who seemed struggling against each other with supernatural energy, till at length one of them, with a frightful scream, suddenly sunk into the earth.

Gradually the inhabitants deserted their dwellings on the heath, and settled in distant quarters, till at length but one of the cottages continued to be inhabited by an old woman and her two sons, who loudly lamented that poverty chained them to this solitary and mysterious spot. Travellers who frequented this road now generally did so in groups to protect each other; and if night overtook them, they usual-

ly stopped at the humble cottage of the old woman and her sons, where cleanliness compensated for the want of luxury, and where, over a blazing fire of peat, the bolder spirits smiled at the imaginary terrors of the road, and the more timid trembled as they listened to the tales of terror and affright with which their hosts entertained them.

One gloomy and tempestuous night in November, a pedlar-boy hastily traversed the moor. Terrified to find himself involved in darkness amidst its boundless wastes, a thousand frightful traditions, connected with this dreary scene, darted across his mind—every blast, as it swept in hollow gusts over the heath, seemed to teem with the sighs of departed spirits—and the birds, as they winged their way above his head, appeared, with loud and shrill cries, to warn him of approaching danger. The whistle with which he usually beguiled his weary pilgrimage died away into silence, and he groped along with trembling and uncertain steps, which sounded too loudly in his ears. The promise of Scripture occurred to his memory, and revived his courage. "I will be unto thee as a rock in the desert, and as an hiding-place in the storm." *Surely, thought he, though alone, I am not forsaken; and a prayer for assistance hovered on his lips.*

A light now glimmered in the distance which would lead him, he conjectured, to the cottage of the old woman; and towards that he eagerly bent his way, remembering as he hastened along, that when he had visited it the year before, it was in company with a large party of travellers, who had beguiled the evening with those tales of mystery which had so lately filled his brain with images of terror. He recollected, too, how anxiously the old woman and her sons had endeavoured to detain him when the other travellers were departing; and now, therefore, he confidently anticipated a cordial and cheering reception. His first call for admission obtained no visible marks of attention, but instantly the greatest noise and confusion prevailed within the cottage. They think it is one of the supernatural visitants of whom the old lady talks so much, thought the boy, approaching a window, where the light within shewed him all the inhabitants at their

several occupations; the old woman was hastily scrubbing the stone floor, and strewing it thickly over with sand, while her two sons seemed with equal haste to be thrusting something large and heavy into an immense chest, which they carefully locked. The boy, in a frolicsome mood, thoughtlessly tapped at the window, when they all instantly started up with consternation so strongly depicted on their countenances, that he shrunk back involuntarily with an undefined feeling of apprehension; but before he had time to reflect a moment longer, one of the men suddenly darted out at the door, and seizing the boy roughly by the shoulder, dragged him violently into the cottage. "I am not what you take me for," said the boy, attempting to laugh, "but only the poor pedlar who visited you last year." "Are you alone?" inquired the old woman, in a harsh deep tone, which made his heart thrill with apprehension. "Yes," said the boy, "I am alone here; and alas!" he added, with a burst of uncontrollable feeling, "I am alone in the wide world also! Not a person exists who would assist me in distress, or shed a single tear if I died this very night." "Then you are welcome!" said one of the men with a sneer, while he cast a glance of peculiar expression at the other inhabitants of the cottage.

It was with a shiver of apprehension, rather than of cold, that the boy drew towards the fire, and the looks which the old woman and her sons exchanged, made him wish that he had preferred the shelter of any one of the roofless cottages which were scattered near, rather than trust himself among persons of such dubious aspect. Dreadful surmises flitted across his brain; and terrors which he could neither combat nor examine imperceptibly stole into his mind; but alone, and beyond the reach of assistance, he resolved to smother his suspicions, or at least not increase the danger by revealing them. The room to which he retired for the night had a confused and desolate aspect; the curtains seemed to have been violently torn down from the bed, and still hung in tatters around it—the table seemed to have been broken by some violent concussion, and the fragments of various pieces of furniture lay scattered upon the floor. The boy begged that a light might

burn in his apartment till he was asleep, and anxiously examined the fastenings of the door; but they seemed to have been wrenched asunder on some former occasion, and were still left rusty and broken.

It was long ere the pedlar attempted to compose his agitated nerves to rest; but at length his senses began to "steep themselves in forgetfulness," though his imagination remained painfully active, and presented new scenes of terror to his mind, with all the vividness of reality. He fancied himself again wandering on the heath, which appeared to be peopled with spectres, who all beckoned to him not to enter the cottage, and as he approached it, they vanished with a hollow and despairing cry. The scene then changed, and he found himself again seated by the fire, where the countenances of the men scowled upon him with the most terrifying malignity, and he thought the old woman suddenly seized him by the arms, and pinioned them to his side. Suddenly the boy was startled from these agitated slumbers, by what sounded to him like a cry of distress; he was broad awake in a moment, and sat up in bed,—but the noise was not repeated, and he endeavoured to persuade himself it had only been a continuation of the fearful images which had disturbed his rest, when, on glancing at the door, he observed underneath it a broad red stream of blood silently stealing its course along the floor. Frantic with alarm, it was but the work of a moment to spring from his bed, and rush to the door, through a chink of which, his eye nearly dimmed with affright he could watch unsuspected whatever might be done in the adjoining room.

His fear vanished instantly when he perceived that it was only a goat that they had been slaughtering; and he was about to steal into his bed again, ashamed of his groundless apprehensions, when his ear was arrested by a conversation which transfixed him aghast with terror to the spot.

"This is an easier job than you had yesterday," said the man who held the goat. "I wish all the throats we've cut were as easily and quietly done. Did you ever hear such a noise as the old gentleman made last night! It was well we had no neighbour within a dozen of miles, or they must have heard his cries for help and mercy."

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"Don't speak of it," replied the other; "I was never fond of bloodshed."

"Ha! ha!" said the other, with a sneer, "you say so, do you?"

"I do," answered the first, gloomily; "the Murder Hole is the thing for me—that tells no tales—a single scuffle—a single plunge—and the fellow's dead and buried to your hand in a moment. I would defy all the officers in Christendom to discover any mischief there."

"Ay, Nature did us a good turn when she contrived such a place as that. Who that saw a hole in the heath, filled with clear water, and so small that the long grass meets over the top of it, would suppose that the depth is unfathomable, and that it conceals more than forty people who have met their deaths there?—it sucks them in like a leech!"

"How do you mean to dispatch the lad in the next room?" asked the old woman in an under tone. The elder son made her a sign to be silent, and pointed towards the door where their trembling auditor was concealed; while the other, with an expression of brutal ferocity, passed his bloody knife across his throat.

The pedlar boy possessed a bold and daring spirit, which was now roused to desperation; but in any open resistance the odds were so completely against him, that flight seemed his best resource. He gently stole to the window, and having by one desperate effort broke the rusty bolt by which the casement had been fastened, he let himself down without noise or difficulty. This betokens good, thought he, pausing an instant in dreadful hesitation what direction to take. This momentary deliberation was fearfully interrupted by the hoarse voice of the men calling aloud, "*The boy has fled—let loose the blood-hound!*" These words sunk like a death-knell on his heart, for escape appeared now impossible, and his nerves seemed to melt away like wax in a furnace. Shall I perish without a struggle! thought he, rousing himself to exertion, and, helpless and terrified as a hare pursued by its ruthless hunters, he fled across the heath. Soon the baying of the blood-hound broke the stillness of the night, and the voice of its masters sounded through the moor, as they endeavoured to accelerate its speed,—

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panting and breathless the boy pursued his hopeless career, but every moment his pursuers seemed to gain upon his failing steps. The hound was unimpeded by the darkness which was to him so impenetrable, and its noise rung louder and deeper on his ear—while the lanterns which were carried by the men gleamed near and distinct upon his vision.

At his fullest speed, the terrified boy fell with violence over a heap of stones, and having nothing on but his shirt, he was severely cut in every limb. With one wild cry to Heaven for assistance, he continued prostrate on the earth, bleeding, and nearly insensible. The hoarse voices of the men, and the still louder baying of the dog, were now so near, that instant destruction seemed inevitable,—already he felt himself in their fangs, and the bloody knife of the assassin appeared to gleam before his eyes,—despair renewed his energy, and once more, in an agony of affright that seemed verging towards madness, he rushed forward so rapidly that terror seemed to have given wings to his feet. A loud cry near the spot he had left arose on his ears without suspending his flight. The hound had stopped at the place where the Pedlar's wounds bled so profusely, and deeming the chase now over, it lay down there, and could not be induced to proceed; in vain the men beat it with frantic violence, and tried again to put the hound on the scent,—the sight of blood had satisfied the animal that its work was done, and with dogged resolution it resisted every inducement to pursue the same scent a second time. The pedlar boy in the meantime paused not in his flight till morning dawned—and still as he fled, the noise of steps seemed to pursue him, and the cry of his assassins still sounded in the distance. Ten miles off he reached a village, and spread instant alarm throughout the neighbourhood—the inhabitants were aroused with one accord into a tumult of indignation—several of them had lost sons, brothers, or friends on the heath, and all united in proceeding instantly to seize the old woman and her sons, who were nearly torn to pieces by their violence.

Three gibbets were immediately raised on the moor, and the wretched culprits confessed before their execution to the destruction of nearly fifty victims in the Murder Hole which they pointed out, and near which they suffered the penalty of their crimes. The bones of several murdered persons were with difficulty brought up from the abyss into which they had been thrust; but so narrow is the aperture, and so extraordinary the depth, that all who see it are inclined to coincide in the tradition of the country people that it is unfathomable. The scene of these events still continues nearly as it was 300 years ago. The remains of the old cottage, with its blackened walls, (haunted of course by a thousand evil spirits,) and the extensive moor, on which a more modern inn (if it can be dignified with such an epithet) resembles its predecessor in every thing but the character of its inhabitants; the landlord is deformed, but possesses extraordinary genius; he has himself manufactured a violin, on which he plays with untaught skill,—and if any *discord* be heard in the house, or any *murder* committed in it, *this* is his only instrument. His daughter (who has never travelled beyond the heath) has inherited her father's talent, and learnt all his tales of terror and superstition, which she relates with infinite spirit; but when you are led by her across the heath to drop a stone into that deep and narrow gulf to which our story relates,—when you stand on its slippery edge, and (parting the long grass with which it is covered) gaze into its mysterious depths,—when she describes, with all the animation of an *eye-witness*, the struggle of the victims grasping the grass as a last hope of preservation, and trying to drag in their assassin as an expiring effort of vengeance,—when you are told that for 300 years the clear waters in this diamond of the desert have remained untasted by mortal lips, and that the solitary traveller is still pursued at night by the howling of the bloodhound,—it is *then only* that it is possible fully to appreciate the terrors of THE MURDER HOLE.

IRELAND AS IT IS.

CHAP. IX.

TITHES—GRAND JURY—AND LOCAL ASSESSMENTS.

WE have endeavoured in preceding chapters to discuss with fairness and impartiality the circumstances which lead to the present debased condition of the Irish peasantry, who encumber, rather than cultivate, the ground. We have now to take notice of the grievances which are alleged to bear so hardly upon all occupiers of land, whether rich or poor: these are Tithes, and the County, Barony, and Parochial Rates.

The great, and indeed the only reasonable, objection to tithes, when considered merely as a demand upon the profits of the occupier of the soil, lies in the uncertainty of the amount of that demand.

As to the vulgar objection, that it is a payment to those who do nothing for it,—that it is a sum required for spiritual services from those who neither want, nor will receive, the spiritual services of those who so require it, we have only to say, that this is placing the demand upon grounds obviously erroneous to all but the very ignorant. There are not a few also, like the author of the *Life of Captain Rock*, who represent the tithe in this light, not through ignorance, which only deserves our pity, but through a something much worse, which deserves our indignation. The men who affect to see something so very monstrous in the payment of tithe to the clergyman because he does nothing for it, are quite calm upon the subject of the rent paid to the landlord, who certainly does just as little for it; yet the right to the demand is, in the eye of law and of reason, precisely the same in both cases. All property is the creature of law; and according to the law of the land, which is notorious to every man who tills the earth, the tenth of the produce is as clearly the property of the parson, as the whole of the rent is that of the landlord. But, from the uncertainty of the demand, and yet more, from the variable manner of exacting it, and the want of uniformity and exactness in its collection, the people in Ireland

are not in the habit of regarding it as a charge which they should provide for like rent, but consider it a severe tax, which they evade when they can, and seldom submit to except with a fierce impatience, which is zealously aggravated by the Roman Catholic clergy, and other political disturbers. This mistake regarding the ecclesiastical *rent*,—for we must insist that the nature of the parson's right and the landlord's are just the same,—arises partly from the continuation of a had and antiquated custom,—that of taking a proportion of the produce instead of a fixed amount of money; and partly from a vicious system of collection of this proportion which the law secures to the church. Upon this subject we quite agree with Mr Sadler, though we should differ from him in the remedy he proposes. He says, "The system of collecting tithes in kind is but the continuation of the *metairie* system, which once prevailed universally, and still remains in some parts of France, and generally in Italy. The landlords, in such case, had usually the half, the clergyman a-tenth of the produce. It has been found far more convenient to both landlord and tenant to change this mode into the payment of a rent mutually agreed upon between the parties; but the share of the church has continued to be estimated, or taken upon the old principle, equally to the disadvantage and dissatisfaction of all concerned: it is in fact a relic of barbarism,—of a mode which was perhaps once necessary on all hands,—when coin was rare, and bargains consequently continued to be made pretty much on the principle of barter. Even the revenues of the country, at least some of the most productive ones, continued till within these few centuries past to be paid in kind, particularly in wools. It is much to be regretted, that, as money payments became practicable, and were adopted in all other cases, so beneficial an alteration did not take place touching the revenues of the

church; one which would have been demonstrably for the benefit of all parties, and more especially for the clergyman, who, I am persuaded, notwithstanding the outcry against him, is the greatest sufferer.* Mr Sadler's remedy, at which he merely hints, is that of turning the value of the tithe into glebe; but it occurs to us, that there is a political disadvantage attendant upon the actual possession of land as ecclesiastical property; because, as it passes entirely away from the family of the holder at his death, he has not the same interest in its prospective improvement, as the lay landlord has, who looks to its occupation by his children.

To obviate the evils of the uncertainty and irregularity in the annual amount of tithe to be paid by the landholder, Mr Goulbourne's Composition Act was introduced, by which, for a specified period, not exceeding twenty-one years, the tithe may be commuted for a fixed annual payment by the acre.

This act has been carried into effect in a great number of instances; the tillage farmer being generally willing to throw the burden equally on all the lands of the parish, and thus include the grass lands, which did not pay any thing before,† and the clergyman being anxious to escape from those altercations about his pecuniary affairs, which must be unpleasant to any man, but particularly so to a clergyman. Still, however, we cannot help thinking this bill is justifiable rather on grounds of temporary expediency, than of general and permanent policy. Undoubtedly it is very useful and agreeable to make an arrangement, voluntary on both sides, by which the revenue of the clergyman may be received, without resorting to a mode of collection generally deemed objectionable. So far, and for the present, it is very well; but if we look forward to the period when the term of composition for twenty-one years shall draw to a close, we may see in the prospect considerable difficulty and danger to the ecclesiastical revenue. For, when

the composition is at an end, the clergyman must either submit to such new composition as shall be offered to him, or resort to the old law of tithe in kind; and it may well be questioned whether this latter alternative, which is his whole security, will not by that time have slipped from under his feet. It is easy to say that the law which has been so long suspended will then revive; but the practical question is, whether *such* a law, grown obsolete by desuetude, can be revived, and the answer of every practical man must be, that it cannot,—provided such revival be disagreeable to the great body of the people, by which expression we do not mean the rabble. Men will submit to what they do not like, when it is but the continuation of a rule long established; but let that rule lapse for twenty-one years, and its revival becomes an odious novelty, to which people in this country will not submit. The practical consequence, therefore, of the Tithe Composition Act, if carried generally into effect, will probably be, to take away altogether the power of enforcing tithe in kind, and to convert the claim of the church into a tax fixed by statute, the amount of which tax will depend upon the temper of some future House of Commons.

This probability is strengthened by a view of the present state of circumstances with regard to tithes. The strict letter of the law gives the clergyman a tenth of the produce; but in Ireland clergymen have not in general exacted nearly so large a proportion, and though the law be as strict as ever, they could not now exact it, if they would. We have seen it frequently stated, that land in Ireland, which is tithe free, sets for more additional rent than the tenth of its produce could be calculated to produce; but throughout the whole of our experience, we have found directly the reverse of this to be the fact.

The tithe composition act seems to be but a timorous and inadequate way of dealing with so important a matter as the tithe system. There are a few

* Ireland, its Evils and their Remedies.—p. 163-4.

† By a tyrannous and absurd act of the Irish Legislature, the tithe payable from lands occupied in the feeding of cattle, called the "tithe of agistment," was abolished, while that payable by the more laborious cultivator was suffered to remain. By Mr Goulbourne's bill, the grass lands have to contribute their proportion with the rest.

fixed facts, and let them be dealt with as simply as possible. The clergy have a right by the law to a tenth of the produce of the land; but it is deemed impolitic, and we think justly so, that their revenue should be an invariable proportion of a very variable whole; and, moreover, that it should be a demand, increasing with the increased industry and expense of the cultivator. Now, our way of simply settling the matter would be this: Let the church-wardens of every parish be required, in every fifth year, to summon a jury of twelve men, who shall each be worth at least £100 a-year, and let the jury be required to return upon oath, a statement of the average annual value of the crops raised in the parish within the five years preceding.

The Legislature having considered whether a tenth or a fifteenth or a twentieth, or some other proportion, is that which the clergy now generally claim in the exercise of their common-law right, and having fixed the proportion for the future, let that proportion be taken, of the valuation of the jury, and fixed as the annual sum leviable for the parson for the succeeding five years. The amount to be paid by each individual to make up this sum should be apportioned according to the valuation of each man's holding; and if any man's holding be, by ancient prescription, tithe-free, (though we should wish to see these distinctions abolished,) let him plead the prescription instead of paying the sum apportioned.

At present, some landed proprietors complain, that, by the operation of the Composition Bill, the charge which was before contingent on some revenue being derived from the ground, and only proportionate to that revenue, is converted into a regular land-tax, and a permanent lien on their acres; for, whether the land be fallow, or the tenant abscond, paying nothing, the land is still chargeable with the composition, and its arrear and the claim must always be satisfied before that of the proprietor. By the plan we propose, if unproductive ground was charged in one five years, it would find the benefit in the next, when it would probably be productive, as the prospective levy would be regulated by the value of the preceding produce.

But the greatest hardship, as it appears to us, which attended the old law, was a practice adopted by some

clergymen of selling the tithes of their parish to the highest bidder, and then suffering the purchaser, often a person of the worst and lowest character, to extract the utmost he could wring from the parishioners. This should not be permitted, as, when the tithe is an uncertain amount, to be settled each year according to the value of the crop, it is obviously better that the farmer should have to deal with a gentleman and a clergyman, than with a person who has no feeling beyond that of putting every shilling he possibly can in his pocket. We would not make the clergyman a griping farmer of his tithe; we would have him relieve every distressed man in his parish to the utmost extent of his income; but the way to do this most effectually, as well as most consistently with his duty to himself and to his successor, is, first to enforce strictly, but not harshly, all his legal rights, and then to be as charitable with his own property as he may.

Next to tithes, the burdens which are most loudly complained of are the County and Barony rates, levied by authority of the Grand Juries of the several counties. The existing Grand Jury laws of Ireland certainly admit of improvement, and have been made the frequent subject of animadversion, both in and out of Parliament. Mr Spring Rice, whose knowledge of the affairs of Ireland no one can dispute, however they may differ from his political views, put forth a pamphlet some years ago, which very forcibly pointed out the evils of the Grand Jury system; but as yet no sufficient remedy has been applied, and we must still assent to his proposition, that "the Irish people are injured in their moral character, in their efforts of industry, and in their pecuniary resources, by this system."

The sum annually levied for making and repairing roads, and the various other purposes to which Grand Jury assessments are applied, exceeds, on an average, £800,000; an immense sum to be taken from so poor a country as Ireland. Of this amount, little more than one-half is subject to the control of the Grand Jury; namely, the portion expended on roads, bridges, and county buildings. The sums for the payment of the police, the salaries of officers, and repayment of Government advances, though levied by their

assessment, are not under their control; so that from a comparison of the number of acres of profitable land in the island, with the amount of the Grand Jury cess, it appears that the portion of the levy which is at the disposal of the Grand Jury, does not exceed sixpence an acre; and when it is considered how numerous and how excellent the roads of Ireland are, this sum does not appear very unreasonable. The unequal portion of the tax, however, and its variableness even in a given place, form very serious objections to the mode of its collection. The past surveys of Ireland, by which the county assessments are regulated, were formed on a peculiar system; an artificial value of land was assumed, and to this, as to a constant standard, the real value was referred. When the plough-lands were measured, the quality of the soil of each was also estimated, and in the survey the plough-land was rated, not at its actual contents, but according to the then estimated actual value. Thus, a plough-land of five hundred acres, deemed worth ten shillings the acre annually, was returned of the same extent as another of a thousand acres worth five shillings an acre.

The whole amount of the Grand Jury assessment at each assize is not levied at the same acreable rent in each barony of a given county. The sum for barony cross roads, and other local purposes, is charged upon each, according to the presentments *fitted* for itself; but the Grand Jury do not take into consideration any subdivision more minute than that of a barony, or half-barony as they are called, in places where the ancient barony has, for purposes of local convenience, been divided. The treasurer of the county next determines the several acreable rates, by dividing the whole sum to be levied from a barony by the number of acres at which it is rated in the survey, and then hands to the chief or barony constable, the warrant for levying the charge. The constable proceeds to levy the sum from each plough-land; but as the relative value of different lands has, of course, prodigiously altered since the old survey valuations were formed, it not unfrequently happens that the acreable charges differ exceedingly, when the present value of the respective lands is nearly the same. The

expression of an Irish member of the House of Commons, when examined by the committee on the new survey of Ireland, was, that the present applotments were "ridiculously unequal." It was found, too, that great frauds were sometimes practised in the collection, by the constables levying cess from a greater number of acres in the respective denominations than was proportionable to the whole number specified in the treasurer's warrant. To prevent this, the usual Irish remedy of an oath has been resorted to, and the constable is obliged to swear that he has not levied the cess from a greater number of acres than that specified. But the dishonest, as usual, evade the oath, and find an easy salve for their conscience. They continue to levy the rate on acres where they have no right to it, and they omit some part of the barony where their right is undoubted, and they are sure of being paid the legal demand; they then make their return to the treasurer, take the oath, and, after they have finally settled with him, receive and pocket the proceeds of what they quaintly term "the spare acres." These evils will, however, be obviated, when the new survey, now in progress, shall have been completed.

If the provision of the Tithe Composition Act, for transferring the burden more immediately to the landlord were generally acted upon, and a similar provision introduced with respect to the Grand Jury cess, a very desirable improvement would be effected. It has been proposed that, in all future leases, the lessor shall be bound to accept cess and tithe receipts as part payment of the reserved rent. So far as the tenant is concerned, this will have an effect somewhat similar to that of changing, in government imposts, an assessed or direct tax into a duty on some necessary of life. It will not diminish the burden, but will, perhaps, render it more tolerable, when less plainly forced on the observation of the person taxed. At present the farmer cries out against the tithe and local taxes as falling wholly upon him. The landlord affirms that the charges are, to their amount, a diminution of *his* income; while bookish men declare that neither tenant nor landlord is the real sufferer, but the consumers of the

produce, who pay so much the more for it on account of the burdens borne by the land. It does seem desirable to simplify the matter as much as possible; to remove the seeming grievance of the occupier of the soil, by transferring the payment of the tax to the landlord, in whose hands, so far as relates to presentments, the imposition of it lies, and to confer on the agriculturist the solid benefit of knowing accurately the precise amount of the outgoings in money, to which he binds himself when he takes a farm. At present every presentment is applied for in the name of some individual, to whom the performance is granted, if the presentment be passed. The individual is usually the nominee of the particular Grand Juror who interests himself in procuring the presentment.

It has been proposed that the Grand Juror should only decide upon the fitness or unfitness of the work; and that if approved, it shall then be open to public contract, and the lowest offer shall be accepted—that county, or at least district engineers, shall be appointed, who are to certify the due performance of every contract before the treasurer can issue the sum agreed upon—and that such engineer shall be held responsible for the state of the roads, &c. in his district.

If such a plan be feasible, its adoption is certainly to be desired. Every thing that would lead to remove the actual expenditure from the disposal of the gentry is desirable. It is notorious, that a spirit of jobbing, engendered by the peculiar circumstances under which Ireland was placed, did eat like a canker into the bowels of the land; and though we know it to have very exceedingly diminished of late years, in many counties it has not yet entirely disappeared. In the county of Mayo, as attested by the evidence of Mr MacDonnell before the Commons' Committee in 1825, *domain walls* were sometimes built at the expense of the county, under the name of guard walls for roads. After reciting a most flagitious case of a bridge built at the public expense, and wholly for a private purpose, the witness was asked, "Do you not think, that if there was such a manifest job imposed upon the county as the building of a bridge for the purpose of being employed as an embankment for any

man, however rich and powerful, in the county, there might be some public-spirited person to step forward, and to traverse such a presentment?" The answer was, "I should rather imagine, that the individuals on the Grand Jury, who generally participate in something of the same kind themselves, would be the last persons to come forward." Now, the moral injury done by each individual case of jobbing with the money of the county, is incalculable. The peasantry, to a man, know accurately what transactions are of this class, and they see that a man who ranks as a gentleman is capable of lending himself to all the disgusting tissue of misrepresentation, fraud, and perjury, which are requisite to carry the scheme of spoliation into effect. The example has its full weight. The peasant never pretends to be better than the man with the good clothes; and, in every act of similar villainy, he congratulates himself that he is no worse than his neighbours. We are not sure that any improvement, short of a complete change of system, would be sufficient for the reform of Grand Jury abuses. No matter how well disposed the jurors might be to do their duty fairly and conscientiously, it is impossible that, under the present mode, they can give a due examination to the presentments. Were they to sit for as many weeks as they do sit for days, it would not be more than enough to investigate properly the numerous presentment-bills which they have to pass. It is also very necessary that the public should have some opportunity of seeing and expressing their opinion upon those accounts and estimates, for which they have been or are to be taxed. The system, as described to the Committee of the House of Commons by the Honourable Judge Day, strikes one at once as being unjust and monstrous. He says, "Roads and bridges—salaries to officers, and building of court-houses and of diocesan schools, and the police and insurrection establishments, and damages for burnings and other malicious injuries—these and other immense burdens that are thrown upon the occupiers, and with which the Parliament are totally unacquainted, are imposed by the Grand Jury, enclosed within locked doors, uninterrupted by those who pay, and who hear nothing

of the hurden, till those who create it are *dissolved and disappear*."

We trust that when the new survey shall be completed, and Parliament shall have accurate data to proceed upon, great improvements will be introduced in the regulation of county business and of local taxation, which is at present felt to be so burdensome and unequal. There are, on the part of the Roman Catholics and Presbyterians, loud complaints against some of the parish taxes, which are applied to the expenses attendant upon the churches of the establishment. We think these taxes are impolitic, because they are a ready handle by which to increase the animosity otherwise strong-

ly enough felt against the Established Church. While the revenues of the Irish Church are so considerable, it certainly would be better that the incomes of the bishops and the beneficed clergy should contribute to the incidental expenses of the churches, than that bitter odium should be excited by making Roman Catholics pay for that from which they derive no benefit whatever. The argument we have used respecting tithes cannot be applied to the payment of these parish church rights, which are to all intents and purposes a tax, and come under all the rules of policy applicable to taxes in general.

CHAP. X.

INTRODUCTION OF POOR LAWS—CONCLUSION.

THERE is no question upon which those who really have the improvement of Ireland at heart, differ more than upon that of the policy of introducing the English system of poor laws into that kingdom. Writers, who are alike honest and able in the cause, advocate the poor laws, while many of the *resident* landlords with whom we have conversed, and who have of course the strongest practical interest in the question, feel as strongly opposed to them. We are inclined to think that the most strenuous advocates of their introduction are too apt to look only at the general principle, and to overlook the difficulties, if not the impossibilities, which the condition of Ireland would present in the details.

Mr Sadler argues most satisfactorily, that the rich, out of their abundance, ought to contribute to the support of the poor in their distress. The Quarterly Review shews that it is more economical for a nation, that the poor should be supported by regular institutions, than by a life of vagrancy; and the inference drawn by both is, that the poor-law system should be adopted in Ireland. But they who have lived long in the country, and have become familiar with the moral and physical condition of its people, see a thousand difficulties in the way, although heartily subscribing to the general principles of those respectable advocates for a compulsory provision for the poor. Those who do not know Ireland, have no conception of what an

immense quantity is given away there in charity; not so much in money, however, for, except in the large towns, they have not money to give, but in meal, milk, and potatoes, particularly the last. The Irish peasant, when his potatoes are placed upon his rude table, secured from rolling off by the rim of a sieve, or some such convenience—for, alas! he has no dish—would no more think of denying a meal to the wandering vagrant that passes his door, than he would of arguing with the priest. A stone of potatoes in the week is taking at a very low rate indeed the estimate of what the smallest farmer probably gives away in this manner, that is, six and a half hundred-weight in the year, and he never feels that he gives any thing; but fasten a tax, or poor rate, of ten shillings a year upon him, and he would feel it as an intolerable hurden—probably he would confer with his neighbours upon the policy of laying violent hands on the collector, and pitching him head foremost into the nearest lake or bog-hole. The Irish are not yet civilized enough for the adoption of the English poor laws; but we do not deny that some system might be introduced fitted to the peculiar circumstances of the country, and having the effect of compelling the proprietors of land either to employ a greater number of labourers upon it, or otherwise to assist in the support of the population. But we think that such a system could only be contrived after long and most

attentive consideration of the subject, by those who have lived many years in Ireland; and we believe that after all, difficulties would be found in the working of the system much greater than is generally imagined in this country. It has been said that the absentees should pay a greater proportion of the poor rate, or perhaps the whole of it—to this we have no objection, provided it were possible to get at the merely selfish absentee, and not to include those who are absentees because *more important duties* engage them elsewhere; and besides, with all the evil of absentees, it cannot be denied, that in a great many instances the estates of absent proprietors are infinitely better managed, and more people employed upon them, than the neighbouring estates of residents. There is no particular quarter in which the legislature could throw the burden of poor rates, that we do not see great hardship and unequal pressures arising out of it, and then, Ireland cannot bear this sort of thing as England can. The property is not accumulated there, to answer the immense demand of a population requiring to be regularly fed and clothed, who have hitherto been in both respects so scantily supplied.

But if it were possible so to place the poor in Ireland, that from unproductive, or insufficiently productive ground, (which there is in abundance), they might be able to raise food for themselves, it would be an incalculable blessing to the country. If an agricultural work-house (if we may so speak) could be annexed to each country parish, with a portion of land sufficient to raise a large quantity of potatoes, and thus, under proper management, supply work and food for those who could not otherwise get employment—this, with some small assistance from a general county rate, to purchase comforts for the aged and infirm, would greatly contribute to the happiness of the country.

It is at all events most desirable to get rid of the regularly practising vagrants in Ireland—a picturesque set of rogues, who are the promoters and abettors of all manner of immorality. These people, from the poor regular who goes about to collect meat and potatoes in his bag, for the support of himself and his brother friars, down to the little beggar woman, who carries

scandal and love messages; and steals chickens, from cottage to cottage, are cognisant of, or concerned in, every breach of the law, great or small, which is committed. Their profession gives them ready access into every cottage, or kitchen of a great house; and if a house is to be robbed, a young woman to be carried off, a stolen sheep killed; or any other of those romantic amusements so common in Ireland, to be pursued, the assistance of the vagrant is always ready, as a spy, or a messenger. Some of them are very tender-hearted, and faithful to their friends, but nevertheless, very great rogues, almost all.

But the full discussion of the policy of introducing poor laws into Ireland, would lead us into much detail, which we think unnecessary at present, the rather as we suppose the subject will be ere long brought before the consideration of Parliament, when we may perhaps resume the discussion in a paper by itself. We have arrived at the end of the task, which at setting out we proposed to ourselves, and now, gentle reader of these our Irish chapters, we make our bow to thee, and take our leave with a few parting words. We have done our best to instruct and entertain thee at the same time—we have laboured to tell truth agreeably—to make you know “Ireland as it is,” without wearying you with long details, or sickening you with maudlin sensibility. We are sensible how lightly our pen has glanced over the numerous interesting objects which Ireland presents, and how many we have passed over altogether; but we hope we have not done an unacceptable service in endeavouring to draw such sketches of the affairs of that country, as may induce men to look upon it with some favour—as may lead them to believe, that independently altogether of politics, improvements may be pursued in Ireland, and the people, while enriching their country, may themselves become rich and happy.

It is consolatory to close these chapters with the assertion of the palpable and cheering fact, that Ireland is rapidly improving in those things which make a country happy. It is true, there is still much of what is very bad; it is true, that there is much religious and political animosity, and angry out-breaking of fierce and untamed spirits.

Also, there is the infinite folly, and absurd vanity, of many speech-makers. But, notwithstanding, industry and consequent wealth are increasing, and so are habits of honesty in business, and correctness and arrangement. This year there is a large surplus of public revenue over the expenditure, for the first time since the Union.

Let then the law of the land in Ireland be firmly administered—let no paltry and childish policy of endeavouring to conciliate those who infringe the law, be permitted—let every man feel that the law is more powerful than himself, and that he must submit to

it, or to instant punishment for disobedience—let strict discipline be introduced in all great affairs, instead of that loose chaos which did so long prevail by sufferance: let landed proprietors bethink themselves more seriously and more affectionately of their deserted Irish homes, and of the neglected lands from which they take their names and draw their revenues: let Ireland be honestly and kindly governed, and she must become to England, not a burden as she has been, but a rich and powerful auxiliary as she ought to be.

LUTHER.

(Continued from No. CXLVIII.)

LUTHER's career had hitherto been comparatively obscure. His struggles were against the arts and violence of men seldom above his own rank, whose defeat could scarcely contribute to the honours of the scholar and the theologian. But the discipline was useful; it compelled him to cultivate the powers which were yet to grapple with Kings and Councils; it gave him that confidence in his own resources, which the most powerful minds acquire only by time; and it gave him that knowledge of human nature, even under its aspects of craft and treachery, which was essential to control the ready confidence, and miscalculating intrepidity, of one of the noblest but most headlong hearts that ever beat in man.

One controversy he had still to sustain, curious from its resemblance to those which have signalled the new awaking of conversion in our day; while it characterises the scholastic manners of its own.

Germany, since the ages when she ceased to pour out her armed hordes on the more civilized world, has teemed with a less warlike but scarcely less contentious population, the hordes of scholarship. There Disputation erects her native throne, and the candidature for that uneasy and cheerless seat is restless and immeasurable. But no theme of literary contest was ever comparable to the theme which the Reformation offered, to stir all homes. Novelty, the narrowness of old opinions startled by this new as-

sailant, the fear of change, the hope of aggrandisement through popular applause, the proud hostility of Rome, doubly enraged by the shock of its temporal crown, and of its spiritual supremacy; the solemn feelings kindled by the truth, magnitude, and majesty of the Scriptures, now revealed after a concealment of ages, were the impulses of the theme, impulses that comprehended every class of human susceptibility, and filled every class that they comprehended.

Among the learned whom this great controversy stimulated, was Bodenstein, better known by the name of Carolostadius, which, according to the prevalent custom of the German literati, he had adopted from his birthplace, Carlostad in Franconia. He had already attained considerable literary rank, and was Archdeacon of the Church of All Saints at Wittenberg, before his conversion by Luther.*

His zeal plunged him into the centre of the battle, and, resolved to throw away none of his strength, he struck his first blow at an antagonist of the highest academic renown,—Eckius, who, though but thirty years old, had carried off the honours of no less than eight Universities. Pamphlets were written, and retorted with equal asperity; but this remote warfare producing no result, it was determined on both sides to bring the question to a public argument in Leipzig. Higher authorities now involved them-

* Seecken. p. 72.

selves in a contest, on whose fate the partizans of the champions, with the usual exaggeration of party, seem to have conceived that the fate of the Reformation itself was to depend.

The Bishop of Mersburg, hearing that Luther had been summoned, and dreading the results of any struggle with this formidable reasoner, fixed an interdict of the disputation on the door of the church in which it was to be held. But Duke George, less provident, and more sanguine, conceiving that the Popish champion must be the victor, ordered the interdict to be torn down. But the reasoning which was to be suffered in a disputation, was not to be suffered in a sermon, and Luther was prohibited from preaching in any church in Leipsic. But he had come to preach, and there were few obstacles that could finally resist the determined purpose of such a man. He obtained leave, through the Prince of Pomerania, to preach before a limited audience in the Castle. He availed himself of it with stern effect; his Sermon on this occasion is one of memorable vigour, as an elucidation of his doctrines, and still more memorable as the cause of his first decisive breach with the Papacy.

The form of this famous disputation displayed the ancient pomp of the Schools. The entrance of the Reformers into Leipsic was triumphal. Carolostad, in a chariot and alone, led the way. The Prince of Pomerania came next, with Luther and Melancthon at his side. A train of the students of Luther's University, wearing armour, followed, and closed a procession, emblematic of that singular mixture of religion and the sword which was so soon to convulse the civilised world.

The Assembly was worthy of this pomp, and comprehended all the leading individuals of the city and province—the Duke's Councillors; the doctors and graduates of the university; the Magistrates of Leipsic; with a crowd of the important persons, who flocked in from every part where the great controversy had excited an interest. The argument was conducted with the solemnity of a contest between the two faiths. Scribes were appointed to take down the discussion; and the whole ceremony was formally opened by an oration from Mosclanus, a scholar of distinguished name.

Yet this debate, ushered in with

such formidable preparation, came to nothing. For, by a singularly injudicious line of conduct, Carolostadius, instead of forcing his antagonist to the testimony of Scripture, and adhering to those great features of inspiration which require only to be shewn to be acknowledged, suffered himself to be led into the endless difficulties of the doctrines of the "divine purposes." During an entire week, which exhausted the patience of all the hearers, the two disputants wasted their acuteness on the mysteries of "Fate and Freewill;" exhibited their learning in recriminations from the Fathers, and felt their triumph in bewildering each other in labyrinths where the human intellect was never made to find the clew. The manlier minds present saw the absurdity of both; and even Melancthon hazarded the declaration, that the argument gave him the most practical evidence of what the ancients termed "sophistry." Eckius himself grew wearied, and summarily closed the struggle by the bold manœuvre of declaring that Carolostadius had, without knowing it, come over to his opinion. But the Popish champion had still contemplated a nobler antagonist. From the beginning it was his ambition to have disputed with Luther; and before the argument with Carolostad, he had addressed Luther, inquiring whether the report were true, that he had refused to join in the controversy? The reply was, "that he was disqualified from taking a part without the Duke's protection." The protection was obtained; and the controversy began with a vigour proportioned to the fame of the two leading theologians of Germany.

Luther had published thirteen propositions, which had been impugned by Eckius under as many heads,—comprehending the chief theorems of Purgatory, Penitence, Indulgences, &c. The Pope's Supremacy was artfully adopted as the commencement of the disputation by Eckius, with the double purpose of conciliating the favours of the Popedom, and of embarrassing his adversary, who had always exhibited a peculiar reluctance to declare against the authority of Rome. The universal Episcopacy of the Pope was equally allowed by both. But there was a marked difference in the foundation. Eckius declaring that Episcopacy originated in divine autho-

rity; Luther unhesitatingly pledging himself to the proof that it was altogether human. The Fathers were in vain pled to by the Romish advocate; but the great Reformer was not to be baffled by the usual habit of false quotation and oblique evidence,—the subtle secret of Romish controversy in all ages: he took the volumes into his own hands, and shewed the shadowy and feeble grounds on which these venerable writers were presumed to have authorised the Romish dominion. But this toil of quotation threatened to be endless; and after five days of inquiry, this part of the debate was closed by mutual consent, and the question of Purgatory was begun. Indulgences were the next point; and here Eckius unexpectedly, but fully, joined his opponent in the scorn and ridicule of this most offensive doctrine. The doctrine of Repentance concluded the debate, which, after eleven days of continued discussion, finally closed on the 15th of July 1519.

Yet the whole ceremonial was not closed by the cessation of the argument; and as if to give a model of the whole stateliness of controversy in those days, the decision was referred to the two great authorities of law and literature, the Universities of Paris and Erfurt, with the reserve of an appeal to the last supreme authority, a General Council.*

Our chief record of this famous debate is by Melancthon, who speaks with high praise of the general ability displayed on all sides, giving Corolostad the merits of zeal and knowledge; Eckius of great variety and promptness of argument; and Luther of vigour, manliness, and learning. But if the testimony of a hotter reformer to Luther's triumph should be doubted, we have unequivocal evidence in the facts of its result; many of the students of Leipsic leaving their university for that of Luther;† and Eckius immediately making a formal application to the Elector Frederick, that his adversary's books should be burned. The man who converts his hearers, and drives his adversary into the folly of appealing to violence, has gained all the victory that reason and the right can gain.

The opinion of the Universities was partially and tardily given: Louvain, and Cologne, strongholds of Popish influence, soon decided against Luther. Paris, where the Popedom was always less influential, took two years to decide, and then evaded the question, by passing sentence merely on some theses from Luther's volumes, without alluding to his name. Leipsic, best acquainted with the controversy, yet probably equally reluctant to offend the Popedom, and resist public opinion, came to no decision.

But a more important time was at hand, when the renowned leader of the Reformation was to limit his struggles and his triumphs no more to the subordinate ministers of superstition on the obscure stage of a German province; but was to grapple with the whole power of Rome, and, in the presence of mankind, give it that overthrow from which it has never recovered.

Miltitz, the dexterous and learned envoy of the Papacy, had steadily pursued his purpose of bringing Luther to the acknowledgment of the Papal authority, in all matters human and divine. After some negotiation, he had induced the Augustine monks to send a deputation to their brother, requesting him to make this acknowledgment by letter, as the most authentic form. The request was complied with, and the letter was prefixed to his "Treatise of Christian Liberty,"—a brief description of the privileges annexed to Christian feelings, under these two heads,—"That the Christian is the freest of men, and subject to none;" and, "That the Christian is the most ready to serve all, and be subject to all." But the letter is the more important document, and strongly expresses at once the writer's habitual deference for the person of the Pope, and his growing contempt for the corruptions surrounding the Papal throne.

"It is impossible for me," says Luther, "to be unmindful of your Holiness; since my sentiments concerning the papal office are held forth every where as the cause of the contest.

"By means of the impious flatterers of your Holiness, who, without cause, are full of wrath against me, I have

* Luther, Op. vol. I. Sleid, lib. 1. Hottincr. de Prælat. lib. 4.

† Seckend. p. 92.

been compelled to appeal from the See of Rome to a General Council. But my affection for your Holiness has never been alienated, though I begin to despise and triumph over those who had sought to terrify me by the majesty of your authority. One thing, however, I cannot despise, and that is the cause of my writing this letter,—I mean the blame thrown on me for reflecting on your Holiness in person."

"After contradicting this charge, he proceeds to state the actual object of his writings: "I have inveighed sharply against unchristian doctrines; and reproved my adversaries severely, not for rudeness, but impiety.

"So far from being ashamed of this, my purpose is, to despise the judgment of men, and to persevere in this vehemence of zeal after the example of Christ. The multitude of flatterers has rendered the ears of our age so delicate, that as soon as we find that our sentiments are not approved of, we immediately exclaim, that we are slandered; and when we find ourselves unable to resist truth, we accuse our adversaries of detraction. But, let me ask, of what use were salt, if it were not pungent? or of the point of a sword, if it did not wound? Cursed be the man who doeth the work of the Lord deceitfully."

After repeating his clearance from the imputation of individual hostility to Leo, and declaring his readiness to submit, in all things, except in the sacrifice of the truth, he boldly turns on the flagitiousness of the agents and ministers of Rome.

"I have resisted, and shall continue to resist, what is called the Court of Rome, as long as the spirit of faith shall live in me. Neither your Holiness, nor any one, will deny, that it is more corrupt than Babylon or Sodom; and sunk, as I understand, in the most deplorable, desperate, and avowed impiety. I lament that, under the sanction of your name, and under the pretext of the good of the church, the people of Christ should be made a laughing stock." "Not, that I attempt impossibilities, or expect that the endeavours of an individual can accomplish any thing in opposition to so many flatterers in that Babel. But I consider myself a debtor to my fellow men, for whose welfare it behoves me to be solicitous; so that those Roman pests may at least destroy a smaller number,

and in a more humane manner. During many years nothing has been poured on the world, but monsters in body and mind, along with the worst examples of the worst actions." "It is clear as day, that the Church of Rome, in former ages the most holy of Churches, has become a den of thieves, a scene of prostitution, the kingdom of sin, death, and hell. So that greater wickedness is not to be conceived even under Antichrist himself."

He then narrates the transactions with Cajetan, Eckius, and Militiz; concluding by the entreaty that Leo would check the fraud and folly of the people round his throne; and finally declaring, that any attempt to make himself recant, would only be productive of increased difficulty; for he never would consent that man should lay down the law for the interpretation of the word of God.

"On the two conditions, of not requiring me to recant; and of permitting me to interpret Scripture according to my own judgment, I am willing to do or suffer any thing. I wish to provoke no one; neither do I wish to receive provocation; but, if provocation be given to me, since Christ is my master, I will not hold my tongue."

This was the declaration of that memorable war in which Luther was to lead the powers of European knowledge, liberty, and religion, against the haughty domination of the Popedom. It roused the whole wrath of the Vatican. A German monk displayed the superhuman audacity to assault the Supreme Lord of the faithful, the "Vicar of Christ on Earth;" the holder of the two-fold sword of temporal and spiritual Empire. The whole hierarchy was in an uproar. An assembly of Cardinals, Canonists, and Theologians, was instantly summoned, and the thunders that had awed so many monarchs, were levelled at the head of this obscure revolter. But the Council suddenly felt that the old activity of Romish vengeance was not now to be let loose with the old success; their debates were long and perplexed; the only point on which they agreed was the guilt of the offender, which they pronounced to be impiety of the most daring and glaring kind. But the Theologians were retarded in their indignation, by the Canonists, who reasoned, that no notoriety of crime

ought to prevent a man's being heard in his own defence. The rescript was eventually divided into three heads. By the first, the doctrine was condemned; by the second, the books were ordered to be burned; and by the third, Luther was summoned to appear in due session, to stand his trial in Rome. The Bull excited the same protracted discussions, but it was urged forward by the zeal of the leading members of the conclave, and after a bitter struggle between the Cardinals Pucci and Accolti, the latter obtained the dubious honour, by the Papal interposition, of drawing up the furious and feeble anathema against the progress of religious liberty. This celebrated instrument should not be forgotten, while man requires to be reminded of the haughty and unlimited usurpation of the papacy. It claims for the Pope, in addition to the power of inflicting ecclesiastical punishments, that of depriving the refractory of their *property*, and their *civil privileges*.

The Bulls of Pius II. and Julius II. which declared it heresy in any individual to appeal from the Pope to a General Council, were adopted to impress the weight of Luther's offences. But more direct charges were heaped upon his head; no less than forty-one heresies were proclaimed as the fruit of his labours; and he was compared with Porphyry, as an open antagonist to the truth of the gospel.

But punishment of a more practical nature was next prepared for the criminal and his partizans; and the wrath of Rome had large and fierce variety of vengeance. Luther, and all enlisted in his opinions, were laid under the ban of human nature. They were in an instant cut off from all rights, natural and acquired, pronounced guilty of high treason, incapable of any legal act, of property, freedom, or worship, infamous when they lived, infamous when they died, and unfit for Christian burial. The name of the man, and the memory of his revolt, were equally to be sunk in contemptuous oblivion. His books were to be burned. It was to be a crime to publish, to preach, or even to read his works. The heresiarch himself was ordered to attend, and take his trial at Rome, within two months; and, in case of disobedience, the civil and spiritual authorities alike were com-

manded to seize him and his adherents, and send them to Rome.

These are the testimonies of history; and from these nothing but frenzy will disdain to be taught, as nothing but impiety and political delusion will dare to question their practical wisdom. We have here the Papacy speaking without fear the sentiments which fear only can ever make it suppress, and which are to it as the blood is to the heart, and the marrow to the bone. Let the Papist who, among us, would boast of his passion for general liberty, of his zeal for general toleration, and of his faithful separation of the allegiance due to his own sovereign, from the homage due to the head of his church, read this Bull, and ask himself, whether he has not been the tool of a palpable and insolent imposture? Let the friends of truth take this document in their hands, and ask those who are still undeceived, whether human language can express a sterner spirit of tyranny over the individual, of usurpation over states, and of the unhesitating and remorseless determination to pursue to blood and ruin, every opinion that was not moulded into the shape prescribed by Rome?

Luther's sole crime was the attempt to think for himself on points essential to the first interests of man. He had before him the Scriptures, and he laboured to understand the great code by which he was to be judged before the tribunal, not of man, but of the Eternal. He had offered no human resistance to the authority of his spiritual superiors. He had merely examined for himself, as every man is bound to do by the express command of inspiration, and as, by the common dictate of the understanding, every man obviously must do, who desires to attain that solid and heartfelt conviction of their value, without which practical virtue is a fantasy. He was no rebel, but an inquirer; no preacher of insolent dogmatism and proud self-authority, but a scholar and a reasoner, and ready to give a reason of the faith that was in him. His personal character was touched by no impurity. He stood open to the eyes of mankind, and defied them to discover a stain. Yet this man of learning, integrity, and genius was to be dragged through the whole course of the deepest punishments reserved

for the traitor and the murderer here, and then consigned to the grave, stript of every hope which Rome could strip from the disembodied spirit, and consigned in her furious creed to eternal damnation.

On earth his memory was to be obliterated, his labours of genius and learning were to be destroyed, his life was to be given over to the law of treason, and his dead body to be deprived of those rites which Rome had pronounced indispensable to the repose of the soul. And for the purposes of this atrocious vengeance, the rights of all temporal sovereigns were to be invaded. No matter to what king Luther was the subject; he was declared the subject of a still superior king, whose dominion extended to every corner of the earth where he could dispatch his mandate. The laws of nations were dust and air before the paramount law of Rome. Neither innocence before the tribunals of the victim's own country, nor true allegiance to his own sovereign, nor the will of that sovereign himself, could be suffered to stand between the slave and that towering and stupendous impiety, which, seating itself on "the throne of God, made itself be worshipped as God."

The Bull was now to be published in Germany, and Eckius, with the double activity of a beaten disputant, and of a solicitor for preferment at Rome, undertook the mission. This man's character was rapidly developing itself in the colours in which it had been long before painted by the strong discrimination of Luther. "Eckius is totally treacherous, and incapable of the obligations of amity."* At Rome, and in his private correspondence, he had continually boasted himself of his services to the papacy, of his confidential intercourse with the Pope, and of the light which he had been the first to throw on the inextricable guilt of the new opinions. In Germany he professed the strong reluctance with which he had undertaken the publication of the Bull. But it is difficult for the most acute treachery to be always on its guard; some of those arrogant letters escaped; they fell into the hands of the reformers, were published by Luther with notes,

and Eckius was shewn to be nothing more than a preferment-hunter and a tool.

A letter from the sagacious Miltitz is preserved, which, stating the arrival of the popish missionary, is curious as a memorial of the times.†

"I found Eckius at Leipsic, very clamorous and full of threats: I invited him to an entertainment, and employed every means in my power to discover what he proposed to do. After he had *drunk freely*, he began to relate, in pompous terms, the commission which he had received from Rome, and the means by which he was to bring Luther to obedience. He had caused the Bull to be published in Misnia on the 21st of September, at Mersburg on the 25th, and at Brandenburg on the 29th. He was in the habit of displaying the Bull with great pomp. He lodged with the public commissary, and Duke George ordered the senate to present him with a gilt cup, and a considerable sum of money.

"But notwithstanding the Bull itself, and the pledge of public safety given to him, some young men of family affixed, on the 29th of September, in no less than ten places, bills containing threats against him. Terrified by those, he took refuge in the monastery of St Paul, and refused to be seen. He complained to Cæsar Pflugius, and obtained a mandate from the rector of the university, enjoining the young men to be quiet; but all to no purpose.

"They have composed ballads on him, which they sing through the streets, and send to the monastery daily intimations of their hostility. More than one hundred and fifty of the Wittenberg students are here, who are very much incensed against him." He subsequently adds, that the startled missionary finally fled by night to Fribourg.

This inauspicious commencement was never recovered. The power of reason was against the violence and folly of the papal anathema. The crimes of the monkish orders, and the grossness of manners even among the higher ranks of the popish clergy, had long disgusted the people. When a great reasoner arose, and demanded why should those things be, and whe-

* "Totus infidus est, et aperte rupit amicitie jura."

† Seckend. p. 116.

ther they were sanctioned by Scripture, the eyes and understandings of men followed him with the eagerness of newly awakened faculties, as he pointed page by page to the Scripture denunciation of the voluptuousness, the ignorance, and the tyranny. The papal sceptre was from that hour the staff of the magician no more—the day of darkness and of the creations of darkness was gone; the true prophet stood in the presence of the kings of the earth against the pompous worker of delusions. The Reformation came in its simplicity, but bearing the commission of God; and as Moses put to shame the spells of the Egyptians, it extinguished the false miracles of Rome, and led forth the people to a liberty that could never have been achieved by man.

The public opinion now sanctioned and sustained the natural disgust of the German sovereigns to an insolent assumption of power, which had so long divided the allegiance of their subjects. The Elector of Saxony, with a promptitude unusual to his cautious policy, declared himself wholly adverse to the promulgation of the Bull in his territories. The Elector of Brandenburg, and Albert of Mecklenburg, took the public opportunity of their passing through Wittenberg, on the way to so important an exercise of their functions as the Emperor's coronation, to hold a long and friendly conference with Luther. He received, from quarters of high rank, assurances of protection, and offers of asylum, in case of his being obliged to retire from Saxony. The general population expressed their feeling by the loudest indignation, and the most unmeasured menaces against the agent employed to promulgate the Bull. Even the high Ecclesiastics and Universities shrunk from the responsibility. The Bishop of Bamberg sheltered himself under some verbal criticism from publishing it in his diocese. At Louvain, though the heads of the University burned Luther's books, a strong party of the students and people insisted on burning a number of the works of his opponents at the same time. At Mentz, the burners of the books were in hazard of their lives. At Erfurt, the students tore the copy of the Bull, and flung it

into the river.* the Rector of the University publicly giving his sanction to their pulling down every similar copy, and opposing Luther's enemies by all the means in their power. The Bishop of Brandenburg dared not publish it, and even in the immediate presence of the Romish See, in Venice and Bologna, the doctrines of the Reformation were felt and honoured.

Luther's letter on this formidable trial of his own strength, and of the fidelity of his friends, exhibits a loftiness and determination worthy of his immortal cause. It is addressed to Spalatin.

"The Pope's Bull has come at last. Eckius brought it. We are writing here many things to the Pope concerning it. For my own part, I hold it in contempt, and attack it as impious and false, like Eckius in all things. Christ himself is evidently condemned by it. No reason is assigned for summoning me to a recantation, instead of a trial. They are full of fury, blindness, and madness. They neither comprehend, nor reflect on the consequences.

"I shall treat the Pope's name with delicacy, and conduct myself as if I considered it a false and forged Bull, though I believe it to be genuine. How anxiously do I wish that the Emperor had the courage to prove himself a man, and in defence of Christ, attack those emissaries of Satan!

"For my part, I do not regard my personal safety,—let the will of the Lord be done!

"Nor do I know what course should be taken by the Elector; and, perhaps, it may appear to him more for my interest that he should suppress his sentiments for a season. The Bull is held in as great contempt at Leipsic as Eckius himself. Let us therefore be cautious, lest he acquire consequence by our opposition, for, if left to himself, he must fall.

"I send you a copy of the Bull, that you may see what monsters are in Rome. If those men are destined to rule us, neither the faith nor the church have the least security. I rejoice that it has fallen to my lot to suffer hardship for the best of causes; but I am not worthy of such a trial. I am now much more at liberty than before, being fully persuaded that the

* Scult. Ann. Evang. 1520.

Pope is Antichrist, and that I have discovered the seat of Satan.

"May God preserve his children from being deceived by the Pope's impious pretensions. Erasmus tells me, that the Emperor's court is crowded with creatures, who are tyrants and beggars; so that nothing satisfactory is to be expected from Charles. This needs not surprise us; 'put not thy trust in princes, nor in the sons of men, in whom there is no stay.'"

The growing conviction that the Papacy was Antichrist, not only lightened the burden of opposition in Luther's conscience, but urged him to the public disclosure of his discovery. In defiance of the old anathemas pronounced against all appeal from the Pope to a General Council, he boldly made that appeal, and in his protest on this occasion, launched out into the strongest epithets of scorn.

"Leo X. in impia sua tyrannide induratus perseverat.—Iniquus, temerarius, tyrannicus judex.—Hæreticus et Apostata.—Antichristus, blasphemus, superbus contemptor sanctæ Ecclesiæ Dei."

Cologne, Louvain, and the Vatican, had burned his books, and he now, unhesitatingly retaliated this mark of heresy. On public notice of burning the Romish Decretals, and other foundations of its power at Wittenberg, a vast concourse assembled to witness this solemn and final act of abjuration. On the 10th of December, 1519, the population of the country and city, forming themselves in regular divisions, marched to the spot selected for the ceremony. A small funeral pile was erected in the centre, and set on fire by one of the chief members of the university. Luther then advanced, bearing Gratian's Abridgement of the Canon Law, which, with the Decretals, the Clementines and Extravagantes, and last, the Bull of Leo, he cast into the flames, exclaiming, "Because ye have troubled the body of the Lord, therefore let eternal fire trouble you." He then moved to the city, with the multitude silently marching after him.

This ceremony, and all ceremonies, would be trivial, but for its meaning. In this point of view nothing could be more important. The burning of the Papal Law was the open proclamation of endless resistance to the Poppedom. The bridge was now cut

down between Luther and reconciliation. The sword was drawn, and the scabbard was flung away.

To prevent all doubt of his motives and purposes, Luther now published "Reasons" for the burning of the books. In this work, he summoned his learned countrymen to examine for themselves the body of Papal Law, divesting their minds of the old prejudices that had so long humbled mankind before the Romish throne, and, scorning the mysteries in which the Poppedom had laboured to involve Truth and Christianity, to proceed with the manliness of freedom, and the integrity of the Gospel. Declaring the doctrines of the Canon Law "abominable and poisonous," he proceeded to give his Evidences in the shape of thirty Articles. His reprobation of this guilty system of tyranny and artifice is bold, eloquent, and learned. He is sometimes so strongly wrought upon by his sense of its profligate arrogance that he bursts into exclamation. "Never have the Popes vanquished, by either Scripture or argument, any one who has spoken or written against them. Their alternative has been to excommunicate, burn, and destroy, through kings, princes, and the other slaves of the Papacy."

Well might a man of sense and virtue exclaim against the blasphemy of a code, which actually placed a human being in possession of the homage of God. "The Pope," says the Canon Law, "is GOD UPON EARTH, superior to all belonging to Heaven and Earth, whether spiritual or temporal. All things belong to the Pope; and to him no one shall dare to say, What doest thou?"

The Bull of 1520 had failed; and its only result had been to increase the strength of the Reformation. A still more decisive measure was resolved on; and, in January 1521, a Bull was issued, executing the menace of the former, and declaring Luther excommunicated. The Reformer defied the measure, as he had scorned the threat, and by his defiance rose into additional popular respect. That any man in the centre of Popish Europe could have thus dared, and yet live, is among the wonders of the time. But it is only to the Eternal Disposer of mortal destinies to trace, through the changes and

chances of human action, the providence that protects the great agents of his truth and wisdom. A few years earlier, Luther must have been crushed by the Popedom, then in possession of undisturbed power throughout Europe; but at that period Luther was known only as an obscure monk, busied about controversies in his cloister. A few years later, he would have found Charles the Fifth trampling down the Protestant princes; and inflamed by the double impulse of controversial ambition, and military triumph, Luther would probably have perished in a struggle, from which his high spirit disdained to withdraw: and whether he perished in the field, or on the scaffold, his death might have been a blow, all but fatal to the early feebleness of the Reformation.

But at this period the Popedom had begun to feel, more practically than ever, the precariousness of its situation between the rival powers of France and Germany. To extinguish Luther was impossible, without the active interposition of Charles. But all negotiation with Germany was looked on with keen jealousy by Francis, who feared the strength of Germany, hated its Emperor, and was the sole protector of the Papal States against the Imperial sword. Charles himself, scarcely more than twenty years old, naturally shrank from involving his new dominions in the fury of civil commotion; and, though a bigot and a tyrant by nature, he had still much to learn of both, before he declared himself the public antagonist of Protestantism.

The exhausted experiment of conferences was again resolved on. Pontanus, Chancellor to the Elector, and Glossio, confessor to Charles, visited Luther. But he had long since formed his determination; and the hope of bringing back this illustrious fugitive was soon found vain.

Luther was now to stand for the faith in the presence of the most exalted tribunal of Europe; the first assembly of the German Princes held by the Emperor. The most important object of this renowned council of sovereigns was the settlement of the national religion; and Luther was summoned to attend it in the city of Worms.

The Elector Frederic, who seems to

have at all times singularly tempered his respect for authority with a regard for Luther's safety, had previously informed him of the summons, through his friend Spalatin, and asked whether he would venture to brave the influence of Rome? The reply was heroic:

"I shall not hesitate to go, for I shall consider the summons of the Emperor as proceeding from the will of God.

"If personal hurt be offered, a not unlikely thing, I shall commend my cause to the God who delivered the three children from the fiery furnace. Should it not seem meet to God to preserve me, of what moment is my life, compared with the life and sufferings of Christ?

"It is not for me to determine, whether the danger to the Gospel be greater or less by my life or death. The truth of God is a rock of offence, placed for the rising and falling of many in Israel.

"My chief duty is, to pray that Charles may not stain his Government, at the outset, with my blood or his own. Let me rather die by the hands of the Romanists, lest he and all connected with him should be involved in sorrow, by a guilty participation. You well remember what befell the Emperor Sigismund,—after the murder of Huss nothing succeeded with him. He died without a son; and Ladislaus, his grandson, soon followed him to the grave; so that his name became extinct in a single generation. His wife Barbara was a disgrace to the name of Queen.

"But, if it be determined that I am to be delivered, not only to the Pope, but to the Gentiles, let the Lord's will be done. I have now told you my mind fully. Your conjectures, as to me, are correct in every thing, except in the chance of my flight or recantation. I am unwilling to fly, but much more unwilling to recant. May the Lord Jesus send me support, for I can do nothing without putting in hazard the piety and salvation of many persons."

This admirable declaration, which combines, in the highest degree, the fortitude of the man with the humble resignation of the Christian, was followed by a letter to the Elector, relative to the safe-conduct which Frederic had insisted on procuring for

him, before his attendance on the Imperial summons.

"As to myself, I am most ready to appear at the Imperial Diet of Worms, before equitable, learned, and good judges; provided I obtain a sufficient security and safe-conduct for both going and returning. By God's help, I shall make it appear, to the conviction of all, that I have not been actuated by wilfulness nor by selfishness, but that whatever I have taught, or written, has proceeded from my conscience, and from an ardour for the salvation of the Catholic Church, and the extirpation of the most dangerous abuses and superstitions."

The Emperor at last, on the 6th of March, issued the expected summons for Luther's appearance, within twenty-one days, guaranteeing his safety on his journey; a guarantee which was reinforced by the pledge of the sovereigns through whose territories his road lay. Minor considerations shewed the importance to which the Monk of Wittenberg had risen in the eyes of the proudest government of the world. The Emperor's rescript was addressed,

"Carolus, Dei Gratia Romanorum Imperator, Augustus, &c. &c.

"Honorabili nostro, dilecto, devoto, Doctori Martino Luthero," &c. &c. And to an attempt of the Papal agents to draw down a censure on him, by submitting his works to the magistrates, the College of the Empire replied, in the face of an Imperial edict, that no such measure could be taken until the writer was present to make their defence.

Luther now commenced the most memorable of his journeys; and if the mind of a man, full of the grandeur of his immortal cause, could have room for a feeling of human triumph, he might have felt singular exultation. He bore the national heart along with him. The most unusual marks of public homage were offered to the man whom thousands and tens of thousands revered and blessed as the visible instrument of Heaven in restoring them to its knowledge; whom the multitude honoured for his learning, purity, and fortitude; and in whom his fiercest enemies were forced to respect the powers of mind that were already shaking the throne of Idolatry and Rome.

The Senate of Wittenberg provided him with a conveyance. Along his road he received the highest marks of public attention. At Erfurt the whole population came out to meet him; and there he preached on "Justification," and on "The Corruptions of the Priesthood." Instead of shrinking as he approached the place of trial, his determination became even more fixed. In his letter from Frankfort to Spalatin, he says—

"I have been indisposed ever since I left Issenach, and I am not yet recovered. The mandate of Charles was issued, I understand, to affright me; but Christ is alive, and I shall enter Worms in spite of the gates of hell, and the powers of the air.—I am resolved to meet Satan, and to strike him with terror."

His friends did not share his intrepidity. They were aware of the old faithlessness of Popery, and dreaded to see him offered up as its victim. But their letters produced no other result than the famous exclamation, "To Worms I will go, if there were as many devils there as tiles on the houses."

On the 16th of April, Luther entered this city of his death or triumph. His entrance was formal. Attired in his friar's cowl, and seated in an open chariot, with the imperial herald on horseback leading the way, he was escorted by a procession of Saxon nobles and the people. A multitude received him at the door of his residence; and the chief strangers of rank in the city immediately waited on him from motives of respect or curiosity, to see one who had so suddenly become the most remarkable man of his time.

On the next day he was summoned to attend the Diet. The crowd was now so great, that the streets were rendered impassable; and the only access to the hall of the Diet was through gardens and private houses; and every roof from which a view could be obtained, was covered with spectators: The German apathy was completely roused, and Luther was the hope, the admiration, or the fear, of all.

At the Diet two questions were proposed to him by the Official of the Archbishop of Treves:—

"Whether he avowed himself the

author of the books bearing his name?" and "whether he was disposed to retract, or persist in their contents?"

To the former, Luther at once answered in the affirmative. To the latter, he demanded, as is presumed by the advice of his counsel, "that time should be given for his reply." The meeting was then adjourned; several of the hearers crying out to him, not to be afraid of those who could "kill only the body."

On his entering the hall next day, the 18th, he was again questioned by the Official as to his avowal of the opinions contained in his volumes. Luther, now called upon to give a reason of the faith that was in him, gave it with the boldness of the great Apostle, whom, in his redemption from darkness, in his perils, in his labours, and in his lofty and holy energy of soul, he so strongly resembled. Like Paul, he stood before kings and high-priests, before tyrants and bigots, and, like him, and sustained by the hand that had sustained him, he put tyranny and bigotry to shame.

His answer first adverted to the nature of his doctrines, which he shewed to be sober deductions from the plain principles of Christianity. On the formidable topic of the Papacy, he boldly declared that he would be guilty of the deepest baseness in disavowing declarations so fully founded on the words of Scripture, and the notorious corruptions of the Romish Church; requiring that if guilty, his guilt should be proved, or his innocence admitted. In the words of our Lord—"If I have spoken evil, bear witness of the evil; but if well, why smitest thou me?"

The Official, who bore the ominous name of Eckius, impatiently declared that Luther had not answered his question, and again demanded whether he was ready to recant?

"I have only to say," was the firm answer, "that unless I shall be convinced by Scripture, (for I can put no faith in Popes and Councils, as it is evident that they have frequently erred, and even contradicted each other,) unless my conscience shall be convinced by the word of God, I neither will nor can recant, since it is unworthy of an honest man to act contrary to his own conviction. Here I stand; it is impossible for me to act otherwise;—so help me God."

This boldness offended the young Emperor; and, even on the next day, Charles evinced his impatience by issuing an excommunication against the Monk who had thus dared to brave the mightiest potentate of Europe in his own council. But the rescript had been too rashly launched, to strike a man raised to be so high an object of public honour and admiration. The Princes of the Empire felt no desire to give effect to a document promulgated without their consent. The multitude continued to increase round the residence of Luther, and persons of the first rank had no hesitation in visiting him, in defiance of the excommunication.

In order to lessen the popular odium of this act of unqualified tyranny, the excommunication was now suspended for three days, during which the Archbishop of Treves attempted to subdue him by persuasion. The attempt failed like all the rest; and his final answer was:—"I will not recant, unless I am convinced by Scripture, and by Scripture alone. If this work be of men, as said Gamaliel, it will come to nought; but, if it be of God, ye cannot overthrow it." The Archbishop abandoned the controversy, the safe-conduct for twenty-one days was given, and Luther, accompanied by the Imperial herald, set out for Wittenberg.

The arguments of Rome had been signally baffled in these conferences; but she had means in reserve which had oftener achieved her victories. The parting words of the Official pronounced, that "the Emperor, the defender of the Catholic faith, was determined to do his duty;" and the full menace was realized in an Imperial decree, of the following month, declaring Luther a schismatic and heretic, and placed under the ban of the Empire—a right being thus given to all men to seize his person and property, and those of his adherents. The execution of this decree was defeated by a circumstance strongly displaying the provident regard of the Elector Frederic for his illustrious subject.

The Imperial herald, who had escorted Luther as far as Friedberg, had scarcely left him, when, as he was travelling along the border of the Thuringian forest, he was seized, near the village of Schwaina, by a party of

horsemen in masks; thence hurried back through the forest to the castle of Wartburg, an old residence of the Thuringian Landgraves, standing among the mountains near Issenach. This singular mode of securing the person, probably saved the life, of the great Reformer. But the solitude to which he was necessarily condemned, until some change should be wrought in the Emperor, soon wearied the active spirit that had been, for many years, perpetually moving among the busiest circles of men; and Luther would have gladly run the hazard of returning to Wittenberg. The monotony of his seclusion, the change of his habits, and his natural dislike to the appearance of a constraint, which to the last had something of mystery which it was difficult to solve, might have been sufficient to justify his impatience. But he had the higher motive of dread, lest his absence at this most critical time of young Protestantism might either expose the Church to hazards, or dishonour his cause by the appearance of his having abandoned it for personal considerations. This last feeling seems to have peculiarly oppressed him. He writes to Melancthon—

"For the glory of the Scriptures, and the consolation of mankind, I would rather submit to a violent death than that you should think me languid in the cause. Even though I should perish, the word of God shall not perish; and you, I hope, like another Elisha, would succeed Elijah.

"If the Pope proceed to attack all who are of my sentiments, Germany must be involved in tumult; and the sooner the attempt is made, the sooner will he and his abettors be defeated."

But his solitude was not unproductive. He occupied his time in study, and from the mountain-fortress of Wartburg issued a succession of powerful performances, which he would probably have never found leisure to produce in the whirl of active life. His "*Tract on Auricular Confession*," shewing its corruption of the useful and innocent custom of the primitive church into an instrument of the cupidity and avarice of Rome—his "*Notes on the Gospels*"—his "*Letter to the Students of Erfurt*," on disrespect to the clergy—and his memorable work on the guilt and folly of Monastic Vows, attest his diligence;

while, from the utter obscurity of his retreat, and the popular sympathy felt for the imagined sufferings of the man and the minister, they fell with a vast increase of weight among the nation.

At length news came from Wittenberg that made him brave the chances of Imperial violence. A professor of canon law had been appointed in the university. Against this law, as the ancient ally of the Popedom, he had waged the most determined hostility; and this appointment was too like a triumph of the evil influence, to let him lie tranquilly upon his pillow. He suddenly appeared at Wittenberg, ready to meet the chain or the stake for the honour of truth. But there he found that his opinions had taken too firm root to be easily overpowered; and that they were even producing results of the most practical good. His Augustinian brethren had already abolished private masses, one of the most lucrative and scandalous resources of the Romish ritual; and begging for the order, the necessity of wearing the monkish dress, and the perpetuity of the monkish vows, were given up at the same time.

A singular antagonist was now to increase Luther's celebrity. Henry VIII., jealous of fame in every form, undertook the hazardous task of overwhelming him, against whom no adversary had hitherto been able to stand. Henry's answer to the book on "*The Babylonish Captivity of the Church*," now remains only as one of the idle monuments of the age of scholastic folly. But Rome, little suspecting the temperament of the man on whom she lavished her praise, received his "*Defence of the Seven Sacraments*" with grateful pomp. The volume was accepted in full conclave, and the title of "*Defender of the Faith*" was conferred, to swell for ever the honours of the British diadem. But the title was scarcely given, when Henry's defiance turned into burlesque the short-sightedness of the great Infallible.

Luther, strong in the strength of his cause, feared no man. He answered the monarch even with less ceremony than the monk. His reply is learned and argumentative; but, from what peculiar circumstance we cannot now discover, his style is singularly contemptuous. The contro-

versal habits of the age were harsh; and Henry, unhesitating as he was in his epithets, must have been astonished at finding himself so closely rivalled.

In this year Leo died, as was presumed, by poison.*

Luther's absence from Wittenberg was but temporary. On his return, he commenced the great work that alone could give stability to his cause—the translation of the Scriptures. The first efforts of printing had been employed in the promulgation of the Scriptures; and Germany possessed translations of parts of the Bible so far back as the year 1477. But they were few, repulsive to the eye, and, from their rudeness, scarcely less repulsive to the understanding. Luther applied himself for a year to the study of the original languages; and in 1522, commenced his colossal work. His own account of his purposes to Spalatin is brief but clear. “I translated not only John's Gospel, but the whole of the New Testament, in my Patmos. But Melancthon and I have begun to revise the whole of it; and it will, by the blessing of God, do us credit. We sometimes need your assistance to direct us to suitable modes of expression; prepare yourself, therefore; but supply us only with such words as are simple, and avoid all that are confined in their use to the camp, or the court. We wish the work to be distinguished by the *simplicity of its style*.”

Matthew's Gospel was published first; then Mark's; then the Epistle to the Romans. The entire New Testament appeared so early as September 1522. To promote the circulation, the volume was made as cheap as possible; and the parts were also published separately. Luther's still more arduous labour, the translation of the Old Testament, was instantly commenced. And he thus writes on the 2d of November, “In my translation of the Old Testament I am only in Leviticus. It is inconceivable how much writing letters, business, conversation, and many other things, have interrupted my progress. I am now determined to shut myself up and use despatch, so that the five books of Moses may be sent to press by January.

“We shall print them separately. After that we shall proceed to the historical parts of Scripture, and lastly, to the Prophets. The size and price render it necessary to make those divisions in the publication.”

The Romish advocates were up in arms on the appearance of a work which has been always fatal to the delusions of Rome; but it was received with joy by the people, and Luther exultingly saw it spread to the borders of the land. This translation still stands at the head of all the German versions. Its simplicity, force, and dignity, have had no rivals, and like our own authorized version, it is appealed to as the finest example of the old national tongue.

The Reformation had rapidly assumed a form, and its success brought with it the usual concomitants of worldly fortune. Ambitious minds began to discover in it a means of public distinction; and the first serious anxieties which Luther felt, were awakened by the spirit of partizanship. Carolostadius had the weakness of ambition; and intelligence reached Wartburg, that he was urging himself into a name by rash attacks on the public opinions and worship. He had even gone the length of exciting the populace to tear down the images and ornaments in the Popish churches, an act which could only connect its authors with riot, and which the progress of knowledge would have soon effected without tumults or scandal. Luther, not unjustly alarmed at leaving his great and holy cause in the hands of human passion, abandoned his retreat at once, and for ever; and explaining his reasons in a letter to the Elector, hastened back to Wittenberg. He was received with general joy; but the various opinions and rising extravagances of his followers during his absence long perplexed him, and filled his manly spirit with apprehensions of unusual gloom. In his letter to Langus, an ecclesiastic of Erfurt, he says in this strain:—

“I am not permitted to come to you; nor is it lawful to tempt God, and unnecessarily to court dangers; since here at Wittenberg I must lay my account with a *sufficient number*: I who have been excommunicated by

the Pope, put under the ban of the Empire, exposed to death on every side, protected by none but God." A letter to the Elector contains almost the language of a man who contemplated martyrdom. "I am of opinion that the kindness or opposition of your Highness, and even the hatred of the whole world, ought to be only secondary considerations in the present peculiar circumstances of the Church. Your Highness is master of my body and my destiny in this world; but Christ is the Lord of souls. The Gospel which I preach, has its origin with God, and by God's grace neither persecution nor death shall wrest it from me. Neither cruelty nor terror shall extinguish this light."

The death of Leo X. had opened Rome to the intrigues of all the cabinets of Europe. But Charles was on the spot, his dominions surrounded the Roman States; he was lord of the opulence of the New World,—and he prevailed. The tiara was laid on the brow of his former tutor, Adrian, a monk of Utrecht, created a cardinal so late as 1517, and one of the extraordinary number of thirty-one, whom the late Pope, alike the most indolent of men, and the most headlong and profligate of politicians, had raised to the hat in one day.

Adrian possessed such learning, and such Christianity, as were to be found in convents. And, with equal sincerity and feebleness, he commenced the clearance of his church. The task was Herculean. The trade of ecclesiastical preferments had long been the crying sin of Rome. By the double impolicy of avarice and fear, she had laboured to create an interest in the permanency of her establishment, by making it a resource for the high families of the provinces of her European empire. The more intelligent or intrepid sons of the nobles, were destined for the prizes of the state and army. The more incapable were pensioned on the easy opulence of the immense benefices in the gift of Rome. The result may be conjectured, and the contemporary writers exhaust every power of language in describing the sensuality, ignorance, and pride flourishing under this flagrant system. The sale of the livings was frequent,

and so notorious, that companies of brokers were established in Rome for their purchase; the higher Ecclesiastics were sometimes only more conspicuous examples in the Church, of the vices which they had acquired in their noble fathers' halls; the lower orders of the Church naturally followed the standard set before them; and public ordinances were found necessary to prohibit the priesthood from "meddling in traffic, from frequenting taverns," then the receptacles of every impurity, and from indulging in the vices, by name, to which those taverns offered the temptation. The new Pope, not improbably stimulated by the general outcry for reform, published, as his first measure, a "Declaration," which had the effect of authenticating the whole of the public charge. He began with the tiara itself.

"Many abominable things," said this important paper, "have been committed in *this holy Chair* for several years past,—abuses in spiritual things,—excesses in the mandates given,—in fine, every thing changed for the worse.

"No wonder that the sickness should descend from the head to the members, from the high pontiffs to the inferior prelates. In what relates to us, we shall endeavour that our Court, from which, perhaps, *all this evil has proceeded*, shall undergo a speedy reform. If corruption has of late flowed from it, sound doctrine and reformation shall now proceed from the same source. To this we shall account ourselves the more obliged to attend, as the whole world appears most ardently to desire such a reform.

"I have accepted the Pontificate, that I might reform the spouse of Christ—assist the neglected and oppressed—and appropriate to the learned and virtuous the money which has of late been squandered on grooms and stage-players."

This ecclesiastical confession of the vices of the Papacy, was followed by a lay declaration scarcely inferior in the rank of its authors, and altogether superior in its practical effect. The long celebrated "*Centum Gravamina*," or List of Grievances, drawn up by the Diet of the German Princes, to be transmitted to Rome. It contain-

ed a detail of the corruptions of the priesthood, and the church system, which the princes declared that the iniquity and notoriety of the facts alone compelled them to submit to the Pontiff for their speedy reform; concluding by the suggestion of a General Council for the purpose in Germany. This document is the more unequivocal, from its proceeding from sovereigns still attached to the Popish cause,—one of its sections being a confirmation of the Edict of Worma against Luther, and another a demand that the preachers of the “New Doctrine” should be suspended in their functions.

These declarations were virtual pleadings on the side of Christianity, and Luther was not asleep while Popery was thus unconsciously shearing the locks in which the secret of its strength lay. He translated Adrian’s Rescript into German, and sent it, illustrated by his own restless remarks, to scatter light through the world.

We must hasten to the close of this great man’s labours. Luther, in 1545, had reached his sixty-second year, with a frame, never of peculiar vigour, much exhausted by perpetual application, and the numerous cares which hourly thickened on the leader of the Reformation in those days of increasing peril. His chief associates had died round him, or were yielding to age. Zuinglius had perished in battle, and Oecalampadius had died of grief for the loss of his admirable friend. A painful complaint, probably the result of his sedentary habits, had some years before tortured Luther, and under its paroxysms he seems to have sometimes abandoned the hope or the wish to live. But by temperance he continued to retain vigour sufficient to employ himself in the revision of his numerous writings, and chiefly of his translation of the Scriptures.

But in this year his complaint became more decided, and his constitution, long racked by the stone, began evidently to give way. Violent headaches, and the decaying sight of one of his eyes, gave symptoms of an event which must soon deprive Protestantism of its first and ablest friend. It

was speedily complete. He had taken a journey to Eisleben, his native place, on the application of the Count of Mansfield to arbitrate a dispute relative to the mines. In full consciousness of his own infirmities, he had undergone this harassing journey, as a promoter of peace.

“I write to you,” said he, in a letter to a friend, a few days before he set out, “though I am old, decrepit, inactive, languid, and now with but one eye.

“When drawing to the brink of the grave, I had hopes of obtaining a reasonable share of rest: but I continue to be overpowered with writing, preaching, and business, in the same manner as if I had not discharged my part in these duties in the early period of life.”

The journey was in the depth of a German winter. And by the overflowing of the river Issel, it was prolonged to five days. The effort was too much for his feeble frame; and after various changes of his disorder through three weeks, Luther, on the 18th of February 1546, breathed the last breath of life, gifted with the most glorious donative and the proudest duty that Providence gives to man,—the promulgation of its own eternal truths, in simplicity, holiness, and power.

The highest honours were paid to his memory. His body, after lying in state in the principal church, was escorted by the principal nobility of the Electorate on horseback, and an immense concourse of the people, on its way to Wittemberg. Wherever it stopped, the population of the towns received it with tears and prayers; hymns were sung and sermons delivered over the remains of their common father in the faith. At Wittemberg, the whole university, the magistracy, and people, came out to meet the procession; and the funeral ceremony was begun by an oration of Pomeranus, a celebrated divine, and closed by a pathetic sermon from Melancthon. His picture was afterwards hung up in the hall of the university. But his true and imperishable monument is—the Reformation.

MARQUIS OF ANGLESEA.

RUMOUR will have it that Lord Anglesea is about to be recalled; and, moreover, that he is the last of the Nobles destined to enjoy the honours of Vice-royalty in Ireland. Events have, of late, been so ordered as to render such a consummation devoutly to be wished. The immense annual expenditure necessary for the support of an Irish Court, has not been compensated by any such solid, or even seeming advantages, as would justify its continuance; and the present Premier, whose sound good sense is, on all hands, allowed, and whose spirit of economical retrenchment has been, in much smaller matters, apparent—will unhesitatingly sacrifice the patronage connected with the appointment of the representative of royalty, for the discontinuance of an idle and expensive pageant, which is only calculated to foment local discontent, and to generate national antipathy.

Lord Wellesley, the late King of Brentford, has done much to reconcile the minds of sober and loyal men to this event, whenever it may take place. He was sent to Ireland as a star of the first magnitude, and proved the most insufferable little swaggerer that ever was stilted by self-conceit into a lofty idea of his own personal importance. He really is, or rather *was*, a man of abilities. His Indian administration was distinguished by master-strokes both of policy and conduct. But a gormandizing vanity conspired with an epicurean self-indulgence in undermining the strong foundations of a character that might have been great; and the morbid sensibility with which his proud flesh winced under insults, which, to any mind in a healthy state, were absolutely below contempt; and the feeble and tremulous energy, by which he betrayed the will without the power of vengeance, so effectually unhorsed him in the opinion of his most thorough-paced admirers, that, even if he were capable of becoming his former self, he never could again fill a high public station with credit or advantage.

It is said for him, that his greatest mistakes were owing to the advice of his principal Law Officer, in whose character and abilities his confidence was too unbounded. The secret, however,

of Lord Plunkett's influence consisted in a skilful application to his great ruling passion—vanity. That adroit and wily personage is not more famous for wounding with a tomahawk, than for tickling with a straw: and, accordingly, he applied himself to Lord Wellesley's weak point, with a degree of skill and perseverance that secured him an ascendancy in the Irish Cabinet, and enabled him to fill his family and connexions with more lucrative places, in the course of four years, than fairly fell to the share of his honest and single-minded predecessor during so many administrations.

The Theatrical Riot, with which the public were dozed "*usque ad nauseam*," was the pivot of the Marquis of Wellesley's administration. He was so infatuated as to suppose that his life was aimed at. No one who knows Lord Plunkett could, for one moment, believe that such was *his* persuasion. Yet he played his part so well, and practised the "*make-believe*" so effectually upon the Viceroy, as to confirm him in that most ridiculous delusion, which ended in the frustration of his policy, and the overthrow of his reputation. The rioters were thrown into prison; bail for their appearance was refused; they were threatened with a capital prosecution; the sword of justice was suspended, by a single hair, over their devoted heads; the public were hushed in expectation of the deep and solemn tragedy which was about to commence;—when, lo! the principal performer stands before them, with a command of muscle, and "*a presence of countenance*," of which no one but himself has ever been possessed, and tells them that he is not prepared to proceed with the performance that had been announced; but that, if a farce or a pantomime will serve their turn, they shall have it. Is it any wonder, in such a case, that "*tabulæ risu solventur*?" Would it not, the rather, be wonderful if Lord Plunkett ever after held up his head as a public prosecutor? In fact, from thenceforward his official usefulness was at an end. He was alike despised and abhorred by the Orangemen and the Papists. The miserable failure of his proceedings against the theatrical rioters was a sig-

nal that the law, in his hands, had lost its salutary terrors for the seditious, as was speedily evinced by the frequent and unusual eruptions of "the Association," which continued, without intermission, to throw forth its lava, until the agitators became patriotically apprehensive of consuming themselves.

Had Lord Plunkett's first prosecution been directed against O'Connell or Shiel, he must have succeeded. The ass would have been stripped of the lion's skin; and the "Fee-faw-fum" which has since "frighted the Isle from its propriety," would have been converted into a craven "peccavi," which must, for a considerable time, have prevented the vapouring of Irish impudence from imposing even on Irish credulity. But he did not unmask his crown batteries against the real traitors, until his unfortunate prosecution of the theatrical rioters left him a bankrupt in public confidence; and the Grand Jury who ignored his bills but acted over again the part of the shepherds in the fable, who thought fit to leave the graceless urchin to his fate, by whom the cry of "the wolf" was, in good earnest, raised, because he had so frequently sported with their credulity when there was no danger.

While we write, the Marquis of Anglesea has been recalled! Peace to his manes!—more peace than it was his lot to confer upon Ireland! He is now politically no more. Let us do him justice. He went to Ireland under peculiar disadvantages. He had been a favourite, and, if we mistake not, a pupil of Canning, and was the Viceroy-elect of Lord Goderich. He was therefore in a manner pledged, if not by avowed predilection, certainly by a feeling of political honour, to principles which have marred his administration. He undertook the arduous office of governing a country, in which a faction had already proved itself stronger than the laws, with a predetermination to abet and encourage that faction, until this avowed object was obtained, and, perhaps, with no less strong a predetermination to repress and coerce them, should they prove turbulent after the concession of their claims. It is more fortunate for the empire, than disgraceful to him, that he failed, utterly failed, in this his Quixotic enterprise; and deeply grateful must the nation feel to the Noble Duke, who, by his timely interference,

prevented him from making so perilous an experiment upon the Constitution.

The Marquis of Anglesea was well received in Ireland. The Protestants, although apprehensive of his principles, were admirers of his gallantry; and there was so much of dignified condescension, so much urbanity and true politeness in his whole demeanour, as won for him golden opinions from all sorts of people; except indeed those whom he was most especially anxious to conciliate, and by whom he was, without hesitation, ferociously denounced as an enemy in disguise, and proscribed as a mere retainers of the Peel and Wellington administration.

Then came the Clare election,—that unequivocal demonstration of Popish baseness, bigotry, ingratitude, and folly, that confirmed the worst suspicions of their enemies, and should have separated from them every friend, who was not also the friend of their creed, and whose direct object was not to bring us again into moral and mental bondage. That was the moment for the Noble Marquis to have spoken out. Had he done so, and stood forward,—not so much in defence of the Constitution *as it is*, as in opposition to that most nefarious attempt, by a flagitious abuse of the elective franchise, to effect an alteration,—he would have deserved well of his country. He should have told the Roman Catholics, (for it was really a "*dignus vindice nodus*,") "that it was for no such purpose the elective franchise had been conferred upon them; that they were pledged, at least by the declarations of their friends, to make a different use of it; that, had Parliament entertained the slightest apprehension that the influence of the priest would supersede that of the landlord, and religion be polluted by being mixed up with political considerations, they never would have conferred upon them a power that was ultimately to be turned against themselves; that by their present conduct, they were discrediting, not only the past, but the future representations of their advocates, and refuting, by anticipation, the only arguments that could be constitutionally advanced in support of their claims; and that, for his part, he must abandon such support, and even take a hostile attitude, until their conduct rendered it possible to be favourable to their cause, without being

at the same time, and in the same degree unfavourable, if not hostile, to our Protestant institutions."

Had the Noble Marquis used this language, and followed it up by some vigorous measure for the suppression of that bane of the land—the Catholic Association, he would have done well and wisely; and might have escaped the disgrace of being numbered amongst the emancipators, without the charge of inconsistency or tergiversation. But he chose the wariest part. His precocious conclusions respecting the indispensable necessity of a Relief Bill were not either to be modelled or moderated by experience. Accordingly, O'Connell and his gang met with no discountenance, and the "rhetorical artificer" flourished away, ringing the changes through the whole gamut of sedition, without any dread of an "ex-officio" or of incarceration. The office of Attorney-General Joy was a perfect sinecure. That right-hearted man sickened of being idle during such doings, and went to the Continent for the benefit of his health. The franking "member for Clare" had repeated interviews with the Viceroy, and did not fail to lay before his Excellency *his views* of the state of the country, and to pray that the Government would be pleased to co-operate with "the Association" in its laudable exertions for the tranquillity of Ireland. Is it any wonder, therefore, that the seditious took heart, and that the loyal and well-affected were filled with unwonted alarms? "Could such things be, and overcome us like a summer cloud, without our special wonder?" Thank God, a stronger feeling than wonder was excited by them; even that to which the country is indebted for the associated Brunswick Confederacy, the very life and soul of which is centered in a holy resolve for the preservation of our venerable institutions in Church and State, and which, while it exists, will continue to be the evidence of their vigour, and the guarantee of their stability.

Sir Anthony Hart has been playing sad pranks in the appointment of the Irish magistrates. His promotion to the seals in that country, was owing, we believe, to the recommendation of Lord Lansdowne, and was one of the blessings of Lord Goderich's administration. The Papists are now, thanks to him, largely invested with

the commission of the peace; and he seems as fully resolved upon governing Ireland by a *spalpeen* magistracy, as ever Lord Plunkett was by a *spalpeen* priesthood.

We only, however, allude to that exalted functionary at present, for the purpose of vindicating him from a charge very generally accredited by the public, and deriving all its plausibility from the general character of his appointments. Mr O'Gorman Mahon was nominated to the commission of the peace, *not* by Sir Anthony Hart, but by Lord Manners, and upon the recommendation of *Mr Vesey Fitzgerald!!* There is something like retributive justice in the treachery and ingratitude with which he requited his patron, who, for a paltry popularity, was willing to compromise his dignity, and betray the Thermopylæ of the Constitution. But Mr O'Gorman Mahon was destined to do a higher service to the Protestant cause than that of expelling poor Vesey from the representation of the county of Clare, and exhibiting a full-length portrait of Popish bigotry and superstition.

This person, on an occasion where the sheriff of the county of Clare found it necessary to call in the military to the aid of the civil power, told the soldiers they were disgraced by being under such a fellow's command. This language the officer on duty very properly reported to Sir John Byng, who lost no time in laying it before the Lord Lieutenant. *But O'Gorman Mahon was one of O'Connell's "Liberators," and was not to be molested!* Sir John, however, thought it right to give the Duke of Wellington an opportunity of forming a judgment upon the subject. The Duke, as usual, formed a prompt and a sound one, the result of which was the withdrawing from "the Liberator" the commission of the peace; and the event will, it is hoped, convince Sir A. Hart that the person intrusted with so sacred and important a charge should possess, if not the principles of a loyalist, at least the manners of a gentleman.

This was the event which, it is believed, brought the Marquis of Anglesea into roughest collision with the cabinet. He felt hurt that so strong a measure should be taken, not only without his concurrence, but against his judgment. It was, in fact, a censure upon him, after the passing of which any Ministry must have been

prepared either for his removal or his resignation. He has been recalled; and, while we hail that recall as a blessing to the country, we are more disposed to consider it his misfortune than his fault. His intentions, we believe, were as good as his views were erroneous. His error consisted in not seeing the change which circumstances made in the cause of the Roman Catholics of Ireland. Formerly, many were friendly to emancipation, *because they were enemies to Popery*. Now, the cause of Popery and that of emancipation are identified, and it is impossible to promote the one without promoting the other. Emancipation now means the establishment of Popery upon the ruins of Protestantism, and the final separation of Great Britain and Ireland. This is a view of the question which Mr Burke would never have advocated, which Mr Pitt would never have advocated, which none of the great names by whom the cause of the Papists has been supported would have advocated, and which can be consistently advocated only by those who are enemies to the connexion between Church and State, and who seek the overthrow of the Constitution.

Lord Anglesea has never been suspected of having a large or a legislative mind. His understanding is, however, not a common one. He is a good man of business, and exceedingly quick, intelligent, and even sagacious, in his observations upon ordinary affairs. He would have been an excellent judge at "*Nisi Prius*," although he possesses not the depth or the comprehensiveness necessary to constitute a statesman. He came to Ireland ignorant of even the most obvious features of its history. In his reply to the address of the Dissenters, he congratulates them upon the relief which they must have experienced *in the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts!!!* There are other instances in which his ignorance was most awkwardly apparent; but upon these it is not our purpose to enlarge. His services in the "*tented field*" are sufficiently important to atone, as well as to account for, even greater deficiencies.

But assuredly he was not a man, in the present most critical emergency, to be intrusted with the government of Ireland. The Noble Duke at the head of the cabinet will find it much easier to justify his recall than his appointment. The Marquis is a gallant

soldier—he is in his proper place at the head of his dragoons; but, called upon to bear the sword of justice in a country which was convulsed and agitated by a faction, with whom he was disposed to make common cause, of whose principles he approved, although he might be pained by some of their proceedings, how could he act with the vigour which could alone be effectual for the suppression of evil-doers, or make the seditious and the insolent man quail before him? It was impossible;—and, without such vigour, there can be neither peace nor tranquillity in Ireland. The government must grapple with and subdue the agitator, before the country can be at rest. The wretched peasantry must be protected against the machinations of the unprincipled demagogues, by whom they have been so grossly abused and deluded, and who, if unfortunately they should be stimulated into any acts of outrage which might bring down upon them a visitation of legal vengeance, would be the first to desert them, and leave them to their fate. These audacious and cowardly incendiaries must be prevented flinging fire-brands amongst the combustible materials that are so profusely scattered throughout Ireland. They have been too long suffered to drive a profitable trade by practising upon the feelings, and inflaming the passions, of a feather-sprung and excitable population. The peace of the country must not depend upon their fiat. As long as it does, they are "*de facto*" THE GOVERNMENT. They exercise the substantial authority of the state, and may easily relinquish to the Lord Lieutenant and his council a pageant and a name.

Is the Duke of Wellington prepared for this?—for to that complexion things have come at last. The agitators have arrayed themselves in all their terrors, and fairly demand of him that he shall yield to their threats, and legislate for them under the influence of intimidation!! Thank God, they have spoken out—and that not so much by words as by deeds. "*Quem Deus vult perdere prius dementat.*" Thus have they set their cause upon a cast, and they must stand the hazard of the die. Although the Parliament has been, on more than one occasion, humbugged by the Jesuits, the Protestants of this great empire feel a perfect assurance that the Duke of Wellington will not be terri-

fied by a poltroon. Bully Bottom will never pass with him for the real Monarch of the Woods. He never will take political instructions from any man, or any set of men, *at the point of the bayonet*. If there were no other objection to the concession of the Catholic claims, an honest and resolute statesman would find an insuperable one in the manner in which they are presented. Agitation is not argument. If it be good for any thing, it is good for every thing. Give the agitator an inch, and he will take an ell. The man who relies on agitation for the advancement of his cause, flies in the face of policy, and renounces justice. The Minister who could yield to it would deserve a cap and bells, if an indignant nation could consent to spare the head upon which he might wear them;—he should be sent to Bedlam, to learn wisdom from its inmates.

But if in any country to yield to clamour is most unwise, in Ireland it would be the extreme of infatuation. It is needless to say, that the concession of the Catholic claims could be of real benefit to but a very few individuals. A principle would, in that case, be conceded, which would nnnhinge the framework of civil society. The people would literally gain nothing, or next to nothing;—the government would lose every thing, or almost every thing: for they would lose that upon which the conservation of every thing else depends—their authority.

The Irish demagogues, in wielding the energies of the people at large for the accomplishment of Catholic Emancipation, are using the trunk of the elephant to pick up a pin. There is a monstrous disproportion between the means and the end. How aptly has faction been described as the madness of the many for the gain of the few! The definition never was so perfectly illustrated as by the conduct of the Roman Catholic Association. There the orators confess, that their cause must go to sleep but for the continual stimulants which they apply to the people. They tell the Government, that the people are so angry and clamorous, that unless emancipated, they will rebel;—and they in the same breath tell the people, that unless they shake off their indifference and threaten to rebel, they will never be emancipated. Thus they make the prospect of concession the ground of sedition, in order that they may be en-

abled to make sedition the ground of concession. We verily believe, there never was a time when the poor Irish peasantry, if left to themselves, were more disposed to be tranquil and contented. But they are an imaginative race, and easily excited by inflammatory harangues to be discontented with their present condition, and resentful of oppressions and injuries which only existed in their over-heated minds. Are they, we ask, with all their fine and dangerous susceptibilities both of good and evil, to be left as the stock-in-trade of the profligate agitator? That were a miserable policy!

“‘Twere pitiful! ‘twere wondrous pitiful!”

But what is to be done? We ask for no new legislative enactment; we desire no suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act: we do not as yet even require that the Roman Catholics should be deprived of the elective franchise, which has been so fearfully abused. We say, try the laws. In the hands of honest William Saurin and a Duhlin Jury we are persuaded they would not be found unavailing. Let the experiment be tried, and we will answer for the result. If Saurin were again invested with the insignia of authority, at the very sound of his venerable name the Pandemonium would be deserted. How would the arch-agitator O’Connell,

“That dog in forehead, but in heart a deer,”

blench at the very apprehension of encountering his honest eye in a court of justice! These people have had the reins too long. Time is it that they should be checked in their career. They have gained a victory over Plunkett, and they imagine that it was a victory over the law. But they are mistaken. The law is still sufficient to prescribe a limit to their career of violence; and, if vigorously exerted, it will put them down. The reign of anarchy must have an end, or there will be an end to the Constitution!

And this should be preliminary to any consideration of their question. Neither “words nor grass” will do. “We must try what virtue there is in stones.” The Protestant Constitution in Church and State is rudely and vehemently assailed; and the assailants have been hitherto encouraged in their violence. Neither the supplications of their “liberal” friends, who seem fear-

ful that they are prematurely discovering too much of the cloven foot ; nor the feeble and mismanaged opposition of their enemies, have availed to arrest them in their career of sedition. They have now the encouragement of a Lord Lieutenant to persevere in the same course. Under his "macte virtute tue," they may hope to go on and prosper. He has been their stalking-horse hitherto. It is only proper that they should now employ themselves in forging for him the armour and the implements by which he may be rendered invulnerable, and be enabled to be victorious in Parliament.

We thank the agitators for having brought their cause "in discrimen rerum." *Something now must be done.* It is no longer optional with Government to trifle with the tranquillity of Ireland. They must either prove themselves efficient to govern the country, or abdicate their functions. When despondency would settle upon us, from beholding the weakness or distraction that mars the councils of our friends, we are revived by observing something like the overruling providence of God in the infatuation of our enemies. The temper, the language, the measures which were intended for the overthrow of every thing dear and valuable to us as men and as Christians, will prove their preservation.

The question which the Duke of Wellington has to decide, is, not whether, by the concession of a particular measure, he will tranquillize an agitated people ; but whether he will treat with agitators who tell him *that they will not suffer the country to be tranquil except upon their own terms.* The people, if left to themselves, are disposed to be at peace. We are persuaded it is as little their wish as their interest to be turbulent. The Irish people would, this moment, experience a positive relief by being deprived of the elective franchise. They would not, in that case, be ground between the exactions of the priest and the requirements of the landlord ; they would not be scared by the fulminations of spiritual censure on the one hand, nor met by the bailiff and the ejectment on the other : Their spiritual would not be made to clash with their civil duties. But they are told that they ought to be discontented with things as they are ; and agitators have arisen, whose profession and whose trade it is to madden them

by false and inflammatory representations. Unfortunately these men have been suffered to practise their "rhetorical artifices" until the country is in a flame, and until a wretched and misguided peasantry were driven to the very verge of insurrection. The motto of these miscreants seems to be,

"Flectere si nequeo superos, Acheronta movebo."

And no one is better qualified than the Noble Duke at the head of the Government, to understand that the distinction is great and practical between agitators who are thrown upon the surface of society by the wrongs and the injuries of a people, whose pressing grievances demand redress,—and agitators who practise upon the passions of an otherwise tranquil and contented people, and disturb their minds and mislead their judgments by a system of factious and wicked declamation. It is in fact the distinction between agitation *as an effect* and agitation *as a cause*. If it be wisdom in the one case to prevent the effect by removing the cause, it is no less wisdom, in the other case, by removing the cause to prevent the effect. The Duke should tell the agitators—But he can speak for himself. Without presuming to anticipate him, we scarcely think he will say to them, "For keeping Ireland convulsed and agitated, you shall be rewarded by legislative consideration and indulgence!!!"

Now this is precisely what Lord Anglesea says in the letter to Dr Curtis which closed his administration. It is only for his sake we wish that letter had never been written. The Lord Lieutenant of Ireland become an incendiary!!! There, indeed, he appears as Jack Lawless's bosom friend! Alas! poor Marquis, how sadly have you mistaken the vocation to which you were called! How has the spleen of an hour tarnished the lustre of chivalry!—He might have retired from the cares of Vice-royalty, if not with honour, at least with respect, had that unfortunate epistle never been indited ;—but now his friends are covered with shame, his enemies are exultant, and he is himself beslavered by the eulogies of "the Association!" This is a spectacle to move the pity of his noble master, even more than the letter could have provoked his contempt.

The Noble Duke says, "Cease to agitate, and I will endeavour to give your case the most favourable consideration." The Noble Marquis says, "Agitate, or you will be unheeded." The Noble Duke says, "Your agitation obstructs;" the Noble Marquis says, "Your agitation must promote your cause." The one wishes for quiet and tranquillity, that the question may be gravely and solemnly entertained; the other desires excitation and disturbance, that some hasty relief-bill may be precipitated through Parliament.

It is strange that the noble Marquis, whose old master, Canning, might have taught him so much better, should have taken his ideas of British legislation from the Dublin Corn Exchange. To do that distinguished rhetorician justice, no man more utterly spurned the notion of legislating "upon compulsion." He would have died at any time sooner than bring into Parliament any measure at the dictation of a mob. He could be easily flattered into what was wrong, but bullied never. No liberals of the day found their advantage in working upon his vanity; they knew right well that he was unassailable on the side of fear. Artifice was employed to seduce him from courses which terror could never compel him to abandon; and he, who

would have triumphed over their enmity, fell a victim to their friendship!

The Duke of Wellington, without a particle of his weakness, possesses more than his moral courage, and is too right-hearted a British soldier not to meet the threats of the agitators, with the Marquis of Anglesea at their head, as becomes his station and his fame. The question with him should simply be, "Is that to be yielded to violence which would not be conceded to calm deliberation?" There he should make his stand; that should be his Torres Vedras in Parliament. Upon that high and firm ground all the violence of all the agitators will break into foam around him.

But, hush! The Parliament are about to assemble! The eyes of Europe are upon them! The world is interested in their deliberations. Never, since England was a nation, did such awful consequences hang suspended upon her legislative resolves! Hitherto our institutions have been preserved by an almost special Providence. We will not, we cannot believe that the arm which defended them is now uplifted to destroy! The illustrious deliverer of Europe is their guardian. They are safe under the shadow of his fame.

DUBLIN, 10th Jan. 1829.

THE ANCESTRAL SONG.

A long war disturb'd your mind,—
Here your perfect peace is sign'd:
'Tis now full tide 'twixt night and day,
End your moan and come away.

WEBSTER.—*Duchess of Malfy.*

There were faint sounds of weeping;—fear and gloom,
And midnight vigil in a stately room
Of Chatillon's old halls:—rich odours there
Fill'd the proud chamber as with Indian air,
And soft light fell, from lamps of silver thrown,
On jewels that with rainbow-lustre shone
Over a gorgeous couch: there emeralds gleam'd,
And deeper crimson from the ruby stream'd
Than in the heart-leaf of the rose is set,
Hiding from sunshine:—Many a carcanet
Starry with diamonds, many a burning chain
Of the red gold, shed forth a radiance vain:
And sad, and strange, the canopy beneath,
Whose shadowy curtain, round a bed of death,
Hung drooping solemnly:—for there one lay,
Passing from all earth's glories fast away,
Amidst those queenly treasures:—They had been
Gifts of her Lord, from far-off Paynim lands,
And for *his* sake, upon their orient sheen,
She had gaz'd fondly, and, with faint, cold hands,
Had pressed to her languid heart once more,
Melting in child-like tears:—But this was o'er,

Love's last vain clinging unto life; and now
 A mist of dreams was hovering o'er her brow,
 Her eye was fix'd, her spirit seem'd removed,
 Though not from earth, from all it knew or loved,
 Far, far away:—her handmaids watch'd around,
 In awe, that lent to each low, midnight sound
 A might, a mystery; and the quivering light
 Of wind-away'd lamps, made spectral in their sight
 The forms of buried beauty, sad, yet fair,
 Gleaming along the walls, with braided hair,
 Long in the dust grown dim:—And she, too, saw,
 But with the spirit's eye of raptur'd awe,
 Those pictured shapes:—a bright, but solemn train,
 Beckoning, they floated o'er her dreamy brain,
 Clothed in diviner hues; while on her ear
 Strange voices fell, which none besides might hear;
 Sweet, yet profoundly mournful, as the sigh
 Of winds o'er harp-strings through a midnight sky;
 And thus, it seem'd, in that low, thrilling tone,
 Th' Ancestral Shadows call'd away their own.

Come, come, come!
 Long thy fainting soul hath yearn'd
 For the step that ne'er return'd;
 Long thine anxious ear hath listen'd,
 And thy watchful eye hath glisten'd
 With the hope, whose parting strife
 Shook the flower-leaves from thy life.
 Now the heavy day is done,
 Home awaits thee, wearied one!

Come, come, come!

From the quenchless thoughts that burn
 In the seal'd heart's lonely urn;
 From the coil of memory's chain,
 Wound about the throbbing brain;
 From the veins of sorrow deep,
 Winding through the world of sleep;
 From the haunted halls and bowers,
 Throng'd with ghosts of happier hours;

Come, come, come!

On our dim and distant shore
 Aching Love is felt no more.
 We have lov'd with earth's excess—
 Past is now that weariness!
 We have wept, that weep not now—
 Calm is each once-throbbing brow!
 We have known the Dreamer's woes—
 All is now one bright repose!

Come, come, come!

Weary heart that long hast bled,
 Languid spirit, drooping head,
 Restless memory, vain regret,
 Pining love whose light is set,
 Come away!—'tis hush'd, 'tis well,
 Where by shadowy founts we dwell,
 All the fever-thirst is still'd,
 All the air with peace is fill'd!

Come, come, come!

And with her spirit rapt in that wild lay,
 She pass'd, as twilight melts to night, away!

FIRST AND LAST.

TAKE down from your shelves, gentle reader, your folio edition of Johnson's Dictionary,—or, if you possess Todd's edition of Johnson, take down his four ponderous quartos, turn over every leaf; read every word from A to Z; and then confess, that, in the whole vocabulary, there are not any two words which awaken in your heart such a crowd of mixed and directly opposite emotions as the two which now stare you in the face—*FIRST* and *LAST*! In the abstract, they embrace the whole round of our existence: in the detail, all its brightest hopes, its noblest enjoyments, and its most cherished recollections; all its loftiest enterprises, and all its smiles and tears; its pangs of guilt, its virtuous principles, its trials, its sorrows, and its rewards. They give you the dawn and the close of life; the beginning and the end of its countless busy scenes. They are the two extremities of a path, which, be it long, or be it short, no man sees at one and the same moment. Happy

would it be for us, sometimes, if we could—if we *could* behold the end of a course of action as certainly as we do the beginning: but oftener, far oftener, would it be our curse and torment, unless with the foresight or foreknowledge, we had the power to avert the end.

But let me not anticipate my own intentions, which are to pourtray, in some eight or ten sketches, the links that hold together the *first* and *last* of the most momentous periods and undertakings of our lives; to trace the dawn, progress, and decline of many of the best feelings and motives of our nature; to touch, with a pensive colouring, the contrasts they present; to stimulate honourable enterprises by the examples they furnish; and to amuse by the form in which the truths they supply are embodied. I shall begin with a subject, not exactly falling within the legitimate scope of my design; but it will serve as an appropriate introduction; and I shall call it

THE FIRST AND LAST DINNER.

Twelve friends, much about the same age, and fixed, by their pursuits, their family connexions, and other local interests, as permanent inhabitants of the metropolis, agreed, one day when they were drinking their wine at the Star and Garter at Richmond, to institute an annual dinner among themselves, under the following regulations: That they should dine alternately at each other's houses on the *first* and *last* day of the year; that the *first* bottle of wine uncorked at the *first* dinner, should be recorked and put away, to be drunk by him who should be the *last* of their number; that they should never admit a new member; that, when one died, eleven should meet, and when another died, ten should meet, and so on; and that, when only one remained, he should, on those two days, dine by himself, and sit the usual hours at his solitary table; but the *first* time he so dined alone, lest it should be the only one, he should then uncork the *first* bottle, and, in the *first* glass, drink to the memory of all who were gone.

There was something original and whimsical in the idea, and it was eager-

ly embraced. They were all in the prime of life, closely attached by reciprocal friendship, fond of social enjoyments, and looked forward to their future meetings with unalloyed anticipations of pleasure. The only thought, indeed, that could have darkened those anticipations was one not very likely to intrude itself at this moment, that of the hapless wight who was destined to uncork the *first* bottle at his lonely repast.

It was high summer when this frolic compact was entered into; and as their pleasure-yacht skimmed along the dark bosom of the Thames, on their return to London, they talked of nothing but their *first* and *last* feasts of ensuing years. Their imaginations ran riot with a thousand gay predictions of festive merriment. They waltzed in conjectures of what changes time would operate; joked each other upon their appearance, when they should meet,—some hobbling upon crutches after a severe fit of the gout, —others poking about with purblind eyes, which even spectacles could hardly enable to distinguish the alderman's walk in a haunch of venison—

some with portly round bellies and tidy little brown wigs, and others decently dressed out in a new suit of mourning for the death of a great-grand-daughter or a great-great-grandson. Palsies, wrinkles, toothless gums, stiff hams, and poker knees, were bandied about in sallies of exuberant mirth, and appropriated, first to one and then to another, as a group of merry children would have distributed golden palaces, flying chariots, diamond tables, and chairs of solid pearl, under the fancied possession of a magician's wand, which could transform plain brick, and timber, and humble mahogany, into such costly treasures.

"As for you, George," exclaimed one of the twelve, addressing his brother-in-law, "I expect I shall see you as dry, withered, and shrunken as an old eel-skin, you mere outside of a man!" and he accompanied the words with a hearty slap on the shoulder.

George Fortescue was leaning carelessly over the side of the yacht, laughing the loudest of any at the conversation which had been carried on. The sudden manual salutation of his brother-in-law threw him off his balance, and in a moment he was overboard. They heard the heavy splash of his fall, before they could be said to have seen him fall. The yacht was proceeding swiftly along; but it was instantly stopped.

The utmost consternation now prevailed. It was nearly dark, but Fortescue was known to be an excellent swimmer, and startling as the accident was, they felt certain he would regain the vessel. They could not see him. They listened. They heard the sound of his hands and feet. They hailed him. An answer was returned, but in a faint gurgling voice, and the exclamation "Oh God!" struck upon their ears. In an instant two or three, who were expert swimmers, plunged into the river, and swam towards the spot whence the exclamation had proceeded. One of them was within an arm's length of Fortescue: he saw him; he was struggling and buffeting the water; before he could be reached, he went down, and his distracted friend beheld the eddying circles of the wave just over the spot where he had sunk. He dived after him, and touched the bottom; but the tide must have drifted the body onwards, for it could not be found!

They proceeded to one of the nearest stations where drags were kept, and having procured the necessary apparatus, they returned to the fatal spot. After the lapse of above an hour, they succeeded in raising the lifeless body of their lost friend. All the usual remedies were employed for restoring suspended animation; but in vain; and they now pursued the remainder of their course to London, in mournful silence, with the corpse of him who had commenced the day of pleasure with them in the fullness of health, of spirits, and of life! Amid their severer grief, they could not but reflect how soon one of the joyous twelve had slipped out of the little festive circle.

The months rolled on, and cold December came with all its cheering round of kindly greetings and merry hospitalities: and with it came a softened recollection of the fate of poor Fortescue; eleven of the twelve assembled on the last day of the year, and it was impossible not to feel their loss as they sat down to dinner. The very irregularity of the table, five on one side, and only four on the other, forced the melancholy event upon their memory.

There are few sorrows so stubborn as to resist the united influence of wine, a circle of select friends, and a season of prescriptive gaiety. Even those pinching troubles of life, which come home to a man's own bosom, will light up a smile, in such moments, at the beaming countenances and jocund looks of all the rest of the world; while your mere sympathetic or sentimental distress, gives way, like the inconsolable affliction of a widow of twenty, closely besieged by a lover of thirty.

A decorous sigh or two, a few becoming ejaculations, and an instructive observation upon the uncertainty of life, made up the sum of tender posthumous "offerings to the *manes* of poor George Fortescue," as they proceeded to discharge the more important duties for which they had met. By the time the third glass of champagne had gone round, in addition to sundry potations of fine old hock, and "capital madeira," they had ceased to discover any thing so very pathetic in the inequality of the two sides of the table, or so melancholy in their crippled number of eleven.

The rest of the evening passed off to their hearts' content. Conversation was briskly kept up amid the usual fire of pun, repartee, anecdote, politics, toasts, healths, jokes, broad laughter, erudite disquisitions upon the vintage of the wines they were drinking, and an occasional song. Towards twelve o'clock, when it might be observed that they emptied their glasses with less symptoms of palating the quality of what they quaffed, and filled them again, with less anxiety as to which bottle or decanter they laid hold of, they gradually waxed moral and tender; sensibility began to ooze out; "poor George Fortescue!" was once more remembered; those who could count, sighed to think there were only eleven of them; and those who could see, felt the tears come into their eyes, as they dimly noted the inequality of the two sides of the table. They all agreed, at parting, however, that they had never passed such a happy day, congratulated each other upon having instituted so delightful a meeting, and promised to be punctual to their appointment the ensuing evening, when they were to celebrate the new-year, whose entrance they had welcomed in bumpers of claret, as the watchman bawled "past twelve!" beneath the window.

They met accordingly; and their gaiety was without any alloy or drawback. It was only the *first* time of their assembling, after the death of "poor George Fortescue," that made the recollection of it painful; for, though but a few hours had intervened, they now took their seats at the table, as if eleven had been their original number, and as if all were there that had been ever expected to be there.

It is thus in every thing. The *first* time a man enters a prison—the *first* book an author writes—the *first* painting an artist executes—the *first* battle a general wins—nay, the *first* time a rogue is hanged, (for a rotten rope may provide a second performance, even of that ceremony, with all its singleness of character,) differ inconceivably from their *first* repetition. There is a charm, a spell, a novelty, a freshness, a delight, inseparable from the *first* experience, (hanging always excepted, be it remembered,) which no art or circumstance can impart to the *second*. And it is the same in all

the darker traits of life. There is a degree of poignancy and anguish in the *first* assaults of sorrow, which is never found afterwards. Ask the weeping widow, who, "like Niobe all tears," follows her fifth husband to the grave, and she will tell you that the *first* time she performed that melancholy office, it was with at least five times more lamentations than she last discharged it. In every case, it is simply that the *first* fine edge of our feelings has been taken off, and that it can never be restored.

Several years had elapsed, and our eleven friends kept up their double anniversaries, as they might aptly enough be called, with scarcely any perceptible change. But, alas! there came one dinner at last, which was darkened by a calamity they never expected to witness, for on that very day, their friend, companion, brother almost, was banded! Yes! Stephen Rowland, the wit, the oracle, the life of their little circle, had, on the morning of that day, forfeited his life upon a public scaffold, for having made one single stroke of his pen in a wrong place. In other words, a bill of exchange which passed into his hands for L.700, passed out of it for L.1700; he having drawn the important little prefix to the hundreds, and the bill being paid at the banker's without examining the words of it. The forgery was discovered,—brought home to Rowland,—and though the greatest interest was used to obtain a remission of the fatal penalty, (the particular female favourite of the prime minister himself interfering,) poor Stephen Rowland was hanged. Every body pitied him; and nobody could tell why he did it. He was not poor; he was not a gambler; he was not a speculator; but phrenology settled it. The organ of *acquisitiveness* was discovered in his head, after his execution, as large as a pigeon's egg. He could not help it.

It would be injustice to the ten to say, that even wine, friendship, and a merry season, could dispel the gloom which pervaded this dinner. It was agreed beforehand, that they should not allude to the distressing and melancholy theme; and having thus interdicted the only thing which really occupied all their thoughts, the natural consequence was, that silent contemplation took the place of dismal dis-

course; and they separated long before midnight. An embarrassing restraint, indeed, pervaded the little conversation which grew up at intervals. The champagne was not in good order, but no one liked to complain of its being *ropy*. A beautiful painting of Vandike which was in the room, became a topic of discussion. They who thought it was *hung* in a bad place, shrunk from saying so; and not one ventured to speak of the *execution* of that great master. Their host was having the front of his house repaired, and at any other time he would have cautioned them, when they went away, as the night was very dark, to take care of the *scaffold*; but no, they might have stumbled right and left before he would have pronounced that word, or told them not to *break their necks*. One, in particular, even abstained from using his customary phrase, "this is a *drop of good wine*;" and another forbore to congratulate the friend who sat next him, and who had been married since he last saw him, because he was accustomed on such occasions to employ figurative language, and talk of the holy *noose* of wedlock.

Some fifteen years had now glided away since the fate of poor Rowland, and the ten remained; but the stealing hand of time had written sundry changes in most legible characters. Raven locks had become grizzled—two or three heads had not as many locks altogether as may be reckoned in a walk of half a mile along the Regent's Canal—one was actually covered with a brown wig—the crow's-feet were visible in the corner of the eye—good old port and warm madeira carried it against hock, claret, red burgundy, and champagne—stews, hashcs, and ragouts, grew into favour—crusts were rarely called for to relish the cheese after dinner—conversation was less boisterous, and it turned chiefly upon politics and the state of the funds, or the value of landed property—apologies were made for coming in thick shoes and warm stockings—the doors and windows were more carefully provided with list and sand-bags—the fire more in request—and a quiet game of whist filled up the hours that were wont to be devoted to drinking, singing, and riotous merriment. Two rubbers, a cup of coffee, and at home by eleven o'clock,

was the usual cry, when the fifth or sixth glass had gone round after the removal of the cloth. At parting, too, there was now a long ceremony in the hall, buttoning up great-coats, tying on woollen-comforters, fixing silk-handkerchiefs over the mouth and up to the ears, and grasping sturdy walking-canes to support unsteady feet.

Their fiftieth anniversary came, and death had indeed been busy. One had been killed by the overturning of the mail, in which he had taken his place in order to be present at the dinner, having purchased an estate in Monmouthshire, and retired thither with his family. Another had undergone the terrific operation for the stone, and expired beneath the knife—a third had yielded up a broken spirit two years after the loss of an only-surviving and beloved daughter—a fourth was carried off in a few days by a *cholera morbus*—a fifth had breathed his last the very morning he obtained a judgment in his favour by the Lord Chancellor, which had cost him his last shilling nearly to get, and which, after a litigation of eighteen years, declared him the rightful possessor of ten thousand a-year,—ten minutes after he was no more. A sixth had perished by the hand of a midnight assassin, who broke into his house for plunder, and sacrificed the owner of it, as he grasped convulsively a bundle of Exchequer bills, which the robber was drawing from beneath his pillow, where he knew they were every night placed for better security.

Four little old men, of withered appearance and decrepit walk, with cracked voices, and dim, rayless eyes, sat down, by the mercy of Heaven, (as they themselves tremulously declared,) to celebrate, for the fiftieth time, the first day of the year; to observe the frolic compact, which, half a century before, they had entered into at the Star and Garter at Richmond! Eight were in their graves! The four that remained stood upon its confines. Yet they chirped cheerily over their glass, though they could scarcely carry it to their lips, if more than half full; and cracked their jokes, though they articulated their words with difficulty, and heard each other with still greater difficulty. They mumbled, they chattered, they laughed, (if a sort of strangled wheezing might be called a laugh); and when the wines

sent their icy blood in warmer pulse through their veins, they talked of their past as if it were but a yesterday that had slipped by them,—and of their future, as if it were a busy century that lay before them.

They were just the number for a quiet rubber of whist; and for three successive years they sat down to one. The fourth came, and then their rubber was played with an open dummy; a fifth, and whist was no longer practicable; *two* could play only at cribbage, and cribbage was the game. But it was little more than the mockery of play. Their palsied hands could hardly hold, or their fading sight distinguish, the cards, while their torpid faculties made them doze between each deal.

At length came the *LAST* dinner; and the survivor of the twelve, upon whose head four score and ten winters had showered their snow, ate his solitary meal. It so chanced that it was in his house, and at his table, they had celebrated the first. In his cellar, too, had remained, for eight and fifty years, the bottle they had then uncorked, re-corked, and which he was that day to uncork again. It stood beside him. With a feeble and reluctant grasp he took the "frail memorial" of a youthful vow; and for a moment memory was faithful to her office. She threw open the long vista of buried years; and his heart travelled through them all: Their lusty

and blithesome spring,—their bright and fervid summer,—their ripe and temperate autumn,—their chill, but not too frozen winter. He saw, as in a mirror, how, one by one, the laughing companions of that merry hour, at Richmond, had dropped into eternity. He felt all the loneliness of his condition, (for he had eschewed marriage, and in the veins of no living creature ran a drop of blood whose source was in his own); and as he drained the glass which he had filled, "to the memory of those who were gone," the tears slowly trickled down the deep furrows of his aged face.

He had thus fulfilled one part of his vow, and he prepared himself to discharge the other, by sitting the usual number of hours at his desolate table. With a heavy heart he resigned himself to the gloom of his own thoughts—a lethargic sleep stole over him—his head fell upon his bosom—confused images crowded into his mind—he babbled to himself—was silent—and when his servant entered the room, alarmed by a noise which he heard, he found his master stretched upon the carpet at the foot of the easy-chair, out of which he had slipped in an apoplectic fit. He never spoke again, nor once opened his eyes, though the vital spark was not extinct till the following day. And this was the *LAST DINNER*!

M.

THE STORM-PAINTER* IN HIS DUNGEON.

—Where of ye, O tempests, is the goal?
Are ye like those that shake the human breast,
Or do ye find at length, like eagles, some high nest?
Childe Harold.

MIDNIGHT! and silence deep!
The air is fill'd with sleep,
With the stream's whisper and the citron's breath;
The fixed and solemn stars
Gleam thro' my dungeon-bars—
Wake, rushing winds! this breezeless calm is death!

* Pietro Mulier, called *Il Tempesta*, from his surprising pictures of storms. "His compositions," says Lanzi, "inspire a real horror, presenting to our eyes death-devoted ships overtaken by tempests and darkness, fired by lightning, now rising on the mountain-waves, and again submerged in the abyss of ocean." During an imprisonment of five years in Genoa, the pictures which he painted in his dungeon were marked by additional power and gloom.—*See Lanzi's History of Painting, translated by Roscoe.*

Ye watch-fires of the skies !
 The stillness of your eyes
 Looks too intensely thro' my troubled soul ;
 I feel this weight of rest
 An earth-load on my breast—
 Wake, rushing winds, awake ! and dark clouds, roll !

I am your own, *your* child,
 O ye, the fierce and wild
 And kingly tempests ! Will ye not arise ?
 Hear the bold Spirit's voice,
 That knows not to rejoice,
 But in the peal of your strong harmonies !

By sounding Ocean-waves,
 And dim Calabrian caves,
 And flashing torrents, I have been your mate ;
 And with the rocking pines
 Of the olden Apennines,
 In your dark path stood fearless and elate !

Your lightnings were as rods
 That smote the deep abodes
 Of thought within me, and the stream gush'd free ;
 Come, that my soul again
 May swell to burst its chain—
 Bring me the music of the sweeping sea !

Within me dwells a flame,
 An eagle caged and tame,
 Till call'd forth by the harping of the blast ;
 Then is its triumph's hour,
 It springs to sudden power,
 As mounts the billow o'er the quivering mast.

Then, then, the canvass o'er,
 With hurried hand I pour
 The lava-floods and gusts of my own soul ;
 Kindling to fiery life
 Dreams, worlds, of pictured strife ;—
 Wake, rushing winds, awake ! and dark clouds, roll !

Wake, rise !—the reed may bend,
 The trembling leaf descend,
 The forest branch give way before your might ;
 But I, your strong compeer,
 Call, summon, wait you here—
 Answer, my Spirit, answer ! Storm and Night !

F. H.

THE OLD SEA-PORT.

BY DELTA.

1.

WHEN winds were wailing round me,
And Day, with closing eye,
Peeped from beneath the sullen clouds,
Of pale November's sky,—
In downcast meditation,
All silently I stood,
Gazing the wintry ocean's
Unbounded barren flood.

2.

A place more wild and lonely
Was nowhere to be seen ;
The caverned sea-rocks beetled o'er
The billows rushing green ;
There was no sound from aught around,
Save, 'mid the echoing caves,
The plashing and the dashing
Of melancholy waves.

3.

High 'mid the lowering waste of sky,
The grey gulls flew in swarms ;
And, far beneath, the brine upheaved
The sea-weed's tangly arms ;
The face of nature in a pall
Dim-shrouded seem'd to be,
As silently I listen'd there
The dirges of the sea.

4.

In twilight's shadowy scowling,
Not far remote, there lay
An old dim smoky sea-port,
Within a sheltered bay ;
Through far-back generations
Its blacken'd piles had stood,
And, though the abode of human things,
It look'd like solitude ;—

5.

Of lifeless solitude it spake,
And silence, and decay ;
Of old, wild times departed ;
Of beings pass'd away ;
Of lonely vessels beating up
Against the whelming breeze ;
Of tempest-stricken mariners,
Upon the pathless seas.

6.

I thought of venerable men,
Whose dust lies in their graves ;
Who left that now deserted port,
To breast the trampling waves ;
How, in their shallows picturesque,
Unawed, they drifted forth ;
Directed by the one bright star,
That points the stormy North.

7.

And how, when swept the tempest-blast,
 Along the groaning earth,
 Pale widows with their orphans
 Would cower beside the hearth,
 All sadly thinking on the ships,
 That, buffeting the breeze,
 Held but a fragile plank, betwixt
 Their sailors and the seas !

8.

Yet how, on their returning,
 Such wondrous tales they told,
 Of birds with rainbow plumages,
 And trees with fruits of gold ;
 Of perils in the wilderness,
 Beside the lion's den ;
 And huts beneath the palm-trees,
 Where dwelt the painted men.

9.

'Mid melancholy fancies,
 My spirit loved to stray
 Back through the mists of hooded Eld,
 Lone wandering far away ;
 When dim-eyed Superstition
 Upraised her eldritch croon,
 And Witches held their orgies
 Beneath the waning moon.

10.

Yes ! through Tradition's twilight,
 To days hath Fancy flown,
 When Canmore, or when Kenneth, dree'd
 The Celts' uneasy crown ;
 When men were bearded savages,
 An unenlighten'd horde,
 'Mid which gleam'd Cunning's scapulaire,
 And War's unshrinking sword.

11.

And, in their rusty hauberks,
 Throng'd past the plaided bands ;
 And slanting lay the Norsemen's keels
 On Ocean's dreary sands ;
 And, in the moorlands dreary,
 The cairn, with lichens grey,
 Mark'd where their souls shriek'd forth in blood,
 On Battle's iron day.

12.

Waned all these tranced visions ;—
 But, on my pensive sight,
 Remain'd the old dim sea-port,
 Beneath the scowl of night ;
 The sea-mews from their island cliffs
 Had left the homeless sky ;
 And to the dirges of the blast
 The wild seas made reply.

THE MODERN GYGES. A TALE OF TRIALS.

"THE boy shall be called Annibal!" exclaimed Walstein, a young painter resident in Nuremburg, as he snatched his sleeping first-born from the mother's arms, and strained him with rapturous delight to his bosom. The infant, roused by this sudden change of position, opened a pair of large blue eyes upon the happy father, and screamed with terror in his vehement embrace. "Give me the boy, Walstein!" exclaimed the anxious mother, as she hastily extricated the frightened infant from her husband's arms. "You men are miserable nurses, and should never touch an infant under twelve months old." The little fellow nestled in her arms, reposed his cherub-head upon her bosom, and in a few seconds was asleep again.

"But tell me, Walstein!" continued Amelia, "what in the name of wonder can prompt you to call this beautiful boy by such an ugly name as Annibal? Why, it is the name of our neighbour's bull-dog, and the first owner of it was that heathen Carthaginian who delighted in havoc and slaughter. I should never hear the name without a shudder, and I beg you will choose one more suitable for the child of Christian parents. For instance, one of those fine Scriptural names, John, or Mark, or Luke."

"Luke, say you?" exclaimed the painter; "impossible, Amelia! St Luke is the patron-saint of the sublime art of painting, as St Cecilia is of music; and to call a painter's child after him would be almost as irreverent as to name him after the great founder of our faith. No, Amelia! these holy names will not become a painter's boy; he must be called after some one of the great Italian masters. The Annibal I mean is not the Carthaginian general, who, by the way, was a great man; but the famous painter Annibal Caracci,—that great and glorious artist, who, in conjunction with his brothers, roused Italian art from the death-like torpor and darkness which had succeeded the meridian effulgence of Raffaele and Michel Angelo. How often I have gazed on and copied the great achievements of the Caracci at Bologna, and even wept as I compared my tame and feeble drawings with the immeasurable

ably surpassing power and science of the great originals. Can you wonder, my Amelia! that I should venerate the man whose resolute perseverance revived and invigorated the Italian schools, and to whose admirable designs I am mainly indebted for my proficiency in art? I will, nevertheless, to please you, abandon my intention of calling our first-born after him. What think you of Bartolomeo?"

"I prefer it to Annibal," said Amelia, "because it was the name of one of the holy apostles; but it is so long that every one would call the boy Bart. No, Walstein! he is a beautiful fellow, and I am determined that he shall have a beautiful name."

"What name can be more imposing than Bartolomeo?" replied the painter; "and what elevated associations are connected with it! Only think of those great masters, Fra Bartolomeo, Bartolomeo Ramenghi, and Bartolomeo Schidone, whose works are full of sublimity and devotion, and gloriously coloured. What a constellation of greatness, and what an ennobling distinction to be named after them!"

"All this may be very true," retorted the smiling mother, "but the name is, and ever will be, an ugly one. If our boy must bear a painter's name, why not call him Guido, or Julius?"

"True, Amelia! Guido Reni and Julio Romano were able artists; but I class my Annibal and the Bartolomeos far above them."

"But why attach such importance to a name?" resumed his wife. "How many men have worn distinguished names, and disgraced them by vice and folly!"

"And yet a good name is a point of vital importance," replied the tenacious Walstein. "*Nomen et omen*, said the Romans, and in this saying a fine morality is conveyed. The youth who wears a great man's name will be naturally solicitous to prove himself not unworthy of it, or, at least, he will endeavour not to disgrace it. With this view my good father called me after the immortal Leonardo da Vinci, and that great and accomplished man has been through life my polar star, as well as my guardian angel,

when exposed, at the perilous age of twenty, to the licentious allurements of Italy. Without his guidance, my Amelia! not even my plighted faith to you would have shielded me from the dangers of opportunity, and the syren spells of Italian beauty. And are there not evil names, which, by parity of reasoning, might exercise a malignant influence? If, for instance, we were to christen the boy Judas, should we not stamp him a traitor? Or if Nebuchadnezzar, should we not sow the seeds of those wicked propensities which brought down such awful punishment on the Assyrian?"

"Nonsense!" exclaimed the laughing Amelia; "you must be either superstitious, or dreaming, to suggest such horrible possibilities. But seriously, Walstein!—if this dear little fellow must be called after a great painter, why not choose the musical and gentle name of him whom you call the prince of painters, and never mention without impassioned and devout enthusiasm?"

"Hah! my beloved Amelia!" cried the painter, embracing her, "I could almost kneel and worship you for the glorious thought. You mean that exalted being, that angel in the guise of man, who appeared for a short season on earth to adorn his country and improve mankind;—you mean the sainted and immortal Raffaele."

"Of whom else could I speak with such veneration?" replied the pleased and agitated Amelia.

"Angelic spirit!" exclaimed the enthusiastic Walstein, with upraised eyes and folded hands, "wilt thou pardon the presumption of an humble votary, who dares to dignify his first-born with thy glorious and inspiring name?"

"Angels frown not on those who love them," said his smiling wife, as she approached the cradle of her sleeping infant. She breathed a mother's gentle kiss upon his white forehead, and whispered, with tearful emotion, "Dear innocent! thy name is Raffaele."

On the following morning, Walstein was early at his easel, and so deeply absorbed in his work, that he was unconscious of the presence of his wife, who opened and searched successively all the drawers of his writing-desk. As she closed the last, she exclaimed

with a deep sigh, "Alas! there is not even a copper coin. What will become of us?" Then approaching the easel: "Dear Leonardo! excuse my interruption," said she, "but I must ask you one question. Have you no money?" Without raising his eyes from the canvass, the artist replied, "No, dear wife! not a penny; but this promising picture will be finished in a very few days; and, if sold for a third of its value, will yield us twenty ducats."

"But meanwhile," said Amelia, "we have neither food, nor means to procure any."

Eagerly pursuing his work, the painter replied, "Why not pledge something at the pawnbroker's?"

"Alas!" cried his wife, "what can we pledge? Every article of clothing and furniture, save those of immediate necessity, has been long since pledged."

"Every thing?" said the painter, pausing to reflect. "No, Amelia, there hangs a good coat of mine. Take it, and let it give security for us a few days."

"But consider a moment, Walstein!" said Amelia impatiently; "it is your only coat, and if we pledge it you will be a prisoner for want of decent clothing to go out in. But where is the necessity to pledge any thing? Have you not two fine pictures in your bedroom, for which you have refused sums that would have supported us for a twelvemonth; and has not every article of domestic comfort been sacrificed that you might preserve these pictures? Surely, Walstein! when the support, nay, the very existence, of your wife and child are at stake, you will not hesitate to make the sacrifice?"

The painter paused a moment, and but a moment, in painful embarrassment; then, hastily leaving the room, he soon returned with the two pictures, placed them against the wall, and gazed upon them long in silence. His cheeks and forehead were gradually flushed with crimson, his clear grey eye sparkled with unusual fire, and the pride of conscious talent lighted up his fine features into glowing and eloquent expression; but suddenly his smooth and open brow collapsed into furrows, his eyes were suffused with tears, and his lips forcibly compressed. "Oh, my Amelia!" he

at length exclaimed, in sorrow too great to be controlled, "must I then relinquish for ever these beloved pictures, which cost me such intensity of thought and labour? Must I abandon to some tasteless, heartless picture-monger these proudest trophies of my pencil, which I shall never surpass, and probably never equal?"

"My beloved husband!" replied the weeping Amelia, "do control yourself. The sacrifice is great, but it is in compliance with a sacred duty, and the recollection will be sweet and soothing to you in after-life."

"Behold, my Amelia!" said he, with returning enthusiasm, "that noble and high-minded Arria, giving to her husband the fatal steel which has pierced her tender bosom. How eloquent her look and gesture! Do they not say, 'Poetess! it is not painful?' and do not the calm and settled purpose, the affectionate and high excitement, so finely blended in her features, surpass all power of language? And now observe, Amelia, that other beautiful form, reclining in perfect grace and self-oblivion, a penitent and weeping Magdalen. Her fine eyes downcast and dim with tears—her long unbraided hair flowing in glossy luxuriance over the shoulders and bosom—her beautiful hands folded in prayer. With that picture is connected the remembrance of a generous and superlatively lovely woman whom I knew in Florence, and in the perfect features of the Magdalen you see her portrait, painted from recollection. At that time I was largely indebted to her patronage, and gratitude forbids me to part with this picture at any price."

"Keep it then!" retorted the roused Amelia with bitterness, "and let your wife and child perish with hunger, while you gaze upon the naked beauties of your Italian syren, once too probably your mistress."

"My mistress!" exclaimed the astonished painter with angry energy; "never, Amelia! Your suspicions are false, and do me and that admirable woman gross injustice." With these words he seized the pictures, and hastened from the apartment. "Where are you going, Walstein?" called after him the repentant wife. "To sell *both* the pictures," he shouted, and rushed into the street.

The principal trader in works of art at Nuremberg was an aged and

penurious man, who was locked up in his back-shop, and counting his board of ducats, when Walstein arrived; and the impatient artist had to knock several times for admission before the old miser could secure his treasure and unlock his door. "Hah! good morning, friend Walstein!" exclaimed the old man as he admitted the painter into his sanctuary. "How are you? Well and lively as usual? Ah! you artists are envious men. You have no cares, no difficulties; your employment is all pleasure, and you are sure to get well paid for it. Would that Heaven had made me a painter, instead of a poor picture-dealer; often buying dear for want of judgment, and selling cheap for want of money; no good hits to be made in these miserable times. But what have you got there, eh?—something good, I dare say," continued he, putting on his spectacles. Walstein placed the pictures in the proper light, and told the dealer that he was compelled by necessity to part with them. At this unguarded communication, a momentary grin of keen delight flitted over the sharp features of the calculating and heartless dealer, but he made no comment except the word, "Indeed!" "And my object, in calling upon you," continued the artist, "is to inquire if you will purchase them?"

"Alas! my worthy friend!" replied the cunning trader, "would you had plate, or jewels, or any thing but pictures to dispose of. There is no purchase so hazardous to a dealer, and in these pinching times there is such a spirit of economy abroad, that nobody will buy articles of mere luxury. And then, you gentlemen artists give no credit—always money down. However, if ten ducats will buy the pictures, I will risk that sum to oblige you."

"Ten ducats!" exclaimed the enraged painter, seizing the pictures. "You must be mad, old man! or you would not dare to insult me with such an offer."

"Stop, my dear sir!" shouted the old man, as he hobbled to the street-door after the hastily-retreating artist, but Walstein was already out of sight and hearing.

"I never wished evil to any human being," muttered the angry painter to himself as he hurried from the shop, "but at this moment I could see that old fellow's neck broken with

pleasure. Alas!" continued he, musing. "how wretched is the lot of an artist in this world! His existence is a continued struggle with difficulties of every kind—with the bitterest deprivations; with the stings of poverty and neglect; and, worst of all, with the malice and detraction of his competitors in art. Like the prophets of old, a painter obtains, during life, no credit in his own country; and the most valuable portion of his existence, which, to other men, is a period of rewarding labour, is passed by the wretched artist in exhausting efforts of body and mind, and in sacrificing his better judgment to the whims of collectors and the sordid views of dealers. What shall I do?" exclaimed the miserable youth. "Shall I return home as penniless as I left it? No! I cannot endure the distress of my poor wife, and the cries of that sweet nursing, whose sustenance depends upon her health and comfort. Almighty Father! look down upon me with compassion and relief before I utterly despair."

At this moment a musical voice behind him called out, "Signor Leonardo!" Turning back with surprise, he beheld a young female beckoning to him from the door of a large hotel. "Is it possible?" exclaimed he, hastening to her. "You here, Gabriela? How is your lovely Signora? Your smiles tell me that she is not far distant from her favourite attendant. Do announce me, Gabriela, without delay."

"What impatient men you painters are!" exclaimed the laughing fair-one. "Who told you that my mistress was in Nuremberg?"

Walstein could not command words to reply, but his flushed cheeks and trembling lips shewed how deeply he was disappointed. "I will immediately announce you," said the playful but sympathizing *fille de chambre*. "The Signora is in this hotel. She saw you from her balcony crossing the square to your picture-shop, and bade me wait here to intercept you when you returned, and invite you to her presence."

"You are Heaven's own messenger, my pretty Gabriela!" said the delighted artist, as he followed up stairs the light-hearted Italian girl, who opened the door of a large apartment, and announced him. The lovely and far-

famed singer Cecilia G., still pre-eminent in grace, but considerably thinner than when he knew her in Florence, hastened with a cordial smile to greet him. "Welcome, most welcome, my good Leonardo!" exclaimed this enchanting woman, and invited him to a seat by her on the sofa. In reply to her kind inquiries into his situation and prospects, he told her that he was established in his native city, that he had married the object of his early love, and was the father of a beautiful boy."

"I rejoice to hear that you are a happy husband and father," rejoined the Signora. "The tranquillity of married life and domestic habits is eminently favourable to success in your profession, and I expect to see in those two pictures abundant evidence that the promising student has become a painter of the highest class. Do favour me with the sight of them."

The features of Walstein betrayed deep and singular perplexity at this request; but, after momentary hesitation, he uncovered the "Dying Arria," placed it in the proper light, and fixed a searching look upon the eloquent features of the Signora.

"What a noble picture!" exclaimed the tasteful Italian, after she had gazed with long and growing delight. "What a grand design! and what execution! What truth and depth of colouring!" she continued, in tones of impassioned enthusiasm. "Truly, Leonardo! there is magic in that picture; but you would never have achieved such a face and form as your Arria, had you not lived in Italy, and studied the majestic beauty of the Roman women. I congratulate you sincerely upon this great and obvious improvement. Certainly this picture surpasses all that you accomplished in Italy."

"Excuse me, Signora," replied the painter, "if I presume to differ from you. I painted one picture in Florence, which I class above all subsequent efforts—I mean the *Venus Anadyomene*." At these words a deep blush overspread the fine features of the Signora. She made an effort to speak, but hesitated; and Walstein, whose eyes were earnestly fixed upon his picture, resumed,—"The form and features of Arria are a composition of my own, and painted entirely from

ideal conceptions; but the Venus, continued he, blushing in his turn, "was taken from a reality of splendid and almost superhuman beauty. Poets prize those compositions which are founded in nature and ennobled by art far above the mere imaginative in poetry, and the same rule applies to the sister-art of painting. Thus, Dante and Michel Angelo, Ariosto and Tassian, Tasso and Raffaele, were respectively animated by the same spirit; and their compositions prove their profound knowledge of human and external nature, and, at the same time, their deep and comprehensive sympathy. How greatly would all the arts benefit were the votaries of each in more intimate communion; but it is the calamity and curse of fine art that its disciples too often want bread. The fear of destitution fosters a mean spirit of detraction, and divides those kindred minds, which were intended to develope and improve each other"—

"But, my good Leonardo!" interposed the laughing Cecilia, "what means this excursive rhapsody,—this misanthropic display of the shades and blemishes of your profession? Cheer up, I pray you, and shew me the other picture."

"Signora!" replied the painter, in great and obvious embarrassment, "you must excuse me. I cannot—dare not, shew you that picture."

"Hah! There is some mystery connected with it!" exclaimed the Signora.

"There is a mystery," replied Walstein, "and one which nearly concerns you."

"Me, Leonardo!" exclaimed the excited Italian; "then I must and will see it."

"On condition only that you pardon my presumption," said the young artist as he placed the penitent Magdalen before her, and her own exquisite form and features flashed upon the astonished Cecilia. "Gracious Heaven! it is myself!" exclaimed the lovely singer, while her fine countenance was suddenly flushed with anger and amazement. "It is my very self," she repeated, as she compared her features in a mirror with those of the prostrate Magdalen. "Leonardo!" she continued, with trembling vehemence, "why did you paint me in that unveiled and meretricious form? Why as a Magdalen? And how could

you accomplish it? You must have basely stolen on my privacy." Tears of indignation rolled down her cheeks, and impeded farther utterance. "Pardon me, lovely Signora!" exclaimed Walstein, "if I dared to borrow the most perfect of Nature's works to illustrate a popular subject. Your unrivalled features were engraven on my memory, and the ardent imagination of a young artist easily supplied those beauties which your unaffected modesty concealed. Have not painters, too, a professional and inherent right to avail themselves of every beautiful object in art and nature? And where could I find a model so perfect, a combination of form and feature so exquisite and rare, as that I have dared to employ?"

"Leonardo!" exclaimed the angry Signora, with an incredulous shake of her beautiful head, "that resemblance is too accurate to be the work of memory and imagination. But you may yet have cause to rue this boldness. The just anger of an insulted woman is not to be soothed down by flattery, and my friend the Earl of C. will call to severe account the man who has dared to expose me to public derision as a Magdalen. No, Leonardo! I deny that any artist is privileged to trample upon the feelings of others; and, if you would avoid my enduring hatred, and the active vengeance of Lord C., you will not hesitate to make the only reparation in your power."

"Name your conditions, Signora!" replied Walstein, whose consternation had rapidly subsided, as he observed a lurking smile on the cheek of Cecilia, which disarmed her language of its terrors.

"You must relinquish, at your own price, both these pictures," said she. "On no other terms can you ever hope for mercy."

"Then I am pardoned," replied the painter. "I abandon unconditionally to you and the tasteful Lord C. two pictures, which the sordid traders of Nuremberg are unworthy to possess."

The Signora opened her writing-desk, and put a heavy purse of gold into the painter's hands. "This is on account only, Leonardo," said she; "it is all I can at present command; but in a few days I shall see Lord C., who is now in Lausanne, and surprise him with these admirable pictures. He

often speaks of you with warm regard, and his fine taste and boundless liberality are well known to you."

"I have indeed good reason to recollect them," replied the grateful artist; "but for these two pictures your generosity has already overpaid me."

"And now, Leonardo, I have a favour to request of you," resumed the Signora. "If your time and engagements permit, you must paint my portrait once more for Lord C.; but I will have no poetical accessories—no attributes—you must paint neither Venus nor Magdalen, but simply Cecilia G. as she sits before you. Ere long the Earl of C. and I shall part, too probably for ever. After a long and affectionate intercourse with this high-minded and accomplished nobleman, my heart droops when I look forward to our final separation, and I think I should find relief in having my portrait taken before his arrival."

While thus speaking, a hectic glow darkened the cheek and brow of the lovely Italian, and her eyes filled with tears as she concluded.

"Name the day and the hour, Signora! and I will attend you," replied Walstein, with heartfelt sympathy, "nor will I intermit until the portrait is completed."

"To-morrow morning, then, at ten," said Cecilia.

"I will not fail," replied the painter, rising to depart. He kissed the hand of the lovely Italian, cast a look of lingering affection upon his favourite pictures, and hastened from the apartment to conceal the bitter regret with which he relinquished them for ever.

About eighteen months before the incidents related in the preceding pages, Walstein arrived in Florence, after a residence of three years at Rome and Bologna, where he had successfully pursued the noble art to which he had devoted himself from boyhood with intense and unceasing ardour. In Florence, the spirited designs and vigorous execution of this highly-gifted youth attracted the notice, and, eventually, the personal friendship and munificent patronage of the Earl of C., an English peer of princely fortune, and with a spirit worthy of his wealth. During occasional and pro-

tracted residence at Florence, this nobleman became the idol of the numerous artists attracted by the fine paintings which adorn the "City of Flowers." Their attachment to him was pure and disinterested, and excited less by his liberal remuneration, than by his passionate devotion to the arts, and his considerate sympathy with that morbid irritability of temperament peculiar to all artists. In the prime of life, and distinguished by a figure of commanding height, a prepossessing physiognomy, and a deportment unaffected and manly, the Earl needed not the accidents of rank and wealth to recommend him to the fair sex; but with instinctive delicacy he recoiled from miscellaneous and common-place intrigue, and devoted himself with fervent, exclusive, and long-enduring attachment to Cecilia G., the most impassioned and intellectual singer in Italy; and, in personal and mental fascination, the *Aspasia* of her time. From her father, an eminent physician in Bologna, she had derived a comprehensive and masculine education; and, from a Roman mother, the majestic proportions, the classic profile, and the imposing gesture, which distinguish the daughters of the "Eternal City." While yet a child, she had developed a striking taste and talent for music; and, under judicious discipline, her voice matured with her growth into a power and pathos which thrilled every listener. Her upper tones were defective, but the middle and lower notes which composed her natural voice, were unparalleled in depth and richness; and her exquisite taste taught her to shun all needless decoration, and to rely solely upon the effect of those firm, emphatic, and long-drawn notes, which the Italians call "*Portamento di voce*."

The tender connexion which existed between the English nobleman and the highly-gifted Cecilia had commenced some years before in Naples, and was no secret in Florence. A conviction of the general worthlessness of Italian husbands, and a due sense of her own merits, had early established in her mind a determination never to relinquish her free-agency; and she had reached the mature age of five-and-twenty without experiencing a sentiment more impassioned than friendship, when Lord C., enthralled by the dramatic pathos of her perform-

ance in serious operas, ought her acquaintance. The inimitable truth and force of her singing, and the classic elegance of her deportment, had led him to expect an accomplished and high-minded female; but he discovered in her what he had never yet seen combined in woman: a ripened and well-regulated understanding; exquisite discrimination; a command of ancient and modern languages; a boundless opulence of thought, diction, and imagery; and, to crown all, a countenance beaming with that transparency of soul which no beauty can equal, and a deportment, dignified, graceful, and full of womanly feeling and fascination. The external coldness and reserve of Lord C., and the somewhat rigid discipline he had hitherto exercised over his feelings, melted instantaneously before this constellation of attractions. His wonted taciturnity gave way to an impassioned and overflowing eloquence; his visit insensibly extended to several hours, and he left this Italian syren, more deeply entangled in her spells than he was conscious of at the moment. The following and each succeeding day brought a repetition of his visits; congenial tastes and pursuits rapidly matured their mutual prepossession into a warmer feeling; and the beautiful Cecilia, disdaining marriage, and cherishing some romantic visions of the golden days of Pericles and Aspasia, consented to embellish the home and the existence of the enamoured earl: spurning, however, all pecuniary arrangements, and conditioning only that their connexion should be dissoluble at the pleasure of either party.

A professional engagement brought the Signora some years afterwards to Florence, where she was joined by the earl on his return from a stay of three months in England. About this period he became acquainted with Walstein, and found so much to admire in the man as well as in the artist, that he gave the young painter a general invitation to his table, and purchased his works with a liberality which enabled Walstein to pursue his professional studies with increased facility and success.

The young artist was painting one morning a *Psyche*, gazing on the

sleeping God of Love, and was so deeply absorbed in his work, that he observed not the entrance of Lord C., who approached the easel, and gazed upon the picture for some time in silence. "Walstein," said he at length, "that design is poetical and spirited, but the carnation tints of your *Psyche* are intolerably cold and lifeless. How is it that you, who succeed in all other subjects, should fail so totally in portraying the charms of woman? You have surely drawn the female figure from plaster and marble only. Tell me, honestly, did you never study professionally the unveiled proportions of a beautiful woman?"

A momentary blush darkened the cheek and brow of the young artist, and the pride of conscious purity flashed in his fine eyes, as he firmly answered, "Never! Why should I corrupt a young and ardent imagination, by copying the naked form of a leering courtesan? It is not essential to success in the nobler departments of fine art. Nay, more, my lord! I have pledged my faith to an innocent and lovely girl in Germany, and I am proud to say that my highest ambition is to meet her at the altar as unsullied in mind and person as she is herself."

"Most virtuous of all modern Quixotes," exclaimed the less romantic and laughing Earl, "I admire your heroism; but you must excuse me if I assert that you will never succeed as an historical painter until you step down from your stilts. A fine woman is the gem and masterpiece of Nature; and believe me, Walstein, it is a delusion or a dream to expect that copying from statues and paintings will enable you to give life and character to the finest object in creation;—it would be far easier for a poet to describe the passion of love without any experience of it." The young artist stood silent and disconcerted, and the earl continued. "I have long wished that you should paint for me a *Venus* rising from the sea; but your tame execution of the *Psyche* convinces me that, at present, you would utterly fail in the attempt."

This remark roused all the professional pride of Walstein, who replied, with some asperity, "My attempt would probably convince your lordship of the contrary."

"The *Venus* should be the size of

life," continued Lord C., coolly, "and the finest woman in Italy should be your model. But even with such a model before you, you could not succeed."

"What mean you, my lord?" exclaimed Walstein. "You allow me talent; you tell me that the marble coldness of my carnation tints would disappear were I to paint from living models; you offer me the finest woman in Italy as a model, and yet you maintain that nevertheless I could not succeed!"

"Most certainly I do," replied the Earl with a sarcastic smile. "Titian, Raffaele, and all the best painters of female beauty, had notoriously in their wives or mistresses fine living models to draw from. Their passions were tranquillized by indulgence, and they could gaze upon the charms of woman with the steady eye and quiet pulse essential to an artist. But how are you, in the glowing spring of life, to maintain the requisite self-possession, when exposed for the first time to the full blaze of naked beauty? Your quickened pulses will impair your vision, and paralyse your pencil. No, Walstein; before you attempt the Aphrodite, you must encounter some preparatory discipline; and, if your Teutonic chivalry will not stoop to a mistress, why not become a member of that society, to which every artist in Florence but yourself is so much indebted? Why not study nature in the 'Halls of Anacreon'?"

"What, my lord!" exclaimed the artist, "do you counsel me, a betrothed man, and pledged by a tie sacred as marriage itself, to frequent that temple of impurity?"

"Say rather," replied the Earl, "that unrivalled pantheon of grace and beauty, which, if supported and not abused, will do more for the arts than all the picture and statue galleries in Europe. As to its impurity, it is taken for granted, but it has never been proved; and I maintain, that to the pure in mind, that unparalleled exhibition is as morally correct as it is classically appropriate and beautiful. It was established solely to benefit the students of fine art, and so absolute is the decorum observed in the halls of painting and statuary, that even a female artist, with any strength of mind, would feel no consciousness of impro-

priety if introduced there. The Greek dances are conducted with similar decorum; but of the concluding banquet I can say nothing, because I never witnessed it. At this season the artists and their patrons hold their meetings thrice a week, and if you will become a member, a regular attendance for three weeks will enable you to commence my Aphrodite with a steady hand."

"Why not commence this very day?" replied the painter; "your lordship has too little confidence in my self-possession. You are a man of the world, and you cannot appreciate the immense power which a virtuous attachment exercises over a well-regulated mind. I seek not the danger you would expose me to; but, to oblige you, I am willing to encounter it."

After a pause of reflection, Lord C. exclaimed, "Be it so, Walstein! I will afford you an opportunity to convince me that I have under-rated your self-command. Come to me an hour before sunset this evening. Drawing materials I have in abundance, and the model shall be in attendance."

At the appointed hour the young artist arrived at the hotel of Lord C., whom he found with a bottle of Cyprus wine before him. The Earl filled the glasses, challenged Walstein to drink, and conversed for some minutes upon general topics. At length he rose, and said, "Walstein! there is about you a lofty and chivalrous sense of honour, which justifies the singular confidence I am about to repose in you. I feel assured that you will never reveal the incidents of this evening; but, as I still doubt your boasted self-dominion, I request your pledge of honour that you will not utter a word while you gaze upon the model, and that you will not suffer your admiration to get the better of your discretion."

The painter gave the required pledge, not without some feeling of wounded pride, and Lord C. quitted the apartment to make some preparatory arrangements. Walstein emptied the goblet before him, and, with a rising pulse, paced up and down the room until the earl returned, and signed to him to follow. They proceeded through a suite of empty apartments into a small matted ante-room, where stood an easel with canvass and

drawing materials. Before an open doorway, leading into an inner apartment, was suspended in thick folds a curtain of dark damask, in which were two apertures, not easily discernible, but large enough for the eyes to observe through them any objects in the inner-room. Lord C. pointed to the apertures in the curtain, placed a finger on his lips in token of silence, and left the painter alone. With a beating heart Walstein applied his eyes to the curtain, and beheld the magnificent form of Cecilia G. reclining on a Grecian couch in the drapery and attitude of Correggio's penitent Magdalen. Her fine head was supported by an arm of rounded and perfect symmetry; her dark eyes, down-cast and full of melancholy lustre, were fixed intently on a book, and her redundant hair fell in glossy undulations over her shoulders and bosom, "concealing half, while it adorned the whole." Her only garb was an ample shawl of dark-blue silk, folded around her majestic person, which it concealed from below the bosom to the lower part of the leg, where it betrayed to view the finely moulded feet and ankles.

Lord C. now entered her apartment, placed himself before an easel, and began to sketch the brilliant form of his lovely model. "When, my Cecilia," said he, "will you gratify my long and ardent wish to behold that incomparable figure in the attitude of the Medicean Venus?"

"Your mania for the arts puts my affection for you to a severe test," replied the blushing and reluctant Signora. "But, if it must be so, and on condition that you never again exact a sacrifice of this nature, I will at once oblige you. Leave the room, and return in a few minutes."

Lord C. immediately retired, and the agitated painter beheld, ere long, the beautiful Italian rise with an audible sigh of reluctance from the couch, unwind the silken shawl, and stand before him, as Eve appeared to Adam when he woke. She then stepped upon a pedestal, and assumed the attitude of the "statue which enchants the world." The setting sun threw its golden radiance through the half-closed Venetian blinds, and diffused a rich glow of light around the brilliant and matchless proportions of this lovely woman. In luxuriant symmetry of

form she fully equalled the Grecian Venus of the Florence gallery; but, in the character of the head and profile, and in the proportions of the arms and hands, the Medicean goddess must have yielded the golden apple to a rival, whose bright and perfect form would have dimmed the lustre of marble fresh from the hand of Phidias. Giddy with emotion, the excited artist forgot for some moments the object for which his patron had placed him at this post of peril. Recollecting himself, he seized a pencil, and attempted to sketch the outline of the dazzling figure; but his trembling hand refused obedience to his will, and, after some vain attempts to trace a steady line, he threw the pencil on the matted floor, and, again looking through the fatal apertures, gazed upon the beauty of the blushing and agitated model until his senses wandered. Breathing in delirious rapture the words, "divine Aphrodite!" he raised his hands to remove the envious curtain, and would have rushed forward to kneel and worship at the feet of this earthly goddess, when he was suddenly withheld by a powerful grasp, and, turning round, encountered the lightning glance of the indignant Lord C. "Madman! what would you?" whispered the angry Earl. "Is this your boasted self-possession? Is this your pledge of silence and discretion? Do you not see the utter folly of your chivalrous pretensions?"

"My lord," replied the bewildered youth in an agitated whisper, "I am not sufficiently collected to answer you either rationally or respectfully. For to-day, excuse me," he added, quitting hastily the apartment and the house.

The potent wine of Cyprus had fired his blood; the seductive image of Cecilia still danced before his eyes, and the stinging reproaches of the irritated Earl still smarted in his ears, as he staggered like one intoxicated along the street. Hastening to the ponte della Trinità, he leaned over the parapet to inhale the cool breezes which played at sunset on the waters of the Arno, and endeavoured, by strenuous recollections of his Amelia, and of her artless and confiding attachment, to neutralize the dangerous poison which glowed in every vein. But the attempt was fruitless: feelings, which his pure and well regula-

ted habits had hitherto kept dormant, now spurned all control; and the unhappy youth, cursing his own weakness, and the kindly meant but dangerous sophistry of his patron, hastened from the bridge at night-fall, and proceeded homewards, in hopes that sleep would restore his lost tranquillity. Passing the church of Santa Maria de Fiore, he was stopped by Ulric Brancaglio, a German of Italian origin, and a sculptor of considerable talent, but licentious and eccentric in his habits, and of an irritable and morbid temperament. The lamps of a shrined Madonna threw their light upon the features of Walstein, and revealed his agitation to the sculptor, whose wonted reserve and misanthropy had yielded to the influence of wine, and a convivial party which he had just quitted. "Hah, Walstein!" he exclaimed, seizing the painter's hand, and gazing earnestly upon his flushed cheeks, "what adventure has ruffled that innocent face of thine? and this galloping pulse—what means it? Come, be honest, and confess that this warm climate disagrees with thy northern chivalry. You live too much alone, Walstein! and you have yet to learn that solitude nourishes the passions, while society dissipates and relieves them. Come along with me, my dear fellow! I promise you a glorious evening, and a lesson in drawing, worth all the schools in Italy put together."

The still dreaming and half-conscious Walstein heard without comprehending the sculptor's words, and suffered himself to be led unresistingly along several streets, until they stopped at a low door in a narrow and obscure court, the mean dwellings in which were overtopped by a range of noble houses near the river. Brancaglio pulled a bell-handle three times in quick succession; a wicket in the door was opened, and a voice within exclaimed, "Who rings?"

"A son of Anacreon," replied the sculptor, in an audible whisper. Walstein started at the word, and would have retreated, but his exhilarated companion dragged him into an arched and dimly lighted passage, and the massive door closed immediately behind them. "Trust me, Walstein," said the sculptor, leading him with rapid step along the passage, "you will leave this house a happier man and a better artist than you came into

it; and I pledge myself," he continued, to the still unwilling youth, "that you shall leave it when you like."

Controlled by the vehemence of Brancaglio, the yielding painter suffered himself to be conducted to the foot of a narrow staircase, which brought them to the ground floor of a large and elegant mansion. Ascending a spacious flight of marble stairs, adorned with niches and statues, they entered an apartment of moderate dimensions, and coated with red silk drapery, extending in rich folds from the lofty ceiling to the floor. An immense chandelier, the numerous lamps of which were shaded with ground glass, threw a flood of light over this tent-like apartment, in which Walstein found some opulent patrons of fine art, and all the painters and sculptors of Florence, assembled in animated converse. The sound of a bell was heard, and immediately a dead silence reigned throughout the assemblage. Again the bell sounded; the silken drapery, which had apparently formed the limits of the room, was gathered to the ceiling with magical celerity, and the astonished Walstein found himself in a magnificent rotunda, and surrounded by a spectacle of classic and unparalleled beauty. On appropriate pedestals in the successive niches of this pantheon of fine art, stood living and perfect models of the finest female groups, and statues of ancient and modern date, while the rich amber light which streamed down upon them from the shaded lamps invested every figure with the tint of marble, and completed the illusion. The celebrated Venus Callipyga, of the Farnese gallery at Naples, was personified by a tall and magnificent Roman, who fully equalled her marble prototype in the brilliant and voluptuous plenitude of her charms. The Medicean Venus; the two kneeling goddesses of the Vatican; the French Venus of Arles; the lofty Diana, and fawn of the Louvre gallery; and the Graces, holding each a golden apple, and grouped after a picture of Raffaele in the Borghese collection, were represented with beautiful accuracy. On the opposite side of the rotunda stood the well-chiselled, but meagre, half-dressed, and affected groups and statues of Canova. His Venus, two Ballerine, his Hebe, and Graces, were personified by more youthful females, whose slender limbs and undeveloped forms contrasted dis-

advantageously with the natural esse and dignity, the rounded, full, and perfect symmetry of the antique. The draperies were silk of the palest yellow, which gave relief, contrast, and brilliancy to the unveiled charms of the smiling models, who were protected from any unhallowed approach by a silken cord, which encircled the rotunda at a distance of several feet before the niches. Opposite to each group and statue stood a painter's easel and canvass, all of which were instantly occupied by as many youthful artists, who began to sketch in studious and unbroken silence, while the sculptors and older artists, with their patrons, conversed in low whispers.

Leaning on the arm of Brancaglio, the enraptured Walstein paced slowly round this scene of wondrous and disturbing beauty. "This unrivalled academy," whispered the sculptor, "was established last winter by some opulent patrons of fine art, and with the purest purposes. During the first three months, masculine models only were employed; but, with a view to assist young artists of promise, who were too poor to pay the price exacted by the best female models, occasional exhibitions of female groups and figures were sanctioned by the munificent supporters of the institution. This palace, once occupied by a society of musical amateurs, was hired and fitted up as you behold it; and, as the scientific amusements are succeeded by a social and musical banquet, the original appellation of the 'Halls of Anacreon' has been retained. None but artists and patrons of art are admitted; and, to prevent calumny and misrepresentation, a pledge of secrecy is exacted from every member, which has hitherto been so well observed, both by artists and models, that the existence of this society is known to very few except the initiated. As a lesson of fine art to the student, this exhibition is matchless, and it has no drawback but its brevity; but that is an evil without remedy. The fatigue of supporting with accuracy and steadiness the positions required to personify the various groups and statues, is too exhausting for long continuance." Fifteen minutes, which, to the excited Walstein, appeared as many seconds, had now elapsed, and the bell gave the usual signal. The students

quitted their easels, collected in a group under the chandelier, and the immense curtain, falling rapidly around them, closed the celestial scene with magical abruptness.

An animated discussion on the merits of the various models now ensued; but Walstein was incapable of participation, and stood in dreaming silence, until summoned by the sculptor to accompany him to the picture-gallery. Descending the great staircase, they entered a short lateral passage, at the end of which was a flight of spiral stairs. The young painter followed the ascending company, and suddenly found himself in the centre of a spacious hall, adorned with numerous pictures of female beauty, all the size of life, and shrouded in broad gilt frames of lavish magnificence. Lofty candelabras, supporting shaded lamps, and judiciously placed, threw a favourable light on every picture, and enabled the students to draw with advantage. A second glance told the wondering Walstein, that most of the pictures around him were masterly copies from the most celebrated paintings of this class in Europe; a nearer approach to one of them revealed to him that each figure was glowing with life as well as beauty, and that the models of the Pantheon had been transferred to picture-frames, and placed in appropriate costume, attitude, and expression, before backgrounds painted in fresco, and accurately corresponding with the interiors and landscapes of the original pictures. A frame of colossal dimensions enclosed Diana and her Nymphs reposing in a grotto, and grouped from a picture of Albano. The goddess and her attendants were reclining in picturesque attitudes and naked beauty around the margin of a shell-formed bath. A white marble statue of Narcissus, in a reclining attitude, and bending gracefully over the liquid mirror, produced a classical and appropriate effect; while the sightless orbs and mysterious vitality of the semi-transparent marble contrasted beautifully with the brilliant eyes, the bright and breathing forms, of the lovely models. On each side of this central picture appeared the laughing Gioconda of Leonardo da Vinci; a kneeling Psyche from Raffaele; and two personifications of Venus, from celebrated pictures of Titian, reclining

ning in meretricious beauty and abandonment. The lovely woman, who had represented the Venus de Medicis in the rotunda, now appeared as the same goddess attired by the Graces, and grouped after the well-known picture of Guido, which has been so admirably engraved by Strange.

This charming group embellished the upper extremity of the hall, and was placed between a naked Magdalen by Vander Werf, and the voluptuous Lucretia of Andrè del Sarto, once in the Orleans gallery; the latter enacted by the tall and full-formed Roman female, who had so well represented the Venus Callipyga. Opposite to these were the Andromedas of Titian and Furino, between which stood a large frame enclosing a splendid group of Juno, Venus, and Minerva, disrobing to contest the prize of beauty, from a picture of Pölenburg. Mercury and Paris were painted in the middle distance, and a brightly coloured scene of sky, wood, and water, filled up the back-ground. The fourth side of the hall was occupied by models of half-length Magdalens, with flowing hair and "lifted eye," from well-known originals of Titian, Correggio, Carlo Cignani, and the Caracci. The Magdalen of Titian was modelled from his singular picture in the Florence gallery, and was well personified by a blue-eyed and fair-haired Milanese, whose extraordinary profusion of waving tresses covered her neck, shoulders, and bosom with a prodigal luxuriance, which rendered all other drapery superfluous, and proved that the unexampled abundance of hair in the original picture had little, if at all, exceeded the truth of nature.

After gazing for some time on this unique exhibition with feverish delight, the young artist, who had been comparatively tranquil amidst the classic forms and associations of the rotunda, determined to quit a scene which he feared would exercise a pernicious and lasting influence upon his imagination, and begged the sculptor would shew him the way out of this labyrinth of peril. "Your society," he added, "appears to me more adapted to corrupt the minds than to improve the science of the younger students. What can half an hour's drawing avail them?"

"These lessons, however short,"

replied Brancaglio, "are beneficial; but the primary object of these exhibitions is to exercise the eye and the imagination; and, that they avail much in this respect, you will discover from your own experience.—I understand that most virtuous shake of your handsome head, Walstein," continued the laughing sculptor; "but I contend that a young artist may be virtuous over-much; and I maintain, that, with eminent capacity, you will never succeed in historical painting, until you follow the example of all the great masters, and take unto yourself a mistress or a wife. But, come along," added he, looking around him; "our living pictures are covered with green curtains, and our friends are leaving the hall. You have hitherto only seen beauty in repose, you shall now behold it in graceful action; after which, if you decline to share our social banquet, I will attend you home."

The reluctant but curious Walstein followed the sculptor into a well-lighted hall, of dimensions corresponding with the picture-gallery, but divided across the centre by a curtain and raised platform, or proscenium; before which were a few benches rising above each other like the pit of a theatre.

The curtain rose at the sound of a bell, and Walstein beheld six nymphs, of perfect form and feature, standing in graceful attitudes at the extremity of a small stage. A tabor and two mandolins sounded a simple but lively measure, and the nymphs advanced with a bounding and graceful movement, towards the spectators. Their costume was a Greek undress, and consisted of a single unzoned drapery of white silk, edged with Etruscan borders, which reached a little below the knee, exposing the perfect symmetry of the leg and ankle. Their feet were sandalled; their beautifully moulded arms were naked to the shoulders; their brows were crowned with chaplets of vine-leaves and ivy; and their unbraided tresses, falling in dark and glossy clusters, waved with every movement. The dances were single and combined, varied by poetical groupings, and enlivened by rotatory motions, which resembled somewhat the volta of the Italians, and displayed the classic beauty of their limbs in graceful and simultaneous motion.

"Behold!" whispered Brancaglio, "a Spartan dance performed with true Ionian zest. I doubt whether Sparta, or even Athens itself, ever produced forms more perfect, and eyes of deeper lustre.—Ha! ha! ha! my virtuous Walstein!" continued he, observing the uncontrollable agitation of the young artist, "I see you feel the flashing of those eyes, and I know enough of human nature to predict that you will paint in the next month a better picture than you ever yet accomplished. Gaze on, my dear fellow! and recollect that the hold and half-naked figurantes of San Carlo, and La Scala, who are gazed at by all ages and classes, want the redeeming grace of this classical exhibition. But you are exhausted from want of refreshment. Excuse my inattention," continued the sculptor, as he quitted the bench and went to a side-table. During his absence Walstein looked alternately at the dancing nymphs and the young artists around him, and fancied that he could discern in their smiles and glances obvious tokens of amorous intelligence. Immediately the whispered rumour that this society met for licentious purposes flashed upon his memory, and along with it his plighted faith to the tender and constant Amelia. At this moment Brancaglio brought him a large glass of Cyprus wine, and, with the sarcastic smile habitual to him, urged the flushed and thirsty painter to drain the goblet. Walstein had not forgotten the fatal potency of this beverage, and, suspecting some treacherous design, he glanced hastily around him, and saw, or fancied, a smile of exulting derision levelled at him from every face. "Apage, Satanas!" exclaimed the roused and indignant youth, as he dashed the goblet from the sculptor's hand, and rushed out of the hall, followed by the fiendish laugh of the disappointed Brancaglio, and the more subdued mirth of the younger artists, who entertained an involuntary respect for the rare talent and elevated purity of sentiment which distinguished Walstein from every competitor.

Threadling with some difficulty the mazes of this spacious mansion, he at length found his way to the obscure street behind it. The dawn of a bright summer-day was faintly visible on the horizon as he emerged from the narrow entrance of this temple of beauty,

and, in hopes to subdue his feverish emotion, he hastened to the river, threw off his clothes, and plunged repeatedly into the cooling element. Refreshed and tranquilized by long immersion, he proceeded home and to bed, but in vain sought the oblivion of sleep. The effect of his too sudden transition from the hested atmosphere of the Halls of Anacreon to the icy freshness of the Arno, became rapidly perceptible; and, after some hours of fruitless endeavours to sleep, he rose with a galloping pulse and racking headach. A young German artist, who shared his apartments, was alarmed by his altered looks, and hastened, without consulting Walstein, to seek medical aid. An eminent physician, who knew and prized the merits of the young painter, promptly obeyed the summons; ordered his patient immediately to bed, and with benevolent care watched him through a week of critical danger. At length the vigour of a constitution unimpaired by riot and intemperance prevailed, and the convalescent painter returned to his easel, on which he had left an half-finished Madonna, which he had commenced simultaneously with the Psyche, so severely condemned by Lord C. Still languid from recent indisposition, but tranquil, and in a frame of mind unusually favourable to design and execution, he resumed his pencil; but the pleasure with which he had before painted this picture returned not at his bidding. The charm was broken, and his too vivid recollection of the unveiled beauties of Cecilia G., and of the living models in the "Halls of Anacreon," made the chaste loveliness of the Madonna appear cold and uninteresting. After struggling for two days with his distaste for the subject, he became at length conscious that he was an altered man, and that his taste and imagination had taken a new direction. He soon determined to obey the impulse, and to paint the beautiful Cecilia in the guise and attributes of the Venus Anadyomene. "Yes!" he exclaimed, with the ardour of youth, and the consciousness of increased power and science, "I shall succeed now or never, and I shall enjoy the luxury of revenging myself upon that haughty Englishman, by proving to him that an artist of pure habits and morals can paint a Venus to the life."

Stung by the recollection that Lord

C. had insulted him both as a painter and a man, he secluded himself from all society under the plea of indisposition, with the double purpose of avoiding his patron until the picture was finished, and of concealing the subject from every one. He laboured with ardent and unceasing industry, and in three weeks, the painting, although on a large scale, was finished. He subjected his picture to the rigid and repeated scrutiny of the most unsparing of all censors, his own accurate and now practised eye and memory; and at length he attained the triumphant conviction that he had eminently succeeded in his object. The bright Queen of Love and Beauty stood the size of life in a shell of pearly tint and lustre, and was floating on light summer-waves towards a shore, enamelled with richly coloured shells, and marine plants of sparkling and vivid green. Nereids, of lovely forms, were floating around, and gazing upon the goddess with curious eyes, which glittered like dark jewels through their tangled and streaming tresses; while the joyous dolphins gambled in their train, and heaven, and earth, and sea, glittered in glowing tints, as if rejoicing at the birth of this divinity. The exquisite form of this daughter of the waves was humid and shining, from recent emersion; and, partially veiled by her long and redundant hair, stood in brilliant relief before a sky of deep and cloudless blue. The head was gently inclined, and the beautifully moulded arms upraised, while she pressed with tapering fingers her moistened tresses, from which the sparkling waters streamed through the sunny air like orient gems. The painter had availed himself of the best engraved portraits of this celebrated prima donna; his memory and imagination had amply supplied their deficiencies; and in form, features, and expression, his Aphrodite was the very counterpart of the beautiful Italian,—not a copy, but a portrait, and abounding with vitality, grace, and character.

Exulting in his success, the young artist addressed a note to Lord C., requesting permission to shew him a picture, but without naming the painter or the subject. An encouraging answer was immediately returned, and Walstein accompanied the carefully covered picture to the hotel of the English nobleman, who received him

with cordial kindness, and avoided every allusion to the irritating circumstances under which they had separated.

"It is so long since I have seen you, Walstein!" said the Earl, "that I suspect you have been hard at work upon some immortalizing picture."

"When I had lost the honour to see your lordship," replied the artist with a bitter smile, "you were desirous to possess a Venus Anadyomene. With your permission I will shew you one."

"And who is the painter?" inquired the Earl.

"He stands before you," said Walstein, firmly.

"What, you, Walstein?" exclaimed the Earl, with a sarcastic laugh; "you? who are too virtuous to look steadily at a living model. It is impossible that an artist so fastidious can accomplish any thing beyond the portrait of a statue."

"Will your lordship do me the favour to retire into the anteroom," said Walstein, "while I hang the picture in the proper light and elevation?"

The Earl quitted the apartment with a smile of doubt, and ere long returned at the painter's summons. Speechless with astonishment, he stood at the door gazing upon the brilliant and surpassing beauty of Walstein's Aphrodite; then hastening to the artist who stood with a triumphant smile beside the picture, seized his hand, and exclaimed with eager delight, "In the name of wonder, Walstein! how did you achieve that glorious picture, or rather poem,—for it is not painting, but poetry? Surely some angel helped you?"

"No, my lord!" retorted the artist, with bitter emphasis, "'twas no angel, but a devil! This picture is the work of sin, the offspring of a polluted imagination; and you, my lord, had the signal merit of corrupting my youthful fancy by exposing me to the spells of naked beauty, after you had drugged my senses with your fiery wine. I left your hotel inflamed with wine and passion, and fell unresistingly into the snares of that licentious demon, the sculptor Brancaglio. Prompted by that infernal spirit which seeks self-justification in the spread of universal depravity, he dragged me into that den of vice, the 'Halls of Anacreon.'

Happily, however, I escaped the snare, and left the revellers before their hour of riot."

"I know not whether I ought to congratulate you," replied the laughing Earl, "upon your escape from the painter's hanquet. It might have tended to lower that Teutonic spirit of romance, which I still think incompatible with success in your career."

"Accursed he that succeeds!" cried the indignant painter, "which can only be derived from licentious sources. I have painted this Venus, my lord, to convince you that the task did not exceed my ability, but never again will I degrade myself by attempting a picture of this class. And now, my lord, with sincere gratitude for your kind and generous patronage, I take my leave of you, and probably for ever. I have concluded to quit Florence and Italy as soon as practicable, and to establish myself in my native city of Nuremberg."

As he uttered these words, the artist took down the picture, covered it as before, and proceeded towards the door.

"Hold!" exclaimed the Earl with vehemence, as he seized the arm of Walstein; "that portrait is not yours, but mine, and for many reasons. In the first place, I gave you an order to paint it; secondly, you have, through my confidence in your honour, been permitted to behold Cecilia G. as she was never before exposed to the gaze of man; thirdly, fourthly, and fifthly, the picture is mine, because I must and will have it, at any cost and every risk."

"No, my lord!" exclaimed the angry painter, "the painting is mine, for the paramount reason that I painted it; and not from the original, but from engraved portraits and my own excited imagination. You have no title to it, nor can all your wealth purchase it."

"That portrait," replied the Earl, coolly, "shall never leave this house, except for conveyance to England; and if you will not peaceably relinquish it at your own price, I shall retain forcible possession."

"That will be a question for the police," retorted Walstein, with rising irritation. "You seem to forget, my lord, that there is a civil power in Tuscany as well as in England."

"High connexions," replied the

Earl, "control the laws of Florence, as you will soon experience if you set me at defiance."

"And you shall learn, my lord, that I am not a man to be trampled on with impunity," exclaimed Walstein. "Dare to retain forcible possession of my property, and I will placard your injustice on every wall in Florence."

"Romantic nonsense!" said the now angry Earl, taking out his penknife. "If you persist in this folly, Walstein, I will at once settle the question by destroying a portrait which you had no right to paint unless for me."

"I have no objection," replied the painter coolly; "but your lordship forgets that, if you destroy the painting, it will be lost to both of us for ever."

Lord C. started at this suggestion, and his impassioned admiration of the beautiful work before him prompted an expedient from which he anticipated an amicable termination of the struggle. "Walstein," said he, "I think we may still accomplish a friendly compromise of this difficulty. Wait a moment, and I will rejoin you with a friend, whose opinion of this portrait is essential to me." He quitted the apartment, and Walstein, without replying, turned to the window, and gazed in silent abstraction down the street, until he was roused by a noise in the room, and looking round, he held Lord C. and the lovely Cecilia gazing at the picture. The beautiful Italian stood in blushing surprise at the startling resemblance to her own unrivalled face and person, but was tranquillized by Lord C.'s remark, that the artist had copied the figure of a well-known living model, celebrated for her resemblance to the Medicean Venus.

"Do me the favour, Signora," continued the Earl, "to exert that dominion over man, which a lovely woman exercises at pleasure, and prevail upon this headstrong youth to relinquish a portrait which no one but myself ought to possess, or indeed to behold. I have employed entreaty, and even menace, to no purpose."

With a grace and dignity all her own, the fascinating Italian approached the youthful painter, upon whom the vivid recollection of her dazzling appearance on the pedestal flashed at this moment with thrilling potency.

"Sorely, Walstein," she said, with all that eloquence of look and gesture which so eminently adorns Italian beauty, "surely you cannot deny to so genuine a friend of art as Lord C. this trifling favour. Believe me, Leonardo, when time and distance shall have separated you and his lordship for ever, your generous nature will reproach you keenly for this unkindness to a patron so liberal and high-minded."

There was a syren charm in the melting and impassioned tones of this beautiful woman to which no man could listen unmoved. The blushing and bewildered artist trembled with emotion; and, sinking on one knee, he kissed the hand of the fair enchantress. "I had determined, Signora," said he, "not to part with that picture at any price; but from you I have not power to withhold it. It is yours on condition only that you receive it as a gift. Even *your* eloquence will not induce me to accept any pecuniary return." With these words he rose abruptly, and, without bestowing a look on Lord C., quitted the apartment to hasten homeward, and commence without delay his preparations for departure.

Several days had elapsed in busy preparation, when, on the morning preceding the day of his departure, he received a note from Lord C., requesting in the kindest terms his company that evening to dinner. The lapse of time, and the soothing consciousness that he had mortified the pride of the haughty Englishman, induced Walstein to relinquish his previous determination never to see the Earl again, and he passed a long evening with Lord C. and the fascinating Cecilia, who vied with each other in kind and delicate attentions to the young artist. When at a late hour he rose to depart, the Earl took from his finger a diamond ring of considerable value, and pressed the painter to accept of it. "I will not hurt your feelings, Walstein," said he, "by tendering any pecuniary recompense for your invaluable portrait of my beloved Cecilia, but I request your acceptance of this trifle, as a proof that I have learned to comprehend and to respect your exalted character as an artist and as a man, and, at the same time, to regret the injustice I have done you. Do me the favour to wear this ring in remembrance

of me, and promise that in the hour of difficulty you will allow me the privilege of assisting you."

The generous warmth and noble candour of the munificent Englishman went to the heart of Walstein; and, in strong and speechless emotion, he pressed the hand of Lord C. to his bosom. "Generous and exalted man!" he at length exclaimed, "you have annihilated for ever those hostile feelings which I have too long indulged. Henceforward I will be your most devoted friend, and I regret only that the wide difference of our conditions renders all evidence of my feelings, beyond mere profession, impracticable."

Soothed, flattered, and reconciled, the young artist took his leave. On the following morning he quitted Florence, and in a few months after his arrival in Nuremberg, became the happy husband of his long-attached Amelia. The liberal patronage of Lord C. and other friends in Florence had provided him with the means of furnishing a small house, and of meeting the exigencies of the first six months of married life. He soon discovered, however, that a city devoted to trading pursuits, was no genial soil for a youthful and unbefriended artist; and the necessity of providing for daily wants compelled him to abandon historical painting, and to copy, for trifling remuneration, the hard and vulgar features of the sordid and illiterate. At length this poor resource became inadequate to meet his increasing expenditure; necessity obliged him to pledge, for a sum far beneath its value, the costly brilliant he had received from Lord C.; and famine stared him in the face, when the seasonable arrival of Cecilia in Nuremberg saved his family from utter destitution.

Walstein was proceeding homeward, after his interview with the fair Italian, when, at the entrance of the street in which he resided, his attention was arrested by a singular group of itinerants. A man of middle age, in ludicrous costume, came up the street playing a lively march upon a Pandean pipe, which projected from his buttoned waistcoat, and accompanied himself upon a large drum suspended before him. He was followed by a comely, jet-eyed, gipsy woman,

who played lustily on the triangles, and immediately behind her paced a large and powerful donkey, carrying on his back some long poles, and two well-filled panniers, on which sat two monkeys, in breeches and boxing-gloves, and husily engaged in sparring. Occasionally, the leader of this strange group abandoned his pipes, and broke out into a wild song or recitativo. The gipsy then threw back her head, and sang an irregular sort of second, in tones so harsh and yelling as to startle every listener; the ass began to bray, and the monkeys screamed and chattered; the whole forming a quintett of unparalleled discord and absurdity.

But soon the whole attention of Walstein was absorbed by the strange countenance and costume of the Pandean minstrel. His harsh features were disguised and caricatured by blotches and lines of black and red paint, and his head was hurried in a huge wig of spun glass, surmounted by a small gold-laced cocked-hat. He wore a faded court-dress of red velvet, trimmed with tarnished lace; immense frills and ruffles; black silk breeches and stockings; red shoes, with black silk rosettes, and by his side a dress sword, with a rich handle of polished steel. From time to time, this eccentric figure enlivened his song by postures and grimaces so extravagantly ludicrous, that the gathering spectators shook with laughter; but upon Walstein the scene made an impression widely different, and he gazed upon the strange physiognomy of this stroller, with a growing suspicion that he had seen him before, and under circumstances of antipathy and disgust. The itinerants at length made a pause at the junction of four streets, and their leader beat a long and rolling summons on his drum. At this well-known signal the crowd of gazers formed a dense ring around the group, and listened eagerly to the pompous announcement of a dramatic spectacle, on which even kings and emperors had gazed with delight. The gipsy woman now went round the circle, and offered to every youthful female wondrous hargains in corals, beads, and trinkets; addressing each customer with ludicrous and persuasive gossip, about lovers, marriages, and christenings, until all the girls smiled and blushed, and the men roar-

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ed with merriment. Meanwhile, the man had rapidly erected a light scaffolding of poles surrounded with canvass, and displaying on one side a small theatre for the well-known Italian exhibition of Fantocini. The two itinerants crept under the canvass, which entirely concealed their persons, and the performance began. The adventures of Arlecchino were enacted with dramatic spirit; the hero of the piece extricated himself from numerous scrapes and perils with admirable address, and proved himself the best man to the end of the chapter. The curtain dropped, but soon rose again, and Pulcinello came forward to announce a new farce, made his bow, and retired. After another brief pause, the curtain rolled up, and the Doctor, who, although a lawyer in Italy, was here dubbed a physician, appeared, taking a pinch of snuff, and followed by Pulcinello in high glee, flourishing a painted wand.

"Ha! Signor Dottore!" said he, "at length I have tricked that knave Arlecchino out of his wand, and I promise you some rare fun with it. I will turn you, if you like, into an apothecary; or, by way of a treat, call up the ghost of your last patient."

"Pulcinello," replied the Doctor, gravely, "I forbid all reflections on my dignified profession. As to the ghost, I have no objection to a dozen, if you can raise them."

"Here goes, then!" said Pulcinello, briskly. Flourishing the wand over his head, he struck the ground with it thrice, and immediately a large human head, in a copious turban, ascended slowly through a long slit in the green haize which covered the stage; and the dark cloth, closing tightly under the chin, gave to the head the appearance of being without a body. The complexion was pallid, and death-like as a waxen image; the brows were bushy and prominent, and the large, black, and deep-set eyes were motionless, but glittered like steel, and derived, from an obliquity approaching to a squint, an indescribably ominous and fearful character. The cheeks were long and hollow, the nostrils of the huge nose were large, and widely dilated, and the immense half-opened mouth, reaching almost from ear to ear, displayed a set of teeth, long and straggling, but brilliantly white, and contrasting singularly

with the jet-black mustachios which covered the entire upper lip.

Pulcinello and the Doctor started back in amazement when they beheld the colossal head and turban, which ranged an inch or two above the taller of these illustrious personages. Preserving a respectful distance, they examined this phenomenon through their opera-glasses, and observing that the eyes were motionless, the colour death-like, and the teeth compressed, they concluded that this gigantic head must be either dead or asleep, and boldly approached to investigate it. The doctor put on his spectacles, and, with that true medical audacity which defies all superstition, analyzed, both by sight and touch, every part of the head within his reach, even pulling the nose and ears, and indulging the while in very amusing theories upon the nature and origin of this monstrous appearance.

"I shall not reach conviction, however," he added, "until I have examined the pericranium. Pulcinello! my good fellow, do bring me a ladder."

His friend sallied forth in compliance, and soon returned with a light ladder, which he placed against the turban, while the valiant doctor mounted, and, stepping within the rim, made his observations in safety; after which he examined the various organic humps visible beneath the turban. Descending at length, he strutted with much importance to Pulcinello. "My dear fellow," said he, "I have it. At first I conjectured that head to be a nondescript variety of the mushroom or mandrake; but I am now convinced that it never grew upon this earth. It is evidently a head without a body, and it is equally evident to me that it once belonged to some rebellious inhabitant of the Dog-star. I find the organs of doubt and investigation distinctly and broadly developed, and I will prove to demonstration that he must necessarily have been tried, convicted, and decapitated, for political or religious heresy; and that, as his head fell from the block, it was caught by a hurricane, whirled in rotatory motion beyond the Dog-star's limit of attraction, and tumbled headlong on our dirty planet."

At this speech Pulcinello burst into a peal of laughter, so loud and convulsive, that he was obliged to hold

his aching sides before he could recover. "Most learned Doctor!" said he, gasping for breath; "most subtle and profound philosopher!—most conclusive and unanswerable logician! An inhabitant of the Dog-star! Why not of the Great Bear? Ha, ha, ha, ha, shouted Pulcinello, until he rolled upon the floor with merriment. "Now, Doctor," said he, getting up, "you shall see if I don't upset all your phrenological and celestial theories in a trice. Know, then, that this head is an old acquaintance of mine—and that, by some unaccountable mistake, instead of raising a dead patient of yours, I have summoned a living one of my own; but I can assure you, that when I knew him, he had no rebellious propensities. On the contrary, he was a most loyal and orthodox under-secretary of state in the ten-miles square principality of Hohenheim. From the post of turnspit, he had crawled upwards by servility and cringing, and was already planning how he could change places with the prime minister, when his master detected an ugly fraud in his accounts, kicked him out of the room, and he rolled down stairs with such alacrity as to fracture his skull. You must know, Doctor, that before I commenced my career as Pulcinello, I belonged to your profession, and made out my travelling expenses by occasional practice as a surgeon and apothecary. The apparently lifeless body of this head, for it had a body then, was brought into the tavern where I resided, and, as no other medical aid was at hand, I offered my services to revive and patch up the patient. On examination, I discovered two fractures on the skull, and so extensive, that trepanning was the only remedy. While engaged in this operation, I found the astonishing redundancy of brains so inconvenient, that I took them all out with a spoon, and put them, *pro tempore*, in a soup-plate, which my assistant placed upon a side-table. But, unfortunately, while we were busy preparing the plasters, a cat came into the room, discovered the man's brains, and made a meal of them. My consternation at this robbery was enormous; however, as the thief had escaped, and the stolen goods were irrecoverable, I agreed with the assistant to say nothing about it to the patient, but to patch up his broken

head, and let him find out the loss of his brains as well as he could."

The growing indignation of the Doctor yielded to this sally of his friend Pulcinello, and he began to laugh immoderately.

"Stop, Doctor," said the merry fellow, "the cream of the joke is yet to come. Soon as the knave got well, he left Hohenheim, and repaired to the ancient and far-famed university of * * *. There he devoted himself with such ardour to the classics, that in a twelvemonth he carried off the prizes for the best Latin and Greek poems; and, soon after, wrote and published an unanswerable essay, to prove that knowledge consisted not in things, but in words, which gained him such celebrity, that he was elected a member of many learned and venerable societies. Nay, more! He wrote a profound philosophical treatise, in which he demonstrated, by many subtle and logical conclusions, that the essence of wealth was trans-migratory; that it had ceased to reside in the precious metals; and was actually embodied in certain hieroglyphics, engraved and written upon square and oblong scraps of paper and parchment. This seasonable discovery pushed him at once to the very pinnacle of fame; and titles, pensions, and snuff-boxes, were showered upon him by every potentate in Europe. But mark the consequence! The effect of such intense application without brains now began to develope itself; and whereas men of capacious brain often lose their heads by inordinate reading, deep study produced the inverse effect upon this brainless fellow, and he gradually lost his body. The nourishing principle being of course entirely concentrated in the head, it had expanded into these posterous dimensions."

"Say you so, Pulcinello?" exclaimed the laughing Doctor; "then this head must be alive."

"To be sure it is," replied Pulcinello; "it is only in a brown study. Give it a pinch of your rappee, and the head will rouse itself, and talk like an oracle. If the fellow should be saucy, you may box his ears with impunity; but I warn you to beware of his sneeze."

The Doctor nodded his head very knowingly, as if to say, "I am not a man to be sneezed at;" opened his

snuff-box, and placed it under the capacious nostrils. In an instant every feature of the huge visage was convulsed, and a sneeze, loud and irresistible as a north-wester, blew the hapless doctor into the midst of the gaping crowd. The glittering eyes began to move horizontally like those of a magic lantern-spectre, and at length the mischief-loving Pulcinello, who was rolling on the floor with laughter at the Doctor's sudden exit, was discovered by the searching orbs, and, in a voice deep and sepulchral, the head exclaimed, "Sland'rous villain, begone!" Expanding, at the same time, its tremendous jaws to their utmost extent, the head displayed an array of teeth which would have graced a tiger, and then closed them suddenly as a steel-trap, with a snap which scattered such dismay amidst the excited spectators, that not a few of the females screamed with terror.

Walstein had listened with disgust to a farce, the humour of which was beyond the comprehension of the illiterate crowd, and evidently prompted by morbid or misanthropic impulses, but his curiosity induced him to wait the conclusion. The eyes now rolled with increasing rapidity; and at length met and fixed those of Walstein, who faced them with equal firmness. Suddenly the horrid visage was suffused with a purple flush, and, in tones deeper than before, the mouth uttered the words, "Leonardo! Leonardo! The angel of death flaps his dark wings over thy first-born!"

The head suddenly descended through the stage, the curtain fell, and the startled painter, half incredulous, but winged with instinctive terror, proceeded with rapid steps to his humble dwelling. He had recognised in the iron, massive features, and sepulchral tones of the head, the splenetic and half-mad sculptor Brancaglio, who had lured him into the Circian "Halls of Anacreon," and whose propensity to these itinerant frolics was notorious at Florence. He recollected with growing alarm that this group of vagabonds had passed his house the day before; of course the sculptor might have seen him at the window, and as the vagrant party had again passed his house within the hour, there might be some grounds for those appalling words which Brancaglio had evidently addressed to him

only. Trembling with vague apprehension, he entered the house, and found his Amelia weeping by the cradle of the infant Raffaele. "Gracious Heaven!" exclaimed Walstein, as he gazed in wild alarm at the convulsed features of his child, "what means this?"

"I was undressing him," sobbed the agonized mother, "near the window, when it was forced open by the strong east wind, which blew directly upon the almost naked infant. In an instant he shivered, and convulsions soon followed. I had no one to send for a physician—I could not leave the child."

The word "physician," restored the bewildered painter to recollection. He darted into the street, and sought the assistance of a benevolent man who admired the rare talent of Walstein, but was prevented by the claims of a numerous family from affording him substantial encouragement. The warm-hearted physician hastened to the afflicted mother, devoted the whole succeeding night to the little sufferer, and enjoyed the gratification of assisting him safely through a crisis of imminent peril. He declined the liberal recompense eagerly tendered to him by the delighted father, and left the grateful pair kneeling in devout and heartfelt thanksgiving to that Power which giveth life, and, for wise purposes, taketh it away.

A week of solicitous parental and medical attendance restored the little Raffaele to health and beauty; but the fond father, struck with an awful sense of the great precariousness of infant life, determined to paint, without delay, a portrait of his lovely boy, and commenced the picture as soon as he could prepare the canvass. Borrowing his design from a study of Raffaele which he had copied in Rome, he laboured with such intense application, that in a few days the painting was finished, excepting some minor details.

The lovely infant form was placed high in the heavens; his fair and rounded limbs reclining upon a mass of brilliant clouds. His large blue eyes were gazing upwards in serene and sacred innocence; and the painter had imparted to every feature that premature and awful seriousness of expression, which characterises the

cherub heads of Raffaele. Angels, beautiful in form and colouring as those of Guido and Albano, were grouped above, and extended their arms towards the lovely boy, as if to welcome his approach to the mansions of the blessed; while from their radiant forms a rich glow of light streamed over the whole picture, and invested with glorious and golden tints the cloudy forms and intermingled azure.

In this picture, which was suggested by the blended feelings of the father and the Christian, and painted with wrapt and devotional enthusiasm, the artist had been supremely successful. Calling his Amelia to behold it, he encircled her slender waist with his affectionate arm, and they were gazing upon the angelic infant in mute and tearful rapture, when a stranger, whose tall figure was enveloped in a travelling cloak, entered the apartment unobserved.

Approaching the happy pair in silence, he gazed for some time with delight upon the beautiful picture, and then, touching the painter's shoulder, exclaimed, "Good evening, Walstein!"

Looking round in surprise, the artist beheld the Earl of C., whose cordial greeting assured him that his friendly regard was unabated. "I have been but an hour in Nuremberg," said the Earl, "and I call upon you to inquire whether any calamity has occurred to prevent the performance of your promise to the Signora."

"We have been in imminent peril of losing an only child," replied Walstein,—"the boy, whose portrait is before you: but Heaven in its mercy spared him, and he blooms again with all his mother's beauty."

"I rejoice to hear it," said the Earl with cordial sympathy; "and as the original is restored to health and strength, I hope you will allow me to add the copy to my collection. It is your happiest effort, Walstein, and evidently painted at a period of strong excitement. I have seen pictures of Raffaele which pleased me less; and I must have it at any price."

"Ask any sacrifice but that, my lord! and I will submit," replied the painter; "this picture is inexpressibly dear to me and my Amelia. Infant life is precarious, and should it still please Heaven to take to itself the

pure spirit of our little Raffaele, his portrait would be a comfort to us in the hour of desolation."

"I honour your feelings too much to urge my wish any farther," replied the considerate nobleman. "I shall remain here ten days, or more, if requisite to finish the portrait of Cecilia. You must begin to-morrow, and afterwards give me your company to dinner, for I have somewhat to communicate, in which you and yours are materially interested. Meanwhile, farewell!"

On the following morning Walstein commenced the portrait of the lovely Italian with his usual success: and, when she withdrew after dinner, Lord C., with delicate and friendly warmth, inquired into his situation and prospects. The painter acknowledged the difficulties he had experienced in a city devoted to the acquisition of wealth, and where the few individuals possessing any love of fine art confined their purchases to old pictures of the Italian and Flemish schools, and wanted either the courage or the taste to patronise a living artist. "I am enabled, however," he continued, "by the generosity of the Signora to realise a plan which I have for some time contemplated. The rising skill and taste of the German artists is better understood in Rome and Paris than in their native country, and to one of those cities I will, ere long, remove my family. They abound with fine pictures and statues, easily accessible; with cultivated society; with patrons of art; and, to a prudent man, they are not expensive abodes."

"You have reached the very point, my dear Walstein," said the Earl, "to which it has for some time been my object to lead you. But why not inform me of the distresses you have endured? Did you not, in Florence, promise me the privilege of assisting you?"

"I was not insensible, my lord," replied Walstein, "to the kindness of your request; but I did not either promise, or intend, to avail myself of your generosity. Nor could I, without forfeiting that moral independence, which is in deep and inseparable sympathy with those qualities you are pleased to esteem in me. Had I sought your proffered assistance, I should have proved myself unworthy of it."

"Incomparable youth!" exclaimed

the delighted Earl, as he warmly pressed the hand of Walstein: "where is the man so young, and yet possessing such elevated firmness of principle and action; such pure morality; such entire and single-hearted sincerity as yourself! How gladly would I attach you to my country and myself for life! Hear me, Walstein! I must win you to the purpose which prompted my deviation from the direct road to Paris. I want the assistance of a tasteful artist to arrange and preserve the numerous objects of fine art which abundant wealth and a long residence in various parts of Europe have enabled me to accumulate. You are the very man to accomplish my purpose; and if, at your convenience, you will follow me with your family to England, you may divide the year between my London residence and a spacious mansion which I possess in a romantic inland county. Employment to your taste will not be wanting; and, while you render me invaluable assistance, you will enjoy abundant leisure to pursue your professional labour."

"I cannot hesitate, my lord," said the gratified artist, "to embrace a proposal so flattering. My wife and I are orphans; our native country has neither hold nor claim upon us, and I doubt not her ready acquiescence."

"Walstein," said the Earl, while the deadly paleness of some heart-rending emotion overspread his countenance, "your ready assent to my proposal affords me the only consolation of which I am now susceptible. My soul sickens with despair at the sad necessity of relinquishing for ever this lovely and incomparable woman; who has, I believe, apprised you of our approaching separation. I confess that I am still too worldly, and too impassioned, to discern the necessity of thus snapping asunder the chords of long established sympathy; but to a man of your more rigid sense of moral duty, it will be gratifying to learn, that the confessor of Cecilia has awakened her to a conviction that she has mistaken the path to happiness in this life, and to salvation in the next. I have resented, perhaps too warmly, the interference of this venerable priest, whose purity of heart and conduct redeems almost the errors of his creed, and whose powerful reasoning has all but convinced me that the Catholic religion, when honestly administered,

is better suited than any other to the spiritual wants of the impassioned and indolent Italians; but Cecilia, for whom his regard is truly paternal, has constrained me to admit the rectitude of his motives. He had often, with burning zeal and eloquence, remonstrated against the unbalanced nature of our connexion, but in vain, until the birth of a daughter, roused in the heart of this big-minded woman, that strongest of all human sympathies, a mother's love. Of this master-feeling, her confessor well knew how to avail himself, and by painting in strong colours the certain reaction of her transgression upon her innocent offspring, he succeeded in rousing a sense of penitence and humiliation which she had not resolution to acknowledge to me until it had greatly impaired her health and happiness. In vain I sought, by impassioned appeals and remonstrances, to shake the firm resolve of this heroic woman, whose affections never cleaved to me more intensely than when she told me that we must part for ever; that she had lived too long for earthly passions only, and would henceforward devote herself to her infant and her God. Her health visibly suffered in the struggle, and at length I assented to our separation, conditioning, however, that instead of retiring to a convent, she should accept and reside upon an estate I had purchased near Lausanne; and that with a view to benefit her health, she should first accompany me to Paris. But enough of this. Let me see you to-morrow; and meanwhile inform your wife of my proposal."

The following and four succeeding days enabled the indefatigable and rapid artist to complete an admirable portrait of Cecilia. Lord C. requested Walstein to convey it for him to England, and proceeded with the lovely original to Paris, while the painter, accelerating his own departure, quitted Nuremburg for ever, and travelling by easy stages through Holland, embarked for Harwich, and reached the mansion of Lord C. in London, a few days after the noble owner.

The immensity of the British capital, and the numerous collections of fine art which adorn it, occupied and delighted Walstein for several weeks; after which he proceeded with his wife and child to the Earl's magnifi-

cent seat in a picturesque inland county, where he found a rare combination of every thing exquisite in fine art, and beautiful in external nature.

On the arrival of his noble patron a few days later, the young painter immediately entered on his vocation, and assisted the fine taste of the Earl by his professional tact in the distribution of the numerous paintings, statues, and bronzes, which adorned the splendid mansion of the house of C.; while his admirable skill in painting was exercised in restoring some damaged pictures of the old masters.

While thus engaged, about a week after the Earl's arrival, a letter with a black seal and a foreign post mark was delivered to Lord C., who perused it with obvious and growing alarm: at length his features collapsed with agony, and he fell back senseless in his chair. Walstein flew to his assistance, opened a contiguous window, and a fresh breeze, which filled the apartment, soon restored the Earl to consciousness. Rising with effort from his chair, he gave the fatal letter to Walstein, and turned in deep and uncontrollable emotion to the window. In trembling haste the painter glanced over the pages, and, with inexpressible sorrow, read the disastrous intelligence of Cecilia's death at Lausanne, after a rapid decline.

The unhappy nobleman, who had indulged a latent hope that this object of his idolatry would ere long be wearied of seclusion, and permit him to rejoin her in Switzerland, was struck by this disastrous intelligence as with a bolt of lightning. His powerful frame yielded to the shock—a brain-fever of wasting violence hurried him to the brink of dissolution; and, during a long and deadly crisis, the grateful Walstein watched his couch with tender and unwearyed solicitude. At length the native vigour of his constitution, aided by the consummate skill of his physician, turned the nicely-balanced scales; symptoms of amendment appeared, and the Earl, after many weeks of extreme debility, arose an aged and altered man. His dark hair was tinged with grey; his fine person was wasted by fever and long confinement to his bed; his features, once glowing with health and youth, with sunny hope and happiness, exhibited a sad and fixed severity of aspect;

and for many months he lived the life of a recluse, refusing all society save that of Walstein.

His infant daughter arrived during his illness, with her Italian nurse, from Lausanne, and grew daily in health and beauty under the maternal care of Amelia; but to her afflicted father she brought no immediate consolation, nor indeed had he for some time resolution to behold her.

For several years the passion of Lord C. for the beautiful and highly-gifted Italian had been a worship, a religion; and so inordinate, as to exclude all sound and operative devotional feeling. He had never been deficient in that enthusiastic but cheap admiration of virtue which is common to all generous and noble natures; but in self-denying obedience to the dictates of conscience, he had been wanting: nor was it until his worldly spirit had been bruised and humbled by this sudden bereavement, that a sense of the fleeting nature of all earthly enjoyments flashed upon him. Walstein, whose well-regulated mind was deeply tinctured with devotional feel-

ings, hailed with delight the earliest tokens of a disposition in his noble patron to seek the light, and life, and consolation of revealed religion, that only gift of Heaven which passeth not away. Slowly, but gratefully and gladly, did the searching mind of Lord C. admit the cheering hopes with which the unaffectedly pious Walstein essayed to guide and comfort him. His clear and powerful intellect detected at a glance the utter fallacy and barrenness of passive belief, that common refuge of fanatics and hypocrites, who sacrifice no favourite vice, and degrade religion into discipline and form. He sought and found that firm and living faith, that inward stirring principle of good which affects the heart and influences the conduct. Thus guided and controlled, he made a noble use of that moral influence which mental power, conjoined with exalted views and large possessions, bestows on the possessor; and ere long found peace of mind in the rewarding consciousness of being "useful in his generation."

NEW NOVEL BY MR GALT.

WE are happy to inform our readers that the Author of "*Annals of the Parish*," "*Sir Andrew Wylic*," &c. has just finished a New Work, under the title of "*MY LANDLADY AND HER LODGERS*." The MS. is expected by the first ship from New York, and the Work will be published without delay.

WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

LONDON.

- A New Work will shortly appear, entitled, *Essays on the Principles of Morality, and on the Private and Political Rights and Obligations of Mankind*. By the late Jonathan Dymond, Author of "An Enquiry into the Accordancy of War with the Principles of Christianity," &c. &c. Forming Two Octavo Volumes.
- The Second Volume of Mr Sharon Turner's *Modern History of England*; containing the Reigns of Edward VI. Mary, and Elizabeth; with Chapters on the Corruptions of the ancient Catholic Church, which occasioned the Reformation; on the Rise and Progress of Luther; on the History and Proceedings of the Council of Trent; and on the Massacre of St Bartholomew.
- Exemplars of Tudor Architecture, adapted to Modern Habitations*; with illustrative Details, selected from Ancient Edifices; and Observations on the Furniture of the Tudor Period. By T. F. Hunt, Architect, &c. &c.
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- Reginald Trevor, or the Welch Loyalists, a Tale of the Seventeenth Century. 3 vol. Speedily will be published, dedicated, by permission, to the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor, *Architectural Hints, comprising Designs for Public and Private Edifices*, by Mr Laing, F.A.S. Architect and Surveyor; with illustrative Letter-press, and a Statement and Memorial (as an Appendix) of the Circumstances attending the partial failure in the building of the Custom-house of the Port of London; also, *Structures on the Public Buildings of the present era*. In 1 vol. 4to.
- A Fourth Edition of the *Memoirs and Correspondence of Vice-Admiral Lord Collingwood* will be shortly ready for delivery.
- The Publishers of the "Boy's Own Book" have nearly ready the *Young Lady's Book*, a Novel and elegant Volume, highly embellished, devoted to the most favourite pursuits and recreations of Young Ladies.
- The Rev. S. Wix has a volume of *Sermons, on the Beatitudes, and the Lord's Prayer*, nearly ready for publication.
- The Rev. Dr Kennedy, Lecturer of Greek in the University of Dublin, is preparing a New Edition of the *Agamemnon of Aeschylus*, to be accompanied with the German Version of Voss, and a New English Translation in blank verse, with copious Notes, Critical and Explanatory, and Indexes. In royal 8vo.
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- A Guide to the Zoological Gardens and Museum. With numerous Engravings, is on the eve of publication.
- The second volume of *Round's Botanic Garden*, with engraved Title, Index, &c.
- The Rev. F. Valpy, author of the "*Second Greek Delectus*," is preparing for publication a *Second Latin Delectus*, with copious English Notes at the end. It is intended as a Sequel to Dr Valpy's *Latin Delectus*.
- The Rev. J. Seager, who lately edited "*Viger on the Idioms of the Greek Language*," has in the press, *Hoogeveen on the Greek Particles*, translated into English, and abridged, for the use of Schools. It is his intention to publish Bos and Hermann on the same plan.
- The Rev. T. Arnold, M.A., head Master of Rugby School, has a volume of *Sermons* in the press.
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The Rev. T. Huntingford has a volume in the press, upon the Intermediate State of the Soul after Death.
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EDINBURGH.—Jan. 14.

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Average of Wheat per imperial quarter, £3, 16s. 2d. 1-4th.

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Beef (16 oz. per lb.) 0s. 3d. to 0s. 7d.	Quartern Loaf . . 0s. 11d. to 1s. 0d.
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Tallow, per cwt. . 32s. 6d. to 33s. 9d.	Eggs, per dozen . 0s. 11d. to 1s. 0d.

HADDINGTON.—Jan. 9.

Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease.	Beans.
1st, ... 87s. 0d.	1st, ... 39s. 9d.	1st, ... 30s. 0d.	1st, ... 34s. 0d.	1st, ... 36s. 0d.
2d, ... 73s. 0d.	2d, ... 38s. 0d.	2d, ... 24s. 0d.	2d, ... 33s. 0d.	2d, ... 33s. 0d.
3d, ... 54s. 0d.	3d, ... 36s. 0d.	3d, ... 22s. 0d.	3d, ... 30s. 6d.	3d, ... 30s. 0d.

Average of Wheat, per imperial quarter, £3, 12s. 1d. 3-12ths.

Average Prices of Corn in England and Wales, from the Returns received in the Week ended Jan. 2.

Wheat, 75s. 11d.—Barley, 37s. 0d.—Oats, 24s. 3d.—Rye, 47s. 2d.—Beans, 38s. 3d.—Pease, 39s. 2d.

Winchester: weekly Average.

Aggregate Average by which the duty on Foreign Corn now in bond is regulated, for last six weeks.

Wheat, 74s. 4d.—Barley, 37s. 11d.—Oats, 25s. 0d.—Rye, 44s. 10d.—Beans, 39s. 4d.—Pease, 41s. 3d.

London, Corn Exchange, Jan. 13.

Liverpool, Jan. 9.

Wheat, red, old	White	pease	Wheat, per 70 lb.	Irish	Butter, p.cwt.	Beef, &c.
50 to 56	56 to 62	36 to 40	Eng. 10 6 to 11 6	32 0 to 38 0	Butter, p.cwt. s. d. s. d.	
Fine ditto	62 to 68	40 to 48	Scotch 10 6 to 11 6	6 Flour, English,	Belfast 77 0 to 78 0	
Superfine ditto	68 to 70	45 to 51	Irish 9 0 to 11 5	p. 240 lb. fine 58 0 to 60 0	Newry 70 0 to — 0	
White, new	54 to 66	35 to 37	Foreign — 0 to — 0	5 Irish 48 0 to 58 0	Waterford 66 0 to — 0	
Fine ditto	68 to 72	40 to 48	Do. in bond — 0 to — 0	4 Amer. p. 196 lb.	Cork, p.c. 2d 71 0 to 72 0	
Superfine ditto	72 to 78	42 to 48	Barley, per 60 lbs.	8 Sweet, bond — 0 to — 0	3d, dry 71 0 to 72 0	
Rye	38 to 42	18 to 24	Eng. 5 3 to 6 8	8 Bran, p. 24 lb.	1 Beef, p. tierce.	
Barley, new	30 to 32	24 to 30	Scotch — 0 to — 0	5 Foreign 5 3 to 5 8	— Mess 92 0 to 100 0	
Fine	35 to 37	20 to 27	Irish 5 0 to 5 6	Oats, per 45 lb.	— Pork, p. bl.	
Superfine ditto	38 to 41	23 to 27	Foreign 5 3 to 5 8	Eng. 5 11 to 4 2	— Mess 60 0 to 70 0	
Malt	60 to 65	— 0 to — 0	Eng. 5 11 to 4 2	Irish 5 10 to 4 2	— half do. 40 0 to 45 0	
Fine	68 to 70	29 to 33	Scotch 3 10 to 4 3	Scotch 3 10 to 4 3	— Bacon, p. cwt.	
Hog Pease	38 to 40	70 to 75	For. in bond 0 0 to 0 0	For. in bond 0 0 to 0 0	Short mids. 40 0 to 41 0	
Maple	41 to 42	60 to 65	Rye, per qr. 37 0 to 40 0	Malt, per qr. 64 0 to 72 1	Sides . . 40 0 to — 0	
Maple, fine	— 0 to — 0	7 to 8	— 0 to — 0	— 0 to — 0	Hams, dry — 0 to — 0	

Seeds, &c.

Tares, per bush.	Rye Grass	White	Pease, grey	Indian corn	Red	White	Oatmeal	English	Scotch
6 to 8	30 to 40	52 to 60	34 0 to 35 0	46 0 to 50 0	37 0 to 40 0	37 0 to 40 0	32 0 to 38 0	32 0 to 38 0	— 0 to — 0
Must. White, . . 6 to 8	Ribgrass . . — 0 to — 0	White 52 to 60	— 0 to — 0	— 0 to — 0	— 0 to — 0	— 0 to — 0	— 0 to — 0	— 0 to — 0	— 0 to — 0
— Brown, new 8 to 14	Clover, red cwt. 50 to 65	— 0 to — 0	— 0 to — 0	— 0 to — 0	— 0 to — 0	— 0 to — 0	— 0 to — 0	— 0 to — 0	— 0 to — 0
Turnips, bah. 7 to 10	— White . . 55 to 90	— 0 to — 0	— 0 to — 0	— 0 to — 0	— 0 to — 0	— 0 to — 0	— 0 to — 0	— 0 to — 0	— 0 to — 0
— Red & green 9 to 12	Foreign red 45 to 65	— 0 to — 0	— 0 to — 0	— 0 to — 0	— 0 to — 0	— 0 to — 0	— 0 to — 0	— 0 to — 0	— 0 to — 0
— White 8 to 11	— White 52 to 60	— 0 to — 0	— 0 to — 0	— 0 to — 0	— 0 to — 0	— 0 to — 0	— 0 to — 0	— 0 to — 0	— 0 to — 0
Caraway, cwt. 42 to 46	Coriander . . 18 to 21	— 0 to — 0	— 0 to — 0	— 0 to — 0	— 0 to — 0	— 0 to — 0	— 0 to — 0	— 0 to — 0	— 0 to — 0
Canary, per qr. 52 to 56	Trefoil . . 29 to 38	— 0 to — 0	— 0 to — 0	— 0 to — 0	— 0 to — 0	— 0 to — 0	— 0 to — 0	— 0 to — 0	— 0 to — 0
Cinque Poin 38 to 44	Limbseed feed — 0 to — 0	— 0 to — 0	— 0 to — 0	— 0 to — 0	— 0 to — 0	— 0 to — 0	— 0 to — 0	— 0 to — 0	— 0 to — 0
Rape Seed, per last, . . L. 32, Foreign, L. —	— 0 to — 0	— 0 to — 0	— 0 to — 0	— 0 to — 0	— 0 to — 0	— 0 to — 0	— 0 to — 0	— 0 to — 0	— 0 to — 0

Weekly Price of Stocks, from 1st to 22d December.

	1st	8th	15th	22d
Bank stock,	207	208½ 9	209½ 9	209½ 9
3 per cent. reduced,	85½ 6 5½	86½ 4 5½	86½ 4	86½ 4
3 per cent. consols,	86½ 4 4	—	—	—
3½ per cent. consols,	—	—	—	—
New 4 per cent. cons.	102½ 4	—	—	—
India bonds,	70	70	62	62
— stock,	—	—	—	—
Long Annuities,	19½ 7-16	19½	—	—
Exchequer bills,	—	—	—	—
Exchequer bills, sm.	67 72	64 66	61 63	61 63
Consols for acc.	85½ 7½	87½	87½ 4	87½ 4
French 5 per cents.	—	107½ 16c.	106½ 86c.	106½ 90c.

Course of Exchange.—Jan. 9.—Amsterdam, 12 : 1, Ditto, at sight, 11 : 19. Rotterdam, 12 : 1½. Antwerp, 12 : 1½. Hamburg, 13 : 11½. Altona, 13 : 11½. Paris 3 days' sight, 25 : 35. Ditto, 25 : 60. Bordeaux, 25 : 65. Frankfort on the Maine, 151 : 0, Petersburg, per rouble, 10 : 0. Berlin, 0 : 0. Vienna, 10 : 2. Trieste, 10 : 2. Madrid, 37½. Cadiz, 37½. Bilbao, 37½. Barcelona, 36½. Seville, 36½. Gibraltar, 46. Leghorn, 43. Genoa, 25 : 42½. Venice, 47½. Malta, 0. Naples, 39½. Palermo, p. oz. 120½. Lisbon, 45½. Oporto, 46½. Rio Janeiro, 0. Bahia, 35½. Buenos Ayres, 0. Dublin, 21 days' sight, 1½. Cork, 1½.

Prices of Gold and Silver, per oz.—Foreign gold, in bars, £3 : 17 : 10½d. per oz. New Doubloons, £3 : 16 : 0d. New Dollars, 4s. 9½d. Silver in bars, stand. 0s. 0d.

LONDON PRICES CURRENT, Jan. 9.

ASHES, Canada Pot, 1st, cwt.	35s	0	0	0
Pearls	35	6	0	0
United States Pot	34	0	0	0
Pearls	34	0	0	0
Russia Pearls	0	0	0	0
BRISTLES, St Petersburg, cwt.	L. 12	10	12	15
COFFEE, in Bond				
Jamaica ordinary cwt.	31s	0	34	0
good ordinary	35	0	43	0
fine ordinary	44	0	50	0
low middling	51	0	54	0
middling	55	0	67	0
good do. and fine	68	0	82	0
Mocha	66	0	120	0
CORK, Spanish, ton	L. 50	0	80	0
Oporto	25	0	30	0
Fero	48	0	60	0
French	100	0	120	0
COTTON, per lb.				
Grenada	—	68	—	8
Betice and Demerara	—	65	—	9
New Orleans	—	6	—	8
Bowed Georgia	—	54	—	73
Bahia	—	72	—	74
Pernambuco	—	7	—	8
Madras	—	43	—	53
Bengal	—	34	—	5
Smyrna	—	7	—	8
FLAX, Riga PTR, ton, new	L. 37	10	39	0
DC,	33	0	34	0
Petersburg, 12 head	36	0	56	10
Liebau, 4 brand	33	0	34	0
HEMP, Riga, Rhine, ton	L. 40	0	42	0
Petersburg, clean	38	10	39	0
Outshot	34	0	36	0
Half clean	34	0	33	0
HOPS, New East Kent Pockets	L. 4	10	6	0
New Kent Pockets	4	15	6	6
Sussex	4	0	4	12
East Kent Bags	5	5	6	6
1826 Pockets	5	12	7	7
IRON, CCND, bd. ton	L. 18	0	19	0
PSI	16	0	17	0
Swedish	14	0	15	0
INDIGO, E.I. fine blue, bd. lb.	9s	6	10s	0
Fine Violet and Purple	9	0	9	5
ordinary,	6	0	7	5
good and mid. do.	7	6	8	11
LEATHER, per lb.				
Butts, 50 to 56	0	0	0	0
Ditto, 60 to 65	0	0	0	0
Hides, crop, 45 to 50	1	6	1	8
Do. 35 to 40	1	3½	1	4
British for dress	1	6	1	6
Calf skins	1	5	2	4
Horse hides	1	4	1	6
LIME JUICE,	0	0	0	0
OIL, per tun, 252 gallons.				
Whale, Green, without casks	L. 25	15	—	0
Cod, in casks	25	0	0	0
Seal, Pale	28	10	0	0
— Brown	24	0	0	0
Palm, African, per cwt.	28s	0	29s	0
Spermaceti	80	0	—	—
Whale, South Sea	29	0	33	0
Linseed, per cwt.	0	0	1	4
Gallipoli, per tun of 252 galls.	48	0	49	0
PITCH, British, per cwt.	6	0	0	0
Stockholm	9	0	0	0
American	5	0	0	0
Archangel	7	0	0	0
PIMENTO, Jamaica, per lb.	0	7½	0	8½

SPIRITS.

Brady, Cognac, imp. gal.	2s	10	to	4	6
Geneva	2	5		2	6
Rum, Jamaica, 14 a 20 O.P.	3	3		3	10
Leeward Islands, P. & U.P.	2	6		2	4

SUGAR, per cwt.

Jamaica, Brown	£2	13		2	18
Middling	2	19		3	18
Good	3	2		3	7
Fine	3	7		3	10
Demerara and St Kitts	2	11		3	9
Grenada	2	11		2	5
Barbadoes	2	15		3	11
Ilavannah, brown	1	10		1	15
White	2	0		2	6
Pine ditto	2	7		2	10
East India, brown	1	1		1	7
White	1	14		2	0

REFINED SUGARS.

Lumps	3	13		4	8
Fine	4	4		5	0
Loaves	4	0		4	10
Fine	4	12		0	0
Powder	4	3		4	12
Double, ordinary	5	0		0	0
Fine	5	10		6	0
Molasses	2s	0		0	0
TALLOW, Peterbg. YC. cwt.	39s	0		40	0
White	40	0		—	0
Soap	38	6		38	0
Archangel	38	6		39	0
Siberia	39	0		—	0
Horne melted	0	0		0	0
TAR, Virginia	13	0		0	0
Archangel	14	6		—	0
Stockholm	15	6		—	0

TOBACCO, Kentucky, per lb.

Virginia, ordinary	0	3		0	4½
Part blacks	0	24		0	34
Middling black	0	3½		0	4
Maryland scrubs	0	24		0	6
Brown and leafy	0	3		0	4
Colour and yellow	0	4		0	8

WINE, per pipe.

Port, per 138 gallons	£22	0		50	0
Lisbon, per pipe	20	0		28	0
Madeira, per 110 gallons	50	0		60	0
West India, ditto	27	0		45	0
East India, ditto	35	0		70	0
Sherry, per butt	25	0		70	0
Mountain, per 126 gallons	20	0		30	0
Teneriffe, per 120 gallons	24	0		25	0
Spanish, red, per 126 gallons	12	0		16	0
Claret, per hhd. for Dy.	36	0		50	0
French, White, ditto	31	0		36	0

WOODS, per ton.

Fustic, Jamaica	£ 7 0	6 0
Cuba	10 10	9 9
South American	5 0	6 0
Brazil Wood	33 0	40 0
Boxwood	14 0	17 0
Lignumvitæ	4 0	9 0
Nicaragua	6 0	14 0
Loowood, Jamaica	6 1	6 5
Honduras	6 5	6 15
Campechy	8 5	7 15
St Domingo	0 0	0 0

MANOAGNY, per foot.

Jamaica	0s	8d	to	0	12d
Honduras	8d			14d	
Cuba	12d			16d	
St Domingo	17d			30d	

METEOROLOGICAL TABLES, extracted from the Register kept at Edinburgh, in the Observatory, Calton-hill.

N.B.—The Observations are made twice every day, at eight o'clock, morning, and eight o'clock, evening. The second observation in the afternoon, in the first column, is taken by the Register Thermometer.

November.

	Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.		Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.		
Nov. 1	M.35 A. 44	29.931 .950	M.46 A. 47	SW.	Forn. sunsh. dull aftern.	Nov. 16	M.40 A. 41	29.120 .105	M.45 A. 45	NE.	Shwrs. rain, very cold.
2	M.41 A. 46	.946 .960	M.48 A. 48	W.	Day sunsh. night cold.	17	M.37 A. 43	.420 .591	M.44 A. 43	NW.	Rain foren. and night.
3	M.42 A. 47	.999 .996	M.48 A. 46	SW.	Su shine and mika.	18	M.35 A. 41	.790 .555	M.43 A. 45	SW.	Shwrs. rain, night h. rain.
4	M.36 A. 43	.996 .813	M.46 A. 41	E.	Fair, but dull	19	M.36 A. 42	.695 .580	M.47 A. 46	SW.	Day sunsh. night rain.
5	M.39 A. 44	.802 .835	M.46 A. 45	SE.	Sunsh. foren. dull aftern.	20	M.36 A. 48	.572 .572	M.49 A. 51	Cble.	Day showery.
6	M.36 A. 42	.786 .796	M.48 A. 48	SE.	Day frost, night sleet.	21	M.36 A. 53	.414 .239	M.52 A. 53	SW.	Day & night showery.
7	M.36 A. 46	.810 .796	M.46 A. 43	SE.	Fair, dull, cold.	22	M.36 A. 46	.414 .520	M.52 A. 50	SW.	Fair, with sunshine.
8	M.36 A. 40	.926 .782	M.42 A. 41	SE.	Ditto.	23	M.40 A. 48	.280 .980	M.50 A. 47	SW.	Foren. sunsh. even rain.
9	M.31 A. 40	.738 .530	M.41 A. 39	NE.	Shwrs. rain, hail and sleet.	24	M.41 A. 48	.132 .130	M.50 A. 50	SW.	Foren. dull, rain aftern.
10	M.31 A. 35	.415 .201	M.39 A. 37	Cble.	Shwrs. hail and snow.	25	M.43 A. 14	.480 .101	M.49 A. 49	SW.	Day sunsh. night h. rain.
11	M.23 A. 50	.149 .166	M.35 A. 35	NE.	Keen frost.	26	M.41 A. 48	.142 .172	M.49 A. 53	SW.	Rain foren. day fair.
12	M.25 A. 35	.278 .275	M.38 A. 39	SE.	Frost, and very cold.	27	M.40 A. 41	.648 .590	M.47 A. 47	SW.	Sunsh. foren. dull aftern.
13	M.23 A. 42	.292 .180	M.43 A. 43	SE.	Day sunsh. rain night.	28	M.39 A. 49	.475 .432	M.50 A. 49	W.	Shrs. through the day.
14	M.33 A. 45	.565 .161	M.45 A. 46	SE.	Rain foren. and night.	29	M.39 A. 44	.703 .734	M.48 A. 44	NW.	Shrs. sleet and rain.
15	M.39 A. 45	28.999 .999	M.45 A. 47	SE.	Morn. rain, day foggy.	30	M.32 A. 36	.878 .592	M.40 A. 42	Cble.	Day & night heavy rain.

Average of rain, 4.393.

December.

	Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.		Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.		
Dec. 1	M.32 A. 37	29.994 .999	M.42 A. 39	W.	Daysunshine, rain night.	Dec. 17	M.37 A. 43	29.502 .519	M.46 A. 45	W.	Foren. show- ers, slect.
2	M.29 A. 38	.712 .525	M.40 A. 46	SW.	Day showers, night rain.	18	M.36 A. 44	.399 .311	M.46 A. 44	SW.	Foren. fair, h. rain night.
3	M.33 A. 45	.520 .470	M.46 A. 47	SW.	Fair, with sunshine.	19	M.33 A. 43	28.999 .389	M.44 A. 44	W.	Ditto.
4	M.41 A. 46	.789 .902	M.46 A. 47	SW.	Fair, but dull.	20	M.33 A. 44	.289 .289	M.48 A. 52	Cble.	Day showery.
5	M.41 A. 47	.704 .545	M.48 A. 48	SW.	Sunsh. foren. dull aftern.	21	M.42 A. 47	.419 .440	M.49 A. 47	SW.	Dull, slight showers.
6	M.41 A. 47	.546 .790	M.48 A. 48	SW.	Sunsh. foren. rain night.	22	M.40 A. 42	.502 .404	M.44 A. 44	W.	Heavy rain all day.
7	M.44 A. 48	.650 .989	M.48 A. 46	W.	Showery day and night.	23	M.40 A. 41	.635 .392	M.45 A. 45	E.	Foren. fair, night sh. rain.
8	M.34 A. 42	.808 .937	M.46 A. 42	W.	Fair, with sunshine.	24	M.36 A. 41	29.114 .999	M.45 A. 44	E.	Foren. dull, rain aftern.
9	M.29 A. 36	29.245 .379	M.46 A. 42	W.	Showers rain, snow, & slect.	25	M.35 A. 39	.996 .150	M.41 A. 39	SW.	Fair, with sunshine.
10	M.30 A. 42	.631 .420	M.40 A. 42	Cble.	Fair, dull, night rain.	26	M.35 A. 38	.292 .432	M.39 A. 37	SE.	Morn. frost, foren. sunsh.
11	M.31 A. 45	.405 .614	M.46 A. 47	W.	Foren. unsh. rain aftern.	27	M.32 A. 38	.432 .426	M.37 A. 38	S.	Ditto, and rain night.
12	M.36 A. 48	.755 .990	M.48 A. 48	W.	Rain foren. dull aftern.	28	M.31 A. 39	.592 .825	M.39 A. 38	SE.	Rain forenoon and night.
13	M.37 A. 47	38.120 .214	M.49 A. 42	SE.	Dull, but fair, mild.	29	M.31 A. 45	.855 .815	M.45 A. 44	S.	Fair, sunsh. mild.
14	M.36 A. 46	.258 .106	M.47 A. 46	E.	Ditto.	30	M.36 A. 48	.728 .521	M.47 A. 41	SW.	Foren. fair, aft. sh. rain.
15	M.41 A. 46	29.999 .812	M.47 A. 47	W.	Sunsh. foren. night rain.	31	M.40 A. 48	.515 .502	M.49 A. 47	SW.	Rain aftern. slect night.
16	M.40 A. 45	.680 .526	M.47 A. 46	SW.	Morn. night, showers rain.						
											Average of rain, 1.865.

Average of rain, 1.865.

APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c.

November.

Brevet.	Maj. Axford, of the Hon. E. I. Company's Serv. employed upon the Recruiting Serv. of that Comp. to have the temporary rank of Maj. while so employed	16 Oct. 18:8	32 F.	J. Grogan, Ens. by purch. vice Gambel, ret.	25 Nov. 1878.
3 D. G.	Capt. Maunsell, Maj. by purch. vice Abercromby prom.	21 Nov.	54	Ena. Howe, Adj. vice Lax, res. Adj. only	25 Aug.
	— Sullivan, from 65 F. Capt. do.	do.		Staff As. Surg. Farnan, Surg. vice Aytton, h. p.	25 Sept.
	Bt. Lt. Col. Clements, from h. p. 18 Dr.	25 do.	35	F. P. Glubb, Ens. vice Murray, 16 F.	2 Oct.
4	Capt. vice Shewell, dead	25 do.	36	Staff As. Surg. Tonnerre, Surg. vice Reed, dead	25 June
2 Dr.	Cor. and Adj. Martin, rank of Lt. 2 Oct.	25 Nov.		Lt. St. Quintin, Capt. by purch. vice Blackeney, ret.	21 Nov.
3	Lt. Story, Adj. vice Rallic, res. Adj. only	25 Nov.		Ens. Dayrolles, Lt.	do.
	Cor. Somerville, Adj. and Lt. vice Craufurd, res. Adj. only	do.	37	Lt. King, from 41 F. Lt. vice Drummond, 10 F.	do.
	Capt. Tuite, Maj. by purch. vice Somerset, prom.	do.		G. Sockett, Ens.	do.
	Lt. Phillips, Capt.	do.		Ens. Skelly, Lt. vice Johnson, dead	18 Sept.
	Cor. Balders, Lt.	do.	40	J. Macleod, Ens.	do.
6	J. Manby, Cor.	do.		Ens. Burslem, from 65 F. Ens. vice Rogers, 82 F.	25 Nov.
	Serj. Maj. C. Sillery, Cor. vice Hickman, res.	21 do.	42	Lt. Curtin, Adj. vice Nelly, prom.	do.
	Cor. Sillery, Adj. vice Armstrong, res. Adj. only	25 do.		As. Surg. Lorimer, from h. p. 6 Vet.	do.
8	Capt. Morgett, Maj. by purch. vice Baddock, prom.	21 do.	43	Bn. As. Surg. vice Gaborne, res. 7 do.	do.
	Lt. Woodhouse, Capt.	do.		Lt. Hood, from h. p. R. Staff Corp.	do.
	Cor. Macnamara, Lt.	do.		Paym. vice Amos, reverts to his former h. p.	25 Oct.
12	Q. Vivian, Cor.	do.		Gent. Capt. R. G. A. Levinge, from R. Mil. Coll. Ens. by purch. vice Dawes,	25 Nov.
13	Surg. Kenny, from 67 F. Surg. vice Burton, dead	13 do.	46	Paym. Iveson, from h. p. 18 F. Paym. vice Grant, dead	13 do.
	Cor. Gethin, Lt. by purch. vice Strange, prom.	21 do.	48	Ens. Thomson, Lt. by purch. vice Slater, prom.	25 do.
14	R. S. Foriong, Cor.	do.		R. Phibbs, Ens.	do.
	Surg. Lavens, from 51 F. Surg. vice Forster, h. p. 3 F.	13 do.	49	Hosp. As. L. Grant, As. Surg. vice Duncanson, h. p.	25 Sept.
17	— Elkington, from 1 F. Surg. vice Wibrow, h. p.	11 Sept.	51	Lt. Fisher, from 2 F. Lt. vice Mahon, prom.	do.
Coldst. G. Ens. and Lt. Cotton, Lt. and Capt. by purch. vice Armytage, prom.	21 Nov.			Ens. and Adj. Gray, Lt.	25 Oct.
	C. P. Wilbraham, Ens. and Lt.	do.		Surg. Shekleton, from h. p. 3 F. Surg. vice Lavens, 14 Dr.	13 Nov.
1 F.	Surg. Fitz Gerald, from h. p. 69 F. Surg. vice Elkington, 17 Dr. 23 Oct.	23 Oct.	52	Ens. Hughes, Lt. by purch. vice Vivian, prom.	do.
3	— Macqueen, from Ceylon R. Surg. vice Ivory, dead	4 Sept.		J. Atty, Ens.	do.
4	Lt. Mason, Capt. by purch. vice Bowlby, ret.	25 Nov.	53	Lt. Burges, from 1 F. Lt. vice Burn, h. p.	21 do.
	Ens. Chambers, Lt.	do.	55	— Champion, Capt. by purch. vice Mills, ret.	do.
6	H. D. Griffith, Ens.	do.		Ens. Fawcett, Lt.	co.
	W. F. Jekyll, Ens. by purch. vice Dillon, 60 F.	28 Aug.		T. A. Heriot, Ens.	do.
8	H. W. Roper, Ens. by purch. vice Worthington, ret.	21 Nov.	56	Ens. Paynter, from 9 F. Ens. vice Souther, h. p.	do.
9	Ens. Minto, from h. p. Ens. vice Paynter, 56 F.	do.	59	As. Surg. Lawder, from 98 F. Surg. vice Hume, dead	do.
10	Lt. Hon. W. H. Drummond, from 56 F. Lt. vice Fosker, prom.	do.	60	Capt. Hon. G. Vaughan, from 62 F. Capt. vice Berkeley, h. p. rec. diff. vice	do.
12	Bt. Lt. Col. Bayly, Lt. Col. vice Forsteen, dead	18 Sept.		W. E. T. Corbett, 2d Lt. by purch. vice Serjeant, ret.	24 do.
	Capt. Cruise, Maj.	do.		R. C. Bingham, 2d Lt. by purch. vice Iremonger, ret.	25 do.
	Lt. Jenkins, Capt.	do.	62	Capt. Gillies, from h. p. Capt. pay. diff. vice Vaughan, 60 F.	21 do.
	Ens. Gold, Lt.	do.		— Walsh, from Ceylon R. Capt. vice Spencer, 69 F.	25 do.
16	W. French, Ens.	do.	63	— Nokes, from h. p. Capt. vice Sullivan, 3 Dr. Gds.	21 do.
	Ens. Audain, Lt.	2 Oct.		James Smith, Ens. by purch. vice Tucker, prom.	4 Sept.
	— Murray, from 34 F. Ens.	do.		As. Surg. Gratton, from 75 F. Surg. vice O'Reilly, 30 F.	11 do.
	F. Cassidy, Ens. vice J. Cassidy, ret.	25 Nov.	65	J. A. Drought, Ens. by purch. vice Burslem, 40 F.	25 Nov.
	Lt. Foley, Adj. vice Brand	2 Oct.		Lt. Goldie, Capt. by purch. vice Bristow, ret.	24 do.
22	— Edwards, Capt. vice Cane, dead	25 Sept.		Ens. Dawes, Lt. by purch.	do.
	Ens. Mylne, Lt.	do.		Lt. Kerr, from h. p. Lt. pay. diff. vice Banbury, 94 F.	25 do.
	J. W. Kyllin, Ens.	do.		C. E. Michel, Ens.	do.
	Lt. Boileau, Capt. by purch. vice Greenwood, ret.	25 Nov.	67	Surg. Macann, from h. p. 101 F. Surg. vice Kenny, 12 Dr.	13 do.
	— Landels, from R. African Corps, Lt. vice Ross, h. p. African Corps	25 Oct.	68	Lt. Ring, from R. African Corps, Lt. vice M'Nab, h. p. R. African Corps,	25 do.
	Ens. Dawes, from 43 F. Lt. by purch. vice Boileau	25 Nov.		— Blachford, Capt. by purch. vice Glover, ret.	24 do.
23	Capt. J. Macdonald, (Paym. of 93 F.) Paym. vice Brown, h. p.	16 Oct.			
28	Ens. Greene, Lt. vice Coen, dead 4 Sept.	4 Sept.			
	T. Beckham, Ens.	do.			
	Maj. Crote, from h. p. Maj. vice Duns, 83 F.	25 Nov.			
30	Surg. O'Reilly, from 65 F. Surg. vice Pearce, h. p.	11 Sept.			

- 69 Capt. Hon. G. F. A. Spencer, from 63 F. Capt. vice Ingram, ret. 25 Nov. 1828
Enr. Smyth, Lt. by purch. vice Blachford do.
E. S. Thomas, Ens. do.
70 Ens. Egerton, Lt. by purch. vice Atherley, prom. do.
W. Green, Ens. do.
71 N. M. Stack, Ens. by purch. vice E. M. Stack, ret. do.
Capt. Adams, from h. p. Paym. vice Pennington, rec. full pay of Lt. 30 Oct.
73 Lt. Seymour, Capt. by purch. vice Raymond, ret. 25 Nov.
Ens. Harvey, Lt. do.
F. B. Atkinson, Ens. do.
74 Serg. Maj. J. Connor, Quar. Mast. vice Fraser, ret. full pay 11 Sept.
76 Lt. Kent, from h. p. 60 F. Lt. vice Kennedy, Paym. 30 Oct.
— Kennedy, Paym. vice Lott, dismissed do.
81 Capt. Schoones, Maj. by purch. vice Wardrop, ret. 21 Nov.
Lt. Dixon, Capt. do.
Lt. Orange, from 15 F. Lt. vice Craik, h. p. 20 do.
Ens. Jeffery, Lt. by purch. vice Dixon 21 do.
J. Gilby, Ens. by purch. vice Jeffery, prom. 25 do.
82 Ens. Byrne, Lt. vice O'Beirne, dead 18 Sept.
G. O. Moore, Ens. do.
N. E. Olivier, Ens. vice Trollope, dead 25 do.
Ens. Rogers, from 40 F. Ens. vice Thomson, ret. 25 Nov.
83 Maj. Hon. H. Dundas, from 28 F. Maj. vice Bt. Lt. Col. Kelly, prom. do.
87 2d Lt. Parkinson, 1st Lt. vice Bateman, dead 4 Sept.
90 E. T. Hodgson, 2d Lt. do.
Ens. Stratton, Lt. 13 Nov.
Lt. Mackenzie, Adj. vice Munro, dead do.
92 Lt. Col. M'Donald, from h. p. Lt. Col. vice Williamson, ret. 21 do.
Lt. Buckley, Adj. vice Hughes, res. Adj. only 24 do.
94 Hosp. Assist. Woods, Assist. Surg. vice Burkitt, dead 21 do.
Ens. Tulloch, Lt. vice Osborne, dead 23 Oct.
— Lewis, Lt. vice Alexander, dead 30 do.
Lt. Bunbury, from 66 F. Lt. vice Innes, h. p. rec. diff. 25 Nov.
Ens. Daunt, from h. p. Ens. vice Tulloch 25 Oct.
F. W. H. Culley, Ens. vice Lewis 30 do.
95 Capt. Cockburne, Maj. by purch. vice Maxwell, prom. 25 Nov.
Lt. Gordon, Capt. do.
Ens. Austen, Lt. do.
G. Stewart, Ens. do.
96 Lt. Kinsley, from h. p. York Lt. Inf. Vol. Lt. vice Kennedy, prom. do.
97 Assist. Surg. Austen, Surg. vice Freer, h. p. 21 do.
Rifle Brig. 2d Lt. White, 1st Lt. vice W. Dolphin, dead 11 Sept.
K. W. Young, 2d Lt. do.
Surg. Ridgway, from h. p. Surg. vice Burke, h. p. 13 Nov.
1 W. I. R. J. D. Blythe, Ens. by purch. vice Spargo, ret. 21 do.
Ceyl. Reg. Capt. Sweeny, from h. p. Capt. vice Walsh, 63 F. 25 do.
A. Johnstone, 2d Lt. vice Woodford, dead 25 Sept.
Staff Assist. Surg. Young, Surg. vice Macqueen, 3 F. 4 do.
R. Afr. Corps. Ens. Stewart, Adj. vice Ring, res. Adj. only 9 June
Ordinance Department.
Roy. Art. 2d Capt. Heron, Adj. vice Jackson, prom. 5 Feb. 1828
— Willis, Adj. vice Barlow, prom. do.
Capt. and Bt. Maj. Elliot, Lt. Col. vice Walsh, ret. 21 Nov.

- 2d Capt. Roy. Art. Cameron, Capt. 21 Nov. 1828
Capt. Palmer, from Unatt. h. p. 2d Capt. do.
2d Capt. Sinclair, Capt. vice Greatly, h. p. 22 do.
Capt. Hornsby, from Unatt. h. p. 2d Capt. do.
1st Lt. and Adj. Smith, 2 Capt. do.
Gent. Carlet H. S. Tireman, 2d Lt. vice Heywood, prom. 6 Aug.
— H. C. Saxe, 2d Lt. vice Brewer, prom. do.
— R. R. Fisher, 2d Lt. vice Knowles, prom. do.
— J. W. Ormsby, 2d Lt. vice Pool, prom. do.
— A. J. Taylor, 2d Lt. vice O'Brien, prom. do.
— G. Maclean, 2d Lt. vice Mudge, prom. do.
— W. B. Young, 2d Lt. vice Humfrey, R. Staff Corps do.
Roy. Eng. Capt. Boteler, Lt. Col. vice Hobbs, dead 29 Oct.
2d Capt. Tapp, Capt. do.
1st Lt. Smyth, 2d Capt. do.
2d Lt. Grestorez, 1st Lt. do.
— Renwick, 1st Lt. vice Edridge, dead 7 Nov.

Ordinance Medical Department.

- 2d Assist. Surg. Williams, 1st Assist. Surg. vice Sproull, h. p. 14 Nov. 1828
A. C. Nelson, 2d Assist. Surg. do.

Staff.

- Maj. Loring, on h. p. Insp. F. O. of Mil. in Nova Scotia, (with rank of Lt. Col. in the army,) vice York, res. 25 Sept. 1828
Paym. Jellison, from 62 F. to be Paym. of Rec. Dist. vice Hall, h. p. 16 Oct.
— Edmonds, from 56 F. to be Paym. of Rec. Dist. vice Rennett, dead do.

Hospital Staff.

- Staff Surg. J. F. Clarke, Phys. to Forces, vice Sweeny, prom. 4 Sept. 1828
Hosp. Assist. Cuddy, Assist. Surg. vice Tonnerre, prom. 25 June
J. Dameron, Hosp. Assist. vice Grant, dead 4 Sept.
Dr Barry, from h. p. Surg. 17 Oct.
Hosp. Assist. Steele, from h. p. Hosp. Assist. vice Brooks, res. 15 Nov.
Assist. Surg. Poole, from 27 F. to be Assist. Surg. vice Thompson, dead 16 Oct.
Hosp. Assist. Inlay, from 27 F. to be Assist. Surg. vice Wood, dead do.
Assist. Surg. Fitz-Gerald, from 49 F. to be Assist. Surg. vice Bushe, h. p. 13 Nov.
— Teevan, prom. 47 F. to be Assist. Surg. vice Cartor, h. p. do.

Garrisons.

- Rev. W. G. Broughton, Chaplain to the Tower of London, vice Rev. Archdeacon Cox, dead 6 Oct. 1828
Assist. Surg. Hennen, from 57 F. Ass. Surg. to R. Milit. Asylum at Southampton, vice Watson, to Chelsea 11 Sept.
Lieut.-Gen. Sir J. Fraser, Lieut.-Gov. of Chester, vice Lieut.-Col. Coghlan, dead 13 Nov.
Bt. Lieut.-Col. Cameron, on h. p. 3 Gk. Lt. Inf. Dep. Gov. St. Maw's, vice Graham, dead 23 Oct.
Capt. Rooth, on h. p. Town-Maj. of Montreal, vice Weeks, res. 25 June

Unattached.

- To be Lieut. Colonels of Infantry by purchase.*
Maj. Badcock, from 8 Dr. 21 Nov. 1828
— Hon. G. R. Abercromby, from 3 Dr. Gds. do.
Capt. Armytage, from Coldstr. Gds. do.
— Bontes, from R. Horse Gds. do.
— Maxwell, from 95 F. 25 do.
— Somerset, from 3 Dr. do.
To be Captains of Infantry by purchase.
Lt. Vivian, from 52 F. 13 Nov. 1828
— Strange, from 13 Dr. 21 do.
— Slater, from 40 F. 25 do.
— Atherley, from 70 F. do.

The undermentioned Officer, having Brevet Rank superior to his Regimental Commission, has accepted Promotion upon Half-pay, according to the General Order of the 25th April 1826.

To be Lieutenant Colonel of Infantry.

Bt. Lt.-Col. Kelly, from 85 F. 25 Nov. 1828

The undermentioned Lieutenants, actually serving upon Full-Pay in Regiments of the Line, whose Commissions are dated in or previous to the year 1811, have accepted promotion upon Half-Pay, according to the General Order of the 27th Dec. 1827.

To be Captains of Infantry.

Lt. Pegasus, from 88 F. 21 Nov. 1828.
 — Fooker, from 10 F. do.
 — Neilly, from 40 F. do.
 — Boardman, from 51 F. 25 do.
 — Kerr, from 47 F. do.

Exchanges.

Lt.-Col. Lord G. W. Russell, 8 Dr. rec. diff. with Lt. Col. Hon. G. B. Molyneux, h. p.
 — Parke, 22 F. with Lt. Col. Falconar, h. p.
 — Dick, 42 F. with Lt. Col. Hon. Sir C. Gordon, h. p.
 — Walker, 59 F. with Lt. Col. Fuller, h. p.
 Maj. Lowrie, 69 F. rec. diff. with Maj. Lord E. Hay, h. p.
 — Bayly, 98 F. with Bt. Lt. Col. Wade, h. p.
 Capt. Sutherland, 93 F. with Capt. Banner, h. p. 25 Dr.
 — Portman, 6 Dr. rec. diff. with Capt. W. Moore, h. p.
 — Shafto, 12 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Prideaux, h. p.
 — Murray, 53 F. rec. diff. with Capt. H. S. Phillips, h. p.
 — Kirwan, 66 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Rumley, h. p.
 — Macquarie, 93 F. with Bt. Maj. Noleken, h. p.
 Lieut. Glasville, 8 Dr. rec. diff. with Lieut. Hon. H. B. Grey, h. p. 71 F.
 — Long, 37 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Hon. C. S. Clements, h. p.
 — Fletcher, 58 F. with Lieut. Hutton, h. p. 6 W. I. R.
 — Graham, 80 F. with Lieut. Broadhead, h. p. R. Afr. Corps.
 — O'Neill, 64 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Fitzgerald, h. p.
 — Vigoreux, 84 F. with Lieut. Shore, h. p. 74 F.
 — Aird, 92 F. with Lieut. M'Murdo, h. p. R. Afr. Corps.
 Ens. De Daubrawa, 65 F. with Ens. Burslem, h. p.
 — Innes, 1 F. with 2d Lieut. Denham, h. p. Bourbon R.
 — Lewin, 34 F. with Ens. Arnold, h. p.
 — King, 86 F. with Ens. Phipps, h. p.
 Paym. Fisk, 17 Dr. with Capt. Chandler, h. p. Unatt.

Resignations and Retirements.

R. Lethbridge. *Lieut.-General.*

G. D. Robertson. *Major-Generals.*

Baynes.

Lieut.-Colonels.

Walsh, R. Art.

Williamson, 92 F.

Morrison, R. Art.

Major.

Wardrop, 81 F.

Captains.

Sealey, h. p. 8 F.

Bowly, 4 F.

Greenwood, 22 F.

Bikeney, 36 F.

Mills, 55 F.

Bristol, 66 F.

Glover, 69 F.

Ingram, 69 F.

Raymond, 73 F.

Clarke, h. p. R. Art.

Cornets, Ensigns, and 2d Lieuts.

Hickman, 6 Dr.

J. Cassidy, 16 F.

Worthington, 8 F.

Gamble, 32 F.

Sergeant, 60 F.

Iremonger, 60 F.

E. M. Stack, 74 F.

Spargo, 1 W. I. R.

Medical Dep.

Assist. Surg. Gisborne, 42 F.

Staff Assist. Surg. Hunter,

Hosp. Assist. J. H. Brooks,

Appointment Cancelled.

Lt. Mason, 31 F.

Deaths.

General.

Sir Baldwin Leighton, Bart. Lt. Gov. of Carrikerfergus, Loton Park, Salop 13 Nov. 1828.

Lieutenant-Colonels.

M'Laine, 77 F.

Lumley, R. African Col. Corps, Sierra Leone, 2 Aug. 1828.

Coghlan, Lt. Gov. of Chester

Fraser, R. Art. Ceylon 30 June, 1828.

Hobbs, R. Eng. S.-otland 28 Oct.

Baron Grubbin, late 1 Huss. Germ. Leg. Dugholy, Hanover 15 do.

Debbieg, Fort Maj. of Dartmouth, h. p. 5 Gar. Bn. Majors.

Dely, 38 F. Bengal.

Haddock, 97 F. Ceylon

C. Stewart, late of Roy. Mar. London Nov. 1828.

Captains.

Tathwell, R. Horse Gds. Whitburn, Sunderland 20 Nov. 1828.

Shewell, 3 Dr. Gds. Edinburgh 27 Oct.

Sir C. H. Farrington, Bart. 31 F. Jernypanney, Bengal 26 March.

Higginson, late 1 R. Vet. Bn. 15 Oct.

Smith, do. Bridlington Quay 24 Dec. 1827.

Blake, h. p. 24 F. 20 Oct. 1828.

Evans, h. p. 87 F. 27 do.

Browne, h. p. 89 F. Haekney 7 Nov.

Barry, h. p. African Corps, Kingstown, Dublin 12 Feb.

Gray, h. p. The King's American Regt. 30 June.

Lloyd, h. p. 3 Prov. Bn. of Militia 30 June.

Hodgson, E. India Company's Serv. recruiting at Liverpool.

Lieutenants.

Taylor, 38 F. Hereford Nov. 1828.

Kelly, 34 F. Cawnpore 12 May.

Marley, 59 F. 3 Aug.

Munro, Adjutant to 90 F. Zante 6 Nov.

W. Dolphin, 1 Bat. Rifle Brigade 16 Aug.

Edridge, Roy. Eng. Worcester 16 April.

Pilliebody, h. p. 12 Dr. 26 Oct.

Harpur, h. p. 15 Dr. Jamaica 10 do.

Gordon, do. 4 July.

Ryeroft, h. p. 21 Dr. Lancashire 2 Nov.

Tatlow, h. p. 6 F. Drumroon, Cavan 18 May 1826.

Sherriff, h. p. 10 F. 4 Nov. 1828.

M'Cahnan, h. p. 26 F. 3 Oct.

Bagnett, h. p. 28 F. 5 March.

Metcalfe, h. p. 32 F. Guernsey 18 Nov. 1827.

Tipson, h. p. 48 F. 10 Oct. 1828.

Galway, h. p. 56 F. 19 July.

Macleon, h. p. 53 F.

Ashley, h. p. 96 F. Havre, France 30 April, 1827.

Sir W. A. Browne, Bart. h. p. 101 F. 18 Sept. 1828.

Boese, h. p. Germ. Leg. Gieldel, Hanover 1 May, 1828.

Cornets, 2d Lieutenants, and Ensigns.

Moillet, 13 Dr. Pondicherry 3 Nov.

Bruce, 3 F. Gds.

C. Steuart, 42 F. Gibraltar 7 July.

J. S. Clarke, h. p. Unatt. 6 do.

F. D. de Daubrawa, do. London 12 Jan.

Storrs, late 1 Roy. Vet. Bn. Bedford 26 Sept. 1828.

Ellis, late 5 Roy. Vet. Bn. 12 Nov.

Barlow, h. p. 106 F. 29 Aug.

Quarter-Masters.

Latchford, R. Horse Gds.

Latham, h. p. 2 Life Gds. 12 Nov.

Goodland, h. p. 19 Dr.

Kiens, h. p. 60 F. Annapolis 29 Aug.

Medical Dep.

Dr Brown, Inspector of Hospitals, Madras 2 July, 1828.

— Hennen, do. Gibraltar 16 Oct.

Staff Surg. Rice

Surg. Ruxton, h. p. 24 Dr. Tainbridge Wells	Mesiter, Roy. Art. Woolwich	15 Nov. 1828.
As. Surg. Horne, h. p. 53 F.	<i>Miscellaneous.</i>	
Lloyd, h. p. 45 F. Hastings	Major Archdall, As. Insp. Gen. of Barracks	
Chaplains.	Nutt, h. p. District Paymaster	2 Oct.
Hatchman, Gibraltar		15 Oct.

December.

1 Life Gds. Cor. and Sub-Lt. Str E. Blackett, Bt.	57 Lt. Robertson, Capt. by purch. vice	
Lt. by purch. vice Bayard, ret.	M'Dougall, ret.	18 Dec. 1828.
21 Nov. 1828	Ens. Benson, Lt.	do.
S. Parry, Cor. and Sub-Lt.	do.	do.
Lt. Williams, Capt. by purch. vice	Staff As. Surg. M'Math, M. D. As.	
Marg. of Carmarthen, ret.	Surg. vice Hennen, R. Mil. Asylum,	18 do.
15 July		
Cor. and Sub-Lt. Str J. Ogilvy, Bt. Lt.		
do.		
do.		
W. T. Squire, Cor. and Sub-Lt.	63 Maj. Hon. H. A. F. Ellis, Lt. by purch.	
Lt. Dashwood, Capt. by purch. vice	vice Fitz Gerald, ret.	do.
Bontes, prom.	Capt. Leslie, Maj.	do.
21 Nov.	Lt. Nesbitt, Capt.	do.
Cor. Lord C. Wellesley, Lt.	62 Capt. Fairfield, from 3 F. Gds. vice	
do.	Gillies, exch.	do.
W. Murray, Cor.	63 Capt. Dumas, from h. p. Capt. pay. diff.	
Corporal W. Emmett, Qua. Mast. vice	vice Lord W. Paulet, 21 F.	4 do.
Lachford, dead	Lt. Cart, from h. p. 84 F. Qua. Mast.	11 do.
25 Sept.	vice Dukes, h. p. 84 F.	
Capt. W. M. Owen, from h. p. Capt.	Assist. Surg. Daly, from h. p. 2 F.	do.
vice Webb, exch. rec. diff.	Assist. Surg. vice Breslin, 9 Dr.	do.
18 Dec.	Lt. Beckham, from h. p. 61 F. Lt. vice	
Assist. Surg. Breslin, from 63 F. Assist.	Wardell, Paym. 93 F.	18 do.
Surg. vice Brooke, res.	67 Lt. Grant, Capt. by purch. vice Cock-	
27 Sept.	erill, ret.	11 Dec.
Gren. Gds. Ens. and Lt. Bagot, Lt. and Capt. by	Ens. James, Lt.	do.
purch. vice Batty, prom.	C. C. Davie, Ens.	do.
30 Dec.	—Craven, Capt. by purch. vice De	
Hon. A. F. Foley, Ens. and Lt.	Montmorency, ret.	18 do.
do.	Ens. Trapaud, Lt.	do.
R. Wag. Tr. Capt. Head, from 38 F. Maj. by	T. Todd, Ens.	do.
purch. vice D'Arley, ret.	Ens. Harvey, Lt. vice Williamson,	
23 Dec.	dead	24 Nov.
3 F. Gds. Ens. and Lt. Hood, Lt. and Capt. by	— Daly, Lt. by purch. vice Seymour,	
purch. vice Goosip, ret.	prom.	25 do.
27 Nov.	Hosp. As. Vowell, As. Surg. vice Fraser,	
Hon. A. Liddell, Ens. and Lt.	dead	18 Dec.
do.	75 Maj. Burney, from 41 F. Maj. vice	
Capt. Gillies, from 62 F. Lt. and Capt.	Bruce, h. p. rec. diff.	27 Nov.
vice Fairfield, exch.	Ens. Blake, from h. p. Ens. vice Came-	
18 Dec.	ron, 79 F.	do.
2 F. Ens. Dickson, Lt. by purch. vice Ken-	Assist. Surg. Tighe, from 22 F. Assist.	
nedy, prom.	Surg. vice Grattan, 65 F.	do.
do.	Lt. Col. Bradshaw, from h. p. Lt. Col.	
T. Sealy, Ens.	vice MacLaine, dead	20 do.
24 Lt. Ottey, from Ceyl. Regt. Ens.	79 Ens. Cameron, from 75 F. Ens. vice	
vice Johnson, superseded	Mackenzie, h. p.	27 do.
11 Dec.	84 C. Macartney, Ens. by purch. vice Ingar-	
7 Lt. Hon. S. Hay, Adj. vice Orr, res. Adj. only	ram, ret.	11 Dec.
20 Nov.	90 R. Alison, Ens. vice Straton, prom.	
10 H. St J. Mildmay, Ens. by purch. vice	4 do.	
White, ret.	Lt. Wardell, from 66 F. paym. vice	
do.	Maedonald, 25 F.	18 do.
Ens. England, Lt. vice Forsteem, dead	91 Capt. Munro, Maj. by purch. vice St	
18 Dec.	clair, prom.	9 do.
13 Capt. Hare, from h. p. Capt. vice Watter-	Lt. Randolph, Capt.	do.
man, exch. rec. diff.	Ens. Pipon, Lt.	do.
do.	R. Shiel, Ens.	do.
21 Capt. Lord W. Paulet, from 65 F.	95 Lt. Saunders, Capt. by purch. vice	
Capt. vice Yeoman, h. p. rec. diff.	Gibbons, ret.	18 do.
4 Dec.	Ens. Hon. C. R. St John, Lt.	do.
Staff As. Surg. Grant, As. Surg. vice	T. F. Sandeman, Ens.	do.
Tighe, 75 F.	Lt. Hunter, from 34 F. Capt. by purch.	
18 do.	vice Spratt, ret.	27 Nov.
27 vice Pools, Staff	Capt. Cumberland, from h. p. Capt. pay.	
do.	diff. vice Hunter, 55 F.	4 Dec.
34 Ens. Horne, Lt. by purch. vice Hunter,	97 Staff Assist. Surg. Topham, Assist.	
96 F.	Surg. vice Austin, prom.	18 Dec.
27 Nov.	Capt. Gould, from h. p. Capt. vice	
C. S. Eustace, Ens.	Head, R. Wag. Train	23 do.
do.	Assist. Surg. Perki, from h. p. 59 F.	
Capt. Hon. H. S. Fane, Maj. by purch.	Assist. Surg. vice Lawder, 55 F.	
vice Broderick, ret.	18 Dec.	
18 Dec.	99 Ens. Day, Adj. vice M'Kenzie, res.	
Lt. Hooke, Capt.	Adj. only	do.
do.	R. Staff Corps Lt. Horton, Capt. vice Du Vernet,	
Ens. Newcomen, Lt.	dead	27 Nov.
do.	2d Lt. Parsons, 1st Lt. vice Harris,	
John Forlyee, Gent. to be Ensign do.	dead	26 do.
Ens. Eyre, Lt. by purch. vice Thomp-	— Adams, 1st Lt. vice Horton	
son, ret.		27 do.
23 Nov.		
H. Kepple, Ens.		
do.		
Lt. Cobbold, from h. p. 10 Dr. Lt. vice		
Hamilton, exch. rec. diff.		
18 Dec.		
Assist. Surg. Maguire, from h. p. 37 F.		
Assist. Surg. vice Lorimer, cane.		
27 do.		
44 Maj. Macdonall, from h. p. Maj. pay.		
diff. vice Burney, 75 F.		
do.		
47 51 Ens. Alcock, from 24 F. Lt. by		
purch. vice Wyle, ret.		
11 Dec.		
51 Lt. Mainwaring, Capt. vice Woodward,		
dead		
4 do.		
Ens. Parker, Lt.		
do.		
G. H. J. Leigh, Ens.		
do.		
Capt. Hunter, from 96 F. Capt. vice		
Neacock, h. p. rec. diff.		
do.		
56 Ens. Keating, Lt. by purch. vice Croke,		
ret.		
11 do.		
J. Wigg, Gent. Ens. by purch. vice		
Keating, prom.		
18 do.		

2 W. I. R. Capt. McCarthy, from h. p. Capt. vice
Sussao, ret. 27 Dec. 1828
Ceyl. Regt. R. Lisle, 2d Lt. by purch. vice Ottey,
6 F. 11 Dec.
Ceyl. Regt. Lt. Burligh, from h. p. late 2 Ceyl.
Regt. Lt. vice Fenwick, prom. 3d do.
R. Malta Fenc. Capt. Elliot, from Ret. Lt. Capt.
with temporary rank, vice Bonello,
dead 21 Oct.

Ordinance Department.

Royal Art. Capt. and Bt. Maj. Campbell, Lt. Col.
vice Fraser, dead 25 Nov.
2d Capt. Gray, Capt. do.
Capt. Schalech, from Unatt. h. p. 2d
Capt. do.
Capt. and Bt. Maj. Turner, Lt. Col.
vice Morrison, ret. 25 do.
2d Capt. Fogo, Capt. do.
Capt. Armstrong, from Unatt. h. p. 2d
Capt. do.
—Cookson, from Unatt. h. p. 2d
Capt. vice Ord, dead 5 Dec.
Capt. and Bt. Maj. Cleaveland, Lt. Col.
vice St Clair, ret. 9 do.
2d Capt. Hon. W. Arbuthnot, Capt. do.
1st Lt. Rich, 2d Capt. do.
2d Lt. Mitchell, 1st Lt. do.

Hospital Staff.

Dr Alex. Broadfoot, from h. p. Dep.
Insp. of Hosp. vice Hennesu, dead
3 Nov. 1828

Garrisons.

Gen. G. Moncrieff, Gov. of Carrickfer-
gus, vice Gen. Sir B. Leighton, dead,
20 Nov. 1828
Capt. Kelly of 60 F. Fort Maj. at Dart-
mouth

Unattached.

To be Lieutenant-Colonels of Infantry by purchase.
Maj. Clarke, from 77 F. 30 Dec. 1828
Capt. Batty, from Gren. Gds. do.
Bt. Lt.-Col. St Clair, from 94 F. do.
9 Dec. 1828

To be Captains of Infantry by purchase.
Lt. Kennedy, from 2 F. 27 Nov. 1828
Lt. Sugden, from 15 Dr. 25 Dec.

The undermentioned Lieutenants, actually ser-
ving upon Full-Pay in Regiments of the Line,
whose Commissions are dated in or previous to
the year 1811, have accepted promotion upon
Half-Pay, according to the General Order of
the 27th Dec. 1826.

To be Captains of Infantry.

Lt. Fenwick, from Ceyl. Reg. 30 Dec. 1828
— Biggs, from 29 F. do.
— Beruard, from 45 F. do.

Exchanges.

Lt.-Col. Fitz-Clarence, Coldest. Gds. with Lt.-Col.
Armstrong, h. p.
Maj. Hutchison, 65 F. with Maj. Stewart, 74 F.
Capt. Smith, 11 F. rec. diff. with Capt. J. Robin-
son, h. p.
— Baynes, 88 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Crosbie,
h. p.
— Donnellan, 82 F. with Capt. Slater, h. p.
Lieut. Egerton, 70 F. with Lieut. Mathew, Rifle
Brig.
— Collins, 4 F. with Lieut. Cameron, 89 F.
— Peck, 55 F. with Lieut. Cochrane, h. p. 4 F.

Resignations and Retirements.

Lieut.-Col. St Clair, R. Art.
Lt. Col. Addams, Royal Art.
— Elliot, do.
Maj. D'Arley, R. Wag. Tr.
Capt. Marg. of Carmarthen, 2 Life Gds.
— Goslop, 3 F. Gds.
— Spratt, 96 F.
— Sussao, 2 W. I. R.
— Macdougall, 57 F.
— Cockerill, 6 F.

Lieut. Bayard, 1 Life Gds.
— Wyly, 47 F.
— Croke, 56 F.
Ensign White, 10 F.
— Ingram, 84 F.
Assist. Surg. Brooke, 9 Dr.

Cancelled.

Capt. Horton, R. Staff Corps
Lt. Adams, do.
Assist. Surg. Lorimer, 42 F.

Superseded.

Assist. Surg. Parke, M. D. 23 F.

Dismissed.

Paymaster Sherlock, 81 F.

Deaths.

General Dowdeswell, late of 60 F.
Lieut.-Gen. Strickland, late R. Mar.
Maj.-Gen. Sir G. A. Madden, R. Portsmouth
8 Dec. 1828
Lieut.-Col. Payne, R. Art. Gibraltar 4 Dec.
Major Ord, Adj. R. Art. Woolwich do.
— Horsley, h. p. 60 F. 9 Sept.
Capt. Byron, 16 Dr. Meerut, Bengal 14 July
— Hemming, 44 F. Ghazepore, Bengal 7 June
— Mainwaring, 47 F. Berhampore, Bengal 7 April
— Woodward, 51 F.
— Bonello, R. Malta Fenc. Malta 23 Oct.
— J. C. Mackay, late 9 Vet. Bn. 4 Dec.
— William Grant, h. p. 5 F. Gds. 8 July 1827
— Hair, h. p. 2 F. Camden Town
27 Oct. 1828
— Walley, h. p. 14 F. 28 July 1827
— Jones, h. p. 21 F. 25 Nov.
— Humphrey, h. p. 45 F. Lifford, Ireland
6 Nov. 1828
— Palmer, h. p. 129 F. 15 Dec. 1823
— Rawlinson, h. p. R. Art. Ballincollig
5 Dec. 1828
— Duncan Campbell, h. p. R. Mar.
17 Sept. 1827
— Bristow, h. p. 12 Oct. 1828
— Ewart, h. p. 27 June 1827
— Baird, h. p. 25 Feb. 1828
— Thompson, h. p. Aug.
Lieut. Forstean, 12 F. Gibraltar 28 Nov.
— Williamson, 73 F. do. 11 do.
— Harris, R. Staff Corps
— Williams, R. Mar. 28 Aug.
— Faden, do. 9 Sept.
— Clapperton, do. 23 Mar.
— Caldwell, do.
— Jessop, do. 31 Jan.
— Salmon, Adj. R. Mar. 5 Oct.
— Williams, h. p. R. Mar. 28 Aug.
— J. Smith, ret. full pay, Royal Sappers and
Miners 10 Oct.
— Hannam, h. p. 7 F. 11 Nov.
— Forde, h. p. 9 F. 24 May 1828
— Kelly, h. p. 23 F. 21 June 1824
— Minster, h. p. 24 F. 21 Nov. 1828
— Stewart, h. p. 25 F. 19 Sept. 1825
— Brooks, h. p. 54 F. 29 Sept. 1823
— Brown, h. p. 60 F. 17 June 1827
— Shipley, h. p. 66 F. 12 Jan. 1822
— Evans, h. p. 75 F. 6 Feb.
— Carnie, h. p. 98 F. Guernsey 11 Nov. 1823
— De Pons, h. p. 3 Ceylon Regt. Sept. 22
— De Wedell, h. p. Brun. Cav.
Cornets. 2d Lieutenant, and Ensigns.
Roche, 5 F. Dinapore, Bengal 21 June 1828
Werge, 17 F. Gibraltar 16 Nov.
Nash, 27 F. St Vincent Nov.
White, 47 F. Berhampore, Bengal 2 Apr.
Appleton, R. Mar. 5 July
Butler, h. p. R. Mar. 20 Mar.
Lock, do. 4 Oct.
O'Bierne, do. 19 July
Mortimer, late of R. Mar. Nov. 1827
Chambers, h. p. 21 Dr. Sierra Leone 27 Aug. 1824
Coxe, h. p. 21 Dr. 18 Oct. 1827
Sir F. J. Falkiner, Bt. h. p. 4 F. 10 Nov. 1828
Lutton, h. p. 32 F.

Kerr, h. p. 3 Irish Brig. 6 Aug. 1821.
 De Quievell, h. p. Independent 30 July 1822
 Macnulty, b. p. Newf. Fenc. Bath, Upper Canada 7 Aug. 1823
 Paymaster Askew, h. p. Recruit District.
 ——— Burns, h. p. Queen's Rangers, Moffat 27. Sept.
 Quarter-Master Goodland, h. p. 19 Dr. Sheffield, 12 Nov.
 ——— Henderson, h. p. Caithness Fenc. 27 Aug.

Dep. Com. Gen. Eschauzier, h. p. Gibraltar 22 Nov. 1823
 As. Com. Gen. Baker, h. p. Ireland 11 May
 Dep. As. Com. Gen. Harrow, h. p. 27 Nov.
 Dep. Insp. Dunkin, h. p. Staff Surg. 3 Mar.
 Dep. Purv. C. J. Fisher, h. p. 5 Sept.
 Surg. Fraser, h. p. 75 F. Cork, 6 June
 As. Surg. Thomson, 38 F. Cawnpore, Bengal 11 Sept.

Fraser, 73 F. Gibraltar
 Hosp. As. Walsh, h. p. London

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF ENGLISH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 22d of November, and the 23d of December, 1828, extracted from the London Gazette.

Andrews, D. Cranbourne-street, straw-hat manufacturer.
 Audley, W. Hell-Hole-Gill, worsted-spinner.
 Arthur, J. H. Garlick-Hill, stationer.
 Alexander, H. Salford, common brewer.
 Appleton, T. White Horse-court, High Street, Southwark, hop-merchant.
 Bedford, T. Goswell-street, carpenter.
 Blackburn, J. Coleman-street, auctioneer.
 Brown, J. Greenwich, carrier.
 Barber, W. Gray's-Inn-lane, grocer.
 Beaumont, J. and A. Kirkheaton, manufacturers of fancy goods.
 Brown, J. B. Bulley, Gloucester, trader.
 Brunker, J. Westbury, clothier.
 Brown, J. Manchester, cotton-dealer.
 Banks, W. Wood-street, lace-manufacturer.
 Bullock, J. Strand, printer.
 Broughton, F. Great Russell-street, chemist.
 Beckett, J. and J. Jun. Hilston, grocers.
 Bolton, G. and J. and J. Wigan, brass-founders.
 Blackburn, R. Clerkheaton, printer.
 Clarkson, A. Arbor-terrace, Commercial-road, ship-owner.
 Christian, T. Crown-street, Finsbury-square, woollen-draper.
 Cohen, A. Lloyd's Coffee-house, merchant.
 Cooper, J. Nottingham, lace-manufacturer.
 Clark, A. St Mary-at-hill, coal-factor.
 Cafe, D. S. Beaumont-street, grocer.
 Crompton, J. Rushcroft, fusian-manufacturer.
 Clark, J. Kensington Gravel Pits, victualler.
 Corser, G., G. Naylor, and J. Hassall, White-church, bankers.
 Cockin, G. Sheepridge, fancy-manufacturer.
 Dodson, H. Red-lion-street, Southwark, hop-factor.
 Dunnett, J. Cheapside, toyman.
 Dodgson, W. F. Leeds, victualler.
 Davis, D. Friday-street, cotton-factor.
 D'Oyley, J. Oxford-street, draper.
 Dodgson, R. Preston, inn-keeper.
 Dickenson, J. Almondbury, fancy cloth-manufacturer.
 Embleton, R. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, tanner.
 Elliot, Mary, Bawtry, bookseller.
 Ellis, T. Sidney Street, Commercial Road, victualler.
 Fry, W. and J. and J. Chapman, St Mildred's Court, bankers.
 Farrer, J. Liverpool, merchant.
 Fisher, J. H. Exeter, carver and gilder.
 Fulwood, W. Birmingham, victualler.
 Fozard, J. Conduit-street, mercer.
 Golding, W. Lyncombe, Somerset, dealer.
 Goodhugh, R. Glasshouse-street, fishmonger.
 Gee, J. A. Salisbury-street, money-scrivener.
 Graham, W. Leeds, draper.
 Gibbs, E. Theobald's-road, corn-chandler.
 Hirst, H. sen. Northallerton.
 Horneyman, H. A. Threadneedle-street, tobacco-nist.
 Hudson, R. Norwich, stationer.
 Hargreaves, G. Liverpool, tailor.
 Hirschfield, F. Z. Billiter-square, merchant.
 Head, J. Egremont, paper-manufacturer.
 Hebron, H. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, merchant.
 Hatt, D. Camberwell, scrivener.
 Harter, J. Buckingham-street, wine-broker.
 Howell, H. Bengal, merchant.
 Hatchett, G. Hampstead, coal-merchant.
 Harper, J. Reading, draper.
 Jones, E. O. Gloucester, timber-merchant.
 Jones, J. Jun. Aston juxta, Birmingham, gun-maker.
 Jacob, J. Trevelthen, victualler.

James, D. Minories, woollen-draper.
 Kennington, J. Sheffield, mason.
 Kirby, W. Francis-street, music-dealer.
 Knight, C. Worthing, victualler.
 Kaye, W. Almondbury, fancy-cloth-manufacturer.
 Kirkman, H. R. St Paul's Church-yard, silk-warehouseman.
 Lavers, J. Buckfastleigh, worsted spinner.
 Lowick, W. Moulton, butcher.
 Luntley, P. J. and T. Milnes, Broad-street-hill, druggists.
 Linsdell, W. Tower Royal, umbrella-manufacturer.
 Mason, G. Cheeld, horse-dealer.
 Morris, T. Manchester, cotton-manufacturer.
 Manning, T. B. Lamb's Conduit-street, money-scrivener.
 Munton, T. Staines, linen-draper.
 Marsden, J. Halifax, coach-proprietor.
 Mason, G. Pershore, horse-dealer.
 Mellor, E. Lanthwaite, clothier.
 Mealing, W. High Wycombe, upholsterer.
 Moore, J. Camden Town, builder.
 Nightingale, H. Queen's-row, Piccolo, bookseller.
 Norton, G. Radcliffe-highway, chessmonger.
 Norton, W. and F. Jackson, Catene-street, warehouseman.
 Norton, W. Clayton, fancy-woollen manufacturer.
 Newsome, S. Batley, woollen-manufacturer.
 Nichols, W. H. Birmingham, victualler.
 Oakes, J. and R. Thomas, Carnarvon, grocers.
 Oldershaw, H. Union-place, wine-merchant.
 Peake, H. S. Rosemary-lane, victualler.
 Paten, R. Paddington, slate-merchant.
 Pillin, J. Talbot-inn-yard, High-street, Southwark, hop-merchant.
 Pagett, F. West Smithfield, publican.
 Pringle, E. North Shields, wine-merchant.
 Pocock, J. W. Huntingdon, builder.
 Rowe, R. Whittlebury-street, builder.
 Robinson, C. Stone, wine-merchant.
 Rider, T. Ashton-under-Lyne, cotton-spinner.
 Robinson, J. and J. Kitching, Sheffield, Britannia metal-manufacturers.
 Smith, J. Brighton, maker of sweets.
 Sandeman, A. M. Fleet-street, wine-merchant.
 Smith, N. Withington, miller.
 Smith, T. R. Wigmore-street, linen-draper.
 Smith, J. Cheltenham, tailor.
 Shelley, J. Hanley, sponge-dealer.
 Stobbs, H. J. Newgate-street, warehouseman.
 Seymour, E. Gerrard-street, dial-maker.
 Stevens, M. H. James's Place, Lambeth.
 Stevens, J. Kennington Common, bricklayer.
 Smith, W. E. Rotherhithe, boat-builder.
 Serbutt, J. Battersea, victualler.
 Turfroy, J. and J. Osborne, Hackney-road, cabinet-makers.
 Thomas, S. Leeds, victualler.
 Turner, W. Great George-street, Bermondsey, builder.
 Tucker, T. Sheldon, ship-builder.
 Tombs, J. Kempford, cattle-dealer.
 Vinton, R. Union-street, Old Artillery Ground, tailor.
 Williams, L. Grove Cottage, Holloway, merchant.
 Williams, E. Liverpool, builder.
 Wanklin, J. and B. Cheltenham, plasterers.
 Willis, J. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, builder.
 Wainwright, J. Sheffield, button-mould-manufacturer.
 Wood, T. Shepton Mallet, victualler.
 Wyatt, T. St Paul's Churchyard, warehouseman.
 White, J. Wakefield, carpenter.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF SCOTCH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 1st of November, and 31st December, 1828, extracted from the Edinburgh Gazette.

Adam, James, writer to the signet, Edinburgh.
 Anderson, Ebenezer, sometime accountant, thereafter one of the joint cashiers, of the Fife Banking Company; banker, linen-merchant, and corn dealer, now residing in America or elsewhere abroad.
 Blaikie, Thomas, grocer, High Street, Edinburgh.
 Brown, William, brewer, Galashiels.
 Chisholm, James, and Co. merchants, Glasgow.
 Christie, Margaret, merchant, Longside, Aberdeenshire.
 Cochran, John, and Co. cotton-yarn merchants, Glasgow.
 Dickson, R. and R. architects, builders, and brick manufacturers, Edinburgh and Portobello.
 Fleming, Robert, distiller, Luggieside, near Kirkintuloch.
 Fortune, Charles, baker, in Edinburgh.
 Fraser, James Bristow, writer and broker in Edinburgh.
 Gillespie, John, grocer, lately in Airdrie, now in Hutchesontown, Glasgow.

Guthrie, James, & Son, merchants in Glasgow.
 Leith, Alexander, coach-proprietor and trader, Glasgow.
 Macadam and Mackinlay, merchants in Glasgow.
 Mackinlay, Robert, merchant in Edinburgh.
 Pringle, John, Fletcher, Edinburgh.
 Reid, William, and Son, booksellers and stationers in Glasgow.
 Robertson, Joan and Archibald, timber merchants, and builders in Glasgow.
 Scott, William, jun. wholesale fruit merchant in Edinburgh.
 Shepherd, Robert, wright and builder, Cupar-Angus.
 Stewart, James, grazier and cattle dealer at Loak.
 Sharpe, William and John, merchants in Glasgow.
 Russell, William, grocer, How Street, Edinburgh.
 Tod, James, merchant in Glasgow.
 Watson and Lennox, merchants, Glasgow.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

May 1828. At Poonah, in the East Indies, the Lady of James Brydon, M.D. of the Bombay Medical Establishment, of a daughter.

Aug. 10. At Port Louis, Mauritius, the Lady of the Hon. Lieut-General Sir Charles Colville, of a daughter.

Sept. 7. At Carthagena de Columbia, the Lady of Robert Haldane, Esq. of a daughter.

11. At Hampden House, Jamaica, Mrs Blyth, wife of the Rev. Geo. Blyth, of a daughter.

Oct. 26. At Keithock, the Lady of Alex. Cruickshank, Esq. of Keithock, of a daughter.

— Mrs Mylne of Mylnefield, of a son.

30. At Westhouses, Mrs Williamson, of a daughter.

Nov. 1. At No. 18, Abercromby Place, Mrs Hunter, of a daughter.

2. At Aberdour House, Fifeshire, Mrs Robert Lindsay, of a son.

4. The Lady of Henry Hyndman, Esq. No. 22, Fladbury Street, Westminster, of a daughter.

5. At No. 3, Buccleuch Place, Mrs Carphin, of a son.

6. At Costes Crescent, the Lady of Thomas Murray Allan, Esq. of a son.

— Mrs R. Paul, 15, Lynedoch Place, of a daughter.

8. Mrs Bowie, No. 5, Albyn Place, of a son.

9. The Lady of Robert Stuart, Esq. of Annat, of a son.

10. At Clifton, Lady Stuart, of a son.

12. At his house, in Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, the Lady of the Hon. Thomas Erskine, of a son.

15. Mrs Johnston of Sands, of a son.

— At Hythe, in Kent, the Lady of the Right Hon. Lord Greenock, of a son and heir.

— At No. 8, Moray Place, Mrs George Wauchope, of a son.

16. At 15, York Place, Mrs Barker, of a son.

19. At Parkhall, the Lady of William Gordon Cuning Skene, Esq. of Pitlurg and Dyce, of a son.

20. At No. 58, George Square, Mrs Leburn, of a daughter.

21. At Vellore, Mrs Pearson of Myrecairnle, of a son.

— At Glorat House, Mrs Captain Stirling, of a daughter.

23. At her father's house, Edinburgh, the Lady of Murdoch MacLaine, Esq. of Lochbuy, of a son.

24. At No. 4, Albany Street, Mrs Crooks, of a daughter.

— At Cargen, the Lady of William Stothert, Esq. of a daughter.

— At Edinburgh, the Lady of John Shaw Stewart, Esq. of a son.

24. At Jedburgh, Mrs Robertson, of a son, still-born.

27. At Brighton Place, Portobello, Mrs M. Stenhouse, of a daughter.

— At 68, Queen Street, Mrs J. W. Brougham, of a son.

— At Pittrichie House, Mrs Mackenzie, Pittrichie, of a daughter.

28. At Omaha, Ireland, the Lady of Thomas Shelden, Esq. 91st Regiment, of a son.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Burn Murdoch of Gartincaber, of a son.

29. At Charlotte Street, Leith, Mrs Combe, of a daughter.

30. At Dalchasnie, the Lady of Lieut.-Col. M'Donald, 92d Regiment, of a daughter.

— At No. 6, James' Court, Mrs Edward Livingston, of a daughter.

— Mrs Day, No. 10, South College Street, of a son.

Dec. 1. At Invermoriston, Mrs Grant, of Glenmoriston and Moy, of a son.

— At St Anthony's Place, Leith, Mrs William Wyld, of a son.

2. The Lady of Capt. William Childers, 42d Regiment, of a son.

3. At Trinity, the Lady of R. A. Waugh, of a daughter.

4. At London, the Countess of Kinnoull, of a daughter.

5. At No. 23, Fettes Row, Mrs Shand, of a daughter.

8. At Knokepock, Mrs Gordon, of a daughter.

10. At No. 3, George Street, Mrs Forbes Leith, of Whitehaugh, of a son.

12. At Relugas, Lady Dick Lauder, of a daughter.

13. At Edinburgh, Mrs Henry Westmacott, of a daughter.

14. At Craigside, Mrs Robert Alexander, of a son.

15. At No. 17, Royal Circus, Mrs Pearson, of a son.

16. At Kennay House, Mrs Burnett, of a son.

— At Cockenzie, Mrs H. F. Cadell, of a daughter.

— At Nicolson Street, Mrs Dr Fairbairn, of a daughter.

— At West Minto Street, Newington, Mrs Gordon of Evie, of a son.

18. At No. 1, Wharton Place, the Lady of Dr Greville, of a son.

19. At Lasswade, Mrs William Tod, junior, of a daughter.

— In Hamilton Place, London, the Countess Gower, of a son and heir.

— At the Duke of Beaufort's, Badminton, Lady Georgiana Granville Ryder, of a son.

19. At Kirbaldy, Mrs D. Landale, of two daughters.
21. At London, the Right Hon. Lady Amelia Sophia Boyce, of a daughter.
- At Grange, Mrs Spears, of a son.
22. At London, the Lady of Sir George Clerk, Bart. M. P. of a son.
- At No. 39, London Street, Edinburgh, Mrs A. Scott, of a son.
- At Airhouse, Mrs Somerville, of a son.
- At Beaufort Castle, the Hon. Mrs Fraser of Lovat, of a son and heir.
- At Gattonside House, Roxburghshire, the Lady of George Lyon, Esq. of Kirkmichael, of a son.
23. At the manse of Torphichen, Mrs Scott, of a daughter.
28. At Lathallan, the Lady of John Small, Esq. of a son.
- At the Presidency of Madras, the Lady of Capt. Campbell, 33d regiment Native Infantry, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

- March 19, 1823. At Colombo, Ceylon, William Austin, Esq. surgeon, 97th regiment, to Miss Morris, daughter of Major Morris, late of the 97th regiment.
- July 7. At Negapatam, Thomas Prendergast, Esq. C. S. second son of Lieut.-Col. Prendergast, Military Auditor-General, Madras, to Caroline Lucy, third daughter of the late Martin Dalrymple, Esq. of Cleland, Lanarkshire.
10. At Madras, Sir James Home, Bart. of Blackadder, to Anna, eldest daughter of the late Andrew Stirling, Esq. of Drumpellier.
- Oct. 19. At the Old Church, Halifax, Capt. M. Mackay Sutherland, 93d Highlanders, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the late John Walker, Esq. of Crow Nest, Yorkshire.
23. At No. 63, Frederick Street, Mr William Graham, draper, Leith, to Caroline, second daughter of Robert Brown, Esq. architect.
25. At Florence, the Earl of Dartmouth, to the Hon. Frances Barrington, second daughter of Viscount Barrington.
- Nov. 3. At London, Charles Potter, Esq. of Dinting-Vale, in the county of Derby, to Grace, second daughter of David Gordon, Esq. Claremont Square, London.
- Thomas Rowlands, Esq. of London, to Thomasine Wood, eldest daughter of Mr Lorimer, Elm Rnw.
4. At Woodburn, Fifeshire, Francis Balfour, Esq. of Fernie Castle, to Margaret Georgina, eldest daughter of Graham Bower, Esq. of Kincaidrum.
- At Bonnington Lodge, Allan Stewart, Captain 3d Buffs, to Anna, daughter of the late Matthew Fortune, Esq.
5. At Great Stanmore, Middlesex, Captain Franklin, Royal Navy, to Jane, second daughter of John Griffin, Esq. Bedford Place.
6. At Munich, Yeats Brown, Esq. to the Hon. Steurt, fifth daughter of Lord Erskine, His Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the King of Bavaria.
7. At Castle-Craig, Alexander Begbie, Esq. to Margaret Eleanor, only daughter of the late Sir John Gibson Carmichael of Skirling, Bart.
- At Longfaugh House, Mr Robert Oliver, Turnedynes, to Margaret, daughter of the late Mr Harvey, Burnhouse.
8. At All Soul's Church, Mary-le-bone, Charles Augustus, Lord Howard de Walden, to the Lady Lucy Cavendish Bentinck, third daughter of the Duke of Portland.
- At Guernsey, H. Shaw, Esq. eldest son of Major Shaw, of London, to Louisa Hope, youngest daughter of James McNeill, Esq. deceased, Inspector of Hospitals, and grand-niece to the late Viscount Melville.
10. At his seat in Hampshire, the Hon. William Poite Tilney Long Wellesley, to Helena, third daughter of Col. Thomas Paterson, of Upper Seymour Street, Portman Square.
- At Newington, Thomas Oglvie, Esq. of Perth, to Barbara Helen, eldest daughter of Mr R. B. Blyth, merchant.
14. At Catherine Rank, Mr Timothy Lane, merchant, Leith, to Mary Ann, youngest daughter of John Hutchinson, Esq.

17. At Northwood, Robert Davis, Esq. royal navy, of Cowes, Isle of Wight, to the Right Hon. Dowager Lady Kirkcubright, of Haeberry Lodge, Southampton.
- Here, James Fairbairn, Esq. to Mary Elizabeth, eldest daughter of John Christopher Muller, Esq. Dumfries.
18. At Laurieston Place, Alexander Callender, Esq. assistant-surgeon, 45th Regiment, to Jane, only daughter of Mr. George Inglis, senior, leather factor.
- At No. 5, Archibald Place, Mr Robert Shirreff, Glasgow, to Miss Isabella Margaret Welsh.
19. At Mains of Cargill, John Gardiner, Esq. younger of Carse Grange, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of James Duncan, Esq. Mains of Cargill.
- At Halifax, Capt. M. Mackay Sutherland, 93d Highlanders, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the late John Walker, Esq. of Crow Nest, Yorkshire.
20. At Cotton Lodge, Alexander Robertson, Esq. of the College, Elgin, to Henrietta Bourguine, daughter of P. Wemyss, Esq. of Craighall.
- At Hope Park Street, Leith Walk, George Hamilton Bell, Esq. surgeon, Edinburgh, to Wilhelmina Milborough, daughter of William Mowbray, Esq. merchant, Leith.
21. Here, Mr John Ritchie, teacher of elocution, to Mrs Mary Stuart Chapman, relict of the late William Ritchie, Esq.
24. At Little Spott, Mr G. Mitchell, Haddington, to Eliza, second daughter of the late Mr Brodie.
25. John Hodgson Anderson, Esq. merchant, Leith, to Margaret, daughter of the late James Norrie, Esq. London.
- At Bamburg, George Harper, Esq. of Abbotford, New South Wales, to Margaret Eleanor, eldest daughter of the late Henry Howey, Esq. of Pasture Hill, Northumberland.
27. At Edinburgh, Captain Archibald Trotter, eldest son of Alexander Trotter, Esq. of Dregthorn, to Louisa Jane, the youngest daughter of James C. S. Strange, Esq.
26. At Alston, Mr Luke Pearson, of Allendale Town, Northumberland, to Jane, eldest daughter of the late John Little, Esq. of Ralse House, near Alston, Cumberland.
- Dec. 1. At the Water of Leith, Mr Robert Cockburn, to Margaret, daughter of the late Mr Thomas Burke, of the Customs.
2. James Hope, junior, Esq. W. S., son of the Right Hon. Charles Hope, Lord President of the Court of Session, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the Right Hon. David Boyle, Lord Justice Clerk.
3. At Middleton House, Col. Alex. Cumming, of the Bengal cavalry, to Jane, daughter of the late Arch. Hepburne Mitchelson of Middleton, Esq.
9. At Edinburgh, Mr Richard Brown, merchant, to Stewart, third daughter of Maurice Lothian, Esq. 29, Broughton Place.
- At Stirling, Anderson Angus, Esq. surgeon, R.N. to Margaret, only daughter of the late Captain George Sutherland, 71st Regiment.
10. At Inverkeilor, the Rev. John Kirk, minister of the gospel at Barry, to Christian Guthrie, only daughter of the Rev. Alexander Carnegie, minister of the gospel at Inverkeilor.
- At Strathfield-rye Church, John Forbes, Esq. M.P. eldest son of Sir Charles Forbes, Bart. M.P. to Mary Jane, eldest daughter of Henry Lannoy Hunter, Esq. of Beech Hill, Berkshire.
- At Edinburgh, John Barclay, Esq. Royal Navy, to Jane, second daughter of Harry Davidson, Esq.
11. At No. 29, Abercromby Place, Captain Macgregor, 78th Highlanders, to Elizabeth Mary Anne, eldest daughter of Col. Mair, Deputy-Governor of Fort-George.
- At Edinburgh, Lieut. John Bartleman, Bengal Infantry, to Mary, only daughter of the late A. Macdonald, Esq. of Laig, Inverness-shire.
- At Riverford, Ross-shire, the Rev. Alex. Macdonald, minister of Polkton, to Francis Juliana, daughter of the late Dr Robertson of Pitstruan.
13. At Arnage, William Allardyce, Esq. merchant in Aberdeen, to Mary, eldest daughter of John Leith Ross, Esq. of Arnage.
15. At Edinburgh, James Stewart, Esq. Royal Exchange, to Janet, daughter of James Young, Esq. 9t John Street.

16. At Aberdeen, James Conacher, Esq. writer, Dunkeld, to Ann Elisabeth, third daughter of the Very Rev. William Laurence Brown, D. D. Principal of Marischal College and University, Aberdeen.

— At St Skirling Main, the Rev. James Proudfoot, minister of Culter, to Janet, eldest daughter of Mr John Gibson, farmer, Skirling Main.

17. At Albany Street, North Leith, David Glassford, Esq. writer, Greenock, to Barbara Macpherson, eldest daughter of Mr Donald Macleod Belcher, accountant, Leith.

— Richard Haifoe, Esq. Royal Staff Corps, to Arabella Hamilton, youngest daughter of the late Col. Henderson, of Fowell Bank, Perthshire, and of Port Henderson, Jamaica.

19. At Grey Craig, Fifeshire, James Craig, Esq. surgeon, Ratho, to Ann Mercer, daughter of the late Rev. Dr Duncan, minister of Ratho.

22. At Edinburgh, Colonel J. Browne, Bombay Army, to Catherine, eldest daughter of William Child, Esq. of Glenosce.

— At Springfield House, David Seales, Esq. Glasgow, to Miss Barbara Cleland of Springfield, Cadder, Lanarkshire.

23. At Glasgow, Mr W. R. Macphun, bookseller, to Elizabeth, third daughter of the late Mr George Miller, merchant, Glasgow.

Lately—At St George's, Hanover Square, London, Lord Viscount Inglestrie, to Lady Sarah Beresford.

— At Paris, Charles Louis Augustus D'Auchamp, Officer of the 7th Royal Swiss Guard, to Augusta Carr James, only daughter of George James, Esq. late Major in the Scots Greys, and the Right Hon. Flaminia James, fifth daughter of James, seventeenth Earl of Errol.

DEATHS.

Jan. 1828. On board the East India Company's cruiser Elphinstone, in the Persian Gulf, Mr Robert Richard Maitland, youngest son of the late Robert Richard Maitland, Esq.

Mar. 19. At Bombay, David Seton, Esq. collector of his Majesty's customs, and late high sheriff, there, eldest son of the late Mr Christopher Seton, surgeon, Pittenweem.

April 7. At sea, on board the Isabella Robertson, on his passage to Penang for recovery of his health, Capt. P. Warren Grant, of the 34th Bengal Native Infantry, and Revenue Surveyor in Ays.

9. At Bagwagolah, Bengal, Lieut. William Briggs, 20th Native Infantry, second son of the late David Briggs, Esq. of Strathairn, Fifeshire.

May 1. At Sydney, New South Wales, after a severe illness, Mr Gilbert M'Leod, formerly editor of the *Spirit of the Union* newspaper in Glasgow.

6. At the Isle of France, John Cochran, Esq. surgeon, Royal Navy.

12. At Skelburne, Nova Scotia, the Rev. Mathew Dripps, a native of Kilmarnock.

23. At Keilah, in Bundelcund, James Hector Mackenzie, surgeon of the 3d Regiment Light Cavalry, East India Company's service.

25. At Dinapore, Ensign George C. Kerr Hay, of the 13th Bengal Native Infantry, son of John Hay, Esq. B. M. Sunderland.

26. At Dharwar, in the East Indies, Adam Maitland, Esq. of the Civil Service of the East India Company, fourth son of Adam Maitland, Esq. of Dundrennan.

June 14. At Chittagong, Capt. J. G. Macbean, of the 52d Regiment, Bengal Native Infantry.

July 2. At Madras, Dr Brown, of Brandom, Perthshire, Inspector of Hospitals, and Principal Medical Officer to his Majesty's Forces in that Presidency.

Aug. 1. At New York, Andrew Brown, Esq. formerly merchant in Leith. It is requested his relations and friends will accept of this notification of his death.

2. At Sierra Leone, Lieut.-Col. Lumley, Lieutenant-Governor of that settlement.

16. At his residence, Dundas, Halton Crunty, Mr Edward Leslie, merchant. Mr L. was a native of Dundee, of which town he was for nearly forty years an eminent bookseller and publisher.

Sept. 15. At Demerara, Dr Alexander Macdonald.

23. At Chaffry Mills, Upper Canada, Mr John Shirreff, late of Leith.

31. At Batavia, Mr John Robert Turing, in the 36th year of his age.

Oct. 2. Died at Perth, Mrs Margaret Archibald, spouse of the Rev. Richard Black.

19. At St Petersburg, Robert Glen, Esq. for a considerable time senior member of the British Factory in that city.

— At Berwick, Mr Miller Ritchie, printer, aged 77.

22. Accidentally drowned in the river Thames, below Gravesend, William Charles Alison, eldest son of the late Mr William Alison, of Dundee.

— The celebrated General Mack.—Since the event of the surrender of Ulm to the French army commanded by Bonaparte, he lived in the greatest privacy, on a pension from the Emperor of Austria.

23. At Edinburgh, Mrs Alicia Hopkins, wife of Mr William Allan, Leopold Place, Edinburgh.

27. In Finch Lane, London, Mr James Glenzie, sixth son of the late Dr Glenzie, minister of Maryculter.

28. At Pau, in France, Sarah Campbell, wife of Alexander Scott Bromfield, Esq.

— At Maybole, James Wilson, aged 92. He had 15 children, 43 grand-children, and three great grand-children, making in all 63.

— At Piershill Barracks, Captain Alfred Shewell, of the 5d Dragoon Guards, in the 26th year of his age, fourth son of Edward Shewell, Esq. of Bryanstone Square, London.

— At Elgin, Mrs Jean Brander, relict of James Brander, Esq. of Pitgavenny, in the 82d year of her age.

30. At Leith, Mr John Van Stavern.

— At Warriston Crescent, Mr Robert Spalding.

31. At his house, Castlehill, Mr John Yellowlees, painter.

— At Hastings, Robert Sutherland, Esq. late of the Island of St Vincent, in the West Indies, and of Millmount in Ross-shire.

Nov. 1. At No. 84, Lauriston, Mr Wm. Mirtle, youngest son of the late Wm. Mirtle, Esq. Boon, Berwickshire.

— At Edinburgh, Mr Robert Mitchell, merchant.

— At Markinch, Jane Barclay, relict of James Meilis, Esq. of Newhall, Kincardineshire.

2. At Portobello, Mrs Margaret L. Scott Nisbet, widow of John Scott Nisbet, Esq. of Craigintinie.

— Mrs Orr, No. 13, Forth Street.

— At his house, India Street, Mr James Eastmont.

— At Burnhead, near Stow, Lieut. John Shirreff, late of the 10th Regiment of Foot.

3. At Edinburgh, John Granger, Esq. writer to the signet.

— At Leith, Mrs Helen Duncan, wife of Mr Thomas Thomson, Glasworks there.

— At the Manse of Beith, Mrs Harriet Crawford, wife of the Rev. James Muir, minister of that parish.

— Of the malignant fever at Gibraltar, Charles Steuart, Esq. 42d Royal Highlanders, second son of the late Charles Steuart, Esq. of Dalgounie.

4. At Dunbar, Mrs Katherine Henderson, widow of the Rev. John Henderson, Dunbar.

5. At Pinnacle-hill, near Kelso, Miss Jane Davidson, youngest daughter of the late John Davidson, Esq. of Ravelrig.

— At Edinburgh, Agnes Ronaldson, in the 62d year of her age, spouse of Mr Richard Fraser.

6. At Buttercane, Berwickshire, Mr James Smith Mack, of the Sheriff-clerk's Office, Edinburgh.

7. At Edinburgh, in the 78th year of her age, Mrs H. Forbes Scott, wife of Mr James Pillans, senior, printer, Edinburgh.

8. James Willerforce Marshall, infant son of the Rev. James Marshall.

— At Gateshead, in the county of Durham, Mr Thomas Bewick, the celebrated wood engraver, in the 76th year of his age. For some time previous his constitution, naturally strong, was visibly breaking up, and though he worked at his profession in his own house till within four or five days of his death, he seldom, during the last 12 months, ventured out to attend his business at Newcastle.

9. At Portsoy, the Rev. Daniel Cruickshank, minister of that place, aged 90.

— At his house in Hasover Square, London, at an advanced age, Dr Pearson, an eminent physician and celebrated chemist.

10. At No. 11, Archibald Place, Miss Ann Watterston.

— At Portobello, Mrs Janet Jameson, relict of William Jameson, Esq. of Rosefield, Portobello.

11. At Edinburgh, Mrs Murray, widow of Lord Henderland, and daughter of Sir Alexander Lindsay of Evelick.

— At Corry, in the Isle of Skye, Lauchlan Mackinnon, Esq. of Corry.

— At Fyfe Place, Leith Walk, Mrs Manuel.

— At Edinburgh, on the 11th inst. Mr Andrew McKean, writing-master of the High-School. Mr McKean was in tolerable health, and taught in his class on the Friday preceding. He was for many years in the situation which he filled with so much credit to himself and advantage to his pupils.

12. At Lodon, Mrs Hamilton, relict of James Hamilton, Esq. Artillery Place, Finistury Square.

— At her son's house, St Andrew Street, Mrs Morison, aged 75.

— At Roxburgh Street, Mrs Catherine Beck, wife of Mr Robert Douglas, commission-agent.

— At Salisbury Street, Mrs Elizabeth Liddell, daughter of the late Mr David Liddell, merchant, Leith.

— At Kirkebright, David MacCulloch, Esq. of Torhousekie.

— At London, Mrs Hamilton, relict of the late James Hamilton, M. D. London.

13. At Howard Place, Edinburgh, Mr William Houy, writer in Kells.

— At Auchtyfardie, Hugh Moosman, Esq. of Auchtyfardie, convener of the County of Lanark.

— At Elm Cottage, Kelso, Mrs Elizabeth Mary Dickson, relict of Vice-Admiral William Dickson of Sydenham.

— At his house, St Vincent Street, Mr Robert Wilson, late baker in South Queensferry.

14. At Cairnbank, Berwickshire, Miss Ainslie, only daughter of the late Robert Ainslie, Esq. of Darnchester.

— At Cranston, the Rev. Walter Fisher, minister of that parish.

— At Hermitage Hill, Leith, Miss Elizabeth Waddell.

— At his house, No. 11, Waterloo Place, Mr Alexander McIntyre, Solicitor Supreme Courts.

15. At Edinburgh, Mrs Susan Magdalene Stevenson, of the Black Bull Hotel.

— At Edinburgh, Mr Wm. Birrell, cabinet-maker in Edinburgh.

— At Trees, W. W. Finlay, Esq.

— At Mayfield, May Robertson McDonald, daughter of Captain George McDonald, 92d Highlanders.

— The Queen Dowager of Saxony, in the 77th year of her age. She was sister to the late King of Bavaria.

16. At Taaphall, Bonnington, in his 96th year, Mr James Grindlay.

— At Dalsert House, Cecilia Dorothea, youngest daughter of Hugh Moosman, Esq. younger of Auchtyfardie.

— At Ramsay Lodge, Portobello, Miss F. Nicolson.

— At Lauder, Miss Isabella Ford, daughter of the late Rev. Dr James Ford, minister of Lauder.

17. At the Manse of Clunie, Perthshire, Mrs Euphemia Dawson Macritchie, wife of the Rev. W. Macritchie, minister of Clunie.

— Mr John Kirk, brewer, Drumdrynn.

— At Newton of Abbotshall, Mr Andrew Inglis, merchant, Kirkcaldy.

— At No. 8, Gayfield Square, John Bannerman Macleod, youngest son of the late Colonel Donald Macleod of St Kilda.

— At London, Lieut.-Colonel John Duff, late of the Hon. East India Company's Service.

18. At Auchtermuchty, Mr James Richardson, aged 87.

— At Gilmillcroft, Ayrshire, James Gray Farquhar, Esq. of Gilmillcroft, Lieutenant-Col. of the Ayrshire Militia.

19. Miss Margaret Neilson, daughter of the late James Neilson, Esq. of Mill Bank.

— At Norton Place, Edinburgh, T. Mylne, Esq. late Major in the army.

20. At Glasgow, Arch. Lamont, of Robroyston, Esq.

21. At No. 13, George Square, in the 77th year of her age, Mrs Susan Moncrieff, relict of the Rev. William Paul, one of the ministers of St Cuthbert's.

22. At No. 3, North Charlotte Street, Miss Jessie Williams, daughter of the late Rev. Thomas Williams.

— At Heriot Hill, Beatrice, daughter of John Bruce, Esq.

— At Rosebank, Mr Stewart Seales.

— At Keith, the Rev. Robert Urquhart, medical practitioner there.

— At Inverness, Mrs Macfarlane, relict of Bishop Macfarlane.

— At her house, No. 2, Abercromby Place, Edinburgh, the Hon. Miss Susanna Hamilton.

23. At Hastings, Miss Anne Grant, aged 17, sister to the late William Grant, Esq. of Congalton.

24. At Flatfield House, Cause of Gowrie, Mr Peter Thomas Drummond Boyd, surgeon, R. N.

— At Warriston Crescent, Melville Balfour, Esq. merchant, Edinburgh.

— At Haddington, Mr Richard Hay, writer.

25. At Paris, Donna Marie-Therese de Bourbon, Princess of Peace, Countess of Chinchon, daughter of Don Louis of Spain, and sister to the Cardinal de Bourbon, Archbishop of Toledo.

26. At St Andrews, Mrs Scott.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Elizabeth Duna, wife of Alexander Graham, Esq. and upon the 1st Dec. Elizabeth Mary Anne, their infant daughter.

27. At Tregoles, near Truro, in Cornwall, aged 76, Thomas Spry, Esq.

— At London, Louisa, wife of the Rev. J. M. Turner, rector of Wilmsham, Cheshire.

28. At the Manse of Lundie, the Rev. Thomas Rait, minister of Duodde and Foulis, in the 53d year of his age, and 54 of his ministry.

— At sea, Mr Alex. Reddie, of the schooner Traveller of Limekilns, while on his passage from Calis to London.

30. Here, Miss Henrietta Rymer, daughter of the late David Rymer, Esq. Borrowstoness.

Dec. 1. At Parkerswell House, near Exeter, in the 8th year of her age, Mrs Gifford, mother of the late Lord Gifford, Master of the Rolls.

— At his house, No. 27, George Square, Archibald Campbell, Esq.

— At St Helier's, Jersey, John Smyth Kinloch, second son of George Kinloch, Esq. of Kinloch.

— At Park Crescent, London, Thomson Bonnar, Esq. of Elmstead and Camden Place, Kent.

2. At Gungreen House, Berwickshire, Mrs Home, wife of the Rev. George Home, of Gungreen, aged 81.

— Here, Charles Richard Menzies, youngest son of Captain William Menzies, No. 114, George Street.

— At Cousland, Alexander, son of Mr Alexander Wilson, merchant, Dalkeld.

3. At his seat, Scivelshy Court, county of Lincoln, in the 64th year of his age, the Rev. John Dymoke, the Hon. the King's Champion, Prebendary of Lincoln, Rector of Scivelshy-cum-Dalderby, &c.

4. At Posso, Peebles-shire, Sir James Nasmyth of Posso, Bart.

— At Culross, Mrs Christian Geddes, relict of Lawrence Dalgleish, Esq. of Westgrange.

— At Rankellor Street, Edinburgh, Isobel Urquhart, wife of Mr William Buchanan, of the Bank of Scotland.

5. At Edinburgh, Eliza, eldest daughter of Mr William M'Hutchen, agent for the European Life Insurance Company.

— At Barnton House, Miss Jane Watson, eldest daughter of the deceased James Watson, Esq. of Saughton.

— At No. 10, Moray Place, Francis Charles Jennings, Esq.

6. At London, Captain Sir William Hoste, Royal Navy, Bart. K.C.B.

— At Pentonville, near London, William Stalker, of Inchney, Lanarkshire, the last of thirteen sons of the late John Stalker, Esq.

7. At Edinburgh, Mrs Margaret Findlay, relict of James M'Farlane, Esq. of Bath.

— At No. 10, Scotland Street, Janet Davidson, aged 17, second daughter of Mr David K. Whytt, bookseller.

7. At Kirkcaldy, Alexander Eason Aytoun, eldest son of Mr James Aytoun.

9. At Workington Hall, aged 73, J. C. Curwen, Esq. Member of Parliament for the county of Cumberland.

— Mr William Hamilton, of the Rainbow Coffee-house, Edinburgh.

10. At her house, North Frederick Street, Mrs Janet Wedderburn, relict of George Bruce, Esq. of Langlee.

11. At No. 3, Buccleuch Place, James Romanes, second son of Mr Jas. Romanes, merchant, Edinburgh.

— At No. 18, Pilrig Street, Malcolm, third son of Alexander Wright, Esq. seed-merchant, Edinburgh.

— At his house, Newington, Francis Nalder, Esq.

— At Montague Street, Marjory, youngest daughter of the late Rev. James Nicol, minister of Traquair, Peebles-shire.

12. At Leith Walk Cottage, James Gregory, M.D. surgeon, Royal Navy, and late of the Naval Hospital, Port Royal, Jamaica.

13. At Milbank, Nairnshire, Mrs Colonel Mackintosh, relict of Lieutenant-Colonel Mackintosh, 97th Regiment of Foot.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Ann Hay, wife of Alex. Thomson, Esq. W. S.

— At Edinburgh, John Thomson, Esq. of Burnhouse.

— At Buccleuch Place, Edinburgh, George, youngest son of Pulteney Moir, Esq. Forge Lodge, Dumfriesshire.

14. At Hampton Court, Sir John Thomas, Bart. at the advanced age of 83.

— At Hermitage Place, Leith, Miss Elizabeth Weddell.

— The Rev. Robert Scott, minister of the United Associate Congregation, Burghhead, Morayshire.

15. Mrs Frances M'Ewen, wife of Mr Thomas Clark, riding-school, Edinburgh.

16. At Cupar-Angus, Mr John Irvine, portrait-painter, Edinburgh.

— At Middlefield House, William M'Kenzie, Esq. of Strathgarve.

17. At Milton House, John Johnstone Lee, fourth son of the Rev. Dr Lee.

— At Glasgow, Mr John Hall, wine merchant.

18. At Kirkliston, Mr Alexander Robson, of Edinburgh, son of the late Rev. John Robson, Cupar Fife.

19. At Aberdeen, Helen M'Donald, wife of Capt. George M'Donald, late of the 84th Regiment.

— At Duncan Street, Newington, Mary William, youngest daughter of Mr Crauford of the Customs.

— At the Manse of Fyvie, the Rev. John Falconer, thirty-five years minister of that parish.

20. At Auchindimny House, Archibald Fletcher, Esq. advocate, in the 88th year of his age; and, at Tadcaster, on the 15th, Elizabeth Mary Tay-

lor, his grand-daughter, in the 14th year of her age.

21. At Clifton, Lady Sawyer, the wife of Admiral Sir Herbert Sawyer, K.C.B.

— At Craigmaddie, Lieut.-General Thomas Peter of Craigmaddie, aged 71.

22. At 83, Prince's Street, Mrs Jane Gillespie, wife of James Donaldson, Esq.

— At Edinburgh, Marion, eldest daughter of Patrick Borthwick, Esq. manager of the National Bank.

23. At Springfield House, Lasswade, Mrs Cum-ling, relict of Thomas Cumling, Esq. banker in Edinburgh.

— At No. 16, Royal Circus, Caroline, third daughter of William Renny, Esq. W. S.

24. At London, Dr Wollaston, aged 68, having to the end of his life evinced all that calmness, self-possession, devotedness to science, and love of his fellow-creatures, which was to be expected from his character throughout the whole of his career.

Lately, Robert Walker Betson, formerly of Honduras, son of the late Capt. David Betson, 9th regiment of Foot, of wounds, which he received in the contending armies of Central America.

— At Grand Cairo, aged 26, Mr James Webster, of the Inner Temple, fifth son of the late Rev. John Webster, of Inverlary, county of Forfar.

— At Poros, of a fever, Brudenell James Bruce, Ensign in the 3d Regiment of Guards, second son of the late Hon. Charles Andrew Bruce, and of Charlotte Sophia Dashwood, and nephew to the Earl of Elgin.

— In London, Major Charles Stewart of the Royal Marines.

— Lieutenant-Colonel Strickland, of the Royal Marines.

— At Green Park, Youghal, the residence of his son-in-law, Captain Henry Parker, R. N. the Right Hon. Francis, Earl of Huntingdon, &c. &c.

— At Boxford, in Suffolk, Alexander Hogg, Esq. purser in the Royal Navy. This officer was with the late Captain Cook, in his voyage of discovery, in the year 1777.

— At his seat at Bellevue, in the county of Wicklow, aged 96, Peter La Touche, Esq.

— At Malta, Edward Daisel, Esq. of his Majesty's civil service, there.

— At Mount Terrace, Somersetshire, Mrs Dundas, relict of Rear-Admiral Dundas.

— At Parham, in Sussex, the Right Hon. Lord Delazouche.

— At No. 16, Albany Street, Jane, second daughter of the late Alexander Ritchie, Esq. of Bearhill.

— At 2, Drummond Street, William Edward Thin, youngest son of the late Mr John Thin, architect, Edinburgh.

— At Greenock, about a fortnight ago, Janet Stewart, at the advanced age of 101. She was a native of Glengarry.

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THE ASSEMBLING OF PARLIAMENT.

THE assembling of Parliament forms at all times an inviting theme to remark and speculation ; in the present year it is by various circumstances rendered an irresistibly inviting one to ourselves.

Incredible are the changes which are witnessed by the present generation. No preparations of party warfare gave interest and pomp to the approach of the Session. Nothing was said of the accessions of strength purchased by the Ministry, or of the overpowering attacks contemplated by the Opposition. Profound silence was observed touching the Amendment ; and not a calculation was hazarded to indicate how the numbers would stand on the first important division. Even the names of the new speakers who were to astonish the House, and adorn the country, were never mentioned.

What a contrast does this form to what took place when the mighty Dead gathered their glories !

It would be very idle in us, at a moment like this, to enquire how far this state of things is to be ascribed to the state of parties. It has been produced mainly by the system on which the Ministers of this country have acted for the last four or five years.

Although this system has been so long practised, it has never been properly reduced to rule and precept. It has passed from cabinet to cabinet, and from Minister to Minister, orally and by example ; but it has never been fairly placed before the world, in full and methodical detail. The Wellington Ministry is still in its infancy, and what its conduct will be, is in some

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measure unknown ; but as it has exhibited symptoms of being anxious to adhere to and improve upon the system, we will give an elaborate description of the latter. Such a description may be as beneficial to the empire at large, as to the Ministry ; we think it is called for to preserve both from egregious and fatal errors.

In one respect, we who write are not wholly disqualified for giving it. For several years we have, in this Magazine, trod the rugged, thorny, and stormy path of independence. We have followed neither individual nor party ; we have courted neither the favours of the great, nor the shouts of the multitude ; and it has been too often our lot to have to brave at the same moment, the bitter animosity of official men, the delirium of the populace, and national delusion. The same Ministers and public men whom we have warmly eulogised in one hour, we have as strongly censured in the next, according to their conduct. We shall not therefore be suspected of wishing to serve one public man or party, to the prejudice of another.

If such suspicion lurk in any quarter, let it be dispelled by this confession. Upon re-considering our past opinions, having been moved thereto by the splendid examples of the age, we find them to be wholly erroneous, and we of course cast them to the winds. We are determined not to be left alone in the regions of bigotry and prejudice, therefore we abjure our creed. We are no longer Bigots, but Liberals. Our conversion, however, —slow conversions have in them the

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most reality,—is not yet totally completed; but it already reaches this point: we feel no more respect for the Duke of Wellington and Mr Peel, than for Mr Brougham and Mr Huskisson—for the present Tory Ministry, than we should feel for a Whig one. We even think Mr Brougham and Mr Huskisson are more honest men than the Duke of Wellington and Mr Peel, and that a Whig Ministry would hardly be so pernicious a one as the existing Tory one is. It is a great matter that we are able, in imitation of the leaders of the Cabinet, to shake off old friends, connexions, and partialities; although we cannot yet go to the finish with them in loving and combining ourselves with old enemies. The latter must be with us a work of time; our natural man is stubbornly opposed to it; and nature, bigoted and prejudiced though it be, cannot be subdued in a moment.

These are indeed days of improvement! Impossibilities are swept away; the sun of human perfectibility has risen, and its radiance shews that even Divine Revelation is a mass of error. Its glorious rays have shot from law and institution, to principle and feeling; and now it is discovered, that every thing which the greatest men of past times called truth and wisdom, is directly the reverse. What a wonderful creature is man! What will he not soar to, when he has already rendered himself so much the superior of his Maker!

The system, of which we now commence the description, is the most astonishing of all the improvements. It surpasses all that mortal ingenuity, exquisitely improved as it is, might have been thought capable of producing.

The fundamental principle of this system is—*A Ministry exists solely for its own interest and benefit.* When the reader has paused a sufficient time in admiration of the intellect which could conceive so sublime a truth, let him contrast it with the principle which was acted on previously to late years, viz.—*A Ministry exists for the benefit of the empire.*

What did a Ministry reap from this old, exploded principle? Evils of every description. Bound hand and foot to what bigotry called public duty, it was compelled to incur calamitous losses, to wage perilous warfare, to hazard every thing, and not seldom to plunge into destruction.

History exhibits melancholy proofs that this principle has constrained various Ministries to terminate their own existence.

Such men of the past as Lord Chatham, Pitt, Burke, Fox, &c., acted upon it; and notwithstanding this conclusive evidence of their ignorance and imbecility, they were, until recently, looked on as eminent authorities! The bigotry and prejudice from which the country has miraculously escaped surpass description.

The gigantic advantages which will flow from the new principle, were illustrated with singular felicity by Mr Peel, in his speech delivered on the first night of the Session. Acting upon it, if a Ministry be assailed by a powerful enemy, it can, by wheeling round and placing itself at the head of this enemy, convert the threatened attack into the means of its own security and profit. If numerous foes hest it, an alliance of this kind with the most powerful of them, will enable it to laugh to scorn the remainder. It can always make itself invincible against any Opposition, by regularly adopting its principles and schemes, no matter how immeasurably superior the latter may be to it in talent and numbers. If it can only preserve power by pulling to pieces the Constitution, it can do the latter without exposing itself to danger. By keeping itself, in the manner we have stated, continually in harmony with the Opposition, it will always have a majority in Parliament, which will enable it to treat with derision the hostile opinion and efforts of the country. Then the saving in toil and intellect will be immense. No long speeches—no stormy discussions—no laborious study—no tedious search for information—no midnight divisions—none of the consuming cares and exertions which heretofore sunk so many leading Ministers into a premature grave, will be necessary. But the most splendid point will be, the need for talent and wisdom will be wholly removed. The Ministry may consist of beardless lordlings, Chelsea pensioners, or any hangers-on; an Opposition of some kind or other will save it the trouble of thinking, and natural instinct will do all that may be requisite beside, for keeping it in being. Mr Peel, in the inimitable speech to which we have alluded—a speech which will be inimitable to the last hour of oratory

—argued, with equal truth and force, that as he could not make head against his opponents, it was his duty to go over to them—that as the Ministry could not govern according to its own principles, it ought to do so according to the conflicting ones of those who opposed it—that as it could not go on, or, in other words, keep in existence, except by placing itself at the head of its enemies to destroy what it had attempted to defend, it ought to do so. What fine and unanswerable logic! None but days of improvement like these could have produced it. How unassailably it establishes what we have advanced! Under the new principle, a Ministry may make itself eternal; we speak literally, for we feel assured that the progress of improvement will soon render the bodily part of at least Ministers of State immortal. As to soul, it is not over certain that some of them have any.

It will be obvious to all, from whose eyes the scales of bigotry have fallen, that this principle makes it imperiously necessary for a Ministry to divest itself scrupulously of every vestige of what bigotry and prejudice call principle, integrity, and consistency. This is old-fashioned logic, but nevertheless improvement has not yet impaired its truth. The Ministry may profess to entertain a creed, or side with a party, for the moment; but it must be careful to shew that this has nothing to do with conviction, and that it is ready, at the nod of interest, to reverse the one and betray the other. In general it must take “a position of neutrality.” Whenever a contest may take place between two creeds, or parties, compromising its own interests, it must leave its “position of neutrality,” and, without enquiring how far the state is identified with, or represented by, either of the belligerents, it must address them in terms like these: “Worthy friends, I have my opinions and predilections in these matters, but they do not sway me in the least—your war does me no small injury, and in the upshot it may bring on me the deplorable loss of place and stipend—the fact that you are at war, proves conclusively, according to the newly-invented logic, that you are equally culpable, that you are one as deep in error as the other—I must therefore compel you to make peace on the basis of equal sacrifice. Ha-

ving done this, it must, as its interests may dictate, compel the one side to surrender, without equivalent, the principal part, or the whole, of what may be demanded by the other. Whatever it may pretend to in the abstract, it must practically profess one creed to-day and an opposite one to-morrow, side with one party in this moment and attack it in the next, avoid all permanent connexion with the community, or any part of it, and be a mere automaton at the will of its own ease and profit.

All this renders it imperative on a Ministry to rigidly exclude from office all men of decided principle. It must scrupulously shun all connexion with such men. If it even number them amidst its subordinate members, they will form to it a source of endless disquiet and damage. Their strong language will create it enemies—their clear expressions will prevent it from covering itself with the cloud of equivocation and double-meaning—their openness will embarrass it with pledges—and their unpliant nature will impede intolerably the velocity of its movements from one faith or side to another. It must therefore stigmatize every man who conscientiously avows and acts upon principle, as an Ultra and a person of extreme opinions; and it must take its connexions, either from those who proclaim that they have no principles by professing neutrality and condemning all sides, or from those who on all occasions avow their readiness to pare down their principles to any point which opponents may call for.

In addition, a Ministry must studiously cherish and reward what the bigots call apostasy. If a brainless youth stand up in Parliament, and insult the ashes of his deceased father by abjuring his creed, it must bestow on him some beneficial office. If a member of the Legislature change his principles, it must eulogize the change as a dazzling proof of his wisdom, honour, and virtue. It will act with extreme prudence, if it use the dignities and emoluments of the state in buying over recruits from the ranks of its opponents. Men who have once changed their faith will change it again at every call; the first change proves, that in them the obsolete prejudice, consistency, can never take root. Acting on these directions, a Ministry may

always feel confident of being able to veer round the compass of principle, with as much ease as the weathercock veers round a compass of another kind.

By these means, a Ministry will enjoy all the sweets of power without any of the responsibility. In all party contention it will be a kind of neutral agent, acting for both sides as peace-maker, having both at its mercy, and despoiling both at its pleasure. It will have the State completely under its feet.

Burke, in the reign of bigotry, was thought a man of some talent: in these days, the meanest newspaper scribblers and understrappers of office so far surpass him, as to be able to ridicule his absurdities. He had nevertheless his gleams of understanding, and we will quote him to shew the advantages which a Ministry may derive from this neutral agency. What we are about to quote relates to the conduct of the Allies in mediating in France between the royalists and republicans; and to the proposition for excluding all Frenchmen who had taken a decided part on either side from such mediation. This proposition is virtually acted on in this country, when a liberal Ministry takes its "position of neutrality," purges itself of men of "extreme opinions," and mediates between Whigs and Tories, Protestants and Catholics, &c. &c.

The Bigot says of it:—"It amounts to neither more nor less than this shocking proposition—that we ought to exclude men of honour and ability from serving their and our cause; and to put the dearest interests of ourselves and our posterity into the hands of men of no decided character, without judgment to choose, and without courage to profess ANY PRINCIPLE WHATSOEVER."

We give this merely to shew what preposterous prejudice passed in the barbarous ages for wisdom.

He proceeds:—"Such men can serve no cause for this plain reason—they have no cause at heart. They can at best only work as mere mercenaries. They have not been guilty of great crimes, but it is only because they have not energy of mind to rise to any height of wickedness. They are not hawks or kites; they are only miserable fowls, whose flight is not above their dunghill or hen-roost. But they trem-

ble before the authors of these honours. (Query. Does the word authors, mean the Whig leaders, or the Catholic ones?) They admire them at a safe and respectful distance. There never was a mean and abject mind, that did not admire an intrepid and dexterous villain. In the bottom of their hearts they believe such hardy miscreants to be the only men qualified for great affairs; if you set them to transact with such persons, they are *instantly subdued*. They dare not so much as look their antagonist in the face. They are made to be his subjects, not his arbiters and controllers."

"These men to be sure can look at atrocious acts without indignation, and can behold suffering virtue without sympathy. *Therefore they are considered as sober, dispassionate men. But they have their passions, though of another kind, and which are INFINITELY MORE LIKELY TO CARRY THEM OUT OF THE PATH OF THEIR DUTY.* They are of a tame, timid, languid, inert temper, wherever the welfare of OTHERS is concerned. In such causes, *as they have no motives to action, they never possess any real ability, and are totally destitute of all resource.*"

"Believe a man who has seen much and observed something. I have seen in the course of my life a great many of that family of men. *They are generally chosen because they have no opinion of their own; and as far as they can be got in good earnest to embrace any opinion, it is that of whoever happens to employ them, (neither longer nor shorter, narrower nor broader,) with whom they have no discussion or consultation.* The only thing which occurs to such a man when he has got a business of others into his hands, is HOW TO MAKE HIS OWN FORTUNE OUT OF IT. *The person he is to treat with, is not with him an adversary over whom he is to prevail, but a new friend he is to gain; THEREFORE HE ALWAYS SYSTEMATICALLY BETRAYS SOME PART OF HIS TRUST. Instead of thinking how he shall defend his ground to the last, and if forced to retreat, how little he shall give up, this kind of man considers how much of the interest of his employer he is to sacrifice to his adversary.* HAVING NOTHING BUT HIMSELF IN VIEW, he knows that in serving his principal with zeal, he must probably incur some resentment

from the opposite party. *His object is to gain the good-will of the person with whom he contends, that when an agreement is made, he may join in rewarding him.*"

The defunct Dotard actually then says,—*"I would not take one of these as my arbitrator in a dispute for so much as a fish-pond—FOR IF HE RESERVED THE MUD TO ME, HE WOULD BE SURE TO GIVE THE WATER, THAT FED THE POOL, TO MY ADVERSARY!"* He speaks thus of the only men who possess capacity, and who are not utterly disqualified for taking part in the management of public affairs; and yet, incredible though it seems, his opinions were once extensively believed in! Thrice happy country—to have emancipated itself from the ruinous prejudices of such bigots!

A liberal Ministry, acting on the new system, will separate the instruction contained in what we have quoted from the errors and calumnies with which it is associated. It will find in this instruction what kind of men it ought exclusively to consist of. Bearing in mind that it exists for its own benefit only, and that as a neutral agent it ought in settling differences between contending parties to fleece both to the utmost, it must select its members accordingly. If it venture beyond the "sober dispassionate men"—the men who, when they get a business of others into their hands, think only "how to make their own fortune out of it"—it will ruin itself. And let it beware, not only of eagles, but of "hawks and kites;" for the latter in their flights may lead it into acts alike unseemly and injurious. Let it scrupulously confine itself to the "miserable fowls," and find security in their inability to soar above the "dung-hill and hen-roost." And let it never forget that it cannot do any thing more fatal, than to suffer itself to be seduced by its admiration of "the intrepid and dexterous villain," to make him a part of itself. Independently of other matters, such a villain is utterly destitute of that grand essential—intense, flinty, sleepless selfishness; he indeed robs and murders for gain, but he does so that he may squander the gain with spendthrift profusion: then he hourly places the necks of himself and his associates in jeopardy.

A Ministry properly formed in this

manner, can scarcely ever so far forget itself as to think of the benefit of the state. On this point therefore we need not be profuse of cautions. In arbitrating for this party or that, and between one party and another, it must never believe that it is acting on behalf of the state, or that the latter has any right to intermeddle in the business. If in acting between Tories and Whigs, Protestants and Catholics, Bigots and Liberals, &c. it be led by the error, that any of them are identified with and represent the state and its institutions, it will be guilty of something even worse than self-robbery. These must rank amidst its golden maxims. All creeds and parties are the same to the state, and it has no interest in or connexion with any of them. If the Protestant creed be wholly rooted out, this will not injure the religion of the state—if the mass of the population become Republicans, this will not affect the constitution and laws of the state—no matter what creed or party may gain the ascendancy, it cannot harm in the least any of the interests of the state. We desist; for in truth we are only cautioning such a Ministry against doing what its own nature will make to it an utter impossibility.

We must not, however, forget to say, that it will be very advisable for it to use the name of the state on all occasions. If it solemnly protest, that it constantly acts for the weal of the state alone, and that it is romantically disinterested and patriotic, even beyond conception; this will have powerful effect in defending its "position of neutrality" from ridicule, and justifying to the vulgar its incessant flights from creed to creed, and party to party. If it can produce the conviction, that the state exists in itself—that its own interests are those of the state—and that the latter must of necessity be hugely benefited by every thing it may think good to do, it will reap from this singular advantages. It must, however, jealously prevent its professions from seducing it into practice.

Sundry Cabinets, as we have stated, acted on the system we have endeavoured to describe for some years previously to the formation of the present one. They did not, perhaps, always push it to the desirable extent, for alas! they had a prodigious mass

of bigotry to contend with, and in truth it had not fully reached completion. When its complexity and grandeur are looked at, its advance to perfection in so short a period seems miraculous. Men, however, are now no longer men; the march, or rather flight of intellect, and the corresponding flight of improvement, accomplish almost with a wish every thing that can be wished for. If the Wellington Ministry desire to adopt the system, it is now complete in all its parts. We infer from Mr Peel's speech, and other circumstances, that it has such a desire; and in consequence we will now offer a few hints to the Duke of Wellington respecting the application of the system. His Grace is giving somewhat alarming indications, that he understands military matters far better than civil ones; and that in his capacity of Premier he has great need of advisers.

We will speak of the application of the system to the Catholic question, as the all-absorbing one of the time.

Here are the Irish Catholics acting as a gigantic combination, trampling on the laws, levying taxes, deposing the Government and usurping its functions, producing grievous evils, and threatening the empire with every calamity. Their object is, a vital change in the laws and constitution.

The Bigots—it is an afflicting proof of the infirmity and depravity of human nature, that amidst the blaze of light which irradiates the realm there is one remaining—call on Government to resist their demands, and to repress their misdeeds by the enactment and exercise of law.

If the noble Duke obey this call, what must follow? He and his colleagues must plunge into bitter warfare with the Liberals and Catholics. In the House of Commons Mr Peel will be annihilated by the stormy eloquence of such men as Mr Brougham. Ministers will be continually assailed in Parliament by a formidable opposition, and out of it, by a formidable part of the Press and community. What did such bigots as Pitt, Fox, Burke, the late Marquis of Londonderry, &c. &c. reap from adhering to principle, and braving the hostility of potent oppositions in Parliament, scurrilous newspapers, and furious factions? Let the answer be found in their toils and privations, their

laborious speeches, the interminable debates in which they were involved; and the charges and invectives with which they were loaded. If this be not sufficient, let it be found in their blackened fame and wasted health—their premature death—their mental and bodily martyrdom. Alas! their history exhibits destroyed constitutions, ruined fortunes, broken hearts, and dethroned reason:—the question is answered.

We were reared bigots, and we are yet but green converts: although we have turned our coat, we cannot all at once divest ourselves of what we felt when we wore it in a different manner. We were always taught to venerate these bigots, and to think their conduct, in daring and sacrificing as they did, something less manlike than godlike. Old feelings and associations now crowd upon us in spite of our efforts; and the tear springs and the groan bursts as we name them. Bigots though they were, their bigotry had in it something heroic, stately, and magnificent; and however destructive it was to themselves, it yet had its good operation. If compassion be known to Liberalism, our liberal brethren, in consideration of our inexperience, must pardon this transient departure from orthodoxy. The fit has passed. We groan no longer, we have dashed away the tear, and the glow has forsaken our cheeks. We are again calm, frosty, dry-eyed, smock-faced, and true Liberals.

If these bigots be defended on the ground that they benefited their country, we will seriously ask what compensation did this form to themselves? Granting that they saved the Crown—that they preserved the constitution—that they perfected law and freedom—that they crushed the foreign foe and the domestic traitor—that they filled their country with treasures, and raised her to the pinnacle of power and greatness—granting all this, how did it operate on their own interests? In life they reaped from it what we have detailed, and has it after death overwhelmed them with rewards? Has the mouldering corpse drawn blessings from the safety of the constitution? Has the inanimate skeleton been protected from wrong and slavery by the existence of law and freedom? Have their ashes derived riches from national wealth,

or delight from national happiness?
—Away with the worthless defence!

If the noble Duke desire to act on the new system, he must find in these bigots, not examples, but beacons. Let him shun the rocks on which they perished, and which are rendered so awfully apparent by the blaze of their names. He must, in the question before us, suffer the Catholics to do as they please. They must be permitted to exercise the functions of government to the utmost extent they may deem expedient; their gang of demagogues must be suffered to make the Government their instrument, to insult and trample upon the Protestants, to convert members of the Legislature into menials, and to keep up as far as may be profitable to them, every variety of rebellion. In tolerating all this, the noble Duke will not only save his Ministry from much unpleasant mental and bodily labour, but, what is of far more consequence, he will save it from war with the Liberals, and the grave contingencies attendant on such war. Hostilities may rage between Protestants and Catholics—England and Ireland may be convulsed; but there will be peace in the Cabinet and Parliament. Mr Brougham will not oppose—Sir F. Burdett will be neutral—the Marquis of Lansdowne will confide—the Radicals will be speechless; and, while the fearful battle may thunder without, Ministers will enjoy sweet harmony and repose on the bosom of a unanimous Legislature.

It will be highly politic in his Grace to go even farther. He may place at the head of the Irish Government some military man who has given evidence by his votes and speeches in Parliament, that he has “no opinion of his own;” and who has moreover proved that he is utterly incompetent to judge of any great political question. On the arrival of this military man in Ireland, he may scrupulously avoid and discountenance the Protestants—he may select his associates from the more violent of the Catholics and their advocates—he may shower smiles and civilities on the worst of the Catholic demagogues, and enable them to proclaim to the whole population by sound of trumpet that they are his “intimate friends;” and he may positively encourage them in their exertions. To give him a proper associate, some special pleader—

one of those lawyers, who, according to Swift, and other eminent authorities, are incapable of seeing more than one side of a question—may be made the Lord Chancellor of Ireland. These two men may confine public trusts, as far as practicable, to the Catholics—they may rigorously exclude from civil and ecclesiastical offices and emoluments, all Protestants who are opposed to the Catholics—they may make the laws a dead letter in regard to the Catholics—and they may do all they can to assist the latter on the one hand, and repress opposition to them on the other.

This can scarcely fail of gaining for the Duke and his colleagues, the praise and support of all the Liberals and their newspapers. Such praise and support will infinitely outweigh any grumbling which the bigots may give vent to.

The Catholics, by being exempted from obedience to law and authority, will naturally become ungovernable; by being carefully protected from opponents, they will naturally become all-powerful; and by having their passions worked upon in every way, they will naturally perpetrate every kind of outrage and atrocity. If they by their conduct make it a matter of imperious necessity for the Ministry either to grant their demands, or to reduce them to the rank of subjects—if this choice be forced upon the noble Duke, let him remember that concession will gain the Ministry the alliance of the Liberals and their newspapers, and secure to it the sweets of power unalloyed with toil and responsibility; while coercion will expose it to the fate which befel the departed bigots we have named—will subject it to every loss and injury which could well visit the interests of a Ministry, not even excepting its existence.

Bearing in mind that, according to the new system, a Ministry exists for its own benefit only, the Duke, if he cleave to this system, must at once decide on concession. It is not for us to say that such a decision will be free from difficulties. In the choice of evils it will be the least. Through it, Ministers may save power and stipend; a different one *must*, according to their own confession, deprive them of both.

Taking then this most wise decision, the Duke must attack the attendant difficulties like a skilful and experienced soldier. His first operations

may with propriety be directed against the Church. It was a maxim with a Prime Minister who flourished ages ago, that every man had his price: in mentioning this, we are impelled to express our astonishment, that such an enlightened and liberal truth was known in such bigoted times. Walpole must have stolen it from our present illustrious race of improvers. It will be wise for the Duke to make this maxim his own. What cannot a Prime Minister bestow amidst bishoprics, deaneries, and the long line of church preferments! If a clergyman be ambitious, cannot he be won by dignities? or if he be poor, will he withstand the offer of riches? Let not this be lost upon his Grace. If the whole garrison of the Church can be bought, so much the better; but the purchase of a part will be incalculably beneficial. Divide the Church against itself, and if it be not gained as an ally, it is neutralised as an enemy.

If there be a clergyman who has distinguished himself above his brethren by the vehemence of his writings against concession to the Catholics, let the noble Duke commence with him. If he can be gained, it may have weight with his brethren and the country. At the least, he will be prevented from doing mischief by writing. If such a clergyman have ever laboured to convince the King, by his publications, that he could not consent to remove the Catholic disabilities without being guilty of foul perjury, his apostacy—oh, how the remains of bigotry cleave to us! his enlightened conversion, we mean—may be calculated to remove royal scruples.

What such a clergyman may expose himself to by suffering himself to be brought over, must not be forgotten. His own words form the most bitter and nauseous food that a man can swallow. To attack principles and institutions, after having given the most solemn pledges, before God and man, to defend them to the last extremity, is what many men would rather suffer death than do. From some inexplicable cause, bigotry still exists in many quarters, and it may visit such a clergyman with fearful evils. The bigoted part of his brethren may disdain to hold communion with him—society, in its prejudices, may think his presence in it

contamination—and as he walks the streets, the eyes of the very groundlings may flash upon him scorn and derision. If he have to endure all this, how can he be adequately rewarded? A bishopric would be nothing, and an archbishopric would be little better.

If such a clergyman should have rendered himself obnoxious to any party of Liberals by his bitter attacks on their deceased leader, this matter must have serious consideration. For both his own sake and that of the Ministry, the party must be "conciliated." To accomplish this, it will be highly proper in the noble Duke to compel him to do penance in public, and particularly in the presence of the aggrieved Liberals, at the tomb of the deceased Minister. The antiquated Church of England contains no rules for so solemn and imposing a ceremony, but doubtlessly Dr Curtis and Dr Doyle could be prevailed on to superintend it: to make the expiation complete, they would feel it their duty to insist on profuse flagellation.

If there be any Bishops who owe their elevation to what the bigots call disgraceful means, the noble Duke will scarcely find them difficult persons to deal with.

As to the inferior clergy, who in these enlightened days can disregard dignity and emolument?

Lord Liverpool was a bigot, and when he was the Premier, he carried his bigotry to such an intolerable extreme, that he would not use the clergy for political purposes. He acted on the absurd prejudice of bestowing preferment according to desert, preserving the Church from political schism, and confining the clergy to their religious duties. He introduced into the Church no political strife to purify and strengthen it. He did not cleanse the consciences of the clergy with political temptations and stipulations; or fit them for the discharge of their spiritual duty by embroiling them in the gospel labours of political contention. He raised no triple wall of brass round the Church by turning against it the arms of its own Ministers, or converting it into the arena for their political battles. No splendid improvements like these throw lustre on the name of Lord Liverpool—no mention of them can be found on his monument.

Yet peace to his ashes ! for he was *a good man* ; and eternal reverence to his memory ! for he was *A VIRTUOUS AND SPOTLESS MINISTER*. Alas ! we cannot restrain these occasional effusions of bigotry ; but we shall improve, for who can do otherwise in these days of improvement ?

Leaving the Church, the noble Duke ought next to attempt the conversion of the leading bigots. He must here forget personal jealousies and antipathies ; he must court where he has slighted, and solicit where he has rejected. He may make tempting offers of office to the secretaries or other influential members of the Brunswick clubs ; he may even offer seats in the Cabinet to such men as Lord Eldon. Place, place—dignity, dignity ! What, with these to offer, is impossible to a Prime Minister of England ?

Lord Liverpool was a bigot, and in consequence, when he was the Premier, he was incapable of attempting to seduce any man from his faith by persuasion, or the offer of aggrandizement. He could sooner have cut off his right hand than have said to any one, I have renounced my creed ; that vital change in the Constitution which I have hitherto opposed, I now intend to make ; and if you will reverse your principles as I have done, I will confer on you such and such honours and emoluments. He was compelled to fight his battles after the exploded system ; front to front was about all that his miserable tactics comprehended ; he knew not the art of gaining a victory by an alliance with foes, or of making a bridge of gold for a retreating enemy. Here is proof that bigotry, from its very nature, must be accompanied by imbecility.

Yet, again, peace to his ashes ! for he was *a good man* ; and eternal reverence to his memory ! for he was *A VIRTUOUS AND SPOTLESS MINISTER*. The bigotry will escape us.

Now appears the most formidable difficulty—the gaining of the Crown. Here must be overcome, not only political principle, but conscience ; here stands in tremendous opposition, not only the most solemn pledge again and again repeated to man, but a sacred oath to God. In more bigoted times, the very attempt to remove a difficulty like this would have been held a mortal sin against Heaven. No man, nay, no Minister, would have dared to

make it an item in the account to be rendered by him hereafter. But, thanks to improvement ! it is now known, that to force the conscience of any man—even if he be only a king—is a most meritorious matter.

The difficulty, however, is not of a kind to be disposed of in a moment. Sapping and mining must be unsparingly resorted to ; and such potent means as the Russian Emperor employed in overpowering the garrison of Varna may have great effect. A Court, alas ! is never without its profligates ; and the king has always around him his traitors. Here perhaps the instruments may be found. If any renegade—we beg pardon—any enlightened and liberalised clergyman have heretofore laboured to convince his Majesty that he is bound by his oath ; such clergyman may now with propriety be employed to convince him to the contrary. When the breaches are practicable, and the decisive moment for storming arrives, no quarter must be given. His Majesty's entreaties—his tears—his appeals to the memory of his departed father and brother, to the solemn pledges which surround him, and to his hopes here and hereafter, must be sternly disregarded. A body and soul of flint constitute the essence of Liberalism. Thus perhaps the difficulty may be vanquished.

Lord Liverpool was a bigot, therefore he was a religious and conscientious man. Could he have surmounted this difficulty ? No. He was too full of antiquated prejudices to be able to draw benefit from intrigue and corruption. He could make no use of the vermin which preys upon kings ; he could hold no connexion with it ; all he could do was to insist on its expulsion when it gave him the opportunity. He was incapable of forcing any man's scruples of conscience, even if he believed them to be erroneous : sooner than have done it, he would have parted with office, dignity, title, estate, and existence. What a bigoted, and therefore, imbecile Minister, was the Earl of Liverpool !

Yet, once more, peace to his ashes ! for he was *a good man* ; and eternal reverence to his memory ! for he was *A VIRTUOUS AND SPOTLESS MINISTER*. Let his grave be watered with the tears of the honest ; and let his name be consecrated by the pure and honour-

able!—We shall in time get rid of this weakness.

When the noble Duke shall have thus placed the Crown under due discipline and command, and moreover taken proper precautions to prevent it from being guilty of mutiny, much will be accomplished towards placing the Peers under such discipline and command. He must exert himself to gain as many Peers as possible, and especially such as have large borough interest. Having got both the Crown and the Lords drilled into the requisite obedience to orders, the three Estates of the Realm will necessarily become one; the Crown and the Lords will be virtually annihilated. Then, on the union of the Ministry with the majority of the House of Commons, the three Estates of the Realm will all merge in the former: King, Lords, and Commons, will be virtually annihilated. There will then be practically in the country a Ministry, but neither a Sovereign nor a Legislature. The Ministry, of course, will hold absolute power.

Our faculties have certainly been somewhat brightened by their emancipation from bigotry; but, nevertheless, we hold up our hands in astonishment when we contemplate this most magnificent invention. In virtue of it, a Ministry will have nothing to do but give orders; office will indeed be a bed of roses.

How to deal with the country, is the next point for consideration. If the Crown and Legislature be made to feel that obedience is their first and only duty, Ministers may snap their fingers at the country. What can the country achieve against the combined Ministry, King, and Parliament?

Putting this aside, how can the country have any right to interfere? We grant that under the highted Constitution which the annihilation of the three Estates of the Realm will utterly destroy, it might have some such right; but the right cannot survive the thing in which alone it has being. When the Crown and Parliament shall be put under such admirable discipline, it will be a most unpardonable matter to suffer the country to be in open disobedience and mutiny. The very supposition that the country can have any rights and interests separate from those of the Ministry, is expressly prohibited by the new system; and to this

system the constitution, law, and every thing else, are subservient.

The country, then, must be treated as having no right to interfere; it must be taught its duty of passive obedience; its wicked attempts to thwart the wishes, and injure the interests of Ministers, must be resisted with proper scorn. It may not, perhaps, be practicable to abolish public meetings immediately; but they may be ridiculed as "farces." If the right to petition cannot conveniently be taken away, the petitions may be covered with derision. Mr Huskisson has a wonderful faculty of discovering that all petitions are improperly obtained, and are utterly unworthy of notice. Lord Holland, Mr Brougham, and the other champions of popular rights and privileges, are prodigiously expert in discerning informalities in petitions, and in abusing and deriding both them and their parents. Even Lord King's huffoonery has been at times laboriously exercised against them. If, then, Parliament be deluged with petitions, let the noble Duke employ all these persons to rail against them, and protest that they ought to be wholly disregarded.

But what can the country do? It can only hold meetings and petition. It cannot vote in Parliament to turn the majority; it cannot dissolve either the Ministry or Parliament. The noble Duke, with his obedient Crown and Legislature, may do any thing in spite of the country.

It may however be politic to keep up the appearance of decency. If at every public meeting the overpowering majority be against the project of Ministers—if petitions pour in from all quarters against it—if decisive proofs appear that the country is decidedly hostile to it, the military Duke may, nevertheless, oracularly declare, that the great majority of the country is in his favour; and this dictum must be held superior to all evidence whatever.

The efforts of the hights, in both Houses of Parliament, may perhaps make it a matter of expediency in Ministers to deliver a few speeches in reply to them. The time, in truth, is arrived for terminating this speechifying in Parliament; the highted practice is worse than useless, it is highly injurious. It not only encroaches on the valuable time of Ministers, and

subjects them to much labour and loss of rest; but it exposes them to attacks from the bigots, at all times disagreeable enough, and not seldom very destructive to character. It will be an immense improvement if the noble Duke restrict the members of both Houses, by heavy penalties, from uttering a syllable beyond mere assent to the commands of Ministers. This perhaps cannot be prudently done at present, therefore we will point out a few arguments for the use of the Duke and his colleagues.

In the first place, the Ministry may insist, that if it cannot retain office without destroying the Church and Constitution, it is its sacred duty and right to destroy them. This will be found wholly unanswerable.

Secondly. It may argue, that its past utter disregard of duty towards Ireland forms an unassailable reason for placing the institutions and all the best interests of the British empire in danger of ruin. If Mr Peel handle this according to his fine and peculiar mode of argumentation, it will enable him to beat to the dust every enemy.

Thirdly. It may maintain, that the more turbulent, lawless, rebellious, ungovernable, powerful, and hostile to the Church and Constitution the Catholics may be, the more imperiously necessary it is to make these Catholics, as far as practicable, the rulers of the empire. It may illustrate this argument in a most forcible manner by the following facts:—a thief is the most proper person to be entrusted with the care of property—a lewd rake is the best guardian of female chastity—an idiot is the most fitting person to transact business which requires knowledge and ability—and a murderer is the only man to whom the protection of life can be safely confided. This argument ought evidently to be entrusted to Mr Peel, because his style of logic is admirably calculated to make the most of it.

Fourthly. It may insist, that because the Church teaches the best religion, and the religion the most in harmony with the liberties and interests of the community—has formed a source of inestimable benefits to the empire—and is an integral part of the Constitution, its bulwarks ought to be destroyed for the benefit of its implacable enemies.

We could easily multiply argu-

ments; but we have said sufficient for giving to the Ministry its cue. It must throughout maintain, that the state exists for the benefit of the Ministry, and not that the Ministry exists for the benefit of the state—that, in acting for its own ease and benefit, the end sanctifies the means—and that the community has no right to interfere with its interests and wishes.

As a neutral agent, and the arbitrator of the Protestants, in the contention between the latter and the Catholics, it must not forget what we have quoted from Burke, and particularly his words touching the fishpond. Acting for the Protestants, it must give them the “mud,” and award “the water that feeds the pool” to their adversaries. It must remember, that its duty to itself is “to gain the good-will” of these adversaries, that they “may join in rewarding” it. If it do not give them the whole matter in dispute, it may give them the realities, and reserve for the Protestants only paper securities, baseless oaths, or things equally unsubstantial.

We abandon irony; grief, disgust, and indignation, now compel us to speak in a different manner.

The Duke of Wellington and Mr Peel are now the advocates of what is called Catholic Emancipation, and they are even attempting to carry it as a Cabinet measure. We should be the basest of the base, were we to spare them in what they have done and are doing, after what we said on former occasions of the comparatively powerless and contemptible turncoats—the Brownlows and Dawsons.

What was the conduct of these Ministers after the breaking up of the Liverpool Ministry? Mr Peel took every opportunity for declaring his sentiments to be unchanged, and proclaiming that he would oppose Mr Canning to the last on the Catholic question. He even carried his zeal for the Church so far, as to intimate that he should go into regular opposition, if Mr Canning intended to repeal the Corporation and Test Acts. The Duke of Wellington declared, that on one question—meaning the Catholic one—he differed from Mr Canning. Both had always spoken and voted against the Catholics.

These two Ministers then told the

country, they were opposed to the removal of the disabilities ; and—oh, fatal credulity !—it believed them. It was principally confidence in them on this single point which preserved them from falling into political insignificance. They would have so fallen, had it not been for the efforts of our side of the press ; and it supported them mainly from the belief, inculcated by themselves, that they were upright, consistent opponents of Catholic Emancipation. Had they then professed their present opinions, they would not at this moment have been in office.

These two Ministers gained office by deluding the country into the conviction that they would zealously defend particular laws, and institutions of the very highest importance :—almost immediately on gaining it, they audaciously cast from them their faith, and attacked these very laws and institutions.

Now, what is their defence ?

In looking first at that of the Duke of Wellington, we must observe that he stands before us merely as Prime Minister. On former occasions we did ample justice to his military talents and services ; and with them we have at present nothing to do. They give him no right to trample upon or destroy the Constitution—they form no evidence that he is an accomplished statesman—and they grant him no exemption from those obligations of integrity and honour which bind the humblest of his Majesty's subjects. We therefore put wholly out of sight the soldier and conqueror, and see nothing but the Minister.

The Duke declares that he is guilty of no inconsistency ; and what is his proof ? Neither more nor less than this—he states, he always expressed a wish for “ a settlement ” of the Catholic question. What is the meaning of the terms—a settlement ? Now, putting aside all quibbling, could any man understand it to be, the removal of the disabilities ? Could the country so understand it ? Was it so understood by individuals or the nation ? It is enough to say, that when he was out of office, and when he regained it, the universal belief of both friends and foes was, that he was decidedly hostile to such removal. What meaning could be fairly put on his declaration that he differed on the ques-

tion from Mr Canning, except that he differed from him, not on minor points of security, but on the essentials of the question ? He always, as he confesses, voted against the removal ; his speeches, taken as a whole, and construed legitimately, are strongly opposed to it ; he produced by his words and conduct a general belief that he was its decided opponent : and yet, upon a paltry expression of the most vague sense, he asserts that he is guilty of no inconsistency in attempting to abolish the disabilities !

What this defence would be in any other man, it is in the Duke of Wellington, and nothing better ; it is no defence.

And what does Mr Peel, “ the uncompromising champion of Protestantism,” offer ? Something unusually triumphant. His opinions are wholly unchanged—no new lights have illuminated him—oh, no ! he is as much a bigot as ever ; and yet this very Mr Peel, the determined opponent of emancipation, is actually the leading man in attempting to carry it as a Cabinet measure ! In the whole history of apostasy and tergiversation, this stands, and will for ever stand, unequalled. What in the name of common sense were his opinions, according to his own declarations ? They were, that the disabilities ought not to be removed. He is now doing his utmost to remove them ; and yet, forsooth ! he has not changed his opinions ! How he could work himself up into the folly of attempting an outrage like this on the public understanding, we cannot divine. Is there no change of side in the business ? Is Mr Peel acting against his former opponents, or with them ? Is he defending what he formerly defended, or labouring for its destruction ? These questions shew his character in its true light ; they blast it for ever.

More remains to be told. He was not even persuaded into this most revolting reversal of principle. He owns, that after the Duke of Wellington said in the last Session that something might be done for the Catholics, he told the Duke that the latter could do something ; and he offered, on account of his being so deeply pledged, to withdraw from office that it might be done. It thus appears that he then even advised the Duke to remove the disabilities ; but in order to throw on the

Premier the whole odium, and save himself, he offered to resign office for a moment, and go into sham opposition to the very measure he had recommended! It will be remembered that, a few days after the Duke said what we have mentioned, Mr Peel, spontaneously, in his place in Parliament, declared that his own sentiments were unaltered—that they had not undergone the smallest change. He could not possibly have made the declaration for any other purpose than to delude the country into the belief that he was still conscientiously and decidedly opposed to emancipation; and yet almost at the very moment he secretly advised the Duke to grant this, and offered to do all that appearances would permit in favour of it!

The wretched deception, and the vile attempt to impose on his insulted country, are not the only matters here to create disgust. The Duke was to be overwhelmed with the opposition and opprobrium attendant on supporting the measure, while the consistent and immaculate Mr Peel, who sanctioned it, was to be lauded to the skies for his purity in opposing, or at any rate dissenting from it!

Even this is not all. Some months ago, a dinner was given to Mr Peel at Manchester. The speakers at it expressed their enthusiastic confidence that he would continue to be the honest, uncompromising opponent of emancipation. What was his reply? It was in substance, that he felt confident he should never do any thing to forfeit their good opinion. At that very moment he knew that he had advised, or at least had agreed with the Duke, that emancipation should be carried, and that the resolution was taken with his sanction to attempt to carry it. This he admits, and his sole excuse is, he expected to be for the moment out of office, offering outward and treacherous opposition to the measure he had privately sanctioned! Can any honest man avoid exclaiming—Out upon the shameless hypocrisy! Was not this premeditated deception? Was it not done to make his warm-hearted, confiding Manchester friends believe that he was still the zealous, determined opponent of that, which in private he had recommended? It is sufficient to say in reply, that the respectable Manchester papers quoted

his speech to prove that the reports of his apostasy were groundless.

The matter concerns more people than the respectable Manchester Tories. Mr Peel then had a proper opportunity for making the country, which had so long blindly trusted him, acquainted with his change of sentiment. Instead of doing this, he carried equivocation and mental reservation to the highest point, to make the country believe him wholly unchanged. What was his country to him? Was he, on betraying his trust, to give it the means of bringing him to account? Was he, on carrying over its host to the enemy, to enable it to replace the base deserters, and still win the battle? No, his interest forbade it.

We speak solely from Mr Peel's confessions—confessions, too, having the carriage of much complacent boasting. That he made them, is a matter which we can only account for on this ground—trickery, treachery, deception, and hypocrisy, are so habitual to official men, that they actually regard them as things indicating ability and virtue. If we are denied this ground, we can discover no other. Inimitable and deathless will be the celebrity of PEEL'S CONFESSIONS.

We are no strangers to the cant against strong language, and the scorn with which we have ever treated it does not now fail us. It amounts in reality to this:—things are not to be named and described as what they really are—the profligacy of public men is never to be spoken against—and such men, whatever they may do, are never to be censured on the score of motive. The guilt of obeying this cant will, we think, never be ours. We know what has been said in the House of Commons touching Mr Peel's motives—oh, his motives are pure—his motives cannot by any means be impeached—we know this, and still we utterly disregard it. We constantly see corrupt motives exercise the most powerful influence in all classes of society—we continually hear Ministers of State ascribe improper motives to all who differ from them—and this convinces us that such Ministers are just as likely to act from selfish, mercenary, interested motives as other people. We disclaim the ludicrous simplicity of believing, that the Cabi-

net is the only place in the world into which improper, dishonourable, and corrupt motives cannot enter. Of course, we cannot give Mr Peel credit for purity of motive, without clear and decisive proof; and such proof he does not tender.

He says, the Government could not go on, without what he is now advocating. Here is a revelation! Either the Catholic claims must be satisfied, or himself, and not himself alone, but the interminable tribe of Peels and Dawsons, must lose office and all its delicacies. Men of the world will discern in this matter very strong presumption of the workings of self-interest, particularly when the passion for office of some of the parties concerned is abundantly notorious.

But Mr Peel says his conviction is wholly unchanged touching the danger of giving power to the Catholics, and he only consents to it to avert a greater danger. Let us examine this point. If there be a danger in the concession of power, it may be thus described—divided government, continual attacks on the church and constitution, and the grievous injury and overthrow of both; the danger is, that the concession will produce these, as well as other evils. Now, this danger is of a permanent and constantly increasing character, and it involves the destruction of all that is dear to the empire. Well, what is the other danger which in Mr Peel's eyes so greatly surpasses it in magnitude? It is at the most a danger of rebellion, or of the intrigues of foreign powers with the Catholic traitors of Ireland. It is a danger of a temporary character, it puts none of the institutions of the empire in jeopardy, and an able government could speedily dissipate it. Yet to get rid of a temporary and comparatively insignificant danger like this, he would place the constitution, the church, and public liberties, in continual danger!

This is not all—would the new danger be dissipated, by subjecting the empire to the old one? No. This would cause the two dangers to act in combination, and each would nurture, and render more destructive, the other.

If Mr Peel be sincere, what are we to think of him as a statesman?

We have looked at the point on the assumption, that what he says is true

respecting this new danger, the existence of which is only known to Government. But the time for his mere assertions to be taken on trust is passed for ever; and we do not believe that such danger exists. We do not believe that Ministers can well possess any correct information of much importance touching Ireland, beyond what is known to the public.

Let us now look at Mr Peel's argument relating to the opposition between the Peers and the Commons. The present House of Commons has decided against, as well as for, the Catholic claims; if we concede that the regular majority, with a neutral Ministry, is in favour of them, it is, as all men know, an extremely small one. The majority in the Upper House is much larger, and it is a regular and permanent one. The important question arises—which, according to the constitution, ought to be made to bend to the other, the Commons or the Peers?

In the first place. Two of the Estates of the Realm are—if left to the free exercise of their rights—decidedly opposed to the Catholic claims. These claims amount to a great and vital change of law and constitution.

In the second place. These claims affect peculiarly the interests of the aristocracy; they involve to a very large extent the question, whether the legitimate influence of property shall be enjoyed by the aristocracy, or the Roman Catholic Church?

In the third place. The vast majority of the country, looking at property, character, and numbers, is decidedly hostile to these claims.

Every friend of the constitution will at once reply—The Commons ought to bend; and he will say, Mr Peel is not a friend of the constitution to advise the contrary.

But how does it happen that the majority of the Commons is in favour of the Catholics? Under the present system of forming the Cabinet, the votes of Ministers and their borough members are neutralised; one vote is intentionally made to balance another; and these votes might as well not be given. The influence of government at elections is neutralised; if the contest turn on the Catholic question, one part of the ministerialists supports the Whigs against the other. The influence of Government

in obtaining votes on this question in the House of Commons is neutralised.

What are the consequences? On the side opposed to the Catholics, the votes of Ministers and their borough members destroy each other, and those of the general Tory body to a large extent do the same; on the other side, all the Whig and Catholic borough votes, and those of the general Whig body, act in union, and support each other. Almost half the Tories support the Whigs and Catholics against the other half: practically, the Tory borough interest is destroyed, while that of the Whigs and Catholics has full operation.

Now, what would be the case if Ministers were unanimously opposed to the Catholic claims? The votes of themselves and their borough members, instead of being a mere name, would be every one effective. This alone would decidedly turn the majority. They could employ their influence at elections; in the latter, their supporters would act in union, instead of neutralising each other; and they could exert their influence in procuring votes in debates on the Catholic question. With such Ministers, there would be constantly a very large majority in the House of Commons opposed to the Catholics.

Such Ministers would be identified with the country in principle and feeling; they would remove the present most unconstitutional and unnatural state of things, and restore harmony between the Commons and the Peers; they would establish harmony, not only amidst the three Estates of the Realm, but likewise between the latter and the country.

But Mr Peelers, a Ministry hostile to the Catholic claims could not be formed. This is really a most astonishing avowment. If we enquire who the present Ministers belonging to the House of Commons are, let it be remembered that the enquiry is forced upon us by themselves. Mr Peel is the leader, and his deficiencies in the last Session amazed every one; in regard to a set speech he belongs to the second class of orators, and he is one of the worst of debaters; as a leader, he is destitute of firmness and energy; and he has now wholly lost public confidence. Then who is the Chancellor of the Exchequer? Mr Goulburn! And who is the President of

the Board of Trade? Mr Vesey Fitzgerald!! And who is the Irish Secretary? Lord F. L. Gower!!! We need not speak touching the remainder. Now, really, could not an assemblage equal to this, and which would possess the great advantage of being united, be found amidst the anti-Catholics? It is quite a ludicrous matter to put such a question.

Let a nobleman of sterling principles and character—a right-hearted Englishman, on whose patriotism and virtues the country can rely—be commissioned to form an anti-Catholic Ministry. Let him, in selecting his colleagues, carefully avoid the no-principle family. If he cannot suit himself otherwise, let him choose, as Ministers to sit in the House of Commons, men who are utterly unknown in name and reputation, provided they possess talent, energy, and virtue; and in a single Session these Ministers will obtain infinitely more influence over the House, than Mr. Peel and his brethren could obtain in their whole lives.

But there are various reasons why. Mr Peel could not advise the formation of an anti-Catholic Ministry. In the first place, he differs from the great anti-Catholic party on almost every point, and agrees with the Liberals. He has long been only separated from the latter in general creed and policy by the Catholic question. In the second place, he has neither the ability nor the nerve to encounter any of the, to use the words of Burke, “intrepid and dexterous villains” whom he may happen to meet amidst the Whig leaders. As a leader, Mr Peel is incapable of offering refusal or resistance. No matter what may be demanded, he, as a matter of course, for the sake of peace, surrenders half, if not the whole. Let the Catholic claims be granted, and then those of the Reformers will be pressed. What will he do? He will refer the matter to a committee. Let reform be conceded, and then some member or other will move that the British Monarchy be converted into a republic. What will he do here? In all probability consent, on condition that his Majesty be suffered to have his life in the Crown. He could do nothing with an anti-Catholic Ministry, and such a Ministry could do nothing with him.

The truth is this. Mr Peel has for

some years performed his duty as Home Secretary in regard to Ireland in a manner which would almost warrant his impeachment. Upon him, in virtue of his office, mainly rested the duty of suppressing the Catholic Association, and thereby preventing the growth of those dangers to which he is now sacrificing the bulwarks of the Church and Constitution. Instead of doing this, he did not take a single effective step, and he scarcely attempted to take a single ineffective one. He owns this, but he throws the blame on his pro-Catholic colleagues. First Mr Canning and his friends were denounced, then Lord Anglesea was sacrificed, and now the Catholic members of the existing Cabinet are arraigned—all have been guilty save and except Mr Peel. Granting him the full benefit of this, what does it amount to? Simply this: he was so thoroughly destitute of manly spirit, as to suffer for years his colleagues to make a non-entity of him in his own office on matters of the first moment to the empire. From such a defence he will draw small advantage.

Having suffered the state of Ireland to become so horrible, the duty fell principally on Mr Peel, as Home Secretary and Leader in the House of Commons, to devise and apply the remedies. Was he to be the man to brave the fury of the Whigs in Parliament, and the Catholics out of it? He was utterly incapable of it. From hence bursts a blaze upon his recommendation that the Catholic claims should be granted. The concession

sparcs him difficulties; and, above all, it saves him from the perils of any war, save of one with the victims of his apostacy. The dangers which he pleads to justify this apostacy are principally of his own creation; and upon him must be principally charged whatever destructive evils may flow from what is called Catholic emancipation.

But then, forsooth! according to Mr Peel, this is to give the country a united Ministry. The admission of the Catholics into Parliament and the Cabinet, is to produce a united Ministry! When Protestants and Catholics shall be in office together as Ministers, then there will be a united Ministry! Really a change of side acts wondrously on the faculties of some people.

And now we will seriously ask, who again can repose any confidence in Mr Peel as a public man? It is not possible for man to be more solemnly pledged than he was on this question. Annually he stood forth before the world, and declared that every thing he saw and heard confirmed him in his conviction. If in future he pledge himself on any public question—on any matter of principle or policy—can the most credulous place any confidence in him? He has proved, that on the most momentous questions he can do and undo—can violate the most binding engagements—can defend in one moment, and destroy in the next, and never more will he be trusted as a public man by friend, party, or country. He is not ill typified by the old enigma.

*"De summo planus; sed non ego planus in imo:
Versor utrinque manu, diverso et munere fungor:
Altera pars revocat, quicquid pars altera fecit."*

Now, by what means are Ministers attempting to carry this vital change of Constitution and Law? It is notorious that almost up to the meeting of Parliament, his Majesty repeatedly pledged himself that he would never consent to it; and it is known that he was strongly opposed to it, both as a matter of policy, and on the score of conscience in respect of his oath. Five or six months before the meeting of Parliament, Ministers had taken their resolution, and yet the Premier owns that the King's consent was only obtained a week before. All this supplies a violent presumption—a presumption almost amounting to proof,

that the King's consent was obtained by extortion and compulsion. Saying nothing of the manner in which these Ministers have treated his Majesty's personal honour; we will observe, that if they obtained his consent by *threats* of any kind—by doing violence to his conscience—by placing him in circumstances which left him no alternative, they deserve expelling not only from office, but from the country.

Whatever right Ministers may have to *advise*, they have none to *command*. The Crown is their master, but not their vassal or instrument. If they have in this matter directly or practically taken from it its freedom of de-

liberation and act, they have in effect destroyed one of the Estates of the Realm; and they are carrying their measure by the most foul and unconstitutional means. If the Duke of Wellington feel no more respect for the Constitution than this, let him at once, even for his own sake, return to the army. We will assure him that such outrages on the Constitution will not long be tolerated.

And how is the country treated? It is decidedly opposed to the measure. At public meetings, the vast majorities are against it; while Parliament is literally deluged with petitions against it from all parts, there are comparatively none in its favour. Yet in the teeth of this, the Duke of Wellington, Lord Holland, and Lord Grey, have had the hardihood to assert, that the majority of the country is in favour of it. We cannot ascribe this to ignorance, therefore we are compelled to ascribe it to something totally indefensible. Lords Holland and Grey take their stand on the paltry majority in the House of Commons. We have shown that this majority is gained from this:—on the Catholic question the Tory close borough members practically do not vote, while those of the Whigs and Catholic Church do; this majority arises from the votes of the members of the Whig and Catholic close boroughs. The House of Commons, therefore, does not represent the sense of the country on the Catholic question. Yet these two peers stand on this petty majority, and treat with scorn the public meetings and petitions. These, men of England! are your reformers—these are your patriotic declaimers against servile and corrupt parliamentary majorities—these are your sticklers for popular rights and privileges—these are your immaculate opponents of arbitrary rulers and the abuse of power! They are not tyrants, because they cannot make themselves tyrants.

The Liberals have continually declared, and they now declare, that no Ministry but the present one could carry the question. Why? Is it because the country will be led by confidence in the Duke of Wellington and Mr Peel to sanction the removal of the disabilities? The question is

answered by the decided opposition now offered to them by the country. It is from this:—these Ministers are the heads of the party opposed to the removal; their apostacy makes all party leaders favourable to it, compels the Crown to consent, carries over the parliamentary majority, and in effect destroys the influence of the majority of the country in the Cabinet and Legislature. The confession that nothing but this could give success to the measure, is a full confession on the part of the Liberals that the country is strongly opposed to it, and that it can only be carried by the most unconstitutional means.

The Duke of Wellington, Mr Peel, and certain of their colleagues, never could have regained office, had it not been from the conviction of the country that they would steadily resist the Catholic claims. They regained it under the pretence that they would defend what they are now attempting to destroy. Their defection has produced similar conduct in many members of the Legislature, who were elected on the same pretence. They have thus thrown the majority of the country—that is, the country—in effect out of the political system; they have practically excluded it from the Cabinet and Legislature. By this they have wickedly deprived the country of its constitutional means of self-defence, in order to make a most perilous change in the Constitution. So long as the Ministers of this empire cannot be incapacitated for office and severely punished for guilt like this, the laws will be very defective.

If, however, the country will do its duty to itself, it may yet triumph over the treason and iniquity. Leaders are not wanting. The venerable, illustrious, and spotless Lord Eldon unfurls the holy banner, and invokes it by all it worships to rush to the conflict. The Duke of Newcastle, Lord Winchelsea, and a splendid host of its titled and virtuous sons, in the spirit of old English independence and honour, conjure it to fly to the defence of its Throne and Altar. O let it then arise in its potency, avenge its insults, and preserve the hallowed sources of its grandeur and happiness!

ENGLAND EXPECTS EVERY MAN TO DO HIS DUTY!

SUNSET MEDITATIONS.

BY DELTA.

Tell Fortune of her blindness,
 Tell Nature of decay,
 Tell Friendship of unkindness,
 And Justice of delay.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

I.

THE sun goes ploughing down the seas
 Of glory in the gorgeous west;
 The deep, unruffled by a breeze,
 Through all its waves is hush'd to rest;
 Silence is on the mountain's breast,
 And slumber in the stirless grove,
 As here, an unaccustom'd guest,
 Beneath these aged elms I rove.

II.

Trees of my boyhood! to my mind
 Ye conjure far-departed scenes,
 And, as fond Memory looks behind,
 Though many a dim year intervenes,
 The past awakens; brightly greens
 Time's faded landscapes on my view,
 And Hope, even yet, confiding, leans
 On what seem'd firm, and proved untrue.

III.

Again I roam the fields of youth,
 How sweet of scent, how bright of bloom!
 Warm Boyhood, with its heart of truth,
 Is there; and faces, which the tomb
 Enshrouded long ago, illumine
 The prospect with their living smiles;
 Even now, from out Oblivion's womb,
 Its varnish'd phantoms Fancy wiles.

IV.

Yes, from the bustling din of life,
 'Tis sweet unspeakably to turn
 To times and days devoid of strife;
 And conjure from the silent urn
 Hearts, which with ours were wont to burn,
 Ere Care bedimm'd the bloom of Joy,
 Or Time had taught the soul to mourn
 The baffled prospects of the Boy!

V.

Ah! then we little guess'd how Wealth
 Could rob the spirit of its rest;
 Opinion was unfetter'd; Health
 Diffused a noonday through the breast;
 Sorrow had come not to molest
 With racking dreams the peaceful night;
 And in its hopes the heart was blest
 At evening fall, and opening light.

VI.

Pent in the city den, where man
Encounters man in daily strife,
Where words and actions, squared by plan,
Shew nothing but the prose of life,—
We come to look on earth, as rife
Alone with sordid schemes and lies ;
Yet feel that Resolution's knife
Would vainly cut the Gordian ties.

VII.

Down to our paltry fates we bow,
And, month by month, and year by year,
We steel our sympathies, and go
Headlong in Error's wild career :
We mock the doubts, and scorn the fear
That tender Conscience erst betray'd,
And boldly sin, and widely veer
From duty's dictates, undismay'd ;

VIII.

Till on some eve, methinks like this,
When green the earth, and blue the skies,
When, slumbering as it were in bliss,
Earth, wrapt in holy quiet, lies,
We start to find that otherwise
Swell'd the young heart in such a scene,
When open'd first on Wonder's eyes
A world so soft, and so serene !

IX.

Then do we feel the worthlessness
Of what we pant for and pursue ;
And yearn for pleasures, which could bless
The simple heart, when life was new :
Fond Memory sickens at the view
Of what hath been, no more to be,—
Visions that pass'd like vernal dew,
Or leaves from shorn November's tree !

X.

Yes ! he who knows the world must feel
'Tis futile, fickle all at best,
And that 'twere wise to sternly steel
Against its random darts the breast.
How is the inmost soul distrest,
To find that those, who owed us good,
Should turn, when needed, like the rest,
In heartless base ingratitude !

XI.

How sweet the evening gleams and glows—
The homeward sea-mews flit around—
The ocean breathes a calm repose,
Unrippled, and without a sound.
Peaks of the west ! the scene ye bound,
Illumed above, but dark beneath—
The sun glares o'er the blue profound,
A giant smiling even in death !

XII.

Oh Nature, when our eyes survey
 The priceless charms thou hast in store,
 Art's tinsel trappings fade away,
 We learn to love thee more and more ;
 There is a pleasure on the shore,
 And beauty in the leafy wood,
 Which bid the baffled heart deplore,
 That e'er for guilt was barter'd good !

XIII.

Alas ! too late we feel and know,
 That pleasure in our souls must dwell ;
 That pomp is only gilded woe ;
 And Flattery's voice a tinkling bell ;
 In vain would Passion's bosom swell
 Against the fate we sought and found ;
 The soul, that sleeps in Error's cell,
 Awakes in Misery's fetters bound !

CUTTINGS.

SIR,

I render you a thousand graces, because you put my letter about the Boxes, in your Magazine, which I pray you to accept as the witness of my respects. Indeed I can't not tell you, Mr North, (I wish I can pronounce your Shibboleth so well as I wrote him)—no, Sir, I not explicate how much that give me pleasure, to see I was capable to write at a periodical so renowned. It prove too so well that you have not the prejudgments of too many mankind, contrary to the foreigners of your own nation ; so, I am pleased with you myself, which is extrement comfortable and plessant.

But, never mind, I shall tell you how it is. I am sitting to entertain myself with my friend, Mr Box, when the Magazin come. Very well, I open him indiscriminate, and see my letter for you, all right : so, I say, "Monsieur Box ! look at him," and give him the book, when he was surprise, and tell to me he not think I write so well. So I get up, and walk backward in the room, and forward some times, and confess I feel some little proud, because you should attend at my representation. Then I unlock my little portmanteau, and take the English grammar (who always travel with me before whenever I go) and throw him at the fire's back, till he consumed into nothing. Then I feel very refreshing, because he give me

many bad heads, when I study some part what is not facile : but now I find myself above school-boy, when my letter is in so great literary product ; and I tell myself, "No, no more grammar ; I tied myself only in conversations afterwards, to make my remarks what I hear, and write at Edinburgh, for Monsieur North, to keep the pratiks."

Very well, I found myself now sit down in correspondence with you, very respectful, but, same time, friend-like ; because, though I not yet had the honour of breaking bread, yet we have broken some ice together. Ha, ha ! You shall understand my joke, and perceive I studied your colloquists.

But, never mind, I shall not plunge myself in your Magazin, nor hurt myself if you not print all what I write, but give some to your friend, Monsieur Baalam, for his "box !" Poor gentilman ! I never see nothing of his writing in your books.

Well, as I tell you last time I write, I come at Leicestershire, for the chaces ; but I am never very great cavalier ; yet I go out one day nevertheless, and find all the things different from the walking on horseback, according the customs of my country : for there is two many chasseurs (they telled me five hundred) all mounted on hunter horses, what jump about all over the fosses and "double fence," when I had rather not to break my neck, like so many devils, calling strange

words, what is not in the Dictionary when I go to find them. So, I tell Mr Box, "Sir, if you please, you shall excuse me, I go home."

But, never mind, I not use much of the hunting fox, because the frost come, and they cannot go at the chace, for fear to spoil the dogs' hoofs, and break the knees horses, what don't like great shakes on so hard freezed ground: but I entertain very much with Mr Box at shooting, where I am capable. We go out yesterday, in the propriety of a gentleman, friend of his, what is gone at London for Parliament, beautiful place, well attended, with garde-chasse and other officers subaltern, to keep out them people what want to come in contraery with law. Very well—we shoot all day till he was duskish; and then mount on Mr Box's little carriage, what he call "Bucky," and came at the hotel where I am now, and get very good dinner, what I like extremement; particular some wooden cocks what we shooted in the morning, though not so good as the salmi de becasse what I eat at home in France; but every man love his own cook—however they should have been kept longer in the cause of tenderness. Very well. It is rain to-day and fogs, or we shall go to see the chateau of Beauvoir, what belong to the Duke of Rutland, great good man, gone at London, with very long petition, contraery for the Catholics; but, never mind, I am stranger, and have not no business to write politically. But, *entre nous*, Monsieur North, if I was on board one good ship with timber, and all comme il faut, I shall not make little hole in the side, in case some coquin fool fellow tell me, "Oh, it was nothing, because very little bit of water shall come in." "Non vi, sed sæpe cadendo," somebody shall work very hard with the pump by and by to get it out if I am so great fool; for it must keep *always* coming at the little hole, so long as the water keep pressing *outside*.

Well, as I say before, it rain to-day; and, by consequence, I take an opportunity of leisure to tell you some inore difficulty what I find in your language beside the boxes, disagreeable to stranger, willing, so as me, to speak without fear at every body. That is much best than bore you with long descrip-

tions of your own country, what shall be supererogative, as you well must know all the parties. Very well—"allons!" as we say in France, or, as you say in England, "Goes here!" I shall begin to pluck some courage up, and make a stricture upon your tongue immediately; although, maybe, I will not cut so good figure as if I was born myself in your country. But, never mind,—it is of *cutting* and *cut* what I shall write. I go out, long time past, with Mr Box, for horseback little voyage and observations, and come at canal superb, and march on what he call "toeing path." So I say, "What you call?" and he respond, "It is the new *cut*."—"Oh! very well, much oblige," I say; and we proceed until a gate, when I go before; but he call, "Here! come back! we must go in this gate, and *cut* across at the village."—"What!" I tell him, "*cut*! I could comprehend as the canal was *cut*, by cause they must cut the ground so as water shall come in to swim it; but how is possible we shall get off the horseback and dig in the field country, and what for?"

So he laugh, funny fellow he is, and inform me *cut* signify the near way at distance place to come. "Very well," I tell him, "I remember it: but stop the little moment, by cause genteel ship, what is not barges, come with some ladies on the board. Look! What you call him?"

"She is a *cutter*," he say. So it go by, and we see the ladies all very nice and agreeable. Then I tell my friend, "Ah! you drole! You was triggling me with some nonsense about *cutter*: but, seriousment, you must not, as you shall deceive me into bad language, when my studies for English will be of no use." But he respond, "Oh, no, my dear sir, they call such little ship *cutter*: but, come the long, as we can be too late, and it is cold in standing still, and the wind *cut* my face."

Well, we go at grand gallop a traverse the campaign, and when we stop to trot, my horse maked strange noise at his hind legs, and go lamed some time very disagreeable; so I pulled him up to the blacksmith, and tell him to accommodate the shoe-irons, which is loosed, I suppose; but he take hind leg upon his petticoat, and say, "Ah, Sir, your horse is pity for nice beast as

he *cuts*." Very well, now I shall not prolong this letter to give you explanations of that and some more *cuts* what I must tell of by the by, by cause you shall understand very well; but you shall perceive it must be uneasy for a foreigner to comprehend, when so many differences are expressed in one word.

Other time I dine at one gentleman's house, all as it ought, very proper, and he say, "Shall you take champagne?" "Much oblige," I respond, and we drink the glass with nods, according with your customs. Then he make strange face, and call out, "Bypowers! it is very much up! My throat is *cut*!" Very well, I jump up very frightful, and go at his throat, because I hear, long time since, that your compatriots kill themselves very often, in places very strange, and not apropos: but his neck was no matter at all, as you shall suppose.

Then, after dinner, we "pushed the bottle" long time about, and fine fellow, captain of vessel, tell of brave man, lieutenant of his, what *cut* out a Spanish vessel with some boats, in the Mediterranean; but I smelled the rat, as he had been ship of my own country, what he would not tell, by cause of politeness—all very proper.

Afterward they speak of some book, what I cannot precisement comprehend, (it is something about hunting Lord Byron great poet,) but all say it is *cut* up in all rags by your Magazin; so you shall find out. Then they name young gentleman what I knowed by sight, what is just arrived at age, and go too frequent at the *rouge et noir*, with some black legs. It is expected he shall *cut* a dash; but no, they say, not now he must not be possible; because some relations have *cut* off his tail, or in his tail, or something like this, but I not comprehend exact, by cause it is done with some instrument of law, what I take care not to meddle myself with. Then comed on the tapis a very long argument disputative of politicals, what it is impossible for me to design, and not matter neither, for I often make remark, as nobody is never better convinced he was wrong that way. It is all fighting in the air. So I take myself in the drawing-room, at the ladies with some coffee, very pleasant; and the rest follow little time after, and tell to me that one of the politicians is completely *cut*

up. Then we talk with the ladies, what I love very much, better than politics with the bottle pushes, and I am very merry, and laugh till they come at cards, and *cut* for the partnerships, when I get very beautiful young lady what play the whist in short with me for partner, till we are fatigued. Then we get up, and she take me at another table, and give me some sweet smiles as I write some calembourgs of my country, and one little French copy verses in her album; and afterward, she go and bring a portfolio, and show me some lithograph and wooden *cuts*. But Mr Box come too soon, and take me away. So I take leave very respectful at my beautiful partner, and go at the hotel, where I had my lodgments, with him; and, before we go to bed, he say, "We shall have the tumbler the punch first for night-caps."—"Very well," I tell him, "so as you like," for I am very merry, and much please with my day so pleasant and hospitable, and particular with the young lady what I mention before. Then he begin to talk, and give me long lesson lecture, about the custom of country, and difference of manner, so as I am very much fatigued; only I know he is friend and good man. So, after some time he tell me I shall not pay so great attentions at that young lady, because other gentleman is attached what dine with us, and seem frightful as I shall *cut* him out. "Peste!" I say, "*cut* again! what for? Fool he must be! I don't want to *cut* nobody. Stupid man!" and I begin to be angry, and talk very fast, and want some other tumbler the punch; but Mr Box say, "Not no more for me, if you please." So I go in bed and sleep all night, with dreams excitement singular and feverish.

Very well. Next morning Mr Box give me the call when I am at breakfast, and say, "How find yourself, Monsieur?" and I respond, "I am very unpleasant." Then he tell to me he was very sorry. "But," he continue, "it cannot be helped now; you shall be better to take some soda water, by cause I know what is the matter, I perceive you were *cut* last night." Well, he explain himself, and I feel enraged with thirst, all different from myself at other time; and we goed for a walk, where we

met a gentleman, what I have seen some time else at parties, when Mr Box spoke friendlike with him; but, now, he pass him by like nobody. "What for," I say, "did not you see is Mr Smith?"—"Yes," he respond, "he is very plain, but I have cut him." Well, I am so surprise I leave ago his arm, and jump two three step, and cry, "That is no possible!" Then he come at me and say, like friend with importunity, "Don't be so fool, Cheminant, to cut caper in the street. Come with me, and I shall tell you all how and abouts." So I walk off away with him, and he tell me long tale, very tristful, about him, what shall not value the pain to write for you; of cause there is times for weeps, and times for laughs, and I prefer the last best very much. But he terminate in affirmation as young Smith's reprobation conduct had cut his parent at his heart. Very shocking! If I am king absolute, I shall have so bad fellows cut in the guillotin, but the world shall go his own way for spite at me, he will not be helped. Well, never mind; vive la bagatelle! we must make the best of him what we possible can. Afterward Mr Box take me at a nursery ground garden, where he should get some cuttings from gooseberries tree for his proper garden; then we goed at his lodgements, and had some cuts at one great piece of round beef, for luncheons, when I want to retire and go in my bed for a siesta before dinner's time; but he "cut off" my retreat, as he say with a laugh, and take me at a billiard, when I play and cut better figure as at the break head punch, what punch out my brain and leave me dolorous in the morning.

This is very longer letter as what I intended in commencing. You shall excuse me for liberties I take at your language, by cause, on my honour, it is done respectful; and if I shall feel what I cannot help, sometime irritate with the fashion to speak one word for so many, the malady in my mind will only be cutaneous, skin deep, as you say. Ha, ha! you shall "catch an idea," as Mr Matthew say other time, when I see him "at home," when I comed firstly in England. But it must that I take my leave before

you will be tired; so, as I hear a sailor tell his comrade, what was in a mess with him, when he should go away, "I will cut my stick." I am frightful that is not polite, but you shall discern in it as I keep my ear open at the top and bottom for poor so well as riches whenever I go in to the society. Somebody telled Mr Box another day what a foreigner shall not be able to write English letter, and not betray himself. Very well—I shall tell him to buy your Magazin, for I have proved contrary twice, though, may be, I was not cut out for author so much as other peoples what keep at home, like kennel dog, so as if they is chained up with books; but I prefer to mix the societies in changes, and come at different place of time in time, to see what pass away in my own eye.

Now, as you can see I not amuse myself with nothing upon your tongue in fantasies, it must that I recapitulate so as follow. Cut mean a wooden picture of a book, and a canal, and great morsel of beef, and hole in the finger or some elsewhere with a knife, and so well, the road short of a place. Very well—and men cut friends, and the cards, and trees, and dashes, and figures, and sticks; and cut off retreats, and provision, and tails of law; and cut out the ships and the lovers; and cut up strong plates of meat and arguments; and books cut up one the other. That is little too much; but, come little the farther, I am not finish, for, griefs cut heart, knife cut beef, champagne cut throat, cold the weather cut face, cutter cut water, horse cut hind leg in the side, and tippy cut me. Bah! Not you think, sir venerable! this is one catalogue of precious ridicules?

But, never mind, I take my bow at you very respectful for an individual, not less as I wrote so cutting satire upon your tongue.

You shall oblige me to accept my best wish and credit, as I am,

Sir,

Your much obedient,
and very humble servant,

LOUIS LE CHEMINANT.

Christophe North, Esq.

&c. &c. &c.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON AND MR PEEL.

WE live in an age made great by its events, and little by the character of the actors. Even upon the most good-natured estimate of ourselves, we of the 18th and 19th centuries have been pronounced equally below the great vices and the great virtues of elder generations. But this is an estimate which, in its honourable moiety, we must now renounce. The integrity, that belonged to our Ministers of State through the sixty years of George III., is vanished; the honour and immaculate fidelity to engagements, which so illustriously distinguished our statesmen from the political intriguers of the Continent, are passing into the region of romance: and in that view, we grieve to say it, the late Lord Liverpool is likely to prove *ultimus Romanorum*. Every month summons us to the afflicting spectacle of a fresh perfidy in some conspicuous public servant: apostasy has now run the circle of all the political leaders: or, if there be one who is notorious for opinions which menace the national welfare, he only has not apostatized. Fidelity is to be found nowhere, except to principles of ruin.

It is then indeed true that the Irish Papists are at last to triumph! It is then indeed true that, if Government, armed against the prayers of the nation, can find strength to overthrow the Protestant bulwarks,—overthrown they will now be. One man, without property, connexions, or remarkable talents, will have trampled under foot the British Government—and, put what disguises they may upon the form, will in very truth have kicked them into obedience to the substance of his commands. To dissolve the Catholic Association, even were that in their power,—to throw Mr O'Connell into prison, which possibly will be in their power,—all this is nothing; it will delude nobody. Mr O'Connell laughs, and the world will laugh with him; for meantime his enemies do his bidding. Grin and make all the grimaces they may, the British Government still eat their leek.—But we pause: the prostration of the Government is almost hidden in the cloud of danger which settles upon the national interests; and, though it claims some

part of our attention, is too afflicting to be treated with levity.

Under the first stunning shock of this tremendous annunciation, which lost no part of its terrors from having been darkly suspected for some months back, people were too much occupied with *things* to have leisure for *persons*. That question, however, has its turn; and, as the least in interest, we will notice it first. With respect, then, to the Duke of Wellington, the public feeling is—that, in disappointing the general expectations, and wounding the confidence reposed in his great qualities of firmness and sagacity, he has violated no engagements; for he had made none. On the contrary, he had repeatedly, during the last session, proclaimed his favourable disposition to the Catholics, and his intention to do any thing in their behalf which could be reconciled with the public safety; and, if his letter to Dr Curtis might seem to throw those hopes to a distance, a recent explanation of that matter exonerates his Grace of all responsibility, by fixing upon his reverend correspondent an act of such meanness, as no prelate in Europe could have perpetrated—unless a Papist and a Jesuit. According to his light, the Duke has no doubt acted conscientiously: that his light was not greater, we may lament, but cannot reasonably complain. Much allowance also is to be made for a Prime Minister—occupying a central position with regard to all parties, believing it a duty to conciliate all, and depending for information upon many who are under a necessity of deluding him, having previously deluded themselves. For his Majesty, again, we have much more reason to thank him for having resisted so long, than to expect that he should sacrifice the peace of his declining years to the continual assaults by which he is besieged. He has satisfied his royal duties by a long watch and ward, from which it is reasonable that he should be relieved, and that the stress of the opposition should be thrown upon other quarters. Perhaps the King has yielded with tears. Perhaps the King says—"Let me now see what the nation will do for itself: let me

filing my people upon a more fervent necessity of exertion than any less alarm could arouse." It is doubtful, indeed, whether the King partakes his Ministers' faith in the measure, even as a practicable measure, much less as a measure of promise. And, lastly, it is most certain that the Minister himself does not carry his favourable intentions in this matter within many degrees of the point which is presumed by most of those who are building upon them in and out of the house. As great a shock is thus perhaps at hand for the Papists as we anti-Papists are suffering, and from the very same quarter.

Excuses then there are, and palliations, many and great, on the side of the Duke of Wellington. But for Mr Peel, bound—if ever man were bound—by ties irrevocable, and of religious sanctity, to the great cause which he has deserted; it is our sincere belief, that he is the object of a more unmitigated abhorrence than can have attended any political renegade in any history, not excepting Sir Thomas Wentworth in the age of Charles I. Treasons of this nature, and sudden abjurations of party connexions and ancient principles, have unhappily not been so rare of late as to leave our moral sensibilities in that point unblunted. From the memorable day on which, for a bauble of office, and for the whistling of a name, the all-accomplished disciple of Mr Pitt consented to sit down in brotherly fellowship with the man who anticipated for himself, as the greatest of all posthumous honours, some such epitaph as this—"Here lies the enemy of William Pitt,"—it could not in reason be doubted, that many perfidies of the same enormity would follow. Crime is contagious; and the example of a brilliant man is contagious. Hence nobody was surprised, that such

people as the Goderiches and the Dawsons, men of that order who never have any principles in a proper sense, should lay aside their old professions as unconcernedly as an unfashionable coat. Nay, except for the ludicrous excess of the contrast, it was not very surprising to find that same Lord Anglesa,* who, but four years ago, had talked of appealing to the sabre in the contest with the Irish Papists, absolutely hallooing onwards the dogs of the Catholic Association to further outrages. Being therefore so common a case, nay, so common even in an excessive degree, we may be assured that this particular apostacy of Mr Peel's must labour with some signal aggravations, or it could not at this stage of our experience have roused so profound a disgust. All hearts are turned against him with scorn, even the hearts of those for whom he has made shipwreck of his honour and his conscience. And with reason; for the aggravating circumstances of *his* case are these: first, that he had been more indebted to the cause which he has betrayed than any other apostate of our times; and, secondly, that he of all apostates has the most eminently failed to make out any shadow of a case for himself, or any colourable shew of expedience for the new policy he has adopted. For his obligations to the Protestant cause, they are familiar to all men. That cause it was which raised him to the favour of Oxford; and that favour it was, united with his family wealth, which planted him and rooted him in public life. It is easy for Mr Peel now to give back to the University that mark of distinction which originally created opportunity and advantage to his very moderate talents: it is easy to make a merit of laying down the ladder which has long since raised him to his present eminence. But unless he could restore the *profits* of

* Lord Anglesa's speech was much misrepresented at the time, and by this very Association, for the purpose of making him odious. What he really said was, (upon occasion of some customary threat being thrown out, that arms might obtain for the Irish Papist what petitions could not,) that, if the sword must be the final arbiter, better that the appeal were made immediately, than after a long interval of disunion. With respect to Lord Anglesa's recent recall, a misrepresentation not less glaring has gone abroad, that it was due to *private* grounds of offence. But this is certainly false, even upon Lord Anglesa's own slight allusion to the case in the House of Lords. In fact it is evident, that conduct like Lord A.'s, publicly dishonouring his high station by recommending "agitation" and irritating measures, must have been peculiarly hateful to a Minister, whose ruling principle, in his present change of policy towards the Papists, is the spirit of conciliation.

his trust, a man of honour could not have thought himself at liberty to renounce the trust. It is a circumstance very trivial by comparison, but the same in spirit, that so late as last autumn, Mr Peel accepted a dinner from the people of Manchester as an expression of respect to his public merits, well knowing at the time, that first and foremost of those merits were held his services and professions against Popery. His behaviour on that occasion sealed our suspicions: * he accepted the Manchester homage, but in silence; allowed himself to be cheered, lauded, caressed, for acts which in his heart he had during two months retracted; returned thanks, and appropriated the applause, but in such obscure terms as to leave it doubtful whether it might not be by mere inadvertence that he took no special notice of that single question which at that moment possessed the mind of his whole audience. Was this the conduct of an honest man?

But now let us hear Mr Peel's apology: not for such duplicity, after his resolution had been once taken to change; that admits of no apology; but for this resolution. The dangers, perhaps, from Popery have passed away, or have greatly declined?—By no means. Mr Peel believes them to be what he ever believed them. In this respect his opinions have undergone no change. But whereas, heretofore, he limited his view to that sole danger, he now sees another in the opposite direction, and (as he thinks) a greater; and between two dangers he would make his election for the less. But it is impossible for Mr Peel's friends to deny, that the evil which he now describes as the least, is, however, nothing less than ruin to our Protestant constitution, abiding, at least, by many former speeches of his, not shorter or less cogent than any he has delivered in this Session. Where the least evil, therefore, is confessedly as much as ruin, and no choice allowed but between two ruins, a man of sense, in a

neutral position, will see little ground for any choice at all; and a good man, who happens to stand in no such liberty of indifference, will allow to the motives of consistency, truth, and honour, a weight capable of restoring the equipoise many times over.

Meantime, what is the new danger which is formidable enough to reconcile Mr Peel to a treachery, that will live for ever in the pages of English history? A danger of that magnitude, one should think, must be pretty notorious to all the world, and of some standing. Yet, incredible as this will seem to posterity, Mr Peel declares that the danger he speaks of, and his own consequent revolution of mind, have taken their rise *within the last four months*. Here, by the way, is an open contradiction; elsewhere Mr Peel affirms, that he had seen the necessity of abandoning his former convictions *about the latter end of the last Session*: and in these incompatible assertions we have an example of that inevitable discord which besieges a tale not resting, in its original outline, upon a groundwork of truth. But, waiving this,—of what sort and degree was this national danger, which has lain quietly wrapped up in Mr Peel's pocket until the 12th of February, having no existence till October last, and unheard of by the public before the opening of the Session? Really we are almost compelled into the view of an honourable member (Mr Trant) who thinks the Home Secretary's understanding shaken by some sudden visitation of disease, when we find him alleging, as one of his direst illustrations, drawn from a very extensive district—"several instances of cattle houghed, three burnings, six cases of arms taken, six threatening notices, one dwelling levelled, fourteen houses attacked, *five* persons assaulted, *two* cases of cattle stolen;"—to which are to be added, "two cases of decided resistance to the ordinary process of the law in civil matters of property." What! are our eyes open? May it be

* This case confirmed the suspicions of all; but many had been convinced by previous signs—such as Mr Peel's absence from the Pitt dinner under any or no pretext of "a cold," purely for the purpose of escaping the test of a particular toast; next, Mr Dawson's monstrous conduct at the Derry Anniversary, (for every body was assured that a person of that character would not have rattled *de son chef*): and previously to all these cases, Mr Peel's assertion in the House, that he knew of no particular differences between himself and Mr Canning, such as could warrant a separate party designation.

possible that this report from a whole Irish county, for the space of one entire month, is seriously alleged in evidence of a danger so vast and imminent, as to justify Ministers of State in sudden, violent, reckless abjuration of their dearest principles and their holiest engagements? The particular county is not specified; but no doubt it is situated in one of the disturbed districts; and such a report, from such an extent of country so situated, and for such a space of time, we must say, is precisely in *kind* what we have had from Ireland for every year since we knew of its existence, and in *degree* a very favourable specimen, and an argument of greater improvement than we had supposed. Away with the monstrous imposition which would pretend to found on a case so trivial—a change of policy so vast! Mr Peel, both from his present situation in England, and his former one in Ireland, must know better than any man the hollowness of such pretences. *Burning and levelling of houses* have, undoubtedly, a good effect in a picture of horror, but not in a sketch from Ireland. *Threatening notices* sound well and forcibly, but in an Irish newspaper they pass without a comment.

We find, however, that Mr Peel insists on two modes of danger: one taking the shape of detailed domestic outrages, such as those we have just noticed; and another arising out of the great assemblages of peasantry, like those in Tipperary. These last have been hitherto peaceable; and, had they been otherwise, Mr Peel admits that the military were amply sufficient to have curbed them. But then, says he, how dreadful such a resource!—and then comes his inference—how imperative on our humanity to forestal the necessity of such a measure, by granting to these mobs the boon they seek. Doubtless the prospect of bloodshed is always a dreadful one: and a mild government will seek to avert it by all reasonable concessions and indulgences. But was it ever heard that any government upon earth openly professed to be turned aside from their course in the maintenance of a great scheme of civil polity, by the single consideration of personal tenderness to illiterate mobs—meeting for purposes unintelligible to themselves, and claiming to guide the

course of legislation, though sanctioned by no adherence to their cause of the other orders in the state, and enlightened by no people of education? Upon this doctrine, the riots of Lord George Gordon, only that they happened to be directed to the very opposite purposes, were reasonable and constitutional engines: and such a bounty is thus proclaimed upon insurrectionary movements, as must be perilous in the last degree, if it is to be practically admitted, to the cause of all regular government.

But whence came these mobs of Tipperary? Upon what impulse, and whose?—Merely, says Mr Peel, upon the excitement of the Catholic Association: and blind to every purpose but that one which occupied him at the moment, he builds his denunciation of this incendiary body mainly upon this simple fact, that, except such grievances as *they* had suggested to the peasantry by their agents, there were no others that could be alleged as pretexts for these seditious movements. What an unfortunate admission, proclaiming at the same moment the two facts which are most hostile to Mr Peel's new lights; first, that the cry for "Emancipation" is an artificial cry—not growing out of any natural and spontaneous sense of wrongs or grievances, but laboriously and by most complex machinery raised and sustained;—secondly, that the authors and fomenters of all the ill-blood and mischief in Ireland, are the Catholic Association and their agents—a gang of wretches, who have existed as a public body by the mere suffrance of Mr Peel. Upon this last topic, indeed, the conduct of the Association, it is not in human patience to hear Mr Peel with calmness. Was ever statesman before vehement, long, and earnest in demonstrating the enormity of an evil nourished only by his own toleration? Hear him insisting upon this point as laboriously as if it had been now first broached:—"It was the intention of the Government to suppress the Roman Catholic Association; and he would ask, could it be doubted that the existence of such a body was inconsistent with the constitution? Could it be suffered that a society of this kind, whose objects were indefinite, and might be changed at pleasure, could be allowed to exercise its

power? Could it be denied that it was inconsistent with the public tranquillity and the public safety? He believed that an immediate assent would be given to these different propositions; and their truth he could maintain by reference to a regular correspondence which had been kept up with the Government from various parts of Ireland." Astonishing! he will absolutely convince the incredulous public, by extracts from a secret correspondence, that the Irish Catholic Association are by no means that very respectable and quiet assembly that every body takes them for. What foreigner now, upon reading the resolute attempts of Mr Peel to demonstrate and "maintain" a series of "propositions," which will be remembered to his own eternal opprobrium, could bring himself to believe that this pest of Ireland—the Catholic Association—has been denounced once at least, in every week, by every honest newspaper in the empire? that the consequences of indulging it with impunity have been urged and proclaimed until men are as sick of the threadbare topic as the Roman senate of their *Delenda est Carthago*? and that to this very Mr Peel we may ascribe the reprieve which the Association met with in 1825? Of this we are satisfied. Whether Mr Goulburn understood the construction of an act adequate to the purpose of extinguishing the Association, we know not; but Mr Peel's researches in that line, connected with his reform of the criminal law, had left him little to learn in the science of quirks, evasions, and reservations. And not only the framing of the law, but the execution of it, fall naturally within the peculiar functions and knowledge of his office; and in the Cabinet, and by all members of the Government at home, it is certain that Mr Peel would be officially appealed to on these points. And thus there can be no doubt that upon him would rest the main responsibility, both for what was done and for what was omitted, in regard to this seditious assembly. And one of two things is certain; either that he wilfully tolerated the Association in the selfish view which has been attributed to him of

thus maturing such a body of discontent as should provide his present pretext for turning renegade; or that from false liberality he made a sacrifice, in this particular, of his own wishes and convictions to one-half of a divided Cabinet. In either case, he has grossly betrayed his duty. And for him to plead the ferment created by the Association, as an apology for the steps he is now taking, amounts in principle to this—that a public man is at liberty, first of all to commit one offence by conniving at the growth of a public nuisance; and then, secondly, is entitled to plead the very enormity of this nuisance, fostered or neglected by himself, as a justification for a second step, which else, and apart from the supposed necessity created by that nuisance, he himself acknowledges to be a still greater offence. One breach of duty, upon this logic, creates a moral vindication for a second.

But was it possible to destroy the Association in 1825? We answer by a question—Is it possible to destroy it in 1829? That settles all demurs. Government are "resolved" to do it now: so Mr Peel tells us; and every possible means was open to them in that year—all engines were at their disposal then, which are so now. No matter, therefore, whether they can or can not; their own opinion is that they can: that opinion is sufficient for their condemnation. In fact, how have they proceeded at present? They have constructed their bill on the assumption that the Association, though not in the spirit of the Constitution, is yet scarcely in any absolute and literal sense, illegal. Extraordinary powers, therefore, are conferred upon the executive part of the Government. We ask not whether this view of the law (which, it seems, was adopted by Lord Wellesley in 1825) were too indulgent to the Association: for, supposing that it was, yet, if circumstances made it doubtful whether a verdict could be obtained for Government in a court of justice, the law was of no effect. In either case, the defects in the powers of Government are now met by a provision which is applicable to every variety of evasion.* And this provision was as obvious in 1825,

* And, therefore, amongst others, to that of Mr O'Connell for prolonging the religious assemblies in chapels for the purpose of public worship, and converting them in their better half into political assemblies for "agitation," sedition, and conspiracy.

and in every hour of the precious interval that has been lost, as it is at present. In a case of far less urgency, viz. in that which arose out of Mr Hunt's proceedings, Government found the existing laws defective: how did they proceed? They made no scruple to frame a series of acts by no means tender of the liberty of the subject, indeed (as many thought) overstepping the occasion. Mr Pitt—how did he proceed in similar emergencies? Not content with furnishing extraordinary powers for the execution of a single law, he obtained far larger and more summary powers, both by the *Habeas Corpus* Suspension Act of different years, and by other positive acts specially framed to meet the occasion; and this he did in England, where the whole people are at all times ready to aid the laws, and against dangers which were not at all greater than those which menace us from Ireland, when taken in connexion with the temper prevailing in that country. A "vigour beyond the law," not the half of what Mr Pitt arrogated for occasions not by many degrees so formidable, or made formidable only by accidentally concurring with a rancorous war, would have saved the Duke of Wellington's Government from this desperate plunge, which it now charges upon the Catholic Association as the result and natural remedy of the evils inflicted by them.

To what extent, it will readily occur to ask, are these evils really and truly (as they are now made ostensibly) the grounds of the new Irish policy? Or is it possible that the Association is but a handle for the occasion, and that other reasons, altogether independent of that body and the spirit of dissension it has sowed, are secretly at work? Perhaps, if answered truly, this question would be answered differently for every member of the Cabinet. With respect to the Duke of Wellington, in particular, we believe the case to stand thus:—He is favourably disposed to the Catholics; and would be liberal in concessions, as every good man ought to be, where he apprehends no danger; and unfortunately it happens that a class of dangers, to which the Duke has not particularly applied his understanding, do not powerfully impress him. At the same time, he is sufficiently aware of some dangers, to

insist upon securities which the Papists will never grant, except with a secret purpose of resuming or evading them; nor grant at all, unless with ulterior views. But, on the other side, he imagines dangers of another kind, and less remote, in a peremptory refusal of concession. He finds, or believes that he finds, a particular disadvantage for the affairs of Ireland in a Cabinet disunited upon this Irish question. A long series of Ministers, however, before the Duke of Wellington, have not found any such inconvenience, or not in a degree which prejudiced the public service—or could demand any sacrifice of principle. With the Duke's views, however, upon this matter, we can readily understand his patronage of "Emancipation;" for it is clear that his ideal of unity is far more likely to be realised by a purely Catholic Cabinet, than by a composition exclusively Protestant; since among statesmen we hear of many renegades to Popery, but none in the other direction. A more specious argument with the Premier, even than that which regards the unity of the Cabinet, is derived from the internal dissensions of Ireland. Mr Peel pretends that the violence of party feuds is now beginning to disturb the course of justice; we suppose him to mean in the composition of juries, and, perhaps, in what regards their verdicts and the evidence of witnesses. But if this be his meaning, we must reply, that these are old complaints in Ireland; secondly, that, in so far as he ascribes these evils to the Association, they ought to be healed by the promised extinction of that great scourge; and thirdly, that, at any rate, all evils indiscriminately arising out of religious hostilities in Ireland, will be a thousand times greater after "Emancipation" than before it.

In general, we believe the Duke of Wellington's motives to be excellent in themselves, and objectionable only as they are irrelevant to his remedies. He laments the interminable divisions of Ireland both as a man of general humanity and as a politician. In that he does right. But he errs grievously in applying a fancied remedy to the case, by raising the Papists to such a participation in equal privileges with the Protestants, as must immediately lead to dissensions fiercer

than ever, by suggesting hopes and prompting attempts which cannot but convulse the land. The foundation of the Irish feuds is laid in the Popish discontents; and, so long as any thing is kept back which they conceive to be their own, those discontents will be incalculably embittered when connected with political power.

For Mr Peel, the other Minister chiefly concerned in this great revolution, we believe the following to be a true account of his motives. About the end of last Session,) and so far he speaks truly in dating his conversion from that time, if he would but abide by that story,) Mr Peel became aware that, for two reasons, it would be advisable that he should find some excuse for becoming a pro-Catholic, if he designed to continue a member of the present Cabinet; first, because, merely with a view to that unity which the Duke desired in the Cabinet, and apart from all question of "Emancipation," it was manifestly his policy to have all the administration pro-Catholics, when it was impossible to obtain it on the other plan of having it wholly anti-Catholic. Secondly, because by that time it had become evident that the Duke was favourably inclined to "Emancipation;" and even if it had been possible to carry that measure by means of Parliamentary majorities against a divided Cabinet, and therefore without needing to make it a Government question, still it was known to be a favourite principle of the Duke's—that so great an act of grace to the Catholics ought not to proceed originally from Parliament, but from the Government; on which account it could not be doubt-

ed that, according to the strength he should be able to command, the Duke would gradually purge his Cabinet of all who would not pull in one direction. Both as a friend of emancipation, and as a friend of unity in the Government, he could not be expected to tolerate Mr Peel, as soon as a fit successor could be found. Aware of this, and that nonconformists would not be suffered in a Wellington administration, and knowing, by Mr Huskisson's case, how dangerous it was to play tricks with resignations under that leader, Mr Peel balanced his profit and loss, and prudently resolved to conform. Apparently, at the same time, he instructs his brother-in-law, Mr Derry Dawson,* to enact the same part in advance, by way of trying the effect on the public mind; and next, he looks about for some plausible excuse in public events. Nothing better happening to turn up at that juncture than the Clare election, and the ridiculous scenes of marching and countermarching which followed, unwillingly he adopted these poor fragments of "agitation," as the peg on which to suspend his conversion, though standing in no more adequate relation to such an effect, than Goodwin Sands (in the old story) to Ten-terden Steeple.

But these personal notices are below the majesty of the interests at stake, and of that great cause with which they are accidentally connected. Let us then recollect our thoughts to the capital question: the ark of our Constitution is at length, after many an idle threat, in earnest and instant peril. What are the protections which we may count on at such a crisis? And, if these should happen to fail us, what are the

* Derry Dawson, upon his conversion, forgot to provide himself with any excuse at all, nor has he ever thought of one to this day. But as Mr Peel has inadvertently betrayed, on one occasion, that his own took place a week or two before the time when Mr Dawson first announced himself as a renegade to his indignant and high-minded constituents, nobody can now be at a loss to explain the mystery to his satisfaction. On looking back, and connecting the case with Mr Peel's recent explanations, the whole affair stands revealed. By the way, the Under-secretary—though forgetting to provide a cause for his conduct—did not forget to provide an occasion for proclaiming it; and assuredly, the most absurd that could have been devised. His first overture of discovery was at the anniversary dinner in commemoration of the immortal triumph of the Protestant defenders of Londonderry; upon which occasion, by way of a *coup de theatre*, he coolly proposed, that instead of drinking the immortal memory of the "prentice boys, or other "trash" of that description, the company should agree to toast the Catholic enemies of those heroic defenders, (Sarsfield, &c.) From this sally, one may judge how much sense and discretion are required in the composition of an Under-secretary.

consequences which we have to anticipate?

Under Providence, the first great champion which we may look to, is the nation itself, incensed and alarmed, and ready to move in any direction, where it can do so with propriety and effect. It is peculiarly unfortunate that the pretensions of the Papists should have been brought forward under the auspices of the Duke of Wellington; unfortunate both for himself and for us. For himself, because that cause cannot gain so much from his countenance, as he will lose by connexion with that cause. For us, because at the same time it is inevitable that such a sanction should tend to abash and break the energy of the Protestant resistance. For those even who admit no shadow of right in the Duke of Wellington to judge upon this question, are yet checked in their opposition by the respect and gratitude to which, on other accounts, they acknowledge his indefeasible claim. Hence, at the very outset, one great advantage lost; for, had it been any other Minister who ventured to propound this measure, than such a national benefactor as the victor of Waterloo—yes, had it been even Chatham, or the son of Chatham—assuredly the very first step taken would have been to meet by thousands and by ten thousands—by cities and by counties, and to carry by acclamation, summary addresses to his Majesty for the instant dismissal from his councils of all those servants who might have advised him to such ruinous projects. As it is, the nation cannot apparently move with effect, until these projects shall have taken some definitive Parliamentary shape.

At that stage we cannot doubt that the thunders of national indignation will be poured in effectually; and such a storm will perhaps heat upon that eminence which the Duke of Wellington occupies, as may make him wish himself, for comparative quiet, back again in the hottest fields of Spain. In the next place, we rely on the tried fidelity of the House of Lords: this will be assailed with the same arts and influences as have already triumphed over the virtue of Mr Peel and others; of that we may be assured: but still we have much confidence in the inspiring examples of the Eldons, the Newcastles, and the Wincheseas—patriots, as conscientious as ever honoured a

Christian land. And there is this advantage on the side of the Upper House, as a security for their honour, that the proportion of men made unprincipled by ambition is there much smaller than amongst the aspiring Commons. Lastly, we reckon upon the Catholics themselves. That they will agree with sincerity and good faith to the securities which will and must be demanded from them, is notoriously impossible. Adhering to the rules by which they have hitherto guided themselves, (see their correspondence with Lord Grenville,) they will not agree to them at all. It is possible, however, that their past experience, and the prospect of alienating all their Protestant friends, may at present overrule them to more moderate counsels: it is possible also that profounder maxims of policy, and jesuitical subtilty without any moderation at all, may carry them to the same point. There are, or more properly speaking, there were, until the late annunciation from the throne, two great chances in all cases of a treaty with the Papists that it would ultimately break down; first, there was a chance that the concessions would not be ample enough for *them*; secondly, that the securities would not be ample enough for *us*. But now, if the prevailing rumours are to be trusted, the first of these chances will exist no longer; concessions are to be made so ample, that we do not hear of any body at present, except the King and the Archbishop of Canterbury, who are positively insured against a Popish successor. Upon the other chance, therefore, the chance that the securities may be refused, the whole burthen of our hopes must now be devoted: and that way it is that all eyes will soon be directed.

Suppose, then, this last chance to have failed, and that we are irrevocably committed to the main ocean of perils that will then environ us,—what are the most conspicuous evils that we shall need to prepare for? Those which are obvious we shall omit. We shall suppose every reader to have foreseen, that the dissensions and heart-burnings which emancipation was designed to heal, will be fanned into a far fiercer heat by the rivalry and bitter competition of hostile sects now standing upon equal ground. We shall presume it to be self-evident that the name "Emancipation" will

now be transferred to a new set of objects; viz. these:—1, the abolition of tithes (unless as between Papist and Papist): 2, the ascendancy of the Popish religion: 3, the resumption of the vast territorial possessions claimed upon dormant pretensions [dormant, but not forgotten] by the Roman Catholic Church. These things, it is as sure as day and night, will be pursued under the old name of "Emancipation," with a rancour unknown to any previous stage of the contest. But two aspects there are of the new measure, if it should happen to be carried, which throw a shadow so portentous over the future, as by comparison to eclipse all the other evils which belong to it. We leave them without comment to our readers. The first is this: that by the elevation of the Irish Papists to power, the British constitution is virtually, and with regard to the integrity of the principle, dissolved. It was truly said by Lord Eldon, that the King holds his crown by a religious tenure; that the basis of our constitution is essentially Protestant; and that, if that were otherwise, then are the kings of our present dynasty usurpers, and we and our fathers for five centuries have been traitors. Anti-Popish, therefore, in its origin, the British constitution is anti-Popish in its means of conservation. Secondly, by this measure, the Protestant faith itself, and the great dowry of the Reformation, is once again brought into peril. In arguing the Catholic question, and in the inferences and analogies drawn from the treatment of Protestants under the Popish governments of Europe, the peculiar position of Great Britain with regard to Protestantism has been too much overlooked. Indulgences may be granted without hazard, and penal laws relaxed without anxiety, by states, either Protestant or Popish, which are not charged with the defence of their particular faith—not placed in the key of the position—nor by consequence

exposed to the brunt of the attack. But Great Britain is not so placed. She is the column upon which Protestantism, and the maintenance of the Reformation, mainly rests. Germany is neutralized for such a purpose; because there the Popish and Protestant forces balance each other. But, Germany subtracted, all the rest of Continental Europe—with the trivial exception of the weak Scandinavian kingdoms—is anti-Protestant; and under heaven, the support of the Protestant interest relies entirely upon Great Britain. She is the antagonist force which prevents the rise of persecution, and maintains the Reformation, through which all the world, even the Popish world itself, is blessed with whatever light it possesses. Admit Papists to an equal participation of power in England; once vitiate the purity of our constitution, (no matter for the degree, where the principle is forfeited,) from that hour the Protestant balance is gone; from a cause triumphant, Protestantism becomes a cause militant, and militant against odds, humanly speaking, irresistible; for the only strength of Protestantism, which is worth consideration, is the *undivided* support of England. That gone, we do not pretend to deny, that, by some mysterious compensations, it may please Providence ultimately to restore the equilibrium, and to confound the newborn hostility which will be now encouraged to arise. But what is the crime of those who, if left to themselves and their own devices, would wield the powers of a great state for purposes so mortal to all the influences which first gave it birth, and under which it has continued through centuries to grow and prosper, until it became, by the general confession, a Pharos of light and safety to an else-benighted world? Their crime, if accomplished, will proclaim a judicial infatuation.

FIRST AND LAST.

No. II.

FIRST AND LAST CRIME.

JAMES MORLEY.

"We shall be too late, I fear," said my friend George Seymour, as he hurried me into a hackney-coach; and stepping in himself, bade the man drive with all the speed he could, to the Old Bailey.

"What makes you feel such an interest in the fate of this assassin, this James Morley?" I asked.

"I know something of the man," replied Seymour, "and have heard circumstances mentioned respecting the murder for which he is to be tried, that lead me to expect an extraordinary scene."

We soon reached Newgate; and making our way through the crowd to the door of the Court, Seymour inquired of the janitor, as he slipped a crown into his hand, "whether the trial had begun?"

"What trial?" said the man, putting the money into his pocket.

"James Morley's," replied Seymour. "Oh no," rejoined the fellow, shaking his head, and opening the door at the same moment. But we had scarcely entered, when tapping me on the shoulder he added, "You have not heard what has happened?"

"What is it?" I exclaimed. "That there man Morley shot himself last night; but there's a *very* nice case of bigamy just begun; an elderly gentleman as has married seven wives, and they are all in Court; that's him in black, with powder and a pig-tail."

"His pig-tail be——," Seymour was going to say. He was stopped by the door-keeper, who observed drily, "he would be fined five shillings more if he swore in Court."

"This is really mortifying," said I, as we descended the steps into what is called the press-yard.

We were neither of us disposed to remain, and hear the "soft impeachment" against the elderly, pig-tailed, powdered gentleman in black, who had provided himself with a set of wives; like a case of patent razors—one for each day in the week.

"Murder and suicide!" exclaimed Seymour, half aloud; and pausing for a moment, undetermined whether he

would return home, or make further enquiries at the prison.

"I expected it would be so," said a gentlemanly-looking man, somewhat advanced in years. He had the appearance of a retired officer, and was standing close by Seymour.

"You knew him, then?" replied Seymour, turning quickly round.

"Almost from his cradle," answered the stranger—"for he hardly stood higher than my knee, the first time I patted his little curly head; and I can scarcely be said to have lost sight of him since."

"I knew him a little," observed Seymour. "He was one of those men of whom you could not know any thing, without a strong desire to know more."

"I think I have had the pleasure of meeting you, Mr Seymour, once, if not twice, at Morley's, before he removed from Finchley."

"You have the advantage of me," replied Seymour, evidently surprised, and, as I thought, a little vexed, at this recognition.

"My name is Captain Shackerly," said the stranger.

"Shackerly—Shackerly," repeated Seymour, "I certainly remember that name—but I declare, upon my honour, I cannot recollect the particular occasion."

"Perhaps I can recall one circumstance to your memory; the day Morley's uncle died."

"Enough," interrupted Seymour, shaking his head, "I do remember that day."

"I was there," added Shackerly, "when Morley's servant brought him the intelligence."

"Captain Shackerly," said Seymour, taking him by the hand, "I am happy to renew my acquaintance with you."

Shackerly bowed. We walked out of the press-yard; and sauntered along the Old Bailey till we reached Ludgate Hill. Of all places (Thames Street alone excepted) this perhaps, is the very last which any one ever would select for continuing a quiet

conversation. The day was too early (scarcely half-past ten) to permit of the usual alternative—an adjournment to the nearest tavern or coffee-house; so we turned, retraced our steps, and found ourselves once more opposite the gloomy entrance to Newgate.

"How did he destroy himself?" said Seymour.

"A pistol," replied Shackerly; "he sent the ball right through his heart."
 "Good God!" exclaimed Seymour, "what a close to the life of such a man!"

"But how did he obtain possession of the pistol?" said I; "it argues great remissness in those who were about him."

"Oh," replied Shackerly, significantly, "he had more than one friend who would do that office for him, and provide the means of keeping their secrets. He was busily engaged in writing the greater part of the day, preparing, as it was supposed, for his defence; but it appeared, after his death, that his object was, to leave behind him—what shall I call it?—not a confession—nor a modern reminiscence—but a rapid sketch of those circumstances of his life from which he deduced its *last* melancholy act."

"It should seem," said Seymour, "that you have seen this writing."

"I have," replied Captain Shackerly, "for Morley had appointed me to visit him in the evening, but when I reached the prison, the fatal deed was consummated. I saw him, as he lay a bleeding corpse, near the table, on which were several sheets of paper, containing what I have mentioned. They were written in a firm hand, and signed with his name, only a moment, I should imagine, before he shot himself."

"Would it be possible to obtain a sight of this document?" said Seymour.

"I should think so," answered Shackerly; "not immediately, but after the inquest has been held upon the body, which is summoned for twelve o'clock."

"Where shall I have the pleasure of meeting you, two or three hours hence?" said Seymour. "I am exceedingly desirous of perusing what Morley wrote; and by your interference, perhaps, my desire can be accomplished."

"I shall attend the inquest," replied Captain Shackerly, "which will be

held in the prison; and if you return by two o'clock, I can almost undertake to promise you shall not be disappointed."

Seymour readily assured him he would be punctual, and they parted for the present.

"You must go with me," said he, as we walked along Holborn. "This Morley was no common man; and though he has descended to the grave, stained with the double crime of murder and of suicide, if what he has left behind him be a faithful record of his life, he has bequeathed a rich legacy to the world. I cannot now tell you how I became acquainted with him, some six or seven years since; I only know, I look back upon the event as upon one of those occurrences by which men compute the date of other things, subsequent or antecedent: they stand out like towering rocks, in the tide of a quiet man's life, which he sees through all its after windings."

I required no great persuasion to accede to Seymour's proposal; for he had himself sufficiently raised my curiosity, independently of what had fallen from Captain Shackerly. Before the clock struck two, therefore, we presented ourselves at the doors of Newgate, where we found Shackerly waiting.

"I have succeeded," said he, "in obtaining possession of the papers; but must return them to-night. Whither shall we repair to read them?"

"Let it be some retired place," observed Seymour. "What think you of Canonbury House," said I, "where we can take an early dinner, and be free from intrusion?"

"With all my heart," said Shackerly. Seymour signified his consent; and we were soon on our way to that rural manufactory of cockney relaxations, in a hackney-coach drawn by two anatomies, whose progress was so humane, that any old woman who was knocked down by one of the front wheels, opposite the Angel at Islington, had time to get up again, before the hind wheel overtook her.

As we rolled thus leisurely along, Shackerly informed us that the verdict of the jury, upon the wretched Morley, was *felo-de-se*; and that he was to be carted into a hole that night, at twelve o'clock, at the end of the Old Bailey, where the four roads, or rather streets, meet.

"It is a barbarous relic of former ages," observed Seymour, "thus to stigmatize suicide. It punishes the innocent and the living, not the guilty and the dead. Human penalties ought not to stretch beyond the grave. Whatever may be the crime of the self-murderer, it is an account which can only be settled between him and his Creator. He is a link which has dropped out of the social chain; and no man who has overcome all the other natural and moral checks which might be expected to restrain him, will ever be turned aside from his fearful purpose by the mere consideration of indignities offered to his body after death. The revolting ceremony fails, therefore, even as a preventive."

We were not *more* than two hours

travelling from Smithfield to Canonbury House; (the distance itself not being *more* than two miles, even by hackney-coach mensuration, which always gives much better measure than the mile-stones;) and when we arrived, it was agreed, with true English solicitude for that physical laboratory, the stomach, to dine first. We accordingly did so; and afterwards, while we sipped our wine, Captain Shackerly read what follows, from the posthumous papers of his friend Morley. A slight shudder crept through my veins, as he drew them from his pocket; for I thought of the wretched being who had written what they contained, though I knew him not; and I saw they were stained in several places with his blood.

"JAMES MORLEY, THE MURDERER!"

"And to *this*, it has come at last! Thus I read myself described in every newspaper! Thus I am designated, by every tongue that speaks of me! And many are those who have already made the appointment to be up betimes, and go to *Morley's execution*! The execution of Morley, the murderer! Yes—it would become *me* well, to let the hangman play the dog with me; a rude rabble gather round my scaffold; and a heartless world amuse itself, an hour perhaps, with the Newgate history of my words, my conduct, nay, my very looks, from my first moment in a condemned cell, to my last, under the gibbet! It is not death I fear: but what I *do* fear, worse than ten thousand deaths, and what I have no spirit in me to sustain, is, the malefactor-exhibition of myself. These hands bound with cords—these arms ignominiously fastened—a vile halter round my neck—and the leading forth to public execution! Oh! these preparations, and these adjuncts are dreadful! I look into myself, and find I have less fortitude to go through such a scene, than I should have resolution to escape it, (if only that escape were left me,) by dashing out my brains against the walls of my prison.

"Why then, should I undergo the mockery of trial? Why stand at the bar of justice, to hear myself arraigned—to endure the public gaze—listen to well-turned periods of trite horror at my crime—and hear *others* tell, *how* I perpetrated it? And when twelve men shall gravely pronounce I *am* a murderer, to receive judicial sentence, with a solemn exhortation to prepare for a felon's death; and the orthodox appendage, that if I am duly penitent, for the remaining sixty hours I am permitted to breathe, my soul may find heaven, while the surgeons are scraping my bones, to make a skeleton for their museum of curiosities.

"Yet, even to this ordeal would I submit, were it thus only the world could learn by what a chain of circumstances I became a murderer. But it is not so: for that which living ears might have listened to in my defence, living eyes can read after my death.

"I was the youngest child of three; but before I had attained my tenth year, I was an only one. I had always been the favourite of both my parents, and now I was their idol. They hung upon my existence, as a shipwrecked mariner clings to the last floating fragment of the gallant bark that bore

* The events narrated above occurred before the recent alteration of the old statute law which was applicable to the crime of suicide. It were to be wished, however, that instead of repealing a *part*, the *whole* had been swept away, on the very ground which is here urged; for what remains only harrows up the feelings of the innocent survivors.

him ; they lived, but while they held by me, in the rough tossings of the ocean of life. I was not slow to discover my value in their estimation, or to exercise, in its fullest extent, the capricious tyranny of conscious power. Almost the earliest impression which my ripening mind received, was a regal immunity from error—I could *do no wrong*.

“There was no deficiency of moral training, either by precept or example. The stream of virtuous admonition was poured, in a full tide, over my heart ; but it was left to stagnate. The model of virtuous conduct was held before my eyes in every action of my parents ; but I was absolved from the duty of imitation. What was the consequence ? I imperceptibly created within myself an arbitrary standard of right and wrong ; my moral vision became habitually distorted : I had one code of ethics for the world, and another for myself ; words changed their meaning, according as they were to express my own actions, or those of others. I was taught to know, but not required to practise, the obligations of social life ; and I rioted in all the excesses, ran through all the transgressions, which mere boyhood could commit, with a prodigal, but warranted reliance upon parental indulgence. Oh God ! what an after life of guilt and sorrow I should have been spared, if authority, hand in hand with wholesome discipline, had frowned upon my *first* offences !

“As my passions grew stronger, they took a wider range, and rapidly outstripped my years. An almost unlimited command of money placed at my disposal the means of gratifying every inclination, by giving me the power to put meaner instruments in motion ; those sordid pandars to vice, who make smooth the paths of sin for the privilege of dipping into an heir’s purse. I had three or four of these pioneers in my pay by the time I was sixteen ; but though I knew the rumour of my youthful licentiousness sometimes reached my father’s ears, I never saw displeasure darken his brow towards me, nor heard the language of reproof from his lips. ‘They are the weeds of a rich soil,’ he would say, ‘which a little culture will soon eradicate.’ It is true, the more degrading of my follies were unknown to him.

“My education was not neglected.

I had a thirst for knowledge ; and, amid all the dissipation into which I plunged, I willingly and eagerly devoted much of my time to study. Masters of every kind were provided for me ; but they were strictly prohibited from exercising any control. It so chanced, I needed none ; I engaged in the acquisition of learning with the free grace of a volunteer, and I believe my preceptors were not reluctant to claim me as their pupil. Alas ! the only use I have ever made of what I acquired, has been to gild my vices when acted, or refine upon the manner of acting them while in contemplation.

“I look back, at this moment, to the period of my life I am describing, as prosperous men recall the day-spring of their fortunes. *They*, from the proud eminence on which they stand, trace, step by step, in retrospective view, the paths by which they ascended ; and *I*, looking through the dark vista of my by-gone years, behold the fatal series of crimes and follies that stained their progress, stretching to my boyhood. The gay and frolic *irregularities*, as they were gently termed, of that untamed age, were the turbid source of the waters of misery in which I am now engulfed. I was a lawless planet, running at will ; and the orbit I described laid waste more than one fair region of peace and happiness.

“My father had a brother, his elder by many years ; a man of stern and rigid character, as I then considered him ; but, as I would now call him, of upright, firm, and honourable principle. He loved my father, but did not love his weakness ; and the display of it, in his indulgence towards me, was the cause of many a serious, if not sometimes angry, debate between them. Well do I remember (for it rankled like poison in my swelling heart) a declaration he once made in my presence. It was a fine autumnal evening, and he was seated with my father and mother in a balcony, which opened from the library-window upon a spacious lawn. I entered the room, and advanced towards them, unconscious, of course, that their conversation had been about me ; but my uncle looking at me with a severe expression of countenance, and at the same time addressing his brother, exclaimed, ‘Well, James, neither you nor I may live to

see it ; but if the grace of God, or his own better reflection, as he grows older, do not work a change in this young squire, a duel, Jack Ketch, or a razor, will work his exit some day or other."

"My father smiled—I saw my mother wipe away a tear—at that moment I could have struck my uncle dead. I muttered a few words—I knew not what, and left the room. Boy as I was, (for I had barely completed my seventeenth year,) I felt all the vindictive passions of manhood kindling within me. It seemed as if a sentence had been passed upon me, the more terrible, because a secret voice whispered to me, it was prophetic! *That impression never forsook me!* It grew with my growth; it pursued me through life; it almost gave a colour to my after-years. If I could have opened the volume of futurity, and read the page, blotted with the record of what I was to become, it could hardly have bound me in the fetters of my destiny more certainly, than did this ill-omened prediction of my uncle.

"I questioned my father haughtily, a few days afterwards, as to the reasons of his brother for thus speaking of me; and I even dared to insinuate, that, had he felt what a father should, he would have resented the indignity. He answered me (I write it with shame and contrition) most mildly, most affectionately. The gentle being—I see him now, as he tenderly took my hand—apologised to me—to me! who ought to have stood trembling in his presence! I followed up my blow. With cold, but subtle malignity, I played off my revenge towards my uncle, through the idolatry of my father's love towards myself. I barbarously gave him a choice of misery; for I disdainfully replied, that he must henceforth determine, whether he would lose a brother or a son, as I had determined to remain no longer under his roof, unless I had the assurance that I should never again see my uncle there. He looked at me. My God! what a look it was! so full of meek sorrow and appalling obedience! Without uttering a word, he sat down to his writing-table. The tears fell upon his paper; but they did not blot out a few bitter words addressed to his brother, which severed for ever in this world two noble hearts; cast, indeed, in different

moulds, but which kindred blood had cemented, in the close bonds of fraternal love, for more than forty years.

"This was my *first* revenge. But was I satisfied? No!

"It was only a few months afterwards, that chance threw in my way a daughter of my uncle's. I met her at the house of a common friend, who knew and deplored the unhappyschism which prevailed between the two brothers. He was equally attached to both, and I believe pleased himself with the idea, that an occasional intercourse between the younger branches of the families, might, some day or other, bring about a reconciliation between the heads. My cousin Harriet was a year older than myself. She was in her nineteenth, I in my eighteenth year. I loved her. Yes; the *first* feeling that glowed within my bosom was that of love. She was beautiful—fascinating—accomplished—amiable—and I loved her. It was not long before I was satisfied I had kindled a reciprocal passion in her breast. The mute eloquence of her look and manner was only the harpinger of that same thrilling eloquence, which fell from her tongue when I won the declaration of her affection.

"Her father knew we met at this friend's house; but whether he was told, or whether he penetrated, the secret of our attachment, I never learned. I only know, that, at the very moment when separation was madness, his mandate went forth, prohibiting all farther intercourse between us, and that it was obeyed. Not by me; for I was incapable of submission: but by my gentle Harriet, who thought *herself* incapable of disobeying. We met no more where we had been wont to meet; and my young heart's spring of happiness seemed for ever withered.

"But here again, I began to reflect, my path was crossed—my hopes were blighted—by my uncle. I heard, too, that his tongue had been free with my name; that the hissing censure of his austere virtue had fallen upon my actions. I writhed under the contumely. My wounded spirit was insatiate for vengeance. I meditated, deeply, how I could inflict it, so as to strike the blow where he was most vulnerable. I did not brood long over my dark purpose. The love I still bore his daughter, was now mingled

with the hatred I bore towards himself; and I exulted in the thought, that I should perhaps be able to gratify, at one and the same moment, two of the fiercest passions of my nature—lust and revenge!

“I SUCCEEDED!

“In these two words let me shroud a tale of horror. Harriet was my victim! Ask not how. *I* triumphed! *She* fell! An angel might have fallen as she did, and lost no purity. But her stainless heart was too proud in virtue to palter and equivocate with circumstances. She never rose from what she deemed her bridal bed. And ere twenty summers had fanned her cheek, the grave-worm banqueted upon its loveliness.

“This was my *first* crime. The recollection of it is engraven upon my memory by an awful catastrophe. The night wind that sung *her* funeral dirge, howled with dismal fury through the burning ruins of my paternal mansion. Yes! that very night, as if it were in mercy to them, my father and my mother both perished in the flames which reduced the house itself to cinders. They were seen at the windows of their bedchamber, shrieking for aid; but before any could be procured, the flooring gave way, and they sunk at once into the yawning furnace that roared beneath. Their remains, when afterwards dug out, were a few shovelfull of blackened ashes; except my father’s right hand, which was found clasped in that of my mother, and both unconsumed. I followed these sad relics to the sepulchre. But with the tears I shed, there was blended a feeble consolation at the thought they had died before they knew the fate of Harriet; and a frightful joy, that another pang was added to the wretchedness of my uncle.

“I can well remember what a feeling of loneliness and desolation now took possession of me. A few days, a few hours almost, had snapped asunder the only links by which I seemed to be held to this world. Froward as my youth had been—headlong as I had followed the impulse of my passions—my heart was not so seared, the springs of social virtue were not so dried up within me—my nature was not so bleak and barren—but that I often sighed, in bitterness of soul, over the wreck of things that had been. There were moments, too, when I would

gladly have paid the price of *all* my future life to redeem and cancel the past; for I already shrunk, with prophetic fears, from what was to come. Nor could the intoxicating anticipations of that ample wealth which awaited me, when another year should elapse, make me forget that I was doomed to enjoy it *alone*. I felt, too, that I should enter upon my inheritance with a tainted name; a feeling which the falsehoods and fawnings of the parasites who surrounded me could not obliterate.

“Time, however, rolled on; and I grew callous, if not reconciled. I could not disguise from myself that the more select circles of society were closed against me; or, if I found my way into them, some blushing whisper was quickly circulated, which created a solitude around me. For several years I strove to bear down this ostracism of fashion, as I considered it, rather than of morals, by the imposing influence of money. There was no equipage—no establishment in the capital which surpassed my own; there was no patron of the arts, of literature, or of science, so munificent; there was no benefactor to public charities so liberal; there was no dispenser of private benevolence, whose alms were so ostentatiously blazoned forth. My name was on every tongue; my movements, and my actions, were the daily theme of the newspapers; I lived in the general eye; but I could not level the barrier which excluded me from the region I sought.

“It was during this period, and while I was thus squandering thousands to achieve the conquest of shadows, that I succeeded in fixing an intimacy with a family equal to my own in station, and superior to it in fortune. The eldest daughter was an heiress of large expectations, and my proposals of marriage were favourably received. I might almost say that Matilda was mine; when one day I received a letter from her father, peremptorily forbidding my visits. I was thunderstruck. I hastened to the house, and demanded an explanation. It was given in few words. *I was referred to my uncle for any information I required.*

“This blow struck me down. I had run through my patrimonial estate; but hoped, by my marriage with Matilda, to repair my shattered for-

tune. Three weeks after it was known that the match was broken off, I was a prisoner for debt in the King's Bench! I breathed no curses upon the cause of this sudden reverse of fortune, but—I swore revenge, in silence; and I kept my oath. I languished away six months, a captive debtor; and then, taking the benefit of the act, I walked forth a beggar, to prey upon the world at large! I had studied, during that time, in an admirable school, where I found professors in every art by which fools are gulled, and knaves foiled with their own weapons. I was an apt scholar, and returned to the bosom of society, an adept in the science of *polished depredation*. Translate this into the language of the Old Bailey, and I became a swindler by profession. Like the eagle, however, I was a bird of prey that soared into the higher regions, and rarely stooped to strike the meaner tribes of my species. I had not lost, with the trappings of my hirth, the manners and address of the sphere in which I had moved; and these were now my stock in trade for carrying on my new vocation.

"Among the children of misfortune with whom I associated in prison, was Charles Fitzroy; a bankrupt in every thing but exhaustless invention, and unconquerable perseverance. Give him the free use of his limbs, and with matchless dexterity he would make the contributions of the morning furnish out the riotous expenses of the evening. It was his boast, that he would breakfast with an empty pocket, and dine with a purse that should defray the carouse of a dozen friends. And I have known him fulfil his boast, with a heart as light, too, as became a man who thus made the credulous fools of the world his hankers.

"I was needy, desperate, and an outcast; and I linked my destiny with Fitzroy's. He had my confidence; such confidence as confederates in knavery can bestow. When he obtained his liberty, which he did shortly after my own was accomplished, he introduced me to his companions; men who, like himself, lived by plundering the unwary, and who looked up to him as their *Magnus Apollo*. I was soon initiated in all their mysteries; and played my part to admiration at the gaming-table, on the race course, and in the ring.

"Fitzroy was master of the secret that festered near my heart; the increased and increasing hatred towards my uncle. I regarded him as my evil genius; for not only had he thwarted me in two of the dearest objects of my life; but his prediction of my boyhood had clung to me like a poisoned garment. I could not shake it off; and now, more than ever, it seemed accomplishing itself with rapid strides. It made me mad when I reflected upon the polluted channels through which my precarious means flowed, and thought of the luxurious enjoyments which his opulence commanded. It was true, I had dashed his cup with bitterness; but it was no less true, that it still flowed with sweets, while mine was brimming with gall. Fitzroy would often talk to me upon this subject, and devise schemes for a successful inroad upon his purse. At length a plan was matured between us, in which I could not appear, but which Fitzroy, and a picked few of our associates, undertook to execute.

"My uncle had always been passionately fond of the course, and prided himself upon his stud of racers. He betted largely, and was generally fortunate, probably because he selected his men with a wary eye. The race course, then, was the arena chosen for the enterprise; but admirable as were the projected plans, and skilfully as they were executed, such was his luck, or so profound were his calculations, that they failed five successive seasons. Fitzroy, however, was one of those men who, when satisfied that what they engage in ought to succeed, according to the means employed, only derive fresh vigour from every fresh defeat. He played his game a sixth time, and won. The same day that saw my uncle rise with thousands, saw him seek his pillow at night, a frantic beggar! He was too proud a man, too honourable, I will add, not to throw down his last guinea, in satisfaction of such demands. He never suspected villainy in the business. He paid his losses, therefore; and in less than a week afterwards, an inquest sat upon his body, which was found at the bottom of his own fish pond.

"I had my share of this infernal plunder; but so ravenous had been my appetite for revenge, that not one pang of remorse disturbed the riotous

enjoyments in which it was lavished. On the contrary, the very consciousness that it was my uncle's money I squandered, gave a zest to every excess, and seemed to appease the gnawing passions which had so long tormented me. In two or three years, however, boundless extravagance, and the gaming-table, stripped me of my last shilling. It was in one of the frenzied moments of this profligate reverse of fortune, that I committed the crime for which, if to-morrow dawned upon me, I should be publicly arraigned.

"Fitzroy had been fortunate the whole night. I had thrown with constant bad luck. He had pocketed some hundreds; I had lost more than I could pay. I asked him for a temporary loan of fifty pounds, to make good what I owed, and stake the small remaining sum for the chance of retrieving all. He refused me. It was the first time he had ever done so. But he not only refused me, he taunted me with sarcastic reproofs for my folly, and muttered something about the uselessness of assisting a man who, if he had thousands, would scatter them like dust. He should have chosen a fitter moment to exhort me, than when I was galled by my losses, and by his denial of my request. I was heated with wine too; and half mad with despair, half mad with drink, I sprung upon him, tore him to the earth, and before the bystanders could interfere to separate us, I had hurried a knife, which I snatched from a table near me, up to the handle in his heart! He screamed—convulsively grappled me by the throat—and expired! His death-gripe was so fierce and powerful, that I believe had we been alone, his murderer would have been found strangled by his side. It was with difficulty that the horror-struck witnesses of this bloody scene could force open his clenched hands time enough to let me breathe.

"I have done! I remember, as if it were but yesterday, the silent response which my heart made, when my uncle pronounced that withering sentence on me. 'No!' was my indignant exclamation; 'I may deserve a hundred public deaths; but if I know myself, I would never undergo one!—NOR WILL I. When that which I have written shall be read—other

hopes and fears—other punishments, perchance, than man can awaken or inflict—will await me. My *first* crime—my *first* revenge, and my *last*, I have recorded; my *last* crime others must tell, when they speak of the murderer and SUICIDE,

"JAMES MORLEY."

"I have little doubt," said Captain Shackerly, laying down the manuscript, "that scarcely a moment intervened between his writing his name, and placing the pistol to his heart; for when he was discovered, the pen was lying on the paper, as if it had been laid down only for an instant."

"It is a singular narrative," observed Seymour, "and in many passages betrays great symptoms of a highly excited morbid feeling."

"I cannot understand why he wrote it," said I, "unless he was afraid the world would not know the exact qualities of his very amiable character."

"Paradoxical as it may sound," replied Captain Shackerly, "I have no hesitation in affirming, that had Morley been trained the right way, he would have displayed some of the loftiest virtues that belong to us. But he was the mere creature of his passions, from the cradle to the grave; reason and self-discipline never directed or controlled a single action of his life."

We protracted our discourse upon this and various other subjects, till the moon lighted us on our path back to London, and the deep bell of St Sepulchre sounded the last half-hour before midnight, as Captain Shackerly knocked at the door of Newgate to fulfil his promise of returning the manuscript that night. Some men were digging Morley's grave. We approached the spot. There were about twenty other persons, mere passers by, casually assembled. The body was brought in a cart, which, being hacked close to the edge of the hole, it was tilted up, and out rolled the corpse of the wretched man in his clothes as he died. I gave one look at him as he lay, doubled up, in his unblest grave, and shuddered to think the dingy mass had been, within eight and forty hours, a living being like myself!

M.

THE MAN-MOUNTAIN.

We were all—Julia, her aunt, and myself, seated at a comfortable fire on a December evening. The night was dark, starless, and rainy, while the drops pattered upon the windows, and the wind howled at intervals along the house-tops. In a word, it was as gloomy a night as one would wish to see in this, the most dismal season of the year. Strictly speaking, I should have been at home, for it was Sunday; and my own habitation was at too great a distance to justify a visit of mere ceremony on so sacred a day, and amid such stormy weather. The truth is, I sallied out to see Julia.

I verily believe I could write a whole volume about her. She came from the north country, and was at this time on a visit to her aunt, in whose house she resided; and in whose dining-room, at the period of my story, we were all seated round a comfortable fire. Though a prodigious admirer of beauty, I am a bad hand at describing it. To do Julia justice, however, I must make the attempt. She was rather under the middle size, (not much,) blue-eyed, auburn-haired, fair-complexioned, and her shape was of uncommon elegance and proportion. Neck, bosom, waist, ankles, feet, hands, &c. all were perfect, while her nose was beautifully Grecian, her mouth sweetness itself, and her teeth as white and sparkling as pearls. In a word, I don't believe that wide Scotland could boast of a prettier girl—to say nothing of merry England and the Isle of Saints.

It was at this time about eight o'clock: tea had just been over, the tray removed, and the table put to rights. The star of my attraction was seated at one side of the fire, myself at the opposite, the lady of the house in the centre. We were all in excellent humour, and Julia and I eyed each other in the most persevering style imaginable. Her aunt indeed rallied us upon the occasion; and I thought Julia never appeared half so beautiful as now.

"But pleasures are like poppies spread;
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed."

So saith Robert Burns; and, truth to speak, his distich was never more effectually verified than at this interesting moment. A servant bouncing

by accident into a room where a gallant is on his knees before his mistress, and in the act of "popping the question," is vexatious. An ass thrusting its head through the broken window of a country church, and braying aloud while the congregation are busily chanting "Old Hundred," or some other equally devout melody, is vexatious. An elderly gentleman losing his hat and wig on a windy day, is vexatious. A young gentleman attempting to spring over a stile by way of showing his agility to a bevy of approaching ladies, and coming plump down upon the broadest part of his body, is vexatious. All these things are plagues and annoyances sufficient to render life a perfect nuisance, and fill the world with innumerable heart-breakings and *felo-de-sees*. But bad as they are, they are nothing to the intolerable vexation experienced by me, (and I believe by Julia too,) on hearing a slow, loud, solemn stroke of the knocker upon the outer door. It was repeated once—twice—thrice. We heard it simultaneously—we ceased speaking simultaneously—we (to wit, Julia and I) ceased ogling each other simultaneously. The whole of us suspended our conversation in a moment—looked to the door of the room—breathed hard, and wondered what it could be. The reader will perhaps marvel how such an impression could be produced by so very trivial a circumstance; but if he himself had heard the sound, he would cease to wonder at the strangeness of our feelings. The knocks were the most extraordinary ever heard. They were not those petty, sharp, brisk, soda-water knocks given by little, bustling, commonplace men. On the contrary, they were slow, sonorous, and determinate. What was still more remarkable, they were *three* in number, neither more nor less. There was something awe-inspiring in this recondite number; and the strokes themselves were sufficiently striking and solemn to excite attention, had they been even more or less numerous than they were. I should think that between each there must have been a pause of at least seven seconds and a half; and they were given with a firmness which betokened no ordinary strength of hand.

The knocker, besides, I knew to be extremely stiff, so much so that on my entrance I could not make it move on its hinges, and was obliged to make my presence known by striking the door with my knuckles. All circumstances considered, I think we were justified in being a good deal fluttered by the majestic *knock, knock, knock*, occurring as it did on a Sunday evening—a time when all good people are, or ought to be, at their devotions, instead of strolling out, as was my case, to the great scandal of religion, and danger of their own souls.

Scarcely had our surprise time to subside, than we heard the outer door opened by the servant—then it closed—then heavy footsteps, one, two, and three, were audible in the lobby—then the dining-room door was opened; and a form which filled the whole of its ample aperture, from top to bottom, from right to left, made its appearance. It was the figure of a man, but language would sink under his immensity. Never in heaven, or earth, or air, or ocean, was such a man seen. He was hugeness itself—hulk personified—the *beau idéal* of amplitude. When the dining-room door was first opened, the glare of the well-lighted lobby gleamed in upon us, illuminating our whole apartment with increase of lustre; but no sooner did he set his foot upon the threshold, than the lobby light behind him was shut out. He filled the whole gorge of the door like an enormous shade. The door itself seemed to stand aghast at such a stupendous substitute, and its yawning aperture shrunk with apprehension lest its jaws should be torn asunder by the entrance of so great a mass of animated materials.

Onward, clothed in black, came the moving mountain, and a very pleasing monster he was. A neck like that of a rhinoceros sat piled between his "Atlantean shoulders," and bore upon its tower-like and sturdy stem, a countenance prepossessing from its good-humour, and amazing for its plumpness and rubicundity. His cheeks were swollen out into billows of fat—his eyes overhung with turgid and most majestic lids, and his chin double, triple, ay quadruple. As for his mouth—

"It was enough to win a lady's heart
With its bewitching smile."

Onward came the moving mountain—shaking the floor beneath his tread, filling a tithe of the room with his hulk, and blackening every object with his portentous shadow.

I was amazed—I was confounded—I was horrified. Not so Julia and her aunt, who, far from participating in my perturbed emotions, got up from their seats, smiled with a welcoming nod, and requested him to sit down.

"Gled to see you, Mr Tims," said Julia.

"Glad to see you, Mr Tims," said her aunt.

"Mr Tims!" Gracious heavens, and was this the name of the mighty entrant? Tims! Tims! Tims!—the thing was impossible. A man with such a name should be able to go into a nut-shell; and here was one that the womb of a mountain could scarcely contain! Had he been called Sir Bullion O'Dunder, Sir Theodosius M'Turk, Sir Rugantino Magnus, Sir Blunderbuss Blarney, or some other high-sounding name, I should have been perfectly satisfied. But to be called *Tims*! Upon my honour, I was shocked to hear it. The very first principles of unity were outraged, and the most atrocious discord substituted in their place.

Mr Tims sat him down upon the great elbow-chair, for he was a friend, it seems, of the family—a *weighty* one assuredly; but one whose acquaintanceship they were all glad to court. The ladies, in truth, seemed much taken with his society. They put fifty questions to him about the play—the assembly—the sermon—marriages—deaths—christenings, and what not; the whole of which he answered with surprising volubility. His tongue was the only active part about him, going as glibly as if he were ten stones, instead of thirty, and as if he were a *Tims* in person as well as in name. In a short time I found myself totally neglected. Julia ceased to eye me, her aunt to address me, so completely were their thoughts occupied with the Man-Mountain.

In about half an hour I began to feel confoundedly uncomfortable. I was a mere cipher in the room; and what with the appalling bulk of Mr Tims, the attention the ladies bestowed upon him, and the neglect with which they treated me, I sunk

considerably in my own estimation. In proportion as this feeling took possession of me, I experienced an involuntary respect for the stranger. I admired his intimate knowledge of balls, dresses, *faux pas*, marriages, and gossip of all sorts—and still more I admired his bulk. I have an instinctive feeling of reverence towards "Stout Gentlemen;" and, while contrasting my own puny form with his, I laboured under a deep consciousness of personal insignificance. From being five feet eight, I seemed to shrink to five feet one; from weighing ten stones, I suddenly fell to seven and a half; while my portly rival sat opposite to me, measuring at least a foot taller than myself, and weighing good thirty stones, jockey weight. If any little fellow like me thinks of standing well with his mistress, let him never appear in her presence with such a gentleman as Mr Tims. She will despise him to a certainty; nor, though his soul be as large as Atlas or Teneriffe, will it compensate for the paltry dimensions of his body.

What was to be done? With the ladies, it was plain, I *could* do nothing: with Mr Tims, it was equally plain, I *ought* to do nothing—seeing that, however much he was the cause of my uneasiness, he was at least the *innocent* cause, and therefore neither morally nor judicially amenable to punishment. His offence was unpremeditated; the reverse of what lawyers call *malice prepense*, and consequently not a penal one. It is all very well, however, to talk of morality and legality. When a man's passions are up, his sense of justice is asleep, and all idea of rectitude hidden in the blinded impulse of indignation. From respecting Mr Tims I came to hate him; and I vowed internally, that, rather than be annihilated by this enlarged edition of Daniel Lambert, I would pitch him over the window. Had I been a giant, I am sure I would have done it on the spot. The giants of old, it is well known, raised Pelion upon Ossa, in their efforts to scale the throne of heaven; and tossed enormous mountains at the godhead of Jupiter himself. Unfortunately for me, Mr Tims was a mountain, and I was no giant.

Under these circumstances, there was no help for me but to march off, and take myself away from such a

scene of annoyance. It was plain, I was no longer the "lion" of the night, but a feeble star dwindled into shade before the presence of a more glorious luminary—the ladies ceased to worship at my deserted shrine. I accordingly got up, and, pretending it was necessary that I should see some person in the next street, abruptly left the room. Julia—I did not expect it—saw me to the door, shook hands with me, and said she hoped I would return to supper when my business was finished. Sweet girl! was it possible she could prefer the Man-Mountain to me?

Away I went into the open air. I had no business whatever to perform: it was mere fudge; and I resolved to go home as fast as I could.

But I did not go home. On the contrary, I kept strolling about from street to street, sometimes thinking upon Julia, sometimes upon Mr Tims. The night was of the most melancholy description—a cold, cloudy, windy, rainy December night. Not a soul was upon the streets excepting a solitary straggler, returning hither and thither from an evening sermon, or an occasional watchman gliding past with his lantern, like an incarnation of the Will-o'-wisp. I strolled up and down for half an hour, wrapped in an olive great-coat, and having a green silk umbrella over my head. It was well I chanced to be so well fortified against the weather; for had it been otherwise, I must have been drenched to the skin. Where I went I know not, so deeply was my mind wound up in its various melancholy cogitations. This, however, I do know, that, after striking against sundry lamp-posts, and overturning a few old women in my fits of absence, I found myself precisely at the point from which I set out, viz. at the door of Julia's aunt's husband's house.

I paused for a moment, uncertain whether to enter, and, in the meantime, turned my eyes to the window, where, upon the white blind, I beheld the enormous shadow of a human being. My flesh crept with horror on witnessing this apparition, for I knew it to be the shadow of the Man-Mountain—the dim reflection of Mr Tims. No other human being could cast such a shade. Its proportions were magnificent, and filled up the whole breadth of the window screen; nay, the shoul-

ders shot away latterly beyond its utmost limits, and were lost in space, having apparently nothing whereon to cast their mighty image. On beholding this vast shade, my mind was filled with a thousand exalted thoughts. I was carried away in imagination to the mountain solitudes of the earth. I saw Mont Blanc lifting his white, bald head, into cold immensity, and flinging the gloom of his gigantic presence over the whole sweep of the vale of Chamouni—that vale in which the master-mind of Coleridge composed the sublimest hymn ever sung, save by the inspired bards of Israel. I was carried away to the far off South sea, where, at sunset, the Peak of Teneriffe blackens the ocean for fifteen miles with his majestic shadow dilated upon the waves. Then the snowy Chimborazo cleaving the sky with his wedge-like shoulders, arose before me; and the exalted summit of volcanic Cotopaxi—both glooming the Andes with shade. Then Ida, and Pindus, and Olympus, were made visible to my spirit. I beheld the fauns and satyrs bounding and dancing in the shadows of these classic mountains, while the Grecian maids walked in beauty along their sides, singing to their full-toned lyres, and perchance discoursing of love, screened from the noontide sun. Then I flew away to the vales of Scotland—to Corrichoich, cooled by the black shade of Morven; to the GREAT GLEN, where, at sunset and sunrise, the image of Bennevis lies reflected many a rood upon its surface, and the Lochy murmur under a canopy of mountain cloud.

I paused at the door for sometime, uncertain whether to enter; at last my mind was made up, and I knocked, resolved to encounter the Man-Mountain a second time, and, if possible, recover the lost glances of Julia. On entering the dining-room, I found an accession to the company in the person of our landlord, who sat opposite to Mr Tims, listening to some facetious story which the latter gentleman seemed in the act of relating. He had come home during my absence, and, like his wife and her niece, appeared to be fascinated by the eloquence and humour of his stout friend. At least, so I judged, for he merely recognised my presence by a slight bow, and devoted the whole of his attention to the owner of the mighty shadow. Julia

and her aunt were similarly occupied, and I was more neglected than ever.

I felt horribly annoyed. There was a palpable injustice in the whole case, which to me was utterly unendurable; and my wrath boiled over in fierce but bootless vehemence. The subjects on which the company conversed were various, but the staple theme was love. Mr Tims related some of his own love adventures, which were, doubtless, sufficiently amusing, if we may judge by the shouts of laughter they elicited from all the party—myself only excepted.

Perhaps the reader may think that there was something ludicrous in the idea of such a man being in love. Not at all—the notion was sublime; almost as sublime as his shadow—almost as overwhelming as his person. Conceive the Man-Mountain playing the amiable with a delicate young creature like Julia. Conceive him falling on his knees before her—pressing her delicate hand, and “popping the question,” while his large round eyes shed tears of affection and suspense, and his huge sides shook with emotion! Conceive him enduring all the pangs of love-sickness—never telling his love; “concealment, like a worm in the bud, preying upon his damask cheek,” while his hard-hearted mistress stood disdainfully by, “like pity on a monument, smiling at grief.” Above all, conceive him taking the lover’s leap—say from Dunnet or Duncansby-head, where the rocks tower four hundred feet above the Pentland Firth, and floundering in the waters like an enormous whale; the herring shoals hurrying away from his unwieldy gambols, as from the presence of the real sea-born leviathan. Cacus in love was not more grand, or the gigantic Polyphemus, sighing at the feet of Galatea, or infernal Pluto looking amiable beside his ravished queen. Have you seen an elephant in love? If you have, you may conceive what Mr Tims would be in that interesting situation.

Supper was brought in. It consisted of eggs, cold veal, bacon-ham, and a Welsh rabbit. I must confess, that, perplexed as I was by all the previous events of the evening, I felt a gratification at the present moment, in the anxiety to see how the Man-Mountain would comport himself at table. I had beheld his person and his shadow with equal admiration, and

I doubted not that his powers of eating were on the same great scale as his other qualifications.—They were indeed. Zounds, how he did eat! Milo of Crotona, who could kill an ox with a blow of his fist, and devour it afterwards, was nothing to him; I felt as if he could consume a whole flock of oxen. He was a Cyclops, a Panta-gruel, a Gargantua: his stomach resembled the sieve of the homicidal daughters of Danaus; it was insatiable. Cold veal, eggs, bacon-ham, and Welsh rabbit, disappeared "like the baseless fabric of a vision, and left not a wreck behind;" so thoroughly had nine-tenths of them taken up their abode in the *bread basket* (vide Jon Bee) of the Man-Mountain; the remaining tenth sufficed for the rest of the company, viz. Julia, her aunt, her aunt's husband, and myself.

Liquor was brought in, to wit, wine, brandy, whisky, and rum. I felt an intense curiosity to see on which of the four Mr Tims would fix his choice. He fixed upon brandy, and made a capacious tumbler of hot toddy. I did the same, and asked Julia to join me in taking a single glass—I was forestalled by the Man-Mountain. I then asked the lady of the house the same thing, but was forestalled by her husband. These repeated disappointments overwhelmed me with rage and despair; and to add to my other pangs, the fiend of Jealousy, wreathed with snakes like the Fury Tisiphone, appeared before me—for I noticed Julia and Mr Tims interchanging mutual glances, and blushing deeply when detected. The Man-Mountain was, after all, a person of sensibility—a man of fine feelings—a reader doubtless of the *Sketch Book*—subject to fits of melancholy, and very sentimental.

Meanwhile, the evening wearing on, the ladies retired, and Mr Tims, the landlord, and myself, were left to ourselves. This was the signal for a fresh assault upon the brandy-bottle. Another tumbler was made—then another—then a fourth. At this period Julia appeared at the door, and beckoned upon the landlord, who arose from table, saying he would rejoin us immediately. Mr Tims and I were thus left alone, and so we continued, for the landlord—strange to say—did not again appear. What became of him I know not. I supposed

he had gone to bed, and left his *great* friend and myself to pass the time as we were best able.

We were now commencing our fifth tumbler, and I began to feel my whole spirit pervaded by the most delightful sensations. My heart beat quicker, my head sat more lightly than usual upon my shoulders; and sounds like the distant hum of bees, or the music of the spheres, heard in echo afar off, floated around me. There was no bar between me and perfect happiness, but the Man-Mountain, who sat on the great elbow-chair opposite, drinking his brandy-toddy, and occasionally humming an old song with the utmost indifference.

It was plain that he despised me. While any of the others were present he was abundantly loquacious, but now he was as dumb as a fish—tippling in silence, and answering such questions as I put to him in abrupt monosyllables. The thing was intolerable, but I saw into it: Julia had played me false; the "Mountain" was the man of her choice, and I his despised and contemptible rival.

These ideas passed rapidly through my mind, and were accompanied with myriads of others. I bethought me of every thing connected with Mr Tims—his love for Julia—his elephantine dimensions, and his shadow, huge and imposing as the image of the moon against the orb of day, during an eclipse. Then I was transported away to the Arctic sea, where I saw him floundering many a rood, "hugest of those that swim the ocean stream." Then he was a Kraken fish, outspread like an island upon the deep: then a mighty black cloud affrighting the mariners with its presence: then a flying island, like that which greeted the bewildered eyes of Gulliver. At last he resumed his human shape, and sat before me like "Andes, giant of the Western Star,"—tippling the jorum, and sighing deeply.

Yes, he sighed profoundly, passionately, tenderly; and the sighs came from his breast like blasts of wind from the cavern of Eolus. By Jove, he was in love; in love with Julia! and I thought it high time to probe him to the quick.

"Sir," said I, "you must be conscious that you have no right to love Julia. You have no right to put

your immense body between her and me. She is my betrothed bride, and mine she shall be for ever."

"I have weighty reasons for loving her," replied Mr Tims.

"Were your reasons as weighty as your person, you *shall not* love her."

"She *shall* be mine," responded he, with a deeply-drawn sigh. "You cannot, at least, prevent her image from being enshrined in my heart. No, Julia! even when thou descendest to the grave, thy remembrance will cause thee to live in my imagination, and I shall thus write thine elegy:—

I cannot deem thee dead—like the perfumes

Arising from Judea's vanished shrines
Thy voice still floats around me—nor
can tombs

A thousand, from my memory hide the
lines

Of beauty, on thine aspect which abode,
Like streaks of sunshine pictured there
by God.

She shall be mine," continued he in the same strain. "Prose and verse shall woo her for my lady-love; and she shall blush and hang her head in modest joy, even as the rose when listening to the music of her beloved hulbul beneath the stars of night."

These amorous effusions, and the tone of insufferable affectation with which they were uttered, roused my corruption to its utmost pitch, and I exclaimed aloud, "Think not, thou revivification of Falstaff—thou enlarged edition of Lambert—thou folio of humanity—thou Titan—thou Briareus—thou Sphinx—thou Goliath of

Gath, that I shall bend beneath thy ponderous insolence!" The Mountain was amazed at my courage: I was amazed at it myself; but what will not love, inspired by brandy, effect?

"No," continued I, seeing the impression my words had produced upon him, "I despise thee, and defy thee, even as Hercules did Antæus, as Sampson did Harapha, as Orlando did Ferragus. 'Bulk without spirit vast,' I fear thee not—come on." So saying, I rushed onward to the Mountain, who arose from his seat to receive me. The following passage from the Agonistes of Milton will give some idea of our encounter.

"As with the force of winds and waters
pent,

When mountains tremble, these two
massy pillars,

With horrible convulsion to and fro,
He tugged, he shook, till down they
came, and drew

The whole roof after them, with burst
of thunder,
Upon the heads of all who sat beneath."

"Psha!" said Julia, blushing modestly, "can't you let me go?"—Sweet Julia! I had got her in my arms.

"But where," said I, "is Mr Tims?"

"Mr who?" said she.

"The Man-Mountain."

"Mr Tims!—Man-Mountain!" resumed Julia, with unfeigned surprise. "I know of no such persons. How jocular you are to night—not to say how ill-bred, for you have been asleep for the last five minutes!"

"Sweet—sweet Julia!"

A MODERN PYTHAGOREAN.

SKETCHES OF ITALY AND THE ITALIANS, WITH REMARKS ON ANTIQUITIES
AND FINE ARTS.

(Continued.)

XX. ARRIVAL IN ROME.

I ARRIVED in Rome on the fourth of January, a bright winter Sunday, about noon. I had passed the night at Monte Rosi, three stages from the metropolis. Near Baccano, I perceived that the carriage was bounding and rattling over a stony road. "What is that?" I called out to the vetturino. "An antiquity, Signor!—the remains of the Via Cassia."—"And why do you drive so fast over this jolting

road?"—"The air is bad here, Signor! and the road is dangerous. A carriage was plundered the day before yesterday, in broad daylight, a few hundred paces hence."—"Go on."—"Look, Signor! there hang the arms of a criminal, on each side the road; farther on, another pair; and yesterday we passed three or four pairs in the dark." Looking through the carriage window, I beheld the wasted

flesh and protruding bones of human arms nailed upon lofty poles. A young priest, who was passing by, crossed himself under each pole. "What is that priest about?" I enquired of the vetturino. "He is praying for the souls of the murdered, who deported this life without confession, and without the last unction."—"And why not rather for the souls of the assassins?"—"They repented and confessed before death, and were saved." Farther on I saw the priest kneel down upon a stone with gestures of deep humility: the vetturino anticipated my enquiry by saying, "On that stone, Signor! sat St Ignatius when the holy virgin appeared to him."

During the last stage, I quitted my vehicle to obtain a better first view of Rome than a carriage window could afford me. At every step the campagna became more arid, the surrounding landscape more naked and desolate; and a few pallid beggars alone announced a contiguous metropolis.

The road was here a gentle acclivity; the vetturino gave me a sign; suddenly I saw Rome expanded before

me in the distant hollow; and, as the devious and now descending road wound between the hills, I gradually distinguished the glossy cupolas and time-stained walls; the pines and cypresses; the white villas embosomed in dark green foliage; the yellow stream; the crosses, arches, obelisks, and columns of the "Eternal City."

Approaching the Porta del Popolo, I met a number of well-dressed pedestrians. The Corso was crowded with the gay world, many of whom gazed with curious eyes into my vehicle, in a corner of which I endeavoured to conceal my dusty garments and myself. The first antique building I discovered within the walls, was the front of the Basilica Antonina, behind which my luggage was examined. And now, while the idlers gazed, and begging hands surrounded me, the *Facchine* began to contend for my luggage, *valets de place* presented the cards of various hotels; and, ere long, I was welcomed by a German landlord in the Via Condotti, and cordially greeted by an old friend and countryman on the staircase.

XXI. ROMAN FESTIVALS IN AUGUST.

THE illuminations and fireworks in the Mausoleum of Augustus commence on the first Sunday after the festival of St Peter, and continue every Sunday evening until the end of August. On the last four Sundays, the Piazza Navona is inundated, and on each Monday following, the bull-fights take place in the Mausoleum of Augustus. The Romans call the fireworks *Fochetti*; the inundation is termed *Il Lago di Piazza Navona*; the fights with oxen, bulls, and buffaloes, are called *Giostre di giovenchi, tori, e buffoli*.

I went to view the piazza Navona about five in the afternoon. In the centre of this nearly oval piazza is a large fountain, adorned with an obelisk and four reclining colossal figures, which personify the four principal rivers in the world, and were designed by Bernini. The water streams abundantly from the urns of these river-gods, until a third of the piazza, which inclines towards the fountain, is about two feet deep in water. Each Monday morning the water is drawn off, and the place remains dry during the week. It was the hour of the evening

promenade when I arrived there. The dry portion of the piazza was covered with booths and spectators; the surrounding windows, and the broad steps of the church of St Agnes, were occupied with gazers; and every eye was fixed upon the lake, which was crowded with numerous groups in vehicles of every class, from the state-coach to the hay-cart, besides equestrians, led-horses, and donkeys innumerable. In or out of this dirty puddle, the company ride and drive round the piazza until sunset; the horses neigh with delight in this cooling foot bath, and the scene is varied and enlivened by the festive attire of the more opulent peasants and farmers, who bring their families in large hay-waggons to partake of this illustrious refreshment in the company of princes and nobles. Such is this festive inundation, in which some worshippers of the antique see the relics of a Roman *Naumachia*. For this motley scene the Corso is deserted, and not a soul remains on Monte Pincio, except perhaps some hypochondriacal Englishman.

Soon as the darkness permits, the lamps are-lighted in the Mausoleum

of Augustus. This ancient structure is in an obscure street, leading out of the Corso, near the Porto del Popolo, and is surrounded with houses and stables, which are however overtopped by the amphitheatre on the roof. The arena within is circular, of moderate extent, and surrounded by a strong parapet, from which rise four rows of stone seats in the antique form. Above is a circle of modern theatre boxes, surmounted by an open gallery and iron railing. The transition from a dark and narrow street to this amphitheatre, crowded with well-dressed people and brilliantly illuminated, is very striking. Numerous chandeliers, tall tapers, and coloured lamps, diffused light and splendour, and almost obscured the stars in the dark blue atmosphere, which hung over the dazzling circle like a cupola. Two orchestras relieved each other; the one playing marches on Turkish instruments, the other performing symphonies and overtures. All the lights were now gradually extinguished, the crowd quitted the arena for the seats around it, and the well-filled amphitheatre assumed a classical and imposing aspect. The fireworks then commenced with wheels; after which, golden fountains threw up their streams of radiance from the surface of the arena; then stars of green and red flame glided through the darkness, and the exhibition closed with the crown and key of St Peter. The spectators appeared dissatisfied with the fireworks of this evening; and I was informed that the preceding exhibition had greatly surpassed them. It represented a Chinese city adorned with golden bells, sun, moon, and stars.

On the following day I witnessed, in the same theatre, a bull fight, which, however, did not realize my expectations. It was a mere torturing of animals, which excited no dramatic interest, because the struggle was compulsory with one party, and devoid of all danger to the other. The Giostra began at the hour of two-and-twenty, and continued two hours, or until the Ave Maria. When I entered the amphitheatre, it was crowded with spectators, and resounding with Janissary music. Four giostratori, young, well-made, and powerful men, and usually journeymen butchers, were pacing up and down the arena. They wore tight dresses of white linen, with red scarfs

round their waists, and each carried a short stick and piece of red cloth in his hand. In the centre of the arena stood several tall casks, and a stuffed figure, suspended from a cord, and resembling the combatants in garb and size, hung a little above the ground. I perceived also several apertures in the arena, covered with loose boards, from which puppets were occasionally protruded during the combats. A trumpet blast announced the opening of the Giostra. The combatants made their obeisance to the spectators, and took their positions in a half-circle near the parapet. A door in the wall was now thrown open, and a large white ox, of the Campagna breed, with long and widely spreading horns, rushed into the arena. Previously goaded almost to madness in the stable, he looked wildly around him, then darted forward, and vented his fury upon the empty casks, the hanging puppet, and the stuffed figures, which were thrust at him through the apertures already described. When he was somewhat wearied with this exercise, the giostratori advanced towards him, holding out the red cloths, the sight of which enraged and roused the animal to new efforts, and he assaulted his tormentors, who easily evaded his attacks; or, when closely pressed, vaulted lightly over the parapet. After a dozen experiments of this nature, the wearied ox discontinued his efforts, and even endeavoured to avoid his pursuers. A running noose was then thrown over his horns, and he was dragged from the arena, which he would doubtless have gladly quitted, had not the sight of his prison reminded him of the goading torture which roused his peaceful nature into warlike ferocity.

A buffalo succeeded him, but soon gave up the struggle, and was followed by an ox with only one horn, who, however, proved his mettle by driving all his opponents out of the arena. They sought safety beyond the parapet, and the enraged animal butted furiously against the stone wall. Two bulls, one a buffalo, and the other of the Campagna race, next made their appearance. They were magnificent creatures, and so wild, that the four giostratori did not hazard the encounter. Two butcher's dogs, of large size, were let loose. They flew at the bulls, fastened, after brief contention, upon their ears, and were dragged

round the arena until the bellowing animals were brought to a stand by fatigue and torture. The fire and courage of these four-footed combatants were loudly cheered, but the human champions were more frequently hissed than applauded. The people, however, took a lively interest in the scene; and, after any instance of unusual

daring, handed wine and refreshments into the arena. The most interesting feature of these exhibitions is their gymnastic character. The grouping of the combatants would have supplied models to a sculptor, so finely developed, so classical and picturesque, were the figures, attitudes, and gestures of the handsome giostratori.

XXII. THE GAME OF THE PIG.

THE most ludicrous of all burlesques upon animal combats, is the *Gioco al Porco*, or Game of the Pig, which I saw performed in one of the piazzas of Tivoli. Observing a crowd of people attracted by some scene, which provoked an incessant uproar of laughter and applause, I approached, and discovered within the circle a pig gaudily painted, adorned with ribbons, and with a bell suspended from his neck. The object of the game was to chase the pig, to seize and retain possession of him, an undertaking of no small difficulty to his pursuers, who could neither walk nor see, being enclosed in narrow sacks of thick cloth, which were tied over their heads in large folds, forming a cushion to intercept the heavy blows to which they were exposed in the course of the struggle. Thus strangely muffled, but at liberty to use their arms, for which two holes are cut in the sack, and provided with sticks, they stand in a circle, at some distance from each other, and wait until the pig is let loose amongst them. Soon as the small bell announces his presence, the hunters endeavour to approach him, but, being unable to walk,

they are obliged to jump forward with their feet joined; of course, the least shock makes them totter, and, in their endeavours to prevent each other from gaining the prize, they often stumble and roll together over the arena, while the grumbling animal, terrified by the stunning bravos of the people, jumps over his fallen enemies, gallops in all directions, grunting and ringing his bell, tries to escape through the crowd, and is driven back into the inner circle by the hooting and hissing of the spectators. The helpless combatants, guided by the bell, again hop after their game; and, when aiming blows at the unfortunate bell-ringer, either strike each other, or, fighting with the air, tumble with the vain effort, regain their feet with slow and ludicrous struggles, resume the chase, and fall together in a heap, with the pig in the middle. The animal becomes the prize of any one who can seize and hold him, and the conqueror, satisfied with the honour of the victory, usually invites all his competitors, and the judges of the combat, to a repast, of which the captured pig is the chief ornament.

XXIII. RAFFAELLE AND THE VATICAN.

MODERN Europe is indeed indebted to the resolute and vehement Pope Julius II. for the most distinguished masterpieces in painting; and it was truly fortunate for the arts that this enterprising pontiff possessed an eye so accurate for the essential in painting, that no sophistries of the courtiers and painters of the day could blind his judgment. Disdaining mere profession and common-place, he quickly discovered real talent, acknowledged, and employed it.

The most celebrated artists of the time had already painted in the saloons of the Vatican a number of mask-like figures, against which, according to

the unsound theories of the painters, no objection could be urged; when Bramante introduced Raffaele, then a youth of seventeen, and obtained for him permission from Julius to try his strength on the walls of a saloon. The older masters laughed contemptuously, and ridiculed the idea of employing an inexperienced boy; but the high-minded youth, regardless of their sneers, steadily pursued his object. His fine imagination readily suggested designs, suited to the walls of the apartment, for the four celebrated pictures called, Theology, Philosophy, Poesy, and Justice. While still glowing with his conception, he began to

sketch the "Theology;" and before the "Philosophy," better known as the "School of Athens," was finished, Pope Julius was so delighted with the truth and beauty of this fine composition, that he immediately ordered all the works of the artists previously employed to be removed, and determined that no one but the boy-painter should decorate the walls of the Vatican. The older painters complained bitterly of the tyranny and folly of this proceeding; but their own time and posterity have fully justified the peremptory decision.

The "Theology" is a religious allegory, in which the most distinguished personages of the Old and New Testaments are appropriately introduced. The principal figures are drawn with wonderful accuracy of outline; the four great teachers of the church stand out from the lower ground with astonishing truth and power; and there is a reality and variety in all the heads, which evince the lively and inexhaustible imagination of the youthful artist.

The most attractive of all the works of Raffaele is the "School of Athens." How full of that nature which the artist loved!—and what an air of cheerfulness and harmony pervades every group, although the collective design of this picture is a dispute on the comparative merits of the Peripatetic and Platonic schools, as may be inferred from the triumphant air of Aristotle and his adherents, and the apparent conviction of their opponents. This interpretation of the design explains also the absence of Epicurus and Zeno, with their respective disciples. What masterly heads are those of Pythagoras, Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, Archimedes, or rather Bramante, and the young Duke of Mantua! The head of Archimedes, especially, abounds with intellectual acuteness and deep thought. The group of four young men around him is indescribably beautiful; and these five figures form a delightful picture of a master and his scholars. One of them is studying; another comprehends; the third has mastered the subject; and the fourth looks elated, and desirous to impart to others the knowledge he has gained.

The "Parnassus" is a spiritual picture of poesy. The fine genius of Homer, in high excitement, is over-

flowing in spontaneous verse. Apollo, whose eyes are radiant with beauty, is wrapt in ecstatic visions. The Muses, Laura, Sappho, and the best poets, excepting the dramatic, are introduced.

The painting called "Justice" consists of three admirable allegorical figures: Wisdom in the centre, supported by Strength on the right hand, by Moderation on the left. This saloon was the first attempt of the young painter in Rome; and in the multitude and grandeur of the figures which adorn its walls, it surpasses all the others. In the other saloons, however, the genius of Raffaele takes a holdier flight. Here are his Heliodorus; the Miracle of the Mass; the Conflagration of the Borgo; Leo IV. swearing on the Gospel; the Battle of Constantine; with others of minor excellence, in which the assistance of Raffaele's pupils is discernible. His Heliodorus is perhaps the finest of all modern allegories. The group of Angels, with the prostrate Heliodorus, belong to the best and highest of his conceptions; and are so perfectly natural in figure, mien, and gesture, that the painter must have horrowed them from Roman life in vehement and fiery action; while the angel on horseback, although certainly somewhat extravagant in a church, presents a magnificent image of irresistible power and rapidity. The group of lovely females near the Pope yields an effective contrast; and Julius is gazing on the scene of retribution with an air of dignified gratification. The assistance of Raffaele's pupils is obvious in the accessories; nevertheless, this picture is one of his best compositions. It was painted soon after the expulsion of the French army from Italy, and the allusion to their unhallowed rapacity and subsequent reverses must have greatly delighted the Romans.

The "Miracle of the Mass," which surpasses most of Raffaele's pictures in colouring and finish, is remarkable for variety of character and unity of expression in the different heads, most of which are portraits. Every countenance is expressive of lively faith and astonishment. Pope Julius, and the no longer doubting priest, are masterly figures.

The "Conflagration of the Borgo," another miracle, is deservedly cele-

brated for the beauty and fine expression of the terrified women and unconscious children; but the subject was suited to Coreggio or Titian, rather than Raffaele: indeed, miracles should never be painted; they are the poet's province.

In the fine picture of "Leo IV. swearing on the Gospel," the principal figure is the best. Never were a good conscience, and an exalted character, more finely expressed; and how admirably effective is the appealing look towards heaven! There are several masterly heads in the group of Cardinals, and the various expressions of high intelligence, of astonishment, attention and resignation, blended with deep and universal sympathy, prove the inexhaustible fertility of the painter's fancy.

The "Battle of Constantine and Maxentius" is one of the best of Raffaele's compositions; the arrangement is admirable, the various groups form a magnificent whole, and the principal figures are finely prominent, and full of life and truth. In the features of Constantine, the gratification of victory is blended with the angry flush and excitement of battle. The head of Maxentius, attributed by some to Julio Romano, reveals the cruel and miserable tyrant, yielding to despair and destruction. The masses are too much crowded, and the retreat of the defeated army is too unresisting and cowardly; but, in true and effective drawing of the principal figures, this battle surpasses all others.

In front of the saloons are the open arcades, called the Loggie, which are decorated with numerous small paintings from the Old Testament, and some from the New. A few of these were painted by Raffaele; but the majority, and all the Arabesques, were copied by pupils from his designs. Many of these subjects abound with beauty and expression; they are, indeed, the genuine school of Raffaele; and when I walk through the arcades, I love to picture to myself the heavenly painter, surrounded by his greater and lesser pupils, and to trace the various styles and degrees of ability in the execution of these admirable designs.

Certainly Raffaele, if any man, was born a painter. His designs were the reflex of his exquisite perception of the beautiful; and all his figures,

although infinitely varied, possess a peculiar and characteristic charm. Michel-Angelo surpassed all modern painters in the sublimity of his conceptions, and in the accurate drawing of naked figures; but he had little feeling for beauty of form; his figures, with some exceptions, are poor and ignoble; and he wanted a painter's eye and hand for colouring; while Raffaele, all heart and feeling, was a living fountain of grace and beauty. As much of the naked as was visible in the costume of his time, he conveyed with life and accuracy. He had little knowledge of the magic powers of *chiaro-scuro*, and his colouring was in general too superficial; but many of his heads are equal to those of Titian in high finish and depth of colour; which proves that, however eminent painters may vary in manner, they will always resemble each other in their best styles.

His fault is the universal introduction of the graceful and pleasing, even when out of place. He surpassed all other painters in his delineation of the beautiful in form and feature, but he appeared to want the power of portraying malignant expression. His Attila and Heliodorus, his unimportant and accessory figures, and even his murderers in the "Massacre of the Infants," have, in various degrees, a benevolent and prepossessing expression; from which some acute observers have inferred, that his impassioned admiration of the beautiful and graceful had generated a fixed habit, or mannerism, beyond his control.

It is impossible to gaze upon the grace and dignity of his numerous figures in the Vatican without a conviction that he was in the habit of frequent and familiar intercourse with the most distinguished men of his time. What graceful folding of the draperies, and what true nobility of look and attitude, in his philosophers and apostles! How beautiful his Laura, Sappho, and the three Graces near Apollo in his Parnassus! And then the children in his "Conflagration of the Borgo;"—what helpless innocence of look and attitude! what utter unconsciousness of danger!

The great number of paintings accomplished by Raffaele in so short a life is a reasonable subject of wonder; especially when the philosophical depth and feeling of many of his designs, and

the labour of so much execution and high finish, are duly considered.

The only and beloved child of a painter, he was from infancy surrounded with images and associations of fine art; and, during an early intercourse with the world, his beautiful and plastic mind observed and made its own a multitude of forms, attitudes, and gestures, in the delineation of which, by incessant and solitary effort, he attained wondrous facility and power. Thus exercising at once his eye, his hand, and his imagination, his fine genius expanded in early life to almost the full extent of its capacity; and the divine painter, while yet a boy, accomplished works which immeasurably surpassed all other existing pictures. The peculiar power in which he excelled all other artists, was that inexhaustible facility of invention, which supplied for any required purpose, forms and attitudes founded in life and truth. Hence the extraordinary number and general excellence of his paintings. That highest object of art, the human figure, to which so many able men have vainly devoted their lives, was no effort to Raffaele; it was indeed the lightest, the most familiar, of his achievements.

I have conceded to Pope Julius the merit of detecting and fostering the fine genius of Raffaele; on the other hand, however, it was unfortunate for posterity that this theological autocrat imprisoned the highly-gifted artist in the Vatican, and chained down to subjects principally connected with Romish supremacy, that mind which would have taken nobler flights if left to its own mounting impulses. The true element of master-minds is freedom of action; and whoever wishes to assist the progress of native genius, should, before all things, leave it unfettered.

If we except his portraits and theological subjects, the only extensive work of Raffaele is the "History of

Psyche" in the Farnesina; and these designs, some admirable figures excepted, are by no means in his best style; nor will his gods and goddesses bear any comparison with the antique. It must be admitted, however, in justification, that he borrowed the subject from the clever tale of Apuleius, and that the whole series were but a painter's scherzo, representing a coquettish woman, who is determined to have no handsome daughter-in-law, and is at last compelled to submit. Besides his beautiful Galatea, whose innocent features express all the impassioned tenderness of first love, there are several of his pictures in the saloons which belong not to church history; but even in these he was compelled by the patron, and the locality, to give a sanctimonious aspect to his figures, which made even Vasari regard his Plato and Aristotle in the "School of Athens," as St Peter and St Paul; and they were actually engraved by some ignorant artist with *glories*. A similar restraint pervades in some degree his Parnassus, which would have a widely different and more poetical design had it been painted in the garden saloon of Ariosto.

In consequence of the long-enduring restraint imposed upon Raffaele by church patronage, his sublime powers have yielded little in comparison with their capabilities. In a state of free-agency, his poetical and cultivated mind would have naturally prompted him to illustrate the most impassioned and striking incidents in profane history; and that his fine genius would have been more perfectly developed in subjects of this nature, those will readily believe, who have imagination enough to transfer the magnificent females in his "Massacre of the Infants," his five Sibyls in the Church alla Pace, and some of his Madonnas, to scenes in the lives of Sophonisba, Cleopatra, and Cornelia, or in the history of Coriolanus.

XXV. THE RAFFAELE TAPESTRIES IN 1780.

LAST week, during a solemn benediction in the church of San Giovanni in Laterano, the Raffaele Tapestries, about twenty in number, were hung out to grace the festival. They represent scenes from the life of Jesus and the Acts of the Apostles. The cartoons for these tapestries were painted

by Raffaele, a few years before his death, at the request of Leo X., and they were embroidered in Flanders under the superintendence of two of his best Flemish pupils.

Many of these designs exhibit excellence and beauty of a distinguished order. On some of them the painter

has evidently bestowed little pains ; but even in these, single figures of great beauty are discoverable. Limited to subjects which would be effective in tapestry, the great artist could not introduce those refined delicacies of character and expression, the effect of which is so decisive ; and probably, because the importance of these designs was undervalued ; or possibly, by some unpardonable negligence, the original drawings were left in Flanders.

The best of these tapestries are the Massacre of the Infants ; the Resurrection ; the Donation of the Keys ; the attempted Sacrifice to St Paul ; St Paul in the Areopagus ; St Peter Healing the Lame ; the Blind Sorcerer ; the Draught of Fishes. The life and character which flash out of the coarse material, are truly wonderful. They reach the heart of every beholder, and it is truly gratifying to observe the devotional feeling which animates the speaking features of the Romans, as they stand in groups before these tapestries, and point out to each other their various beauties.

Raffaëlle's " Massacre of the Innocents " makes every other design on this subject insignificant and tame. I beheld several beautiful women shedding tears as they gazed upon the affecting groups in this wondrous picture ; so natural and so heart-rending is the expression of infant innocence and unconsciousness ; so appalling are

the roused energies of maternal affection. One mother is running with outstretched arms and streaming hair ; another sits weeping over her murdered infant ; a third is furiously contending with the murderer, while her infant clings to her. The beauty of these mothers is more than human, and there is an inexhaustible charm in the finely blended and stirring action of this composition, which covers three large tapestries.

St Peter healing the Lame, the Sacrifice to St Paul, and the Donation of the Keys, are all master-pieces : the figures admirable and full of nature ; the grouping perfect.

The design of the Resurrection is highly imaginative. The guards are flying in terror as from a spectre. The commander with a spear, whose native courage is visible through his apprehensions ; the soldier clinging to him in terror ; another, with upraised arms and shield ; and a third, who is running away, are all masterly ; while the three Marys in the distance complete the stirring harmony of the whole.

It is impossible, however, to do critical justice to these fine tapestries, except when standing before them ; and even then, the critic must be well acquainted with the peculiarities of Raffaëlle, and know how to make allowance for the deficiencies of the coarse and inadequate material.

THE TWO EMILIES.

" WELL ! this is sufficiently tantalizing," exclaimed young Harry Ponsonby, as he sat at his solitary breakfast, sipping a cup of very indifferent tea, and perusing a letter which had just been brought him. " Now, here have I been for this month past, thinking, dreaming, and talking of nothing else than my expected meeting with my dear little Emily ; and at the very moment I am going to set off post on this delightful errand, comes this confounded letter, to quash all my hopes ! — Deuce take me if I go at all," said the impatient youth, tossing the unwelcome epistle from him to the furthest corner of the room.

The letter which called forth this burst of impatience from the youthful lover, was from his guardian, Mr De-

vereux, and we shall give its purport in his own words, as follows—" Dear Harry, we are rejoiced to hear of your success at Cambridge, and at the near prospect of seeing you here. Had your little mistress been with us at present, we should no doubt have had mighty preparations for your reception at Stokely, and you might have had the satisfaction of throwing yourself and your laurels at the young lady's feet in the true heroic style. But joking apart, my dear Harry, though sorry for your disappointment, I think it may be just as well that my ward and you should not be thrown together until the childish impressions received when you were last here shall have undergone the test of time, and till the influence of society, and the

attractions of others may have had free scope to act upon the unfettered hearts of both.

"You no doubt thought me a surly fellow, when I forbade all childish promises; but you may live to thank me for my obduracy, and mean time you must console yourself as best you can, or if much at a loss, may practise pretty speeches at the expense of my Emily, who, though not perhaps so gay as her lively cousin, is very much what her father could wish her to be; and who, together with Mrs Betty and myself, will be delighted to see you at Stokeley Priory," &c. &c.

"Well! perhaps Mr Devereux was right, and I was wrong after all," said Ponsonby, as after another perusal, he crumpled the letter into his pocket, and threw himself into the carriage which had been in waiting for some time. "But unfortunately the promise was given before I was aware of his intentions, or at least before I had done more than half suspect them. And now, what if Emily should have grown up coarse!—but surely that is impossible;—she was so pretty and so playful.—Let me see, it is just five years since I saw her last—she was then but thirteen; and now she is eighteen—what a charming age!"—and in contemplation of that golden age, and on the change which five years must have made upon his Emily,—the hours rolled on, and so did the carriage until he arrived at Stokeley Priory.

It was a bitter sharp evening in the end of February; the ground was covered with snow, and the sound of the carriage wheels was scarcely to be heard as it swept round the circle, and stopped at the door of his guardian's mansion.

Ponsonby was one of those youths who delight in surprises, and who love to throw the whole precise arrangements of a quiet family into confusion. He congratulated himself, therefore, that no one appeared at the door to receive him, except the old butler, a favourite domestic of the family, and was still better pleased, when old John assured him, that he might, if desirous of so doing, steal upon the family quite unawares; "for," added he, "master always makes Miss Emily sing to him after dinner until the candles come, while he sits listening with his eyes shut in one arm-chair, and Mrs Betty is sleeping in t'other;

so if you go in by the anteroom, sir, you may hear Miss Emily sing, and she be never the wiser; but you know, sir, it's not *your* Miss—I mean, sir, that it's t'other Miss Emily, master's daughter, that's at home now."—"I know, I know, John; I shall be very happy to see Miss Devereux, and to make acquaintance with her."—So saying, Harry stepped lightly up the staircase, and softly opening the door of the apartment which led to the drawing-room, he stopped for a moment, lest the noise of his footsteps should arrest the sweet sounds which met his ear from thence. Oh, what a voice was that! so soft, so full, so sweet!—but it was not *his* Emily who sang, and a pang of disappointment thrilled through his breast.

Harry was passionately fond of music, and he stood chained to the spot, drinking in the rich melody which seemed formed to penetrate his soul. The air was one he well knew,—it was a beautiful French air from the opera of *Joconde*—"Daris un delire extreme." There was something in the tenderness with which the words

"Et l'on revient toujours, toujours,
A ses premieres amours!"

were breathed, which thrilled through his heart. Had it been *his* Emily who sung, what a moment of delight would this have been! But he had no time to sigh or to think about the matter, for old John entered the room with candles, and at this moment an exclamation of surprise, and, as Harry fancied, of pleasure, escaped the lips of the lovely songstress—for lovely she indeed appeared, as she started from the instrument, her cheek suffused with the brightest blushes, while she hastily extended, and as hastily drew back, the prettiest little hand in the world. "Papa, it is Mr Ponsonby," said Emily, "and I have almost introduced myself to him." Mr Devereux rose to welcome Harry, and complete the introduction, while Mrs Betty rubbed her eyes, and, putting on her spectacles, exclaimed, "Bless me! Master Harry!—it surely can't be;—why, he is a finer man than his father was, and that I thought hardly possible."—"Do spare my blushes, dear Mrs Elizabeth," said Ponsonby, grasping the old lady's hand with much kindness; "you know I was always a modest youth, and I would not have my fair cousin think

me otherwise now, although I have been so bold as to steal upon you unannounced,—but the temptation old John held out was not to be resisted, and the sounds I have heard not easily to be forgotten.”—“What, Mr Ponsonby, and you have been a listener,” said the blushing Emily; “well, my cousin Emily told me many of your faults, but she did not give me reason to believe you were so very unprincipled.”—“Did Emily speak of me to you?” enquired Harry with eagerness;—“and what did she say?—You must tell me what faults she said I had, that I may set about reforming them.”—“Come, come,” said Mr Devereux, “we shall not enter upon so ample a field at present; see, the urn is smoking on the table, and no tea in yet. Why, Emily, you are getting as giddy as your cousin; and I have been telling Harry here, that you are a paragon of steadiness and regularity.” An arch smile played for a moment around the rosy lips of Emily, as, without farther reply, she rose and began to busy herself in the duties of the tea-table. Harry and his guardian talked about his Cambridge studies and future views; and thus, between the grave and gay, the evening quickly passed in pleasant conversation.

When Ponsonby had retired at night to his old quarters in the blue room, he cast around him a glance of cheerful recognition upon every familiar thing, grown dear from the recollections and associations of childhood. “Well,” said he mentally, “were my little Emily but here, I should feel just as I used to do, and we might be as happy as possible.” But Harry was at that moment aware that in truth he did not just feel as he used, or as he ought to have done. The beauty and attractions of the present Emily had filled his heart with a troubled delight, and he felt the necessity of wishing for the presence of the absent Emily, to protect his plighted faith.—“Then this Emily is so like her cousin,” reasoned he with his own conscience, “that I almost forget myself in her presence; and yet she is different too—more grave, more thoughtful. My Emily’s face was ever speaking, even when her tongue was silent.” Thus making out a catalogue of his little Emily’s charms, and confusing them gradually with those of her love-

ly cousin, the bewildered Ponsonby fell asleep.

A week had passed away, and Ponsonby was forced to acknowledge that his uncle’s acquaintance with the human heart was greater than his own, and that it would have been far better for himself had he submitted to be governed by it. But the fault of Harry Ponsonby had ever been impetuosity, and it required all the generosity of his disposition, and all his high sense of honour, to atone for the imprudences which he too often committed.

Little Emily, as she had always been called, to distinguish her from her cousin, who was a few months older, and formed upon a larger scale, was the orphan daughter of a younger brother of Mr Devereux. He had filled a high situation in India, and upon the death of his wife, sent home his only child to be educated with her cousin. His own death quickly followed, and Emily’s recollections of her parents and of India were but as a dream, while all the bright realities of youth were connected with Stokely Priory, and the kind friends she had found there. Mr Devereux was a widower, but the two Emilies passed their earlier years under the tuition of an excellent governess, between whose attentive solicitude, and the caresses of good aunt Betty, the loss of a mother was never felt. Mrs Elizabeth Devereux was an unmarried sister of Mr Devereux’s father, and consequently grand-aunt to the children. She was the kindest of women, and the sweetest of old maids. She did not attempt, with her old-fashioned habits and ideas, to reform the ways and manners of the young; but she entered into their tastes, and made allowance for their feelings and their manners, for which she was repaid by the tenderest affection and the most watchful care.

As the cousins grew out of childhood, Mr Devereux found it necessary to alter his plan of educating them together. Their governess had accepted an advantageous offer of superintending a limited establishment for young ladies; and the increasing infirmities of his aunt, made Mr Devereux unwilling to deprive her of the society of both the little girls at once. A plan was therefore arranged, that

the cousins should each alternately be for a year with their former governess, Mrs Hartly, and with their grand-aunt at Stokely, until their education should be completed. Thus it happened, that during the twelve months which Harry had passed with his guardian, previous to his quitting him for college, the younger Emily had been his only companion, and the natural consequence of their being thus thrown together, was a growing affection for each other. Ponsonby then thought that his love for Emily was the sweetest, and would be the most enduring, feeling of his existence; he had cherished it during five long years of absence, and had been proud to feel that it never was stronger than at the moment when he expected to be restored to her. All this was true—and even now he felt *that* sweet and young affection warm at his heart:—but it was not love!—ah no!—how different from this was the wild tumultuous feeling which now swelled his breast, and beat in every pulse, as woman, lovely, full-grown woman, asserted her sway, and burst upon him in all her charms!

But not unchecked did young Ponsonby permit himself to indulge in this sweet intoxication; severely did he take himself to task, and yet he scarce could say whence the blame had arisen. He had come prepared to love his own long cherished mistress, yet ere one wandering thought had sprung within his breast, he had listened to that voice which could never be forgotten, and gazed on those bewitching eyes which still would follow him where'er he went. Yet was it long before the youth would admit the painful, humiliating truth, that his first love was extinguished, or had never deserved the name of that omnipotent passion. His upright honourable heart turned with pain from the possibility of such unfaithfulness, and he shut his eyes to the danger, and resolved to struggle with it, if it indeed existed.

Thus passed the time away, and Ponsonby felt his task becoming more difficult every hour, nor did Emily appear to aid him in it. It was true, she rather encouraged than checked him in any allusion to his youthful attachment; nay, she dwelt with emphasis upon the minutest circumstances regarding it, which had been confided to her by her artless cousin;

and Harry thought she almost took a malicious pleasure in attaching importance to them, at the very time when he was wincing under the recollection of his fetters. Yet it was difficult to reconcile this mischievous triumph with the deep blush of pleasure which would suffuse her cheek when she herself was the exclusive object of his attention. Thus, as the conduct of Emily became every day a greater enigma to Ponsonby, and consequently fixed more of his observation, his heart became more and more filled with her image. He tried to satisfy himself as to the state of *her* feelings, but his efforts were in vain. Her character was much too open, and her disposition too generous to admit the imputation of coquetry, and yet at times her conduct was inconsistent—almost capricious. Puzzled with Emily, and dissatisfied with himself, Ponsonby resolved to turn from the dangerous contemplation. He would busy himself with books—he would only make his appearance when the assembled family party would render the meeting less dangerous to him.

It was after having thus absented himself for some days, that he chanced to meet with Emily on her return from an early walk, and though he had resolved on striking into an opposite path, such is the weakness of a lover's forbearance, that his resolution failed him at the moment, and he could not resist joining the enchantress. He even induced her to prolong her walk, by observing that the day was too inviting to allow of her returning to the house, and requested permission to accompany her. But no sooner had he made the request than he repented of it, for it seemed as if the lady was more disposed to resent his unlooked for attention than to accept of it. "Pray, Mr Ponsonby," said the provoking girl, "to what am I indebted for this unusual piece of gallantry? I rather think the sun has shone quite as brightly for this week past, but neither it nor any thing else has been able to draw you from your room. I hope my absent cousin has had more of your thoughts of late than we of your company, or I fear she may have reason to repent of her early preference. Does Mr Ponsonby avoid thinking of the absent, as studiously as he does talking of them?"—"What can you mean, Emily? Surely I have never

avoided talking of your cousin when an opportunity has offered."—"But you have avoided the opportunity," said the saucy girl, "which comes much to the same thing.—Poor little Emily! I fear she runs much risk of being forgotten altogether; and yet it's no fault of mine, for I am sure when we were together, I reminded you of her daily, hourly—did I not, Harry?"—"Oh, Emily!" exclaimed the agitated Ponsonby, grasping her hand, "you do indeed remind me of her, and that so powerfully, that at times I scarce know which Emily I am thinking of or speaking to. I look on you as I should look on her! I think of you when I should think of her, and wish, and wish—what is impossible—that there was but one Emily in the world for me, and she was—"—"Oh, do not say it, Harry!" exclaimed the now trembling girl, placing her hand upon his lips, as if to stop the words she dared not hear. "Come, come, I must not listen to this nonsense.—I shall go to Mrs Hartley's and send Emily to you, and then you will have your wish, and I shall have mine; for believe me, dear Harry, there is nothing I desire so earnestly as that you should continue true to your first affection." With these words Emily returned to the house, leaving Ponsonby more bewildered than ever. "Nothing that she desires so much as that I should be true to my first affection!" repeated Harry.—"Strange, unaccountable girl!—But be it so.—The task becomes easier now that I know that she does not love me. And now I have but to school my own heart, and avoid the dangerous pleasure of being alone with this bewitching creature while she remains here."

But this schooling of the heart, Ponsonby found no easy task. Every member of the family appeared to have a plot to bring this unfortunate couple together. Even good Mrs Elizabeth innocently lent her aid,—she could not make out her evening walk unless supported by an arm of each; and when she had reached her accustomed distance, she would urge Harry and Emily to continue their way a little farther, giving them frequently some commission of benevolence to perform, which she herself was unable to accomplish.

It was while proceeding one after-

noon, on a mission of this nature, to the cottage of an old Scotchwoman, a pensioner of Mrs Betty's, that Emily and Ponsonby had been induced to prolong their walk. The evening was sultry, almost to breathlessness; and as Emily leant on the arm of her companion, slowly pursuing their way, a more than usual constraint seemed to weigh on the spirits of both. Few words had been uttered by either, until they reached blind Margaret's door, and they felt it a relief when the old woman appeared, seated in her usual sunny corner at the end of the house. She arose, and spreading down her apron, seemed prepared to welcome them long before the silent pair believed it possible for her to be aware of their approach. "Well, Margaret, and how are you to-night?" said Emily advancing; "I have brought a friend with me to see you, and you must tell who it is before he speaks. You know I always said you was a witch, Margaret, and now I am sure of it, for you rose to-night to receive us before even 'Fine Ear,' in the fairy tale, could have told we were coming."

"Na, na, Miss Emily, I'm no a witch, nor as little a fairy," said the old woman; "the gifts which witches and fairies possessed are no bestowed on mortals now-a-days; yet God has given a sense to the blind which amaisht maks up for that which he has seen fit to deprive them of, and I dinna think it needed ony witchcraft to tell that it was Maister Harry, coming up the loan, switching the thistles and nettles wi' his cane, as he used to do when he was a laddie, and little Miss Emily would aye be trotting after him. His step is no sae light to-night as it used to be in ither days, and yet I would hae kent it amang a thousand!" "Thank you, Margaret, for your kind remembrance of me and my boyish tricks," said Harry, kindly shaking hands with the old woman. "I was not aware that I was disciplining the thistles to-night. I think I might have been cured of that bad habit ere now."—"And I thought sae too, Maister Harry, for ye may mind weel it cost you a sair heart when you was younger than you are the day, and you nearly whipped out little Miss Emily's een, driving about you with your switch—ay, I mind weel how you

brought the dear bairn in to me, and I couldna mak out which of you had got the hurt, for you was crying and she was comforting you—till the sweet bairn said, ‘Never mind, Harry, for if I am blind, you will lead me about, and promise never to leave me; and I shall be far happier than poor old Margaret, for she has nobody to be kind to her’—And then you promised”——“Oh, Margaret, you must not be remembering all the foolish things I said and promised when I was a boy,” said Ponsonby, colouring deeply; “one gets wiser as they get older.”—“Aweel, aweel, see that it be sae, my young gentleman; but remember it’s aething whiles to be wise, and anither to be honest, and I never saw muckle good come of the wisdom that made folk no like to hear of their youthful promises.—But winna ye step into the house, Miss Emily, as ye used to do, for I feel an unco weight in the air, and I’m thinking we’ll no be lang without a shower?”—“Indeed,” said Ponsonby, looking at the sky, “it is darkening all round us; Emily, we must hurry homeward.” Emily, who saw that her companion was impatient under the ill-timed recollections of poor old Margaret, availed herself of the threatening appearance of the clouds, to shorten their visit; so with an assurance to the old woman of visiting her soon again, they took their leave, and left the cottage.

They were nearly two miles distant from the Priory, and Ponsonby observing the fast increasing darkness, and feeling the sulphurous oppression of the air, began to fear that the storm would break before they could reach its shelter. He would have urged Emily to strike across the wood, as affording a nearer path, but just when about to propose this measure, the first flash of lightning broke from the clouds, and he thought it safer to keep the open fields, even at the risk of exposure to the coming rain. Emily was no coward, but the rattling peal of thunder which immediately followed the vivid flash, declared how alarmingly close the danger was, and clinging, pale and breathless, to her companion, she felt the blessing of having such an arm to support her trembling steps. “Lean on me, dearest Emily,” said Ponsonby; “try to hasten your steps; if you can reach the

old barn at the end of the field, it will afford you shelter from the rain;” and they quickened their pace with this hope. But now the clouds burst at once over their heads, the rain descended in torrents, and when they reached the old barn, they found that all the protection they could gain was from the outer wall, for the door was fastened so securely as to resist all Harry’s most powerful attempts at forcing an entrance. In vain he led her to the most sheltered side of the wall, the violence of the gale made it impossible for him to screen her from the drenching rain, and Ponsonby saw with dismay, her light garments wet through, and clinging to her slender form.

In a moment he stripped off his coat, in spite of Emily’s entreaties to desist, and holding it between her and the blast, he placed himself as a further shelter against its fury. At length came a flash of such startling brightness, that Emily clung to her companion with convulsive fear, and Ponsonby himself was thoroughly alarmed. He drew the trembling and almost lifeless girl to his bosom, and gazing earnestly on her pale face, he conjured her to open her eyes and look at him!—to speak to him if but a word!—for her silence and death-like paleness had filled him with unutterable terror.—“Emily! you are not hurt?—you are only frightened? Oh say so, dearest! speak to me if it be but a word!”—“No, I am not hurt, and I ought not to be frightened,” said the still trembling girl; “but, dearest Harry, that flash—that awful flash! it seemed to fall so frightfully near to where you stood. Oh, God! if it had fallen on you!”—and she looked up at him with an expression of tenderness and anguish that thrilled to his inmost soul. “Emily, dearest Emily! and was it for me you feared? and would you have regretted me—would you have grieved for me had I been taken from you?—then grieve for me—then pity me now! Oh, Emily! believe me that the stroke which would have laid me at your feet—which would have purchased for me those precious tears, would be less terrible than what I now feel,—the bitter, bitter pang, that now we must part for ever! Yes, Emily, in this moment of terror, the sweetest, yet the saddest of my life, I must be

allowed to speak to you—to say all, and then! Emily, I love you!—deeply, fondly love you!—nay, do not stop me now—when I have said this, I have said all. You know my faith is plighted to another;—I have been rash,—imprudent—against my will unfaithful. But dishonourable or unprincipled, I cannot and I will not be—I cannot offer you my heart; worthless as it is, it is the property of another, although filled with your image alone. Hers it is to keep, or to reject; but faithless, rebellious as it is, it cannot be a gift for you. I now must lay it open to that injured one. Oh that I had never seen her, or seen but her alone!” He paused, overcome with contending feelings: he looked at Emily, but her countenance expressed no recoiling horror—there was no cold disdain in her tearful eyes; she still clung to him with confiding tenderness, and though she wept, they did not seem bitter tears. He clasped her to his heart: he felt he was beloved, and tasted for a moment the deepest bliss this world has to bestow.

It was but for a moment—the next he almost thrust her from him. “Oh, Emily! do not look upon me thus, or I shall be a villain!” and he tore himself shuddering from her arms. At this moment, the voice of Mr Devereux was heard approaching them, and Ponsonby hailed it as that of his guardian angel. Too much agitated to speak, he placed Emily in her father’s arms, and was hastily retreating, when his guardian caught him by the arm. “What has happened, Harry?” enquired the anxious father; “are either of you hurt?”—But still receiving no reply, he looked more suspiciously at the conscious pair—the truth appeared to burst upon him—“Go, young man,” said he, in a tone of displeasure—“go and order the carriage here—it is well for some that it is at no great distance, for neither of you seem very able for much exertion. It will be well also to assume a little more composure before reaching home; for there is one waiting your arrival who may as little comprehend your present agitation as I do. Emily, your cousin is come, and Mrs Hartley’s carriage now waits for you.” Ponsonby waited to hear no more. Darting from his guardian, he beckoned for the carriage to attend

them, and plunging into the wood, he took a path which led him in an opposite direction to the Priory.

The rain had now ceased; the blue sky appeared once more, and the last rays of the setting sun were reflected from a thousand sparkling gems, which bent the heavy branches to the ground. But the unhappy Ponsonby heeded not the beauty of the sky, nor yet the wetness of the tangled wood through which he forced his way. To remove from Stokely, and from all it contained, was the only distinct feeling of his heart. Yet the freshness of the air; and the fragrance of the woods, allayed by degrees the fever of his mind, and cooled his burning brow. He reached a summer-house in the furthest part of the wood, and resolved to remain there, until all chance of meeting with Emily should be over. He could not bear the thought of seeing together the two beings whom on earth he had best loved and most deeply injured.

Many were the agitating thoughts which tortured the brain of Ponsonby during this anxious interval; but none of them was so painful as the recollection of the earnest persuasion, by which he overcame the reluctant timidity of his young and gentle Emily, and forced from her a promise of being his, and his alone; and this too without the permission of her uncle. He well remembered that this promise was mutual, and could he hesitate a moment to perform his part in it?—No! he hated himself for the very thought; and rose, determined that the night should not close until all had been confessed to her who held his plighted faith.

As he drew nigh to the Priory, he was thankful that the deepening twilight would conceal in some degree his agitation; but still reluctant to enter, he sought a momentary respite by passing into an adjoining shrubbery, which surrounded the house. A glass-door from the drawing-room opened upon a little lawn, fringed on both sides with flowering shrubs, and Ponsonby knew that from this opening he could observe, whether the room was yet lighted up, or if the family were assembled there. All was dark within; but his attention was soon drawn to another quarter by hearing the voice of Mr Devereux

in earnest conversation with another person at no great distance; in the next moment, he saw the figure of his guardian, with that of his now dreaded Emily, at the end of the walk into which he was about to enter. Ponsonby hesitated for a moment whether he should approach them; but hesitation came too late—he saw that he was observed; for Emily, the justly-offended Emily, hastily pulled over her face a veil, which till then had been thrown back. “She dreads to look upon me,” thought Harry; “perhaps she already knows how unworthy I am of her—but meet we must;” and without farther delay he advanced towards the bench upon which they were seated.

His guardian arose to meet him, and, with more of emotion than of anger in his countenance, held out his hand to the agitated young man. “Harry,” said he, “I am glad you have come at last. Shame and self-reproach could alone excuse your absence at such a time; but if you are forgiven *here*, I must not be obdurate. From this lady I have heard *all*—all that I ought to have heard from you long ago; but I will spare my reproaches; you have a powerful advocate in her breast, whom it would be in vain for me to gainsay. Take then the heart you gained in infancy—it has never wandered from *you*—and may God bless you in each other!” With these words he took the trem-

bling hand of Emily, and placing it in that of Ponsonby, he left them there alone.

“Emily! Miss Devereux! can you forgive me?” said Ponsonby in extreme agitation, as raising the passive hand that lay in his, he put it to his lips.—“Oh! call me not by so cold a name,” exclaimed a voice which thrilled his soul with rapture. “Oh, Harry, forgive my part in this deception, and look upon me!” said the blushing girl, as she threw back the veil from her face; and Harry gazed upon each well-known feature, and clasped to his heart his only love—his first loved—last loved Emily.

The moon was high in the heavens before Emily and her lover recollected the hour. It was the sound of music in the drawing-room that first drew their attention. “It is my cousin singing to her father,” said Emily; “and now, Harry, you shall see for the first time this dreaded Emily of whom, poor innocent thing, we have made such a cat’s-paw; but it was all my uncle’s doing, and I believe he did it as much to punish us for our fault as to prove our affection.”—“Thank God, the punishment and the probation have ended both so happily,” exclaimed Harry. “Oh, Emily, with what unmingled pleasure shall I now listen to those sweet words,

“Et l’on revient toujours, toujours
A ses premières amours!”

THE SUPREMACY OF THE CHURCH OF ROME NOT ACKNOWLEDGED BY THE
BRITISH CHRISTIANS TILL THE NINTH CENTURY.

"He (*Augustine*) found here a plain religion (simplicity is the badge of antiquity) practised by the Britons; living some of them in the contempt, and man, more in the ignorance, of worldly vanities. He brought in a religion, spun with a coarser thread, though guarded with a finer trimming; more luscious to the senses with pleasing ceremonies, so that many who could not judge of the goodness, were courted with the gaudiness thereof."—FULLER.

THE advocates for what the Papists are pleased to call "Catholic Emancipation," have diligently laboured to prove, that the Popish religion was the first form of Christianity in these islands. "Whatever," says a writer advocating that cause, "any other part of the world might have known of Christianity before the Bishop of Rome became the settled and acknowledged head of the church, this country, till the Reformation, never had known any Christian religion, other than that at the head of which was the Pope."

It is a matter of surprise, that assertions of this description should have been allowed to go forth to the world, uncontradicted by those who have written in support of the Protestant faith. When parties resort to undue means to attain the ends that they are endeavouring to effect, and do not hesitate to misrepresent and falsify history, we are bound to doubt their assertions, and their professed objects.

The early history of this country will shew beyond a doubt, that the British church was for many centuries independent of any foreign supremacy; and when the Church of Rome obtained a footing under the Anglo-Saxons in the island of Britain, the struggle of our British ancestors in support of the pure doctrines of their church, will be found, to say the least of it, interesting, and worthy the attention of every person who has the liberty of his country and the existence of our glorious constitution at heart.

That the Anglo-Saxons became Papists when they became Christians, there can be no doubt; but that the faith of the Anglo-Saxons was the first form of Christianity in these islands, is disproved by authorities of undoubted authenticity. To maintain the contrary, is a perversion of history, a gross libel upon our brave and independent ancestors, founded either

in ignorance of our early history, or, what is more probable, invented by the authors, purposely to blind a few, who may not feel inclined to dive into the records of past ages, or whose minds may be so unconcerned or biased, as to take every thing for granted that may be stated in advance of the opinions that now agitate the country.

It will facilitate the means of proving the independency of the British church, by taking a hasty sketch of the history of the British Christians, previously to the interference of the Church of Rome; but it is presumed that it will be unnecessary to enter into a discussion as to who introduced Christianity into Britain. It is uncontestedly proved, that the Britons received among them the cheering light of the gospel in the first century.

In a country so embroiled in intestine warfare, and a continual struggle on the part of the natives, to overthrow the Roman yoke, we must not be surprised that the missionaries made but slow progress in converting the natives. Even the rigid and uncompromising Gildas* says, that although the Christian faith was but coolly received by the Britons, yet that it continued to be maintained by some, in its purity, until the time of the religious persecutions under Dioclesian in the year 302.

When Constantine became the head of the empire of Rome, he secured to his Christian subjects in Britain the free exercise of their religion, and the clergy prosecuted their labours with unwearied application; the remnant of Paganism and idolatrous superstition was almost wholly eradicated from the soil; and from this period we may date the flourishing condition of the church, which before laboured under unheard of difficulties and oppressions. The British Christians removed the edifices of wicker work appropriated for public worship, erected churches

* He died in the year 570.

more substantial and magnificent, and the clergy were treated with the respect due to their sacred character.

If the ancient Britons had not departed from the primitive purity of their religious faith, as far as the churches of the eastern and western divisions of the Roman empire; yet it must be admitted that they were not wholly free from superstition. Among those who travelled to Jerusalem to visit the Holy sepulchre, were several Britons; and we are informed that some travelled into Syria to visit Simeon Stylites, who lived thirty years on the top of a pillar. "Many people," says Theodoret, who lived in the fifth century, "came to see him, from Spain, Gaul, and Britain."

In the beginning of the fifth century, the Christian world was agitated by the doctrines and tenets promulgated by a native of Britain called Morgan, or Morien, which means maritime, and which was translated in the east into Græco-Latin Pelagius.

Pelagius received, it is supposed, his religious education at a seminary of learning instituted by the Emperor Theodosius, at Caer Worgan in Britain; and he left his native land at an early period of his life, sometime before the close of the fourth century. If he subjected himself to the reproaches of the Christian world on the score of his religious opinions, his most virulent enemies give him the credit of possessing great learning, and attempt not to fix a blot on his moral character.

It is imagined that Pelagius adopted, late in life, the tenets which he preached, and that he did not carry them with him from his native country. John Chrysostom, in his letter to Olympias, from Armenia, in the year 405, thus expresses himself: "My grief is great, on account of Pelagius the monk; think how many crowns are they worthy who stand undaunted, when we see men who have lived with so much piety and strictness drawn away."

The principal tenets held by Pelagius, were, nonbelief in the original degradation of our nature, and irremissible damnation of infants dying without baptism; and that to become better, man has no need of a supernatural grace to enlighten him gratuitously, but that his own will and reason, duly

exercised, are sufficient to elevate him to moral good.

Pelagius was denounced by writers of subsequent ages, as the arch-heretic. Having disseminated his tenets over the greatest part of Asia, Africa, and Europe, he was driven into exile by Honorius, his opinions condemned by the councils, and his numerous disciples proscribed.

Enderhie, in his *Cambria Triumphans*, follows Augustine, Jerome, Innocentius, and others, in condemning him, and concludes his remarks quaintly enough: "All authors agree that Pelagius was very learned, and the title of arch-heretic, which is commonly given to him, doth so testify. I think it not convenient to set down his errors, the world being so apt to broach new doctrines, lest any giddy, brain-sick, new-moulded saint make use of them, both to the destruction of his own soul, and of many other; the ordinary sort of people being so prone to follow after new preachers."

There were Britons, as well as persons from different countries of western Europe, who were in the habit of visiting Palestine. To these pilgrims Pelagius had an opportunity of communicating his opinions, and they having imbibed the principles of the learned heresiarch, conveyed them to their own country, and the heretical doctrines made considerable progress in the British Church. Bishop Stillfleet seems however to infer, that a Galish bishop introduced the Pelagian opinions into Britain, for he says, "The Pelagian doctrines brought over by Agricola, the son of Severanus, a bishop of Gaul, and a Pelagian, had infected the faith of the British Christians with its contagious influence; but the Britons, though not prone to embrace the perverse doctrines so derogatory to the honor of divine grace, yet not being sufficiently expert of themselves to confute the subtle and pernicious arguments of its abettors, they had recourse to the salutary measures of requesting the assistance of the Gallican bishops."

A synod was accordingly held in Armorica, to consider who were the most fit persons to undertake the mission to Britain; Germanus, bishop of Auxerre, and Lupus, bishop of Troyes, were deputed to re-establish the true faith, and to combat the opinions of the Pelagians. Garmon and Bleiddian,

as the two bishops were called by the Britons, are spoken of as eminent for their sanctity and profound skill in debate. Their conduct endeared them to the natives of Britain, and, as a mark of respect, several churches were, in subsequent ages, dedicated to them in the principality, particularly to Garmon. The exertions of these missionaries effectually crushed the growth of the Pelagian errors, and they succeeded, as Bede says, in restoring in Britain "the honour of divine grace." Germanus was zealous in his mission to the Britons, and gave proof of his devotion to the cause of religion, by marching at the head of the people against the conquering host of Picts and Saxon Pagans, whom he repulsed by raising the cry of "Halleluia!" in which he was joined by the dense mass that followed him.

The Victoria Alleluistica took place in the Easter week of the year 420, at a place which now bears the name of "Maes Garmon," or the Field of Germanus, near the village of Hope, in Flintshire; Constantius of Lyons, who wrote the life of the Saint within 32 years after his death, states, that the Christians caught the sacred sound, and repeated it with such ecstatic force, that the hills re-echoing with the cry, struck terror into the enemy, who fled on all sides; numbers perished by the sword, and numbers in the adjacent river Alyn.*

A column, with an inscription recording the event, perpetuates the memory of the spot where the battle was fought.

The conduct of the missionaries in this affair, has led writers to infer that they were not countenanced or authorized by the See of Rome, for it was in a different way that the agents of the *Universal Church* acted towards the Pagans, and we shall presently see the Britons suffering at the instigation of Augustine the monk, from the power of the Saxon Pagans.

The Britons in this island being already separated from the Roman Empire, escaped the persecutions levelled against those, not of the *orthodox faith*, and were at liberty to practise their religion under the superintendence of

their own clergy; but their brethren in Armorica, at the commencement of the sixth century, were not so fortunately circumstanced. The Bretons were at that time surrounded by the northern hordes or Franks, who had been in part converted by the Church of Rome, and who governed all the towns and cities adjacent to Armorica, and levied tributes thereon, payable to the Frankish king.

The Bretons were called upon to submit also, and pay the tribute; but they refused to do so, and had the courage, or rather perhaps, as they were circumstanced, the temerity, to attempt the preservation of their adopted country, small as it was, from the common destiny of the rest of Gaul. In this bold and heroic conduct, there was the more danger, as their Christianity differed in some points from that of the Roman church, the professed religion of their half-converted neighbours.

Christians the Bretons had been for several ages, and probably the most ardent in the Christian world; they had emigrated to Gaul from Britain, accompanied by their clergy, who possessed a greater store of learning and better information, than those of the territory in which they had settled. The clergy purified the Christian faith, until then very defective, of their aboriginal brethren; they inculcated publicly, and without remuneration, the truths of the Gospel among the ignorant and superstitious inhabitants—dispelled the clouds of darkness that surrounded them—combated and overthrew the doctrines of the ancient Druids, not yet entirely extinct; and as the missionaries presented themselves in all places with a charitable and benevolent design, accepting nothing from any one, not even food or drink,† they were in all places welcome guests.

The citizens of Rennes, says Lohineau, in his *Hist. de Bret.*, chose an emigrant Briton for their bishop; and the Britons themselves established bishops in the several cities of their adopted country, where there never had been any before. They formed their religious establishment as they

* Brit. Eccles. Antiq. 335. Paulus Diaconus, lib. xv. c. 12, and Bede, lib. i. c. 20, describe the action.

† Truedd Ynys Prydain.

had done the civil one, independent of any foreign power, and without obtaining the sanction, or seeking the permission or the counsel, of any potentate.

The superior of the Church of Bretagne held no intercourse with the neighbouring prelates of Frank Gaul, nor did they resort to the councils; which drew upon them the enmity of the Franks. The Metropolitan of Tours, who styled himself the spiritual head of the country which the Romans had called *Lugdunensis Tertia*, cited the clergy of the Lower Breton, as residents within his province, to recognise him as their archbishop, and receive his commands. The Bretons did not conceive that the imperial boundaries of the Gaulish territories of ancient Rome had imposed the least binding power upon them, to subject their national church (transplanted by them from their mother country) to the authority of a person whom they neither knew, nor were desirous of communicating with. They were besides not accustomed to attach the chief ecclesiastical station to the possession of any settled or fixed diocese, but to assign it to the most worthy among their ecclesiastics or bishops. Their ecclesiastical establishment, unsettled and varying in accordance with national opinion, was not rooted in the land, nor divided into portions by territorial divisions, like that which the rulers of the eastern empire established, when they made Christianity a political agent of government. The ambitious and haughty claims of the prelate of Tours had, therefore, no validity in the eyes of the Bretons; and they therefore treated him with contempt and absolute indifference. The archbishop excommunicated them; but still he did not disturb them, and his fulminations passed without causing the least deviation from their common routine of life; nor could they feel any sorrow at being deprived of the communication of persons for whom they felt no regard, and from whom they had already segregated. Their wants were but few, and supplied from the resources of their isolated country of adoption.

The Romish church of Gaul, exasperated by the pertinacious conduct

of the Armoricans, and their indifference to her fulminations, raised another enemy in the shape of war. The tribe of pagans, who were settled on the border of the country of the Bretons, became objects of the tender solicitude and protection of the bishops and priests, who put forth their pious efforts, not so much to make converts of the barbarians, as to prevent them from receiving the blessings of Christianity from the Bretons, against whom, it was hoped, they might, in case of necessity, be made to act as auxiliaries upon emergencies, or when the policy of Rome dictated such a line of conduct. "Watch the Saxons with care; the insidious Briton is laying snares for them," wrote an author of that day to Felix, bishop of Nantes.* Through the vigilance of Felix, the Saxons were kept pure from friendship with their neighbours, *the rebels against priestly power*, the proper objects for the vengeance of the Romish church, and the plunder and cruelty of the barbarous Frank; an expedition was planned against the Bretons, and the Franks or Saxons were employed in the *noble and honourable service of the infallible universal church*. The expedition was commanded by the Frank king Hilprik; but Providence assisted the Bretons; the whole of the Franks were overthrown and cut to pieces by the anti-Roman Christian Bretons, on the banks of the Velaine.

Several times were the Bretons attacked, on account of their religious independence, by the potent chiefs of the Franks and the Romish Bishops; and every year, when the great council of the provinces was assembled, by the Frank kings, the commander of the frontier of Armorica was questioned respecting the religious faith of the Bretons. "They believe not in the true tenets, they follow not the straight line," was the reply of the Frank, at the instigation of Rome, or her emissaries. War was accordingly declared against them, with unanimous acclamation; and the Franks, with their auxiliaries, marched from all parts of the north of Gaul in the direction of the country of the Bretons. Priests and monks quitted their monasteries and their studies, and

* *Fortunati Carmina. Rerum Gallic. Script. tom.*

laid aside their cows, to accompany, with swords in their hands, the soldiers, of whom they were the subject of brutal merriment. After the first battle was obtained, the victorious Franks published, from the camp of their leader, on the river Ellé or Blavet, manifestos concerning the tonsures of the clerks, and the lives of the monks in Britanny, enjoining them to imitate in future the rules laid down by the Romish church, which, in resemblance of the Roman empire, arrogated the title of Universal, or Catholica.*

The Britons, in the island of Britain, defeated and deprived of their inheritances by the Anglo-Saxon and Danish borders, interrupted not the schemes of Rome; nor did they essay to convert their pagan neighbours, the unlawful possessors of their country; they made no effort to conciliate their enemies, or to enforce any of those plans which the Church of Rome called insidious, when the preaching of the word of God proceeded not from her: they entered not into communion with them so long as the Saxons possessed a foot of land in the country. The children were brought up, and taught from their earliest infancy, to hate and despise the Saxons, as a people not possessing one saving principle, and to consider them as their mortal and deadly enemies. Their resentment against foreign usurpation and tyranny, and their care of their personal safety, and remnant of country, occupying their whole attention, left them not the inclination to contract any tie of friendship with their persecutors. The monastery of Bangor, or Ban-choir, the Great Choir, and St David, or Mynwy, were the schools of divinity which furnished missionaries for Ireland and Bretagne, and their brethren in the island of Britain, but the Saxons derived no benefit from them.

At the time when the Saxons had conquered the finest part of England, the See of Rome was about to be filled by one of the most zealous and able of its bishops, who allowed no bounds

to the extension of the Roman empire under the banner of Christ. It is said that Gregory the Great, previously to his being raised to the papacy, saw some Anglo-Saxons exposed for sale by a merchant, (probably a Dane,) in the streets of Rome, and he became interested in their appearance; he enquired from what country they came, and he was answered, From the isle of Britain. He made up his mind to send missionaries to convert the Anglo-Saxons; and he collected young men of that race, of whom his agents made monks, and they were taught, or rather steps were taken to teach them, the orthodox tenets of the Church of Rome, so that they might be capable of teaching their countrymen in their native tongue. However, whether the Anglo-Saxons proved refractory or not in the service to which it was wished to train them, Gregory altered his determination, and sent Romans to the conquest of the Anglo-Saxon souls. At the head of this mission was Augustine, a Benedictine monk. The mission, on its way to England, became greatly discouraged in contemplating the nature of the undertaking, considering that they were about to encounter the savage and fierce manners of a barbarous and heathen people, with whose language they were totally unacquainted, and to whose manners they were utter strangers. They judged it prudent, therefore, to proceed no farther, and deputed Augustine to return to Gregory, and represent to him their difficult, if not hazardous situation; but Gregory remonstrated, and the monks were at last persuaded, if not compelled, under a vow of obedience, at last to proceed on the journey.

Augustine having enlisted some Franks in Gaul, professing the Roman faith, to accompany him and his colleagues as interpreters to the inhabitants, arrived in England,† in the year 597, with about forty persons; and he rapidly succeeded in converting many of the Anglo-Saxons. He consecrated his first church at Kant-wara-byrig, or Canterbury, where he found the

* Hist. de Bretagne par Lobineau.

† If the Church of Rome had considered the Christians of Britain as dependent upon her, Augustine, we have a right to infer, would have landed on the coast of Wales, and not in Kent, the kingdom of the pagans, who appeared so terrible to the missionaries.

remains of one formerly belonging to the Britons, but of which they had been deprived by the Saxons.

The prosperous success of the mission induced Augustine to write to Gregory for a further supply of priests. "The harvest is great, (wrote Augustine,) and the labourers are no longer sufficient." A fresh number of ecclesiastics came over, and they brought with them all things requisite for the service and worship of the church, says the historian, with a plentiful supply of relics, bulls, and dispensations.

While Augustine was toiling to convert the Anglo-Saxons, the Christian church among the Britons was prosecuting its labours and its ends with meritorious perseverance, and promulgating the pure word of God out of the Scriptures, uncontaminated by the traditions or the doctrines emanating from the fanciful visions of the fanatical members of the Church of Rome.

The British church, however, was not permitted much longer to exist as an independent establishment, free from the persecutions of her persevering rival. Augustine had already succeeded in obtaining the Pallium from Rome, and he installed himself primate of the church in England. His ambitious views already impelled him to seek to become the metropolitan of the whole island, if not of Gaul also. In one of his dispatches to Rome, he puts the following brief and emphatic question to his patron Gregory: "*Qualiter debemus cum Galliarum et Britannorum episcopis sgeri?*" How must I act towards the bishops of Gaul and the bishops of the Britons? "As for the bishops of Gaul," returned Gregory, "I have not given, nor do I give thee any authority over them. The prelate of Arles has received from me the Pallium; I cannot deprive him of his dignity: he is the head and the judge of the Gauls; and it is forbidden thee to put the scythe of judgment in another's field. But the bishops of the *British race* I confide wholly to thee; teach the ignorant, strengthen the weak, and chastise the bad, at thy pleasure."

The difference that the pontiff made between the Gauls and the Cambrians

will be understood, when it is recollected that the latter were separatists or schismatics; they were given over like the sheep to the slaughter; they were as nothing, worse than nothing, in the eyes of Rome. If they had been pagans, some commiseration would have been afforded to them; but no! they were Christians, who did not countenance the spiritual supremacy of Rome; they treated her arrogant threats with indifference, and derided her insolent assumption of pre-eminence.

These unfortunate Cymry, the remains of a great and powerful nation, too high-minded to brook that forced and ignominious incorporation to which the Gauls, Italians, and other nations, had submitted upon the irruption of the "Northern Hive," had retired gradually to the inaccessible corner of their ancient country; they had lost all but their God, their language, (that dear language, to which they clung a thousand times more closely than the Anglo-Saxons did to theirs,*) and wild Wales; or as Taliesin, one of their ancient bards, (who lived about the year 560,) says,

"Eu ner a folant,
A'u hieith a gadwant,
Eu tir a gollant
Ond gwylyt Wallia!"

Augustine, by an express message, communicated to the clergy of the Cambrians the order to acknowledge him as their sovereign archbishop, on pain of incurring the anger of Rome, and the vengeance of the Saxons, her instruments. That he might more powerfully impress upon them the lawfulness of his haughty demand, he appointed a conference on the banks of the Hafren, or Severn, the debateable land between the two nations. The meeting was held in the open air, under the canopy of a huge and venerable oak; Augustine again called upon the British clergy to conform to the religious principles dictated by the usages of Rome, for the Britons differed with the Romans in the celebration of the feast of Easter; they kept it, according to the Asiatic churches, from the 14th to the 20th day of the month; but the Romans, agreeable to the

* The language of the Saxons became mixed with that of their conquerors. The Cambrian tongue exists to this day, pure from all mixture of Saxon or French.
—THIERRY.

Nicene Council, kept that festival from the 15th to the 21st.* They did not enforce celibacy among the clergy, or the tonsure; the traditions of Rome were not countenanced, and they acted in other respects, as Bede says, contrary to the unity of the church. Augustine likewise insisted upon their submission to him, and upon their employing themselves, under his influential protection, in converting the Anglo-Saxons. In support of his harangue, he resorted to a scheme which had been often practised, and which had seldom failed to operate beneficially in supporting the views of the Romish clergy. He exhibited a man of Saxon birth, who, he pretended, was blind, and restored him to sight; but neither the Roman's eloquence, nor his sophism, influenced the Cambrians to abandon their ancient creed, or their stern spirit of independence. However, the Cambrians, in order to concert measures to check the ambition of the monk, proposed a further conference, and they required time to consult the great body of their brethren, without whom they declared they would engage to enter into no terms. This was conceded by him, and in the mean time they consulted their learned divines; and seven British bishops, of great knowledge, were deputed by the general body of the clergy to meet Augustine. The proud Roman, when they approached him, disdained to rise from his seat, and this mark of contempt wounded them at the very first. Reconciliation became out of the question, and they behaved as haughtily as he did, unanimously determining to reject every proposal. They were told by Augustine that in many things they acted contrary to the custom of the whole Catholic church; but, said he, "if ye will submit to me in three things: to observe Easter at the pro-

per time; to administer baptism, by which we are born again, agreeably to the rule of the Roman church; and join with us in preaching the Gospel to the Saxons, ye shall be borne with in other respects in which ye differ from us."—"We will never acknowledge," said Dinoh, the spokesman, who had disputed with great gravity and learning, and defended the power of the metropolitan of St David,† "the pretended rights of Roman ambition, any more than those of Saxon tyranny. We owe to the Bishop of Rome, as to all Christians, the submission of fraternal charity; but as for obedience, we owe it only to God, and after God, to our venerable superior the Archbishop of St David, who is under God our spiritual director; besides, we ask, why have those who boast of having converted the Saxons, never reprimanded them for their violence against us, and their usurpations over us?"

Augustine's only answer was, a definitive summons to the Cambrian clergy to acknowledge him as their archbishop, and to assist him in converting their enemies. They replied unanimously, "That they would never be connected by the ties of friendship with the invaders of their country, so long as they should not have restored what they had unjustly possessed themselves of; and that as for the man who would not rise before them when he was their equal, they would never make him their superior."—"Well!" exclaimed the prelate of the Romish church, in a threatening tone, "you shall have war with enemies! Since you refuse to teach the way of life to the Saxon nation, that nation shall shortly come to teach you the way of death."‡

A short time only had elapsed when the chief of an Anglo-Saxon tribe, (Ethelfrith, King of Northum-

* Humphry Llwyd's *Breviary*.

† Or Caerleon; for there seemed to be some difference as to which was the seat of the metropolitan. Dewi, or St David, had removed from the latter place to Mynyw, or Menesvia, situated in a wild and solitary part of Wales, against the will of many of the ecclesiastics, who patronised the see of Caerleon on the Usk, which was the Silurian capital. It fell into decay after the departure of the Romans. Giraldus Cambrensis says, that in his time, 1180, it displayed marks of its former magnificence. He speaks of its "splendid palaces, which once emulated, with their gilded roofs, the grandeur of Rome, for it was originally built by the Roman princes, and adorned with stately edifices, a gigantic tower, numerous baths, ruins of temples and theatres, surrounded with walls, which are in part still extant; here we still see, within and without the walls, subterraneous buildings, aqueducts, vaulted caverns, and stoves so artfully constructed, as to convey heat through secret and imperceptible pores."

‡ Bede.

berland,) who still were pagans, came down from the north country with an immense army towards the district where the conference had been held. The monks of Bangor having in remembrance Augustine's threat, quitted their monastery in great consternation, and fled to the Cambrian army, which was suddenly assembling under Brochmael, Prince of Powis. The Welsh force was defeated by superior numbers, and in the rout which ensued, the pagan victor observed a number of men, singularly habited, without arms, and all kneeling. He was told that they were the people of the great monastery praying for the safety of their countrymen. "If they are crying to their God for my enemies," replied the pagan, "then they fight against us, though without arms;" and he ordered them all to be massacred, to the number of 200, or as some say of 2000, for we are assured that there were 2100 monks in the monastery, 700 of whom performed the service at three intervals in the twenty-four hours. The monastery of Bangor, the chief of which had spoken in the fatal appointment with Augustine, was utterly destroyed; "And thus," says Bede, "the predication of the Holy Pontiff was accomplished, and the wretches who disdained the offer of eternal salvation, were chastised." At this time, it is supposed, the religious communities were in a great measure broken up, and the priests were scattered over the country, and resided in specified districts.

Several ages after this sanguinary expedition, there were friends of the Roman church who blushed for her being concerned in it, and in several manuscripts falsified the original historian's account, so as to make it appear that Augustine died a short time before the battle with the Britons and the massacre of the monks; for it is the opinion of Drs Goodwin and Hammond, (see Hist. Brit. 271,) that *Quamvis ipso (Augustino) jam multo ante tempore ad celestia regna translato,** have been fraudulently interpolated. Augustine was old at that period, but he lived at least a year after the massacre which he *had foretold*.

The Welsh princes, roused at this devastation committed by Ethelfrith,

combined their forces, and routed him with immense slaughter, so that he did not long remain without being chastised for his ambition and cruelty.

The successors of Augustine did not relinquish the hopes of compelling the Cambro-Britons to bow to the authority of Rome. They even extended their pretensions to the subjugation of the church of Ireland, which was as independent as the British of foreign supremacy, and so zealous for the faith, that the island was called the Land of Saints: but this merit was of no advantage in the eyes of the Romish priests; it was not Christianity, but slavery, they cherished in others. Bede says that the following message was sent to the Irish: "We, deputies from the Apostolic See to the western regions, once foolishly believed in your island's reputation for sanctity; but we now know, and can no longer doubt, that you are no better than the Britons."

Augustine also endeavoured to obtain the Scots as auxiliaries, and he wished them to join with the Roman church with respect to the keeping of Easter, and other ceremonies, and to acknowledge the supremacy of Rome; but he met with a refusal similar to that of the Cambro-Britons. Bede endeavours to excuse their errors by observing, "that in the remote part of the world in which they lived, they were unacquainted with the Roman decrees, and only taught their disciples out of the writings of the Evangelists and Apostles." This sublime panegyric, unwittingly bestowed by the venerable Bede, speaks volumes in favour of the tenets of the Anti-Roman church: they were acquainted with the Scriptures, and uncontaminated by the legendary tales and romantic traditions of Rome.

Laurentius, the successor of Augustine, complains that the Scots were equally obstinate with the Britons of Wales in opposing the customs of the Universal Church. The Bishop says: "We thought the Scots in no way differed from the Britons in their behaviour; for Bishop Dagammon coming to us, not only refused to eat with us, but even to take his repast in the same house where we were entertained." The British Christians, we are also told, hesitated not to eat and

drink with the pagan Saxons, but declined to hold communion with them after they became converted, on account of their idolatrous mode of worship.

In 661, a conference of the Scots clergy was held at the monastery of Sheaneshalch, near Whitby, before King Osway, on the subject of the feast of Easter, the clerical tonsure, and the supremacy of the Church of Rome. Colman, the head of the Scotch church, defended the observance of Easter, and cited the example of St John and the Eastern churches; but the Romish party pleaded that of Rome, derived, as they alleged, from St Peter and St Paul. Colman was asked by the king if it was true that Christ said, "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock will I build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it, and to thee will I give the keys of the kingdom of heaven?" and after obtaining admissions from Colman to certain categorical questions, the king said, "Then, inasmuch as Peter is the door-keeper, I would not oppose him on any account, but rather yield him all obedience, lest, when I come to the gates of heaven, I find them shut against me by him who is allowed to keep the keys."

Colman being overpowered by the Romans, returned to his colleague, to consider the propriety of submitting to the Romish church, or maintaining their independence and right of judgment; he had the example of the barbarous revenge of that church upon the Cambro-Britons, and the same might be the fate of his own church.

Colman lived but a short time after this synod, (and his successor was one who inclined in favour of the commands of Rome). Bede, notwithstanding his rancorous hate towards all those who opposed the Romish ordinances, makes candid concessions favourable to Colman and his associates. "They lived," he says, "in the most frugal and plain manner, supporting themselves by their own labour; their wealth was their cattle; what money was presented to them they gave freely to the poor; their conduct was so devout and discreet, that they brought religion into so high repute, that a clergyman or monk was everywhere received with joy." "In short," says the historian, "they were so devout to the cure of men's souls, that they

were free from every tincture of avarice and regard of earthly possession."

The Britons, even in the time of Bede, still retained their old usage of refusing the clerical tonsure, and the observance of Easter at the proper time, so strenuously insisted upon by the Romish church. About twenty-five years after his death, which happened in 735, Elvod, or Elbodius, was appointed bishop of Bangor and primate of Gwynedd, or North Wales. He in a great measure brought the Britons to act in conformity to the Romish observance of Easter, though the other bishops opposed the innovation; and on the rumour of dispute, the Saxons made an irruption into the province where the opposition had manifested itself. The Cambro-Britons however opposed, and obtained a decisive victory over them, at Coed-Marchan, in the vale of Clwyd.

In 777, to avert the evils of a foreign war, the Prince of Deheubarth, or South Wales, sanctioned by his authority the alteration of the religious customs as to the observance of Easter and the clerical tonsure; but this attempt irritated the public feeling to such a degree, that the prince was slain in a tumult. This spirit, however, became gradually weaker: the princes found it a matter of policy, for the safety of the remnant of their country, to submit, however galling it might be to them, to the arrogant demands of Rome, and at last she could number vassals in the midst of the most strenuous of her opponents among nations. This conformity, however, was but partial; for Archbishop Usher seems to think, that West Wales (which of all other parts was most violent against the traditions and customs of the Roman church) stood out yet longer; for it appears from the Greek life of St Chrysostom, that certain religious men who dwelt in the isles of the ocean, repaired from the utmost borders of the habitable earth to the Eastern metropolis in the days of Methodius, (who was patriarch from 842 to 847,) to enquire as to certain ecclesiastical traditions, and the perfect and exact computation of Easter. It is inferred from hence, that the British isles are referred to, and that the grand dispute which had cost so much blood, had not yet been settled, and that the Britons were more ready to acknowledge the supremacy, if any, of the

Eastern, rather than the Western church.

At length the Roman church in the ninth century succeeded, and the Christian world sunk under the tyranny of Rome; and through a long succession of ages, the insidious artifices of the priesthood, by checking the efforts of human genius, enfeebled the power of invention and the faculty of thought, degraded the intellectual powers of man, and almost annihilated the very essence of freedom and liberty.

The disputes between the churches may appear upon a cursory glance to be trivial and unimportant; but small events produce great measures when they are connected with the liberty of a people, and the probability of subjection to a foreign power. The clergy and the nation saw that they should be allowed no opinions of their own; they were called upon to yield implicit and unqualified obedience to the infallible decrees of Rome. The venerable names of the sages of their church were treated with irreverence and scorn; the ashes of men, eminent for their learning, were scattered on the winds of heaven, and the lives of the clergy, as well as their flocks, whom they were supposed to protect, were placed under the dominion of a foreign tyrant. Now that we can look back on the dark, ruinous empire of the Romish church, the conduct of the Cambrians in battling against the encroachments of that church, claims the gratitude and the admiration of the Protestant world.

The poems of the Welsh bards, from the Conquest down to the Reformation, abound with cutting and sarcastic remarks against the clergy of the Romish church; and a curious poem is still in existence, which freely censures the clergy of the British church for not being more vigilant in protecting the people from the crafty priests of the Romans. It evidently proves that the people had a strong feeling against the latter church. The poem is proved to have been in existence in the 13th century, but at what time it was written antiquarians do not agree. Admitting, however, that it was written as late as the 13th century, when the Church of Rome was at its highest pitch of power and magnificence, there were men in Wales bold enough to declare to the world, that an independent and pure form of

Christianity had existed in the island before the Church of Rome assumed its supremacy.

Gwae offeriad byd,
Ni angreiftia gwyd,
Ni pregetha,
Ni warcheidw ei gail
Ac ev yn fagail;
Ni's areilia,
Ni ddifer ei ddefaid,
Rhag gleiddiau Rhuveiniad,
A'u fon gloppa.

The substance of which extract is—
Woe be to the priest who reproves not vice, who preaches not, who protects not his fold, though he be a shepherd, who neither attends to, nor guards his sheep from the wolves of Rome, with his knobbed staff.

There were eight Roman successors of Augustine before the accession of a Saxon to the primacy of Canterbury. The Anglo-Saxons, for ages, were the most abject slaves of Rome. The successors of the pirates, Hengist and Horsa, became the bearers of gilded crosses and crociers, instead of the massy battle-axe. Their ambition was to have around them an army of Benedictine monks; they esteemed the consecration of a monastery as one of the most triumphant acts of their reign; and an event of that description was celebrated with most gorgeous pomp.

The good understanding, however, between the Anglo-Saxons and the Church of Rome became weaker: the shame of dependence was gradually felt, and they no longer remitted their largesses to Rome. Then did the Saxons become in the eyes of the Roman church, what the Cambrians had been, rebels against her supremacy. She became their deadly enemy, and leagued herself against them: she flattered and encouraged a foreign and ambitious enemy against them, as she had formerly done against the Cambro-Britons. She furnished the Norman invaders with the consecrated banners of the cross, which had been formerly given to the Saxons against the Britons, and freely bestowed upon the Normans, in the name of St Peter, (and what has she not done and given in his name,) the goods and the bodies of the conquered; and since they had ceased to be her slaves, she did all in her power to make them the bondsmen of those who would become tributary to her avaricious and sensual dominion.

The Saxon church became under the Normans annihilated, and Saxon England could no longer boast of a single Saxon bishop. The land, the wealth, the church, and the Saxons themselves, became wholly Norman property. The Saxons, barbarians as they were treated by the Conqueror, had disappeared from the face of the kingdom as a free and independent people.

The Cambrians, when England could no longer furnish wealth for conquest, came in for their share of oppression, and the successors of the Bastard designed to bring them under the yoke which lay heavily on the Saxons. While the Normans sent yearly tributes to the prince of the apostles, all their violence, all their aggressions, passed in the eyes of Rome as just and lawful; but the resistance of the unfortunate objects could never be regarded with Christian charity: they were considered presumptuous, rebellious sons of Satan. The invader slew the Cambrian clergy, mutilated them, or cut out their tongues, and the Church of Rome excused it all.*

The letters addressed by Llewelyn and David, Prince of Wales, to John, Archbishop of Canterbury, (translations of which are published in Warrington's History of Wales,) exhibit the dreadful situation of the principality under the Normans. The Prince Llewelyn alleges, "that although the kingdom of England be vnder the speciall protection of the See of Rome, and with speciall loue regarded of the same; yet when the Lord the Pope, and the Court of Rome, shall vnderstand of the great damages which are done vnto vs by the Englishmen, to wit, the articles of the peace concluded and sworne vnto, violated and broken, the robbing and burning of the churches, the murdering of ecclesiasticall persons, as well religious as secular; the slaughter of women great with child, and children sucking their mother's breasts; the destroying of hospitals, and houses of religion; killing the men and women professed in the holie places, and euen before the altars: we hope that your Fatherhood, and the said Court of Rome, will rather with pittie lament our case, than with rigour of punishment augment our sorrow. Who they be, which are delited with bloodshed

and warre, is manifestlie apparent by their deeds and behaviour; for we would liue quietlie upon our owne if we might besuffered; but the Englishmen coming to our countrie, did put all to the sword, neither sparing sex, age, sicknesse, nor any thing regarding our sacred places, the like whereof the Welshmen neuer committed. We have put ourselves in armour, being driuen therevnto by necessitie: for we and our people were so oppressed, trodden vnder foote, spoiled, and brought to slauere by the king's officers, contrarie to the forme of the peace concluded against iustice, none otherwise than if we were Saracens or Iews." The Prince concludes by cautioning the archbishop against giving credit to slander and falsehood; "for euen as in their deedes they have and do oppress us, so in their words they will not sticke to slander us, laieing to our charge what liketh them best. Therefore, forasmuch as they are alwaies present with you, and we absent from you, they oppressing, and we oppressed, we are to desire you, euen for his sake from whom nothing is hid, not to credit men's words, but to examine their deedes. Thus we bid your holiness farewell. Dated at Garth Celyn, in the Feast of S. Martine."

The same prelate wrote a secret letter to David, the brother of Prince Llewelyn, and which may be found in the same history. The following extracts will serve to shew the motive of David for writing to the archbishop. The latter in his letter says,—“First, That if for the honor of God (juxta debitum crucis assumptæ) he will go to the Holie Land, he shall be provided for according to his degree, so that he doo not returne, unlesse he be called by the king: and we trust to entreat the king to prouide for his child. 4 Item, we feare (whereof we be sorrie) vnlesse you doo agree to peace, we most certenlie will aggravate the sentence ecclesiasticall against you for your faults.” To which the following noble and extraordinary reply was made by the last of the Welsh princes of Arthur's royal stock:—“When he (David) is disposed to see the Holie Land, he will doo it for God's sake voluntarilie, not by such enforcement against his will; because he knoweth enforced seruice not to please God; and if he hereafter shall

for deuotion see the Holie Land, that is no cause for euer to desinherit his offspring, but rather to reward them. And for that neither the prince nor his people, for countrie nor for gaines, did mooue warre, inuading no man's lands, but defending their owne lands, lawes, and liberties; and that the king and his people, of inueterate hatred, and for covetousnes to get our lands inuading the same, mooved warre: wee therefore see our defence is iuste and lawfull, and herein wee trust God will helpe vs, and will turne his reuenge upon destroyers of churches; who haue rooted up and burned churches, and taken out both all sacraments and sacred things from them, killing priests, clarks, religious, lame, dumbe, deaffe, yonglings sucking their mother's paps, weake and impotent, both man and woman, and committing all other enormities, as partlie it appeareth to your holinesse. Wherefore God forbid that your holinesse should fulminate sentence against anie, but such as hath doone such things. We who haue suffered all these things at the king's officers' hands, doo hope at your hands remedie and comfort; and that you will punish such church robbers and killers, who can defend themselves no waies, least that their impunitie be cause and example for others to do the like. Uerie manie in our countrie doo much maruell that you counselled vs to leaue our owne land, and to go to an other man's lands among our enemies to liue; for seeing we cannot haue peace in our owne land, which is our owne right, much lesse should be quiet in an other man's, amongst our enemies. And though it be hard to liue in warre and perill, harder it is to be vtterlie destroyed and brought to nothing; especiallie for Christians, seeking else nothing but to defend our owne, being by necessitie driuen therevnto, and the greedie ambition of our enemies.

"And your holinesse told vs, that you had fulminated sentence against all that for hatred or gaine doo hinder the peace. And it appeareth euidentlie who doo war for these causes, the feare of death, the feare of imprisonment, the feare of perpetuall prison, the feare of disinheriting, no keeping of promise, couenant, grant, nor charter, tyrannicall dominion, and manie more like compell vs to be in warre; and this we shew to God and

to your lordship, desiring your godlie and charitable helpe."

In the absence of all other documentary evidence, these alone would and do manifestly prove the countenance which the Church of Rome afforded the Normans against the Welsh. The latter were poor; their armies did not glitter in the sun, arrayed in sumptuous armour; they formed but a sorry contrast with the gorgeously-attired Normans. The Court of Rome, at that time the most avaricious of all others, could not regard as Christians the poor and persecuted Cambrians; it counted as nothing their woe, their patriotic heroism, that heroic conduct which their contemporary, who was nearly allied to themselves, acknowledged and admired; for Giraldus Cambrensis says, "The men of England fight for gain; the Welsh for liberty: the former seek to have more; the only desire of the latter is, not to lose the little they have, and to keep the poor corner that is left to them."

The Normans practised the same system in Wales, as they had in England among the Saxons; they declared the Cambrian clergy heretical and antichristian, in order that they might strip, disperse, and proscribe them, and make themselves masters of the souls as well as the bodies of the vanquished.

In Henry I.'s reign, the bishops of Wales, who had become gradually reconciled to Rome, complained heavily to the Pope of the usurpation and spoliation of their national churches by men of a foreign language—men in no way religious, as they stated, but grossly irreligious and ignorant. The Pope would not listen to the complaints, and never could be made believe, that the men who had reconquered the Peter pence, were not the best judges of what was beneficial for the souls of the Cambrians.

The reiterated complaints of the Cambrians having been of no avail, they took the law and dispensation of justice into their own hands, and, as Roger Hovendon says, "drove away by armed force the foreign race of priests, and who disposed of the church like a private patrimony." One Hervé, a semi-military priest, common in those days, was appointed Bishop of Bangor. He drew the sword against the Cambrians, (as an ancient author hath it,) and issued daily anathemas

against them, and at the same time gave them battle at the head of a troop composed of his kinsmen, and soldiers in pay. The Cambrians would not submit to be both excommunicated and slaughtered without resistance. They defeated the bishop's force, killed one of his brothers and many of his men, and compelled them to take flight. Hervé went to the king, who congratulated him upon having suffered for religion; and Pope Pascal wrote, with his own hand, a letter to the King (of England) recommending him to favour. For, after the death of his brother, he and his followers had been expelled from his bishopric "by the ferocity and persecution of the barbarians." Eight Cambrian chiefs, in the reign of Henry II., appealed to the Pope against the atrocities of the foreign robbers, whom the English or Normans quartered upon the country, under the names of priests or bishops. These bishops of another country, said they, hate us and our country; they are our mortal enemies: can they then be interested about our souls? We know that they are placed among us as in ambuscade, to discharge their shafts at our backs, and excommunicate us at the first order they receive. Whenever an expedition is preparing in England against us, the Primate suddenly interdicts that part of the country which it is proposed to invade; our bishops, who are his creatures, hurl their anathemas against the people collectively, and against the chiefs who rise at their head by name, so that such of us as perish in defence of our homes, for the salvation of our common country, fall excommunicated and cursed.†

Giraldus informs us, that when he travelled through Wales, with Archbishop Baldwin as an interpreter, to preach the crusade, they excommunicated Owen Cyveiliac merely for not waiting on the prelate; and a few lines farther on, in his Itinerary, he gives the prince credit for every virtuous and honourable feeling.

Such was the situation of the Cambrian church in the 12th century, and the conduct and character of the Church of Rome to those who did not succumb to her commands, and feed her rapacious appetite. Every compassionate and generous mind must

feel for the situation and the sufferings of the Cambrians under the bitter thralldom of Rome and the Normans. At a time when faith in the Universal Church prevailed from one end of Europe to the other, it will easily be imagined what an engine of power the conquerors directed, when they had in the van of their army the anathemas and fulminations of Rome at their command. The noble robbers, when they invaded the territories, and possessed themselves of the homes and inheritances of the inhabitants, wielded the sword in one hand, and with the other dealt out utter damnation upon the heads of the chiefs and the miserable population; at once wresting from them their lives, and the hope of future happiness in another world. The Church of Rome compounded with the invader for the spoil of the vanquished, and participated with him in his ill-gotten wealth. It is no matter of surprise, that men would address and supplicate the protection of Rome (the Pandorean box from whence all these evils emanated) against such insufferable wrongs: their own generosity induced them to hope, that the Pope, the mis-called Vicar of Christ upon earth, would commiserate their pitiable situation. But pity and charity were not the ruling impulse in the bosom of that church, and her head; the pure stream of Christianity had lost itself, for a time, in a mighty swamp of tradition and priestcraft.

The only dispute in the British church, subsequently to the conquest of England by the Normans, as to its supremacy, was between the prelates of that church and the Archbishop of Canterbury. The latter insisted upon being the supreme head, and the Welsh would acknowledge no one but the Bishop of St David. Giraldus Cambrensis, a Norman on the father's side, but who had been brought up and educated among the Welsh, felt as they did: he knew that if the Welsh could not prove or support their right of national election, they would be compelled to receive strangers and enemies as confidants of their religious thoughts, which was unsupportably galling, and probably the most cruel of the tyrannies inflicted by the conquest. Giraldus was elected by the Welsh clergy Bishop of St David

* Notae ad Eadmer. Hist. p. 209.

† Anglia Sac. vol. ii. p. 754.

more than once, against the will of the metropolitan of Canterbury and the king, and his election as often annulled. "Never, while I live," said King Henry, "will I suffer the Welsh to have an archbishop." Giraldus spent many years in contesting the point, and made several journeys to Rome to prove the supremacy of his diocese, and the legality of his election. Poor Giraldus had nothing to back his suit but old worm-eaten records. His opponent had bags well stored with gold, and mighty promises in reversion. When was it that the Church of Rome could withstand the glittering and precious metal?—the venality of that church has been for ages proverbial.

Giraldus, of course, lost his suit, and Cambria her primacy. He retired into seclusion, having refused three bishoprics and an archbishopric in Ireland, offered to him by Henry, for this reason, as he declares: "I refused, because the Irish, in like manner as the Welsh, will never take or accept for their bishop, unless compelled by violence, a man born out of their country."

The conduct of Giraldus made a great impression upon the Welsh princes, and it became a subject of interest in the nation, and among the chiefs who fought for the independence of their country. "Our country," said the Prince of Powis, "has sustained great conflicts against the English, yet never has any one been so daring against them as he of St David; for he withstood their king, their primate, their priests, all of them, for the honour of Wales." And at a feast held at the court of Llewelyn, one of the last of the native princes of Wales, in the interior of the country, (where the Normans had not penetrated,) a bard rose and took up his harp to celebrate the self-devotion of Giraldus; of him who had stood up against all the power of England, in the cause of St David and the Welsh. "Long as our country shall last," said he, in extemporary verse, "let his noble daring be told by the songster's voice and the writer's pen."*

Thus terminated the honourable struggle of the Cambrians in support of their national church. It is a matter of pride and gratification to a native

of the principality, to find that the ancient princes and chiefs of the country valued and respected the conduct and private worth of Giraldus, in maintaining the hopeless cause of a people who had for ages fought bravely, but unsuccessfully, against fatality and superior numbers.

It may be fairly presumed, that the Cambrians, subsequently to the overthrow of their independency, bore the yoke of the Romish faith with reluctance and impatience, inasmuch as when the Reformation dawned, and afterwards broke forth with so much fervour under the protection of a descendant of their ancient princes, Henry VIII., they became, almost to a man, Protestants; and without fear of contradiction, it may be added, that taking into consideration the extent of the population, there will be found, comparatively, a smaller number of Roman Catholics in the principality *being natives*, than in any portion of the kingdom.

A tribute of praise is due to Monsieur A. Thierry,† for his candid and honourable testimony in support of the Welsh character, and particularly for the following passage, among others of equal merit:—"Thus disappeared from the whole island of Britain, excepting only the small and barren country of Wales, the race of the Celts, Cambrians, Lœgrians, and Britons, properly so called, of whom part had emigrated directly from the eastern extremities of Europe, and part had come into Britain, after a stay, longer or shorter, on the coast of Gaul. These feeble remains of a great people had the glory of keeping possession of their last corner of territory against the efforts of an enemy immensely superior in numbers and resources, often vanquished, but never subjugated, and bearing through the course of ages the unshaken conviction of a mysterious eternity reserved for their name and their language. This eternity was foretold by the bards of the Welsh, from the first day of their defeat; and whenever, in after times, a new invader crossed the mountains of Cambria, after the most complete victories, his captives would repeat to him,—'Tis all in vain; thou canst destroy neither our name nor our language.' Fortune, bra-

* *Anglia Sac.* vol. ii. p. 559. † *Hist. of the Conquest of England by the Normans.*

very, and, above all, the nature of the country, formed of rocks, lakes, and sands, justified these predictions, which, though rash ones, are a remarkable evidence of vigorous imagination in the little people who dared to make them their national creed."

In tracing this sketch of the History of the British Church, the patience of the reader is probably exhausted. Justice, however, cannot be done the subject within the limits to which it must be confined. Many important and interesting events have been but slightly touched upon, and many entirely omitted. Sufficient, however, have been produced, to convince the most sceptical, that the ancient British Church, during the first nine centuries after the birth of our Saviour, was independent of the spiritual dominion, or rather the tyran-

ny, of the Church of Rome, or of any other earthly power; and that when the Cambro-Britons did submit to the yoke, it was contrary to the will of the nation, and brought on by the exertion of mere brute force on the part of the Anglo-Normans. A plain and unadorned statement of facts is here submitted to the public, every word of which is incontestably proved by history. The character of the Church of Rome requires no comment; and let our legislators beware how they sacrifice the manifold blessings reaped at the Reformation, in order to appease, for a time only, the brawlings of a set of furious demagogues, who have nothing to lose, but every thing to gain, by a convulsion in the constitution.

HYWEL.

Gwynedd, 10th Feb. 1829.

TAILORS.

"Ingratus est, qui beneficium se accepisse negat, quod accepit."

Sen. de Benef.

THERE is a sapient saying in frequent use, the origin of which being scarcely known, its correct meaning has been long and universally misunderstood. The saying to which we allude is, that "nine tailors make a man." The erroneous construction of this apophthegm has produced much unmerited indignity to that class of beings termed tailors; whereas, in fact, if recognised in a proper view, it ought to raise that order to an elevation far above any other description of persons. The true reading of it is, that a conclave of tailors, consisting perhaps anciently of nine, and even now (considering the great division of fashionable labour) comprising a number not much smaller, does, by its joint efforts, *make, or create*, that creature called "a man." That such has been the primitive signification of the maxim, now applied with horrible ingratitude in contempt of so useful a fraternity, may be gathered from the observations of every-day life.

It would be sufficient, without entering into detail, and without quoting the learned authority of Bamfylde Moore Carew, to ask the reader if he ever marked the contrast between the sheepish and awkward apprentice of some surgeon and apothecary in any little country town, one hundred miles distant from London, when he first starts on his important journey to the

metropolis for the purpose of attending lectures at Guy's or Thomas's, and the same being, when he returns to his friends, after a twelvemonth's absence? And if there be a remarkable and advantageous contrast, whereby is it produced? Not by the difference in climate,—nor by the change of society,—nor by the increase of science.—No! it is an effect of the Promethean talent of a Stultz.

But to be more minute. There is nothing upon earth that is of so much utility to men in general as fine clothes. A splendid equipage, a magnificent house, may draw the gaze of idle passers, and excite an occasional inquiry. But who, that has entered taverns and coffeehouses, has not perceived that the ratio of civility and attention from the waiter is regulated by the dress of his various customers? Any stranger, elegantly and fashionably attired, will find little difficulty in obtaining deference, politeness, and even credit, in every shop he enters; whereas the stranger, in more homely, or less modish garb, is really nobody. In truth, the gentleman is distinguished in the crowd only by the cut of his trowsers, and he carries his patent of nobility in his coat-lap. And to whom does he owe this index of his identity, but to his despised and much calumniated tailor?

But it is not merely deference and

respect which the genius of your tailor produces. Absolute admiration is the result of his industry. Not the celestial plumage, and impalpably fine and silken web of angels' wings, more distinctly denote that they are habitants of a higher sphere, than does the exquisitely turned and unwrinkled flow of a first-rate surtout point out the wide difference between him who wears it, and the ragged wretches who pollute his atmosphere by their vicinity. If he take a flight from the metropolitan emporium of fashion, and alight in some distant village, he is gaped at, with astonished admiration, by crowds of inexperienced humpkins, and addressed with a lowly humility approaching almost to idolatry. From whom does he derive his attributes of divinity? They are the inspirations of his tailor.

There is not a metamorphosis in all the pages of Ovid so wonderful as that which the great magician of the shears and thimble is capable of effecting. If there be the most unpleasant disproportions in the turn of your limbs—any awkwardness or deformity in your figure, the enchantment of this mighty wizard instantly communicates symmetry and elegance. The incongruous and unsightly furrows of your shape become smoothed and harmonized; and the total want of *all* shape is immediately supplied by the beautiful undulations of the coat, and the graceful fall of the pantaloons. And all this is by the potency of your tailor. His necromantic skill, unlike that of too many practisers of supernatural arts, is exercised only for the benefit of the world: and whilst Circe transformed the companions of Ulysses into brute beasts, the benevolent enchanter of our day transforms brute beasts into handsome and attractive men. Nay, had Olympus been furnished with a tailor, Brothrus would have had no necessity to burn himself to death for the purpose of creeping ridicule from the gods on account of his deformity.

But he who is most indebted to this manufacturer of elegant forms, is the lover: and the base ingratitude of this sort of person is dreadfully enormous. After he has riveted the gaze of his mistress upon his charming figure, drawn forth sighs of admiration for his remarkable elegance, excited the most tender perturbations by the grace of his movements, and finally acquired a complete surrender of her heart by

the striking interest of his attitude when kneeling at her feet, he ignorantly and presumptuously ascribes this to his own intrinsic qualities, without ever remembering that the abilities of his tailor are the sole source of all his success. The very being, who has endowed such a man with all his attractions, rests contented with the payment of his bills, (if he be fortunate enough to obtain that); whilst the other, by the power of fascinations so procured, obtains a lovely wife and twenty thousand pounds. *Sic vos non vobis, &c.*

Such is the skill of that wonderful being, the tailor, that his transformations are not more extraordinary than sudden. The time which is occupied in thus new-moulding the human frame is really trivial compared with the stupendous change which is literally wrought. It is true the soul may remain the same, but a new body is actually given to it by the interposition of vestimentary talent: And this is what we have always believed to be the genuine meaning of the metempsychosis of Pythagoras.

But we do not mean to assert, that the tailor's art has no power over the spiritual as well as corporeal portions of our nature. On the contrary, we have seen men, the development of whose mental faculties has been so vague and uncertain, as to leave room for supposing that they possessed no mind at all, assume the expression of much intellectual acumen by the assistance of clothes cut in a peculiar style; and we have known the turn of a coat collar have more effect in giving a man a wise and knowing look, than a score of bumps.

It seems to us that the effect of the tailor's skill, on mankind in general, has been better known among the wise Romans, than among the less honest and more ungrateful generations of our own period. When a Roman emerged from the imbecility of infancy, and the unnoticed or despised occupations of boyhood, the great and momentous era of his life, when he should be first entitled to mix on equal terms in the grave discussions of age, push forth his active ambition into scenes of bustle and commotion, aspire to influence the destinies of nations by election to public offices, or look forward to be the leader of victorious armies, fighting the battles of his country, was not marked by the imperative laws of the common-

wealth with splendid entertainments and sumptuous festivities. The only thing that was rigidly exacted by custom and law was an alteration of dress. The labour of the tailor was put in requisition, and the *toga virilis* was the emblem of manhood. It is not, therefore, without the most cogent reasons that we assert our opinion, that the distich of Pope, "Worth makes the man," or the title appended by Colley Cibber to one of his dramas, "Love makes the man," ought henceforth to yield, in point of truth, to the irrefragable principle which we here solemnly advance, that it is "the tailor makes the man."

It has often occurred to us that the occupations of the tailor give him a greater opportunity of contemplating the weakness of human nature, than is possessed by any other member of the community. There is in all men a latent love of exciting admiration by their exterior excellences; and though many, who pique themselves on the strength of their minds, affect to ridicule the desire of being thought handsome, we question if there be any man living, be his mental endowments never so acute, and his conviction of the folly of such feelings never so strong, who would not experience some degree of gratification at being complimented, with an appearance of candour, on the elegance and attractiveness of his person. It is true this weakness is, in many, silenced or effectually concealed by the predominance of good sense; but it is never wholly destroyed. It is from its influence that men who, from indolence or other causes, are usually careless of their dress, are nevertheless better pleased when by accident their tailor sends them home a coat of such a style as shall best adapted to display the figure to advantage. But the far greater number of men are not only not careless, but are even painfully solicitous, about the cut of their clothes. He, therefore, who, in general society, is ambitious of being thought of strong mind, and a despiser of outward beauty in men, and who would dread to have his private inclinations, on this head, scrutinized by those to whom he is holding forth such opinions, does not scruple fully to disclose his foible in the presence of his tailor. Whilst the latter is taking his dimensions, the philosophic contemner of bodily perfections

is requesting that the coat shall sit tight here, and wide there, and gracefully everywhere; and after having uttered directions of the most particular nature, in order to secure a garment that shall give him a fine shape, he again goes forth to vent his contempt against the silly puerility of those minds which place any value in a handsome form.

But how the tailor must chuckle with an inward grin, arising partly from amusement, and partly composed of a sneer, when he receives the minute injunctions of some crooked wretch as to the mode in which his coat is to be fashioned. The poor awkward monster is not aware of his own deformities, and talks to his tailor about shewing off the shape thus, or thus, as if he were a model of statuary symmetry newly come out of the hands of Praxiteles. The tailor, with the most unbroken gravity on his face, assents to all the directions, at the same time that the features of his heart are absolutely distorted by the laughter with which it is convulsed.

When, therefore, we consider the benefits conferred upon the world by tailors—when we call to mind the tributes to our vanity which we have been enabled to exact by their assistance—but, above all, when we remember that our tailor is the only confidant into whose faithful and sympathising bosom we dare to pour the story of our weakness, and from whom alone we dare to ask for aid,—are we not guilty of a heinous and abominable ingratitude, of the basest and most detestable kind, when we speak of such benefactors as being individually of minor humanity, and possessing only fractional components of our kind? We, who have gone on steadily, with literary chivalry, in one consistent path, advocating the cause of injured worth, unveiling moral and political error, and delivering truth from the trammels of mysticism or falsehood, do confidently trust that this our learned explanation of an ancient maxim, and our clear and comprehensive exposure of a criminal mistake so deeply grounded, may have the good effect of raising those illustrious persons, who form the subject of this article, to that dignified eminence which they so justly merit.

S. T. r.

CHAPTERS ON CHURCHYARDS. CHAP. XVIII.

The Grave of the Broken Heart.—Continued.

AUTUMN was fast fading into winter, when the heavy tidings of her sudden bereavement fell like an ice-bolt on the heart of Miss Aboyne. And long it was before the unremitting tenderness and attention of her now sole earthly protector—her betrothed husband—and the more than maternal cares of her faithful Nora, were rewarded by any indications of reviving health and cheerfulness in the object of their mutual anxiety.

Passing the common love between parent and child, had been that which bound up, as in one, the hearts of Colonel Aboyne and his motherless daughter; and the reflection that, for *her* sake, this beloved father had undertaken the voyage which had terminated so fatally, failed not to dash her cup of sorrow with peculiar bitterness. The suddenness of the shock had also tried to the uttermost her delicate and already impaired constitution; and for a considerable time it required all the sedulous care of love and fidelity, and all the skill and unremitting watchfulness of her medical adviser, to avert the threatening symptoms of decline.

But not only was Millicent Aboyne too truly a Christian, to sorrow like those who have no hope, but even in *this world* she felt and gratefully acknowledged that she *had hopes*, and dear ones; and that, if it pleased God to restore her to health, the after life that was to be passed with the husband of her choice, to whom she had been consigned, in a manner, by the dying breath of her beloved father, would be one of sweet contentedness. Therefore, when she prayed fervently to be reconciled to God's will in *all things*, she thought it no sin to add to that petition, a humble and pathetic supplication for continued life, if he saw that it was expedient for her; and the boon so submissively implored was, to present appearance, graciously conceded. Returning health once more re-invigorated the long-drooping frame, and again there was hope, and cheerfulness, and innocent enjoyment, and sweet companionship, in the orphan's home. Then it was that Vernon began to urge her on the subject of an immediate union, with affectionate and

forcible persuasion; and Millicent was too well aware of the reasonableness of his arguments, and too nobly free from all taint of affectation, to hesitate a moment in acceding to his entreaties, except from motives of tender reluctance to exchange her mourning dress for bridal raiment, before the expiration of a twelvemonth from the time of her irreparable loss. She was also desirous, with God's blessing, to feel her health more perfectly re-established before she took upon herself the responsibility of new and important duties; and finally a compromise between the lovers was definitively arranged, that in three months from that last May morning which completed the sixth month from her father's death, Millicent Aboyne should become the wife of Horace Vernon.

Few, on either side, were the requisite marriage preparations. Little of worldly goods had each wherewith to endow the other. On Vernon's side, only the small stipend of his curacy; on that of Millicent, no more than the property of her little cottage, and the broken sum of that small hoard, which was all Colonel Aboyne had been enabled to bequeath to his orphan daughter. Added to her scanty heritage was, however, one heir-loom, justly valued by Millicent as a jewel of great price. The faithfully devoted Nora was never to be sundered from her foster child; and with her aid and experience, the latter smilingly promised Vernon, that comfort and frugality should go hand in hand in their future establishment. Already Horace had assumed the management, not only of Millicent's flower-beds, but of the whole productive and well-arranged little garden; and he never quitted the small domain to return to his solitary corner of the large rambling old Rectory, (occupied in part payment of his scanty dues,) without longing more and more impatiently for the approaching hour, when the gentle mistress of Sea Vale Cottage should admit him there, the wedded partner of her humble and happy home.

One morning Vernon entered Millicent's little sitting-room with an open letter in his hand, which he flung into

her lap as she sat at work, with an air of half jesting, half serious discomposure. "There, Milly!" said he; "read that—and you may expect me to come and take up my abode here *directly*—whether you will or not. Perverse girl! if you had not doomed me to such long exclusion, I should not now be annoyed by the contents of that provoking letter. Read, read, Milly! and revoke my sentence." The letter so ungraciously commented on was nevertheless an exceedingly well-turned, well-bred epistle, from no less a personage than the honourable and reverend Dr Hartop, Vernon's rector, and the rector and holder of more than one other valuable living and comfortable piece of church preferment. He had not visited his Sea Vale flock since it had been committed to the care of the present curate; but his physician having recommended sea air and quiet as restoratives after a long enfeebling illness, and cherishing in his own mind an affectionate recollection of the lobsters and turbot that frequent those happy shores, the honourable and reverend gentleman forthwith felt a conscientious call to bestow his pastoral presence for the summer months among his coast parishioners. He was to be accompanied in his retirement by the youngest of eight portionless daughters of his brother-in-law the Earl of Marchwood, who, as well as his amiable Countess, was always magnanimously ready to spare either of their blooming treasures, to enliven the solitude of their wealthy and reverend uncle, and smooth his gouty footstool. The noble parents would, indeed, have extended the sacrifice to any number of the fair bevy Dr Hartop might have been pleased to put in requisition; but that highly conscientious person not only revolted from exacting too much from such *all-conceding* generosity, but felt a strong conviction that his personal comforts would be more attended to, and the orthodox regularity of his household less deranged, by *one* of the lovely sisters, than if he had availed himself of the liberally-granted privilege to summon them in divisions. The privilege of selection he, however, exercised without scruple; and on the present occasion, was to be accompanied to Sea Vale by his favourite niece, Lady Octavia Falkland, a very lovely, gay, good-humoured, captiva-

ting creature of nineteen—"toute pétée d'esprit," said her French governess—brilliantly accomplished, and (*as every body said*) "with the best heart in the world." Lady Octavia was perfect, in short—or would have been, but for some of those trifling alloys inseparable from *earthly* perfection: such as a *little* vanity, a *little* selfishness, a *little* cunning, and a *little* want of principle. To leave London in full season, with an old valetudinarian uncle, for "the ends of the earth," was, however, such a heroic sacrifice to duty as Lady Marchwood failed not to turn to good account, by descanting thereon with maternal sensibility in the hearing of all with whom the touching trait was likely to *tell*—especially in the presence of a young Earl of immense property, lately come of age, and as yet encumbered with a few rustic prejudices in favour of religion and morality, the fruit of much seclusion with a sickly Methodistical mother, who had early instilled into the heart of her only child, "that peculiar way of thinking" which had strangely supported her through trials of no common character. Lord M—— had been evidently struck by the beauty of the fair Octavia, and as evidently captivated by her engaging sweetness. He had danced with her, talked with her, and, as was clearly perceptible to Lady Marchwood's discriminating eye, *watched* her still more assiduously; and still he spake not—and on one or two late occasions, as he became more familiar with the *home* circle of Marchwood House, he had *looked* startled and uncomfortable at some interesting naïveté of the Lady Octavia, (who, to do her justice, was seldom off her guard in his company); and then there was such a visible *refroidissement*—a something so like drawing back, in his demeanour towards the lady, that her affectionate mamma, having lectured her pathetically on the consequences of her indiscretion, thought there was something quite providential in the Sea Vale scheme, of which she purposed to make the most in Lord M.'s hearing in the manner aforesaid. "And then," said she, "Octavia! when he comes down to us in the autumn, as you know he has half promised, if you *will* but be prudent for a *little while*, and fall naturally into his odd

tastes and fancies, depend on it he *will speak*." Which maternal consolation, combined with private visions of other contingent rewards to be coaxed out of the rich old uncle, and her constitutional good temper, enabled the fair exile to submit to her fate with a degree of resignation not less edifying than amazing, considering she was aware of all its horrors—of the perfect seclusion of Sea Vale, where the curate and apothecary were likely to be the only visitors at the Rectory. The said Rectory was a large, old-fashioned, but not incommensurable mansion, of which, as has been said, a couple of rooms were occupied by Horace Vernon. Dr Hartop's letter (which had been so ungraciously received) very politely requested that Mr Vernon would consider himself his guest during his, the Doctor's, residence at Sea Vale; and then went on to bespeak Horace's obliging superintendence of certain arrangements and alterations respecting furniture, &c. &c., especially in the apartments designed for the occupation of his niece, Lady Octavia Falkland. This letter was brought by the first division of the household, and Dr Hartop and Lady Octavia were to be expected at Sea Vale in a week at farthest.

"And the old Rectory is half turned out of window already," said Vernon, pettishly, when he had told his story, and Millicent had glanced over the Doctor's letter—"and a whole wagon-load of things is arrived—couches, chaise longues, a French bed, a whole steam kitchen, and a huge harp case among the rest. I dare say that Lady Octavia is very fine and disagreeable."

"A most candid conclusion, truly!" observed Millicent with a smile,—but it was a *half* smile only; for in her heart she was as much annoyed as Horace by the intelligence he had communicated. In former days, the arrival of these strangers would have been a matter of indifference to her, or perhaps of cheerful interest; but at present, scarcely recovered from the effects of recent affliction,—shrinking from the eye of strangers with a morbid timidity, which, from long seclusion, had grown upon her natural diffidence,—still enfeebled in health, and not unconscious that her present situation was one of peculiar delicacy, Miss Aboyne would have indeed pre-

ferred that the Rector and Lady Octavia's visit to Sea Vale should have been deferred till *after* her union with Horace Vernon. Perhaps if he had, at that moment, more seriously enforced his jesting petition, to be forthwith admitted to the peaceful sanctuary of Millicent's cottage, she might have been induced to rescind her former decision, and cede to him, without farther delay, the possession of herself and of her little dwelling. But Vernon talked away his vexation, and Millicent kept hers within her own heart, secretly chiding its utter unreasonableness; for what would the stranger be to her? She should not see or be seen by them but at church, and then, why need she shrink from observation,—if, indeed, one so insignificant should attract any?

The preparations at the Rectory went briskly on; and as the new and elegant articles of ornamental furniture were unpacked, Vernon insensibly became interested in examining them, and superintending the arrangement of Lady Octavia's boudoir. An elegant harp was extracted from its cumbersome case by a servant intrusted with the key, and, together with music-stands and stools, a painting easel, sundry portfolios, inlaid work-boxes, &c. &c. disposed in picturesque order in the dedicated chamber, and a pile of Italian music, two or three volumes of Italian and English poems, some German novels, and one of Schiller's dramas in the original, arranged with good effect on the different tables and *chiffonniers* by the well-trained footmen, gave the *tout ensemble* an air of so much literary elegance, as failed not to make due impression on Vernon's tasteful imagination, and in some measure to soften down his prejudice (so unwarrantably imbibed!) against the unknown possessor. But still he had settled in his own mind, that in her deportment to *himself*, she would be reserved, distant, and disagreeable; and he promised himself to be as little as possible in her august presence. This preconception and predetermination savoured far less of judicious reasoning and amiable humility, than of ignorance of the world, and lurking vanity and pride; but it has been observed, that the latter were among Vernon's besetting sins, and the former was the unavoidable result of circumstances.

The important day arrived, and from the porch of Miss Aboyne's cottage, (in and out of which he had been fidgeting for the last hour,) Vernon spied a travelling carriage and four descending the hilly approach into Sea Vale. "There they are, Milly!" he exclaimed, suddenly letting fall her arm that had been resting on his, and starting involuntarily a few paces forward—"and I must begone to receive the Doctor and that fine Lady Octavia. It's all your fault, Milly, when I might have remained here, if you had pleased, and been independent of all this fuss and bustle;" and he turned back and took both her hands, gazing on her for a moment with a look of reproachful tenderness. "And how pretty and quiet every thing here looks this evening!" he added, glancing round him; "and we should have had some music in the honeysuckle arbour, now you can sing again, Milly."—"Perhaps," replied she, faintly smiling, "Lady Octavia will sing to you."—"Oh! if she were to condescend so far, I should hate *her* singing; and that fine harp would never sound half so sweet to me as the dear old guitar, Milly." Millicent thanked him with a look for the fond unreasonableness of the lover-like assertion, and then hastened him away to receive, with honour due, his honourable and reverend Rector. To say the truth, when his really affectionate feelings for her had given utterance to those few hurrying words, he did not seem *very* loath to obey her injunction; and, when he had cleared the green lane at three bounds, and turned the corner towards the Rectory, he stopped a moment to take off his hat, run his fingers through the bright waves of his fine thick hair, and pull up his shirt-collar to the most becoming altitude.

The Rectory and Miss Aboyne's cottage were situated at opposite extremities of the straggling village; and the distance between the two habitations being so inconsiderable, Millicent thought it not improbable she might see Horace again that evening, after Dr Hartop's late dinner, or before the hour of retiring. More than once after twilight, and in spite of the fast-falling dews, she returned to the garden gate, to listen if a well-known footstep were coming down the lane; and that night, long after the usual

hour of its disappearance, a light was burning in Millicent's little parlour. But it was extinguished at last, and all was darkness, and quiet, and sweet rest probably, under the humble roof of the orphan cottage.

The next morning, as Millicent was seated at her early breakfast, the little casement opened from without, and Vernon's handsome face, radiant with smiles and cheerfulness, looked in between the clustering roses. "What vulgar hours you keep, Milly," said he; "I'm positively ashamed of you, Miss Aboyne! *We* are in our first sleep yet at the Rectory, and shan't breakfast these three hours."

"Look, then," she smilingly replied, "at this tempting bowl of rich new milk, and this brown bread, and fresh yellow butter of Nora's own making,—and the tea is as strong as you like it—see!—and such cream!—there can be none such at the Rectory. Won't all these delicacies tempt you to breakfast with me?"—"Half of them,—the least of them, dearest!" he answered, twisting himself dexterously in through the window, demolishing a whole garland of roses, and upsetting a work-table and a glass of flowers, in his unceremonious *entrée*; in spite of which high crime and misdemeanour, in two minutes he was seated with the ease of perfect innocence at Miss Aboyne's breakfast table, and there was no trace of stern displeasure in the face of the fair hostess, as she poured out for him the promised basin of potent green tea.

"You were right enough, Milly!" said Vernon, after demolishing a huge fragment of Nora's sweet brown loaf—(for it is a truth to be noted, that lovers as well as heroes never forget to "appease the rage of hunger"—) "You were right enough, Milly! Lady Octavia is not half so disagreeable as I expected to find her. In fact, she is really agreeable on the whole;—certainly a lovely creature!—and she and Dr Hartop both exceedingly polite to me; but somehow I felt but half at ease. The Doctor's civility is so pompous, and now and then I could have fancied Lady Octavia too condescending. I wished myself here more than once in the course of the evening, but could not get away; for first the Doctor pinned me down to three games of backgammon—"And then, I dare say, you had music, had

you not?" asked Millicent. "Yes, Lady Octavia played all the time I was engaged with her uncle, and put me sadly out, by the by; for she plays so divinely, there was no attending to the game."—"So I suppose by this time you like the harp almost as well as the guitar?" said Miss Aboyne, with an arch glance at her companion. "Not I, indeed!" replied Vernon quickly, with a rather heightened colour; "though, to be sure, Lady Octavia was amazingly condescending—very considerate of the poor curate's ignorance and rusticity. She had been singing Italian while I was playing with her uncle—some of our favourite things, Milly;—but when the game was finished, and I approached the harp, her Ladyship said, in the sweetest tone possible, 'I dare say you would rather have some English song, Mr Vernon; perhaps I may find one or two among this unintelligible stuff,' and out she rummaged 'The Woodpecker'—my aversion, you know, Milly!" Millicent, who knew Vernon's passionate taste for Italian music and poetry, (she herself, admirably taught by her father, had perfected him in the language,) could not help laughing at his evidently nettled recital of Lady Octavia's considerate kindness in lowering her performance to the supposed level of his comprehension; but perceiving, with a woman's quick perception in such matters, that even her innocent mirth was not contagious—(it is a nice affair to jest with wounded vanity)—she unaffectedly changed the subject, by drawing him into the garden, where she required his assistance in some trifling office about her hyacinths, and soon beguiled him again into smiles and good-humour; and at last engaged him to accompany her own sweet voice, and the old fine-toned guitar, in one of his favourite harmonies—not Italian, indeed, but a Scotch air of exquisite pathos, which had many a time before exorcised the foul fiend when its spell of fretfulness and despondency was cast over him.

Among the simple pleasures dear to Miss Aboyne, one of the greatest had ever been, from earliest womanhood, the quiet luxury of an evening walk; and now, in later life, that innocent pleasure had not only lost nothing of its pleasantness, but the charm of association, and the pensive joy of memory, cast a more hallowed tone over

the hours of her favourite enjoyment. For many weeks, nay months, after her father's death, the impaired health of his sorrowing child incapacitated her from stirring beyond the narrow boundary of her own little garden; but of late, so much of health and strength had she regained, that, with the support of Vernon's arm, she had adventured to some distance from her home, and even beyond the village; and as the warm pleasant spring weather became more genial and confirmed, Millicent's fluctuating cheek became tinted with more permanent hues of health, and every evening she was able to extend her walk a little and a little farther, with her unfailing and attentive companion. Those only who have languished under the pressure of a lingering enervating malady, more trying perhaps to the moral frame than many acute disorders, can conceive the exquisite enjoyment of feeling enabled, by gradually reviving strength, once more to wander out beyond some narrow limits, within which the feeble frame has long been captive, to breathe the fresh free air of meadow or common, or the perfume of green briery lanes, skirting the clover or the bean field, the still requisite support of some kind arm ever punctually ready at an accustomed hour to lead forth the grateful convalescent. How impatiently is that hour expected!—and should any thing occur to protract or mar the promised pleasure, how far more acutely felt is that privation than so trifling a disappointment should seem to warrant! Far heavier crosses may be borne with more equanimity, at less cost of reason and self-control.

So of late had Millicent longed for the hour of the evening walk—the hour when her capabilities of enjoyment, physical and intellectual, were ever keenest—when Vernon, released from his own peculiar duties and avocations, came punctual almost to a moment, to be her companion for the remainder of the day, to afford her the support of his arm as far as her gradually returning strength enabled her to wander; and then, re-entering the cottage in tranquil happiness, to share with her the pure pleasures of reading, music, or sweeter converse, till her early hour of retiring. No wonder poor Millicent had fallen into the habit of longing for the return of evening! But now,

for a season she must cease to do so. At least she must be content with uncertain, perhaps unfrequent and hurried, visits from Vernon, after the late dinner at the Rectory; and Miss Aboyne had too much good sense and delicacy not to feel, and even enforce upon Horace, the propriety and common courtesy of giving his society, for at least the greater part of most evenings, to the host at whose table he was a constant guest. And truly, in the perfect seclusion of Sea Vale, and the present deranged state of Dr Hartop's health, which precluded him from inviting to the Rectory any of those who might, perhaps, have charitably bartered a portion of their precious time for the reverend gentleman's exquisite dinner and old hochheimer, (not to mention the attractions of his lovely niece)—the ready-made society of the young curate—his qualifications of backgammon-playing—of listening deferentially to long prosing stories, when the Doctor was disposed to tell them, or, when the latter was slumberously inclined, of directly and noiselessly stealing away to the drawing-room and Lady Octavia's harp, thereby contributing, in the dearth of stronger stimuli, to keep the young lady in that flow of good-humour so conducive to her uncle's comfort. These several qualifications, combined with the gentlemanly manners and unexceptionable character of Vernon, made his society too valuable at Sea Vale Rectory not to be monopolised there, with as much exacting selfishness as could be exercised consistently with Dr Hartop's natural indolence and habitual good breeding.

Lady Octavia also conceived an aimable and immediate interest for the handsome, unsophisticated young curate, and forthwith set her fertile imagination to trace out the rough draft of a philanthropic plan for "making something of him," during the summer seclusion to which she had so dutifully devoted herself. No passion is so vulgar or so vulgarising as an insatiate love of indiscriminate admiration. The high-born and highbred Lady Octavia Falkland, habituated as she was to the refined incense of courtly circles, would have condescended to smile on her uncle's apothecary, rather than have wasted "her sweetness on the desert air." Vernon was comparatively an unex-

ceptionable protégé, and her benevolent scheme in his favour was by no means "nipped i'th' bud," by the information communicated by Mrs Jenkins, while assisting her lady to undress on the night of her arrival at Sea Vale Rectory, of his engagement with Miss Aboyne. "What a stupid affair that must be!" soliloquized the Lady Octavia; "and how charitable it will be to give 'the gentle shepherd,' really so tolerable a creature, some idea of *la belle passion* in its higher refinements—of the tastes and enjoyments of civilized society, before he is buried for ever in a country parish, with a dowdy wife and a parcel of chubbly cherubs. — I suppose," observed her Ladyship, more directly addressing herself to the confidential attendant—"I suppose this Miss—what d'ye call her?—is some rustic beauty, all lilies, and roses, and flaxen-curles—for really Mr Vernon is so good-looking, and so tolerable altogether, he would not have picked out a fright."—"Oh! they say she's very genteel, my Lady! — (Miss Abine's her name, my Lady!) — and used to be estimated rather handsome formerly, before she lost her father, and fell into ill health—and she's not so young as she has been."—"Why, Mr Vernon can't be more than five or six and twenty, and it's impossible he can be in love with any thing as old as that, when there can be no *agrémens* to make amends for the want of youth."—"Oh! Mr Vernon's seven and twenty, my Lady! and Miss Abine's near three years older."—"Three years older!—what, almost thirty?—You must be mistaken, Jenkins; Mr Vernon could never have engaged himself so absurdly;—but it's an old affair, you said, didn't you, Jenkins? Quite a take-in then, no doubt; for I suppose she *has been* good-looking,—and boys are so easily caught! It's amazing how artful some old spiders are!—There's Lady William Lorimer always contrives to hook in all the best men, somehow. But then she's married—that's one thing;" and so saying, the fair Octavia's head sank on her soft pillow, to dream of old spiders and young flies, the philanthropic pleasure of rescuing some fluttering innocent from the web of its wily destroyer, and the peculiar privileges and advantages of married ladies. If Vernon's evening visits to the cottage

became comparatively short and unfrequent after the arrival of the strangers, during the earlier part of their sojourn at the Rectory, he generally made his appearance at Millicent's early breakfast table, and devoted to her as great a part of every morning as he could abstract from his parochial duties—duties from which she would have been the last to entice him; and once he had stolen away during Dr Hartop's after-dinner nap—not to the Rectory drawing-room and Lady Octavia, but to the cottage parlour and its gentle occupant, whose delighted and grateful surprise at sight of the unexpected visitor, made him first fully sensible of what she (the least selfish and exacting of human beings) had never even hinted—how lonely she had been in his absence; and he fancied, besides, that an appearance of more than usual languor was perceptible about her, though at sight of him a rich and beautiful glow suffused her before colourless cheek, and her sweet eyes glistened (not sparkled) with affectionate welcome, as she exclaimed, "Dear Horace! is it you?—How good you are to steal away to me! But could you do so without incivility?—what will they think at the Rectory?"

"I don't care what they think, Milly!" replied Vernon, quickly. "This is all very wrong—very hard upon us. Here you sit, left alone, evening after evening, deprived of exercise—of the quiet walks we so enjoyed together; and I am sure, though you said nothing, you have missed them very much. Why did you not take Nora's arm, and stroll out this fine evening, Milly?"—"O, I did not care to walk without you, dear Horace, and Nora is busy in her dairy at this hour, you know; and besides," she added, with a cheerful smile, "I am very busy also, and shall get through a marvellous deal of work now you are not here to make me idle." That evening, however, Millicent was but too happy to relinquish her notable employment for pleasant idleness, and sweet companionship, and the reviving freshness of the bright green fields. The lovers talked together of their approaching union, their unambitious hopes of quiet happiness, their plans of active usefulness and wise frugality

to be patiently and firmly pursued, till the better times still prospectively before them should arrive, to recompense them for the cheerful endurance of temporary privations. While they thus held sweet converse together, insensibly, as the evening shadows blended into twilight, assuming a more serious and tender tone, well befitting the discourse of friends who spoke of travelling together through time into eternity;—while they thus held sweet converse, and Vernon listened to the low accents of Millicent's voice—so tender in its melodious inflections—so touching as it breathed forth, with tremulous earnestness, the inmost thoughts and feelings of her pure and pious heart, he felt—felt deeply, the surpassing worth of the treasure committed to his care; and perhaps a vague, an almost indefinite, emotion of self-reproach mingled with the tender impulse which caused him to press more affectionately close the arm which rested upon him, and to look round with moistened eyes on the calm, sweet seriousness of that saint-like countenance, upraised to his with the innocent confidence of an angel's love. "After all," said Vernon to himself, as he retraced his solitary way that night to the Rectory—"after all, my own Millicent is as superior to that brilliant Lady Octavia, as is yon beautiful pale moon to the bright meteor which has just shot earthward." What inference may be drawn from this soliloquy as to the nature of foregone comparisons floating in Vernon's mind within the circle of Lady Octavia's fascinations, we leave to the judicious reader's opinion;—certain it is, that the last fervent conclusion was the genuine, spontaneous effusion of sincere and affectionate conviction.

The next day was Sunday, and Vernon had promised to be at the cottage early enough to conduct Millicent to church, and to her own pew adjoining the Rector's, before the general entrance of the congregation; for though he assured her, that Dr Hartop considered himself still too much a valetudinarian to encounter the fatigues of early rising and morning church, and that there was little chance, from what he had observed, of Lady Octavia's attending the first service, Millicent had a nervous dread of walking alone up the long aisle, subjected to the possible gaze of

stranger?, and gladly accepted the promise of Vernon's early escort.

But Fate and Lady Octavia had ordered otherwise. Contrary to Vernon's "foregone conclusion," and just as he was hastening away to the cottage, it was sweetly signified to him by Mrs Jenkins, that her lady, who had hitherto taken breakfast about eleven in her own boudoir, would that morning have the pleasure of making tea for Mr Vernon, from whom she should afterwards request the favour of conducting her to the Rectory pew. The lady trode on the heels of her message. The breakfast-room was thrown open, and she led the way into it with gracious smiles and winning courtesy, Vernon following in such a bewilderment of annoyance at being thus compelled to break his engagement with Millicent, and of admiration for Lady Octavia's blooming graces and captivating sweetness, that he quite forgot it would have been at least expedient to send a message to the cottage; and, strange as it may seem, by the time breakfast was half over, Vernon had actually ceased to think of any object in heaven or earth beyond the interior of the Rectory parlour.

As Lady Octavia took his arm on proceeding towards the church, however, a thought darted across him, of her who was at that very moment expecting the promised support of that very arm in affectionate security; and for a few minutes he was troubled and *distract*, and made irrelevant answers to Lady Octavia's remarks and questions. Her ladyship had too much tact to notice the temporary abstraction; and before they reached the thronged churchyard, Vernon's thoughts were again engrossed by the charms of his fascinating companion, and his besetting-sin—his lurking vanity—was not a little excited by her flattering condescension, and the eclat of making so public an appearance with the high-born beauty familiarly leaning on his arm. It was not until he had conducted the fair stranger through the double file of gazers, that lined the long central aisle, up to the Rector's pew, and left her there, properly accommodated with hassock and prayer-book, and till he had withdrawn to put on his surplice in the vestry—it was not till then that a thought of Millicent again recurred to him. But then it did recur, and so painfully, that even after he had

ascended the pulpit, and was about to commence that sacred office which should have abstracted his mind from all worldly concerns, he found it impossible to restrain his wandering and troubled thoughts; and his heart smote him, when, glancing downwards on the assembling congregation, his eyes rested on the empty pew where poor Millicent should have been already seated, and that immediately adjoining already occupied by the fair stranger whom he had conducted thither.

It was the custom at Sea Vale church to begin the first service with the morning hymn, not one verse of which was ever omitted by the zealous throats of the village choristers; and on this particular morning, those sweet singers of Israel, in concert—or rather out of concert—with bassoon and bass viol, had groaned, droned, and quavered through the first five verses, when the church door fronting the pulpit, at the end of the long middle aisle, slowly opened, and two female forms appeared at it. One, the humble, homely person of Nora Carthy, dropped aside into some obscure corner; and Miss Aboyne, who had been leaning on the arm of her faithful attendant, came slowly and timidly up the long aisle, with ill-assured and faltering steps, her tall slender form bending under evident languor and weakness. She still wore the deepest and plainest mourning, and her face was almost entirely concealed by a large bonnet and a long crape veil. On reaching the door of her own pew, her tremulous hand—even from that distance Vernon saw that it trembled—found some difficulty in unhasping it, and an old grey-haired man started forward from his bench in the aisle to render her that little service, in return for which she gently inclined her head, and in another moment had sunk on her knees in the farthest corner of the pew.

Vernon saw all this, too well recalling to mind poor Millicent's nervous anxiety to be quietly seated in church before the arrival of strangers; and he saw, besides, what he hoped had been unperceived by Miss Aboyne through her thick veil, that Lady Octavia had stood up in her pew to gaze on the late comer as she slowly advanced up the church, and was still taking leisurely survey through an eyeglass of her kneeling figure. Vernon observed all this with acutely painful

consciousness, and when the hymn was concluded, it was only by a powerful effort that he applied himself seriously to his solemn duty.

When next he glanced towards Miss Aboyne's pew, (while the first psalm was being sung,) her veil was flung back, and he observed with pleasure that her sweet countenance wore its wonted expression of perfect serenity, and that she was too intent on the sacred words in her hymn-book, and too much engrossed by the utterance of her tribute of prayer and praise, to be sensible that the brilliant eyes of her fair neighbour, still assisted by the raised eye-glass, were fixed in curious scrutiny of her person and features. In truth, Miss Aboyne had perfectly recovered the nervous trepidation which had distressed her on first entering the church; awful consciousness of the Creator's presence soon superseded all thought of the creature in her pious heart, and when at last her eyes caught an accidental glance of her fair neighbour, the only feeling that for a moment drew her earthward, was one of admiration for Lady Octavia's striking loveliness. In her entire abstraction from *self*, not even did the consciousness occur, that she herself was the object of curious, and not polite—though it might be fashionable—examination.

Millicent had attributed to its true cause the non-performance of Vernon's promise to be early that morning at the cottage. She surmised that he might have been unexpectedly detained to accompany Lady Octavia to church; and well aware that he could not courteously have declined that office if proposed to him, she only regretted that, having been delayed by lingering expectation till the last possible moment, she should now have to encounter the redoubled ordeal of walking up the church alone, through the assembled congregation. Nora, indeed—whose arm, in default of Vernon's, was put in requisition—the warm-hearted, quick-spirited Nora—was fain to mutter some tart reflection about "new comers," and "fine doings," and "no notion of it," as she accompanied her fair mistress to church; but the more candid Millicent only smiled at the jealous discomposure of her fond nurse, who shook her head incredulously at the assurance that Vernon would come and make his innocence

clear, the moment he was at liberty to steal away for a few moments to the cottage. And such indeed was his full intention, when, on hastening back from unrobing after service, he found Lady Octavia awaiting his escort homewards, and that Miss Aboyne was already out of sight. When they reached the Rectory, Dr Hartop was already seated at his luxurious luncheon—the mid-day dinner of modern times—and Vernon was pressed to partake before he mounted his horse for the church (some five miles off from Sea Vale) at which he was to do afternoon duty.

Suddenly Lady Octavia was seized with a devout desire of attending that second service, and her phaeton was ordered to the door, and it was quickly arranged that she should drive Vernon to Eastwood church, from which they were to return by a more circuitous, but very beautiful road, which her Ladyship (as suddenly smitten with a passion for picturesque as well as holy things) expressed a vehement desire to explore. Dr Hartop gave a reluctant assent to this arrangement, not from any prudential scruples respecting Lady Octavia's *tête-à-tête* with the handsome curate, as he felt comfortably assured her Ladyship's views of an "establishment" were as remote as possible from the *beau idéal* of a cottage and a blackberry pudding; but the honourable and reverend Doctor rationally anticipated that the protracted drive might interfere with his regular dinner hour, and from this solid ground of objection it required all Lady Octavia's powers of coaxing and persuasion to win him over to unwilling concession.

The road from Sea Vale to Eastwood lay through the former village, close to Miss Aboyne's cottage at its outskirts. As they approached the little dwelling, Vernon sent onward an uneasy furtive glance, and felt annoyed and uncomfortable at the slow pace in which it seemed just then the pleasure of his fair conductress to indulge her beautiful bay ponies. He wished—yet wherefore was almost undefinable to himself—that Miss Aboyne might not be visible as they passed the cottage, and that they might pass it unobserved by her. But the wish, vague as it was, had scarcely arisen, when Lady Octavia, reining in her ponies to a walk, exclaimed—
"What a sweet cottage!—a perfect

cottage that, Mr Vernon ; and there's the person who sat in the next pew to my uncle's at church this morning, looking so wretchedly forlorn and sickly, but really genteel for that sort of person, and must have been rather pretty when she was young, poor thing ! Do you know who she is, Mr Vernon ?"—“ A Miss Aboyne, daughter of a Colonel Aboyne, lately dead—a friend of mine,” replied Vernon confusedly, and colouring, with a consciousness that he did so not tending to remove his embarrassment. At that moment, Millicent, who was standing among her flower-beds, looked up at the sound of wheels, and their eyes encountered. A bright flush passed over her pale cheek, as she gave Vernon a half smile of recognition, and quietly resumed her occupation of tying up a tall lily, her face shaded by a large bonnet from farther observation. Lady Octavia took another deliberate survey of Miss Aboyne through her eye-glass, and having so far satisfied her curiosity, continued, in a careless, half-absent manner—“ Oh ! a friend of yours, you said, Mr Vernon ?—this person's father—I beg your pardon though—she looks really very respectable, poor thing !—quite interesting in that deep mourning. Of course, as you know her, she is not a low person—some Colonel's daughter though, you said, I think ? and is he lately dead ? and does she live all alone in that pretty cottage ? How excessively romantic ! and it does not signify for that sort of person, at her age, you know. I suppose she is very poor—some half-pay officer's daughter ?” Vernon stammered something, not very intelligible, in reply to Lady Octavia's half question, half soliloquy ; but her Ladyship talked on, apparently heedless of his conscious, embarrassed manner. “ Do you know, Mr Vernon, that my maid is a half-pay officer's daughter—really a very superior sort of person is Jenkins. Why does not this Miss—I forget her name—go out in some such capacity ? or as a governess ?—you know, she might get into some family as governess.” Vernon's latent spirit and real affection for Millicent being somewhat roused by these annoying comments and interrogations, he was just about to speak more plainly, and would probably have silenced Lady Octavia's voluble malice, by the simple avowal of the relation in which he stood to

Miss Aboyne, when her Ladyship, who guessed the coming confession, which it was by no means her intention to draw forth, adroitly diverted her observations from Miss Aboyne to the surrounding scenery ; and before they had well lost sight of Sea Vale, Vernon's spirited impulse had subsided, and he was again engrossed by Lady Octavia, and the gratification of being so graciously distinguished by the high-born beauty. But Lady Octavia's shafts had not glanced harmless ; more than one point remained ranking in the mark ; and with the next disengaged hour and thought of Millicent, came hitherto unformed reflections on the lingering lot of poverty and obscurity to which they were possibly about to devote themselves, and an involuntary comparison between their ages for the first time occurred to him, in a light that made him wish the difference had been reversed, and that he could count those three years in advance of Millicent. But his better feelings caused him to check, almost as soon as conceived, thoughts that were now as ill-timed as ungenerous towards that gentle and confiding being, the most sincere and lowly-minded of all God's creatures, who had been long beforehand with him in regretting, for his sake, her seniority of age, and had not shrunk from commenting on it to himself, with characteristic ingenuousness ; for *she felt*, though he would not acknowledge it, that her prime was already past, while he had barely attained the full flush of maturity. But Millicent's self-depreciation was wholly untinctured with any jealous doubt of Vernon's true affection for her, and indifference to the more youthful attractions of other women ; and as he passed the cottage with his beautiful companion, if a sudden and natural comparison presented itself between the blooming loveliness of the latter, and her own more humble pretensions, it was only accompanied by a wish—a woman's fond, weak wish—that, for his sake, she were younger, and fairer, and every way more deserving of the love, of which, however, she apprehended no diminution.

Dr Hartop's fears were prophetic ; the picturesque circuit home delayed the arrival of Lady Octavia and Vernon so long past the dinner hour, that the Doctor's habitually urbane and

placid temper would have been seriously discomposed, had he not that morning, in the course of a long visit from Mr Henderson, the Sea Vale *Æsculapius*, acquired some information respecting the matrimonial engagements of his young curate, and the circumstances thereto relating, which, in the dearth of more interesting gossip, was not only acceptable to the worthy Rector's craving appetite and accommodating taste, but would furnish him, *par les suites*, with a fair field for indulging his benevolent propensity and peculiar talent for giving gratuitous advice with patronizing condescension. Therefore he looked but tenderly reproachful at Lady Octavia, though the fins of the turbot were boiled to rags, and various other dishes, reduced to *consommés*, gave touching testimony of her cruel inconsideration; and scarcely had the servants left the dining-room, when, giving three preliminary hems, and an inward chuckle, with which he was wont to preface his discourses in the pulpit and elsewhere, the honourable Rector addressed his curate with a formal congratulation on his approaching marriage. Vernon's face crimsoned all over, as he bowed and stammered out a few words of awkward acknowledgment, stealing impulsively a furtive glance at the Lady Octavia, who, affecting the most natural surprise in the world, artlessly exclaimed—"Married!—Mr Vernon going to be married, uncle?—you don't say so? Oh, Mr Vernon, how secret you have been;—and may we know to whom, uncle?" "Too most unexceptionable and every-way respectable and amiable young person, as I have this morning had the pleasure of learning from a friend of yours, my dear Mr Vernon!—from good Mr Henderson, who tells me that Miss Aboyne"—"Miss Aboyne!" interrupted Lady Octavia, with a pretty shriek of sudden dismay; "dear me! who could have thought it? I would not for the world have"—"You know Miss Aboyne, then?" asked the Doctor with some surprise, in his turn interrupting Lady Octavia. "Oh! I saw her to-day at church, and indeed she seems—she looks—that is, a—*a very superior sort of person*—I dare say very amiable, and excellent, and—You'll introduce me to Miss Aboyne, Mr Vernon?—I assure you I am dying to know her."

Vernon, now compelled to speak, made some awkward attempts to explain, that Miss Aboyne, from ill health and recent affliction, would not perhaps be able to avail herself of the honour of an introduction to Lady Octavia; and then the Doctor, impatient of colloquial trifling, which delayed the pouring forth of his luminous and well-digested ideas, proceeded to favour Vernon, not only with his entire approbation of the projected union, but with an elaborate dissertation on domestic economy, by attending to the several branches whereof, (which he condescended to dwell on more particularly,) a country curate might maintain a wife and family, and bring up a score of children, with infinite comfort and propriety, on an incomeshort of a hundred and fifty pounds per annum. "Of course, my dear Mr Vernon!" the reverend gentleman went on to observe, "there can be no expensive luxuries, no idle superfluities, in such a modest and well-ordered establishment. But, after all, my dear sir! how little suffices for our *real* wants; and beyond those, what Christian character or philosophic mind would—Octavia! do, pray, desire that the gardener may be written to about these pines; it is really scandalous!—they cost me a guinea a-piece, and this is the second I have cut to-day, and both uneatable. Send me the guava—But, as I was proceeding to observe—as I was going on to remark to you, Mr Vernon—beyond our real necessities, (mere food and raiment,) what physical wants and temporal cares are worthy the consideration of a Christian and a philosopher? 'It hath been truly said—

'Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long.'

And with regard to the article of food especially, I am persuaded, Mr Vernon, and after long and mature deliberation on the subject, I feel no hesitation in declaring my entire conviction, that in no part of the United Kingdom is the infant population more hale, healthful, and multitudinous, than where oatmeal or potatoes, with milk, or even pure water, forms its unvaried and unsophisticated aliment. Therefore, my dear sir, with regard to your future family, (those numerous olive-branches with which it is my sincere prayer that Providence may

surround your table,) I have no hesitation in strenuously advising"—What the Doctor proceeded to advise must remain for ever secret between himself and Vernon, whose feelings, during the preceding harangue, can only be compared to those of a person undergoing the "*peine forte et dure*," and who experienced proportionable relief when Lady Octavia, tired of continuing a silent *tierce*, arose to retire. As she passed him at the dining-room door, which he had hastened to hold open for her, she shook her fair head with a look of pretty anger, and archly putting up one taper forefinger to her rosy lip, said softly, "Oh fie! fie! Mr Vernon!—how treacherous you have been!" Vernon slowly and reluctantly returned to his mitigated penance; but far be it from us to review in detail the protracted torments of that mortal hour, during which the honourable and reverend gentleman, warmed with his own eloquence—charmed with his own theory—exalted with a sense of his own philanthropy, and with a consciousness of the lights which flowed in the faster as he continued to diffuse them—poured out his oracular suggestions with a condescending suavity that descended to the most minute particulars. At length, however, articulation thickened—sentences lagged at their termination—words came slower—syllables dropped away to indefinite sounds—and at last, in a final bewilderment of—"As I was saying, Mr Vernon—I repeat, my dear sir!—that—that—I have no hesitation in—in af-af-fir-r-r"—the comfortable double chin of the respectable adviser sank, embedded in its own rolls, on his ample chest, an incipient snore chimed in with the struggling affirmation, and after an attempt or two of guttural thickness, which sounded like "pease-porridge—cheap and wholesome," and "Mrs Rindell," broke out into a grand continuous bass. Then, quietly and cautiously, Vernon rose from his seat of torture—quietly and cautiously he stole towards the door—but not so noiselessly did he effect his exit as to be wholly unnoticed by the half-conscious slumberer, whose drowsy attempts at articulation forthwith recommenced, but only to commission his curate, who thanked heaven for his escape, with

a message to the Lady Octavia. After the scene of his recent mortification, of which her Ladyship had been a witness, Vernon would gladly, had he been permitted, have avoided an early *tête-à-tête* with her; and his heart told him he was anxiously expected elsewhere; but the Doctor's message *must* be delivered—it need not delay him three minutes; and, with a determination that it *should* not, and hat in hand, he sprang up stairs, and into the drawing-room, from whence issued the sweet sounds of Lady Octavia's fine-toned harp and fine voice deliciously blending in an aria of "Semiramide." Another voice, less powerful but more touching, accompanied by a humbler instrument, was breathing out at this self-same hour in the orphan's home, such strains as well befitted the Sabbath vesper. Often did that low melodious voice pause in a cadence, or hang suspended on a note, while the singer's head was suddenly upraised in a listening attitude, her long slender fingers suspended over the silent chords, and her eyes glancing anxiously through the little casement toward the garden gate. Again and again recurred that anxious pause; each time the hymn resumed with tones less firm, and a more plaintive modulation; at last a deep and heavy sigh was the involuntary prelude; and as Millicent withdrew her eyes from the window, tears, which had been long collecting within their lids, fell on her listless fingers as she bent over her instrument, and endeavoured to renew the sacred harmony. It was but an endeavour. Her voice had become weak and tremulous; so, discontinuing her vocal tribute, she wisely resorted to silent communion with that book which contains "words in season" for all the soul's necessities—of peace for the disquieted—of strength to the weak—of healing to the sorely stricken—of hope to the broken-hearted. Millicent found there the aid she sought; and when, as was her custom, she had joined with her old servant in their nightly sacrifice of prayer and praise, she was able again, and without effort, to smile cheerfully, and speak cheerily, to that faithful humble friend, the bursting indignation of whose affectionate zeal she endeavoured to repress with a sincere assurance

of her own conviction, that the morrow would bring with it a satisfactory explanation.

Early the next morning—earlier even than Miss Aboyne's primitive breakfast hour, Vernon entered the little parlour just as Nora was removing the tea equipage. She scarcely vouchsafed to notice his entrance even with a look, and the grave severity of her countenance by no means tended to dispel the troubled surprise with which he had remarked her employment. "Nora!" he hurriedly exclaimed, "what are you about?—where is Miss Aboyne?—Not ill? not ill, surely?—God forbid!"—"About as well as some folks wish her to be, I doubt," shortly and bitterly replied the indignant Nora, as she essayed, without farther parley, or even honouring him with a second glance, to pass Vernon with the tea-tray. But his fears were now too thoroughly awakened to permit her silent egress; and, grasping her wrist more forcibly than he was aware of, he said, "Nora! Nora! tell me, for God's sake, is she really ill?—is my Millicent?"—and his voice trembled with an excess of agitation that shook even Nora's predetermined inflexibility, and she so far relented as to inform him, (as, indeed, she had been especially enjoined, in case he should call thus early,) that Miss Aboyne was suffering only from headache, but would be well enough to rise and receive him a little later in the day. She could not find in her heart, however, to give the supplement of Millicent's message; namely, that the headache was, she believed, but the effect of a slight cold which she had taken the preceding day. In lieu of that assurance, so affectionately intended to prevent self-reproach on the part of Vernon, the wrathful Nora, who had by no means any tender consideration for his feelings, took upon her to substitute an "amendment," imputing the headache to a sleepless night, and both the effect and its *immediate* cause to one far deeper, which she also vouched for on her own authority—the heartache; and then, giving way to the impulse of her warm and faithful spirit, the affectionate creature laid her hand on Vernon's shoulder, and, while tears filled her eyes as she fixed them earnestly on his, exclaimed—"Oh, Mr

Vernon! Mr Vernon! did I ever think it would have come to this!—that my child! my jewel! the flower of the world! Colonel Aboyne's daughter! should be slighted for that proud lady, who only came here to break my darling's heart, and help you to dig her grave, Mr Vernon? Ay, there she'll be soon, sir; and then you may go your ways and be happy;" with which comfortable and comforting assurance, Nora pushed by with her breakfast-tray, followed, however, by Vernon, who, though his worst fears were relieved by the first part of her communication, still went on to ask a hundred anxious questions, and commission the half-relenting nurse with as many tender messages, though the latter was too discerning and honest to feel or affect great reliance on his assurance, that he should satisfactorily account to Miss Aboyne for his apparent neglect of the preceding day.

The incredulous messenger conscientiously "told the tale as 'twas told to her," nevertheless, virtuously refraining from comment on "how the *truth* might be;" and Millicent's heart was prompt to accept beforehand the promised explanation. During the watches of a sleepless night, it was impossible but that troubled thoughts and vague surmises had crept into her mind, involuntarily and unencouraged, nay, quickly and perseveringly repressed, with the generous confidence of a nature not prone to think evil; but still they returned like the phantoms of a feverish imagination, and Millicent was indeed sick in spirit, as well as physically indisposed, when Nora first drew her curtains that morning. But very soon the fresh air and the bright sunshine, entering at the unclosed lattice, brought with them sweet influences redolent of happier and more hopeful feelings; and when Nora soon after returned with her report of Vernon's early visit and affectionate messages, Millicent smiled with perfectly restored cheerfulness, inwardly rebuking the weakness which had subjected her to such causeless uneasiness. Neither was she disappointed that morning of the promised speedy return. Neither, on the part of Vernon, was any thing left unsaid to make his peace (had that been necessary) with one whose gentle bosom harboured no accusing spirit; and when he left her late and unwillingly

—in truth, it was always unwillingly that he *did* leave her—it was with a pledge to steal away to her again in time for one sweet hour of evening-walk, and *more* than one after-hour of social happiness in the dear little parlour, where so many a past evening had stolen away with the swift-unsounding pace of unworldly innocent enjoyment. And punctual, as in former days, was Horace Vernon to the hour of tryst; and never, perhaps, even in former days, had his voice and looks, when addressing Millicent, expressed feelings so deep and tender. Those feelings were not excited by *reviving* attachment, for his *true* affection had never been alienated from their first object; but if *his heart* had not strayed from its allegiance, his lighter fancy might have been more susceptible of other fascinations; and a consciousness of this sort, and that he had for a time forgotten her who ever thought of him, perhaps it was, that imparted a shade of more than usual seriousness that evening to the expression of his large dark eyes, and of peculiar tenderness to his tone and manner. And for many succeeding days, even Nora's lynx-eyed jealousy detected no cause for dissatisfaction in any part of his conduct; and more than once Millicent hastened him from her side, where he was fain to linger, by reminding him of the lateness of the hour, and the courtesy due, on his part, to his entertainers at the Rectory. Of the fair lady who presided there, Vernon made less and less mention in his discourse with Millicent; though even now again a few words, a hasty remark, escaped him, that might have impressed an indifferent observer with a persuasion, that Lady Octavia's charms and opinions had, *at least*, their due weight with her uncle's handsome curate; and certainly the delightful naïveté with which she had betrayed her admiration of his fine person and interesting character, had

by no means depreciated Vernon's estimation of her Ladyship's refined taste and superior judgment. Lady Octavia had also performed, to the life, a few sallies of artless indiscretion and amiable enthusiasm, from which the gentleman was not very slow to infer, that she discerned in him intellectual as well as personal qualities of a higher order, than even his affectionate Millicent gave him credit for. *She*, at least, had never administered that incense to his vanity, which was so delicately, and of course *unconsciously*, offered by the Lady Octavia; still less had Miss Aboyne, in the humble simplicity of her heart, ever dreamt of *regretting* for Horace, that Fate, whose agency in human affairs she was not wont to acknowledge, had marked out for him the obscure lot of a country clergyman. Millicent Aboyne could fancy no lot in life so peculiarly favoured. Lady Octavia Falkland had allowed Vernon to perceive that *for him*, capable as he was of—she never said exactly *what*—she considered it one of pitiable degradation. And there again, though Vernon's best feelings and more serious conviction sided with Millicent, the lurking weakness of his nature was grateful to Lady Octavia for her flattering prepossession.

"Millicent certainly loves me with true affection," once or twice soliloquized Vernon; "and yet, how strange it is, that she should have no ambition for me—that she should see me with less partial eyes than one to whom, comparatively speaking, I am nothing—at least"—and then broke in something very like a sigh—"to whom I can be nothing! now;—but Milly has seen so *little* of the world, and Lady Octavia so *much*, and has such extraordinary insight into character!—so much warmth of feeling!—so much heart!"—Poor Millicent! wert thou cold and heartless?

TWELVE YEARS OF MILITARY ADVENTURE IN THREE QUARTERS OF THE
GLOBE.

WE are ourself an old militiaman, and therefore always rejoice to meet a brother officer in types. *Cedat toga armis*, is our motto in all matters of autobiography and adventure; for the odds are, that the life of one soldier, however unpretending and ungifted, will contain more both of amusement and instruction, than the memoirs of a dozen barristers, a score of M.P.s, or a whole century of squires, doctors, stockbrokers, parsons, or writers to the signet, with a bishop or two, and half the members of the Glasgow coffeeroom tossed into the bargain.

Soldiers and sailors, therefore, are far indeed from being the worst authors going in these days of universal authorship, and those who call them so, lie in their throat. On the contrary, we are ready to depone, "so far as we know, and shall be asked," that their works are excellent. We delight in the Sketch-books, both naval and military—revel in the Subaltern—gloat over Lord Londonderry—devour Napier—bolt Cyril Thornton—and believe that first-rate entertainment for man and beast may be found in the Recollections of Captain Sherer. The United Service Journal unites high promise with competent performance; and we publicly pronounce that man to be an ass who cannot, from "Twelve Years of Military Adventure,"* extract as many hours of pleasant reading.

The truth is, that soldiers have generally seen a good deal, and therefore in all probability have something to tell worth listening to. They have opportunities of observing society under different aspects from those presented to ordinary travellers. There is seldom room for the latter till "rugged war has smoothed his wrinkled front;" and they can only describe the volcano when the eruption has ceased. It is the former alone who

give us the crash and the concussion; the burning torrent and the volume of flame. They alone have the privilege of observing society at moments when the bonds of civil government are rent asunder, and mankind, in obedience to the original impulse of their nature, have recourse to

"The simple plan,
That they should take that have the
power,
And they should keep who can."

Their great recommendation is, however, that they are *not* travellers by profession. Of these we are sick *ad nauseam*. Every corner of Europe, from Iceland to Constantinople, has been ransacked an hundred times over by travellers, differing in all the predicables of age, country, character, and pursuit, and agreeing but in one object—that of publishing their travels. The peace of 1814, which restored tranquillity to Europe, made travelling both a pleasant and a profitable concern. Then rushed forth upon the public whole legions of volumes, full of interesting remarks on roads, plays, and hotels, post-houses and houses, Talma, the Tuileries, Goethe, Prince Metternich, German universities, and the field of Waterloo. A fortnight at Paris furnished matter for a couple of octavos, and many Pauls rejoiced in the publication of their letters to imaginary kinsfolk. By degrees, however, the market became overstocked with this kind of ware. Prices gradually declined, and Mr Murray and Mr Colburn would no longer fork out, with that tempting liberality which had so profusely fertilized this department of literature. Our disappointed travellers then found it necessary to take a wider range. Europe was no longer the *ultima Thule* of their peregrinations. Yielding to the sad necessity of the

* Twelve Years' Military Adventure in three Quarters of the Globe; or, Memoirs of an Officer who served in the Armies of His Majesty and of the East India Company, between the years 1802 and 1814, in which are contained the Campaigns of the Duke of Wellington in India, and his last in Spain and the South of France; London: Colburn, 1829.

times, they went forth in quest of more marketable regions. Some went to Egypt, ascended the pyramids, and dined with the Pacha. Others crossed the Atlantic to Mexico or La Plata; bolted steaks of horse-flesh in their transit of the Pampas, or returned with the most recent intelligence of Bolivar and his army; some doubled the Cape, and made for Ceylon or the Mauritius; others sought Jericho or Jerusalem, Bagdad, Mecca, and Damascus. Travellers stone-blind described the countries they had visited with as much precision as if in the full enjoyment of their optics. Pedestrian travellers went forth *in forma pauperis*, without shirt or breeches, and by this circumstance secured an enviable popularity. Peace to all such! Society is not injured by the transfer of any given sum from the pocket of their bookseller to their own. Let them shed their lustre from the pages of massive quarto, or compact octavo, illustrated by all the skill of the engraver; but give us the annals of the soldier—his travels—his exploits, and his adventures, for our own reading and enjoyment. We like him because he is a traveller, not from choice, but necessity, and because publication is with him not a motive, but a consequence. He goes abroad neither with the view of botanizing or book-making; and instead of returning with boxes full of dried herbs, and segments of broken rock, and whole reams of manuscript journal, the only tenants of his solitary portmanteau are generally a regimental coat, the colour of his father's brick mansion at Highgate or Turnham Green, a pair or two of pipe-clayed breeches, and a few shirts patched or ragged in proportion to their length of service, and the sobriety of the regimental washerwoman.

But, independent of such weighty considerations, the works of military men, we think, have infused an agreeable variety into our literature. Whether they deal in fact or fiction, they seldom fob us off with mere dull and tame imitations of more talented and powerful writers. Their volumes are generally distinguished by an impress of novelty, freshness, and freedom from the ordinary trammels of composition—by an air of simplicity, straight-forwardness, and good faith; and their opinions, though often

wrong, are put forth with a manly sturdiness and hardihood, which almost disarms ridicule, and reduces censure to dissent. A soldier or a sailor—if he is one of the right stamp—cares nothing for rhetorical embellishment. He loses no time in round- ing periods, or balancing antitheses. He deals in no preliminary Balaam about his motives of publication, nor prefixes an apologetical preface, deprecating the harshness of criticism, and entreating Mr North, Mr Jeffrey, and Mr Lockhart—(terrible triumvirate!)—to spare his humble and unpretending volumes. No. He writes as he fights; dashes at once into the middle of his subject—clears the ropes at a spring—up goes his castor, and off goes his jerkin—his mawleys are brandished in a twinkling, and then let his opponent, if he has one, beware of his knowledge-box.

In illustration of these remarks, we shall quote the opening pages of "Twelve Years of Military Adventure." Had the author been a civiliau, ten to one but he would have given us a prolix account of his birth and parentage. His father, a respectable gentleman in a brown bob—somewhat puffy and corpulent—knee-breeches of drab kerseymere, and long gaiters of the same—broad-brimmed hat—somnolent after dinner and at church, and moderately addicted to the exhilaration of blue ruin and tobacco-smoking. His mother, a most meritorious matron—somewhat too prosy and prolific for a husband of large loquacity and narrow income—sagacious in Scotch marmalade—exemplary in domestic relations—an admirable economist and preserver of codlings—carried off suddenly by inflammation—followed to the grave by an inconsolable husband—weeping children—and a whole lugubrious cortege of friends, neighbours, and acquaintances. Then brothers and sisters—John, Tom, Molly, Peter, and Sarah;—not one of these would be spared to the suffering reader. No register could be more accurate and particular in date and circumstance. We should learn how John was bent on the army; but broke his leg, and became a parson. How Tom, a graceless dog, went to sea, and died a midshipman at Sierra Leone. How Molly ran off with a major of militia, who was afterwards induced to marry her

by a due exhibition of the blunt on the part of papa. How Peter was articulated to a solicitor, and served his time with credit and applause; and how Sarah yet blooms in the involuntary charms of antiquated virginity.

In all human probability, it is with such perilous prolixity of detail that a civil autobiographer would have thought it necessary to herald his own appearance on the stage. In the army, and even in the militia, we manage differently. Mark how our author the Major—we trust he came in for the last brevet—deals with such matters. No attitudinizing—no flourish of trumpets, but the curtain rises, and the hero, in sash, shako, and Wellingtons, at once bolts out upon us from a side scene.

“ Out of a family of six boys it was proper that one should be devoted to the infernal gods; and, as my shoulders promised to be of the requisite breadth, and my head of the suitable thickness, I was chosen as a fit offering: or, in other words, I was selected for the military profession, as being the greatest dunce in the family. But, besides the above natural qualification for this knock-my-head profession, I must say that I was early seized with the red-coat mania, first caught, I believe, by accompanying a cousin when he went to mount guard at the castle of Dublin, and afterwards evinced in a predilection for painting soldiers on cards, and putting them through their manoeuvres on the table, in preference to any evolutions, however beautiful, which could be performed by the six-and-twenty letters of the alphabet. I also well recollect, that among the sons of my father’s tenants, I had a corps raised and disciplined after my own manner, which they used to call my ragged regiment. Whether these early professional indications are to be depended upon I know not; but I have no doubt my parents acted upon them in some degree; for one of my brothers was expressly fixed upon as the sailor of the family, because he was observed one day, through the key-hole of a room into which he had locked himself, busily employed in yo-holing a table, which he had turned upside down for a ship; and another was afterwards entered on the books of the Master-general of the Ordnance for the artillery, because he used to spend all his pocket-money in buying little brass cannons, and firing them off, to the annoyance of my mother’s nerves. Had the opinions of the learned Doctors Gall and Spurzheim been then promul-

gated to the world, my parents would have had a comparatively easy task in the choice of professions for their children; for they would, in that case, only have had to ascertain the prominent hump in the cranium of each boy. As it was, they acted up to the best of their lights; and whether they judged rightly with regard to me, that is, whether I do really possess the bump military, or murderous bump, which I conceive to be the same thing, will, perhaps, be discovered in the following memoirs.

“ With the view of getting me a good start in my profession, a commission was purchased for me in a newly-raised regiment, it being intended, through the means of my maternal uncle, who commanded the corps, to have me kept on the strength until I had completed the usual quantum of education to capacitate me for joining a marching regiment. I never shall forget the feelings with which, at nine years old, I learned that I had the honour of bearing his Majesty’s commission. I am convinced, to this day, that I grew some inches taller in the course of the first twenty-four hours; and to this early event in my life, I have no doubt I owe a certain stiffness of carriage and military strut, for which I have always been remarkable; and to the tenor communicated by it to my ideas, may be attributed much of my present character, the predominant features of which are pride, and a too exquisite, if not a morbid, sense of honour—qualities which I have found to stand in my way in my progress through life. Indeed it was not long before I began to find the feelings resulting from them rather inconvenient; for if, in my juvenile days, I had to resent plebeian insolence, (to which my disposition rendered me peculiarly sensitive,) I used to think it beneath me to employ any other than the lowest member of my frame; so that frequently, while I was engaged in kicking the insensible breech of some base-born varlet, he was perhaps exercising his horny knuckles in a more effectual way on my patrician scone, which, although I was no bad bruiser among my equals in rank, my military pride would hardly allow me to protect with my hands, for fear of being caught in a boxing-match with a snob.

“ That this early intimation of my having actually an officer did not serve to stimulate me in my studies, may also be easily conceived; for, besides that I had no occasion, like other boys, to study for a profession which I had already attained, I could in no way discover of what

use either *mass* or *must* could be to me as a soldier."

This is as it should be; there is nothing in such an opening to sour our natural benevolence. Far from it. We learn at once that the author is a jolly fellow and a gentleman, and therefore read the remainder of his book with a pre-determination to praise it. By the preceding extract, it appears that the author became an ensign in his Majesty's service at nine years old. He is subsequently placed on half-pay; goes to India as a cadet of engineers. We give the description of his fellow-passengers. It is pleasantly and cleverly done, and proves the author to have an eye for character.

"The generality of our society on board was respectable, and some of its members were men of education and talent. Excepting that there was no lady of the party, it was composed of the usual materials to be found at the cuddy-table of an outward-bound Indiaman. First, there was a pious judge, entrenched in all the dignity of a dispenser of law to his majesty's loving subjects beyond the Cape, with a *Don't tell me* kind of face, a magisterial air, and dictatorial manner, ever more ready to lay down the law than to lay down the lawyer. Then there was a general officer appointed to the staff in India, in consideration of his services on Wimbledon Common and at the Horse Guards, proceeding to teach the art military to the Indian army—a man of gentlemanly but rather pompous manners; who, considering his simple nod equivalent to half-a-dozen subordinates, could never swallow a glass of wine at dinner, without lumping at least that number of officers or civilians in the invitation to join him, while his *aid-de-camp* practised the same airs among the cadets. Then there was a proportion of civilians and Indian officers, returning from furlough or sick certificate, with patched-up livers, and lank countenances, from which two winters of their native climate had extracted only just sufficient sun-beams to leave them of a dirty lemon colour. Next, there were a few officers belonging to detachments of king's troops proceeding to join their regiments in India, looking, of course, with some degree of contempt on their brethren in arms, whose rank was bounded by the longitude of the Cape; but condescending to patronise some of the most gentlemanly of the cadets. These, with a free mariner, and no inconsiderable sprinkling of writers, cadets, and assistant-surgeons, together with

the officers of the ship, who dined at the captain's table, formed a party of about twenty-five.

"Of the above heterogeneous mass, the majority, as may be conjectured, were *ultra-Tweeders*, a people who, with souls too big for their native land, claim the privilege of levying contributions on all the world, and of securing a Benjamin's portion of the loaves and fishes, in whatever region they are to be found. To counterbalance these there was but one Irishman. Och! and that was enough! Another like him would have been the death of us (as Matthews says); for he kept the cuddy-table in a roar throughout the voyage. Then we had one or two of your rattling, noisy, good-humoured, never-look-in-a-book chaps, such as, without a spark of imagination or wit, but with the most unprovokable and provoking good-temper, joined to an inexhaustible fund of *animal spirits*, pass in the world for extremely pleasant fellows; but who, in my opinion, are the greatest plagues in existence. We could boast, also, of professed practical jokers, dry-matter-of-factors, punsters, prozers, and ever-ready laughers; but, what was better than all, a few good listeners.

"Nor was our society without its *Bo-badil*; and many a marvellous tale of tigers, elephants, Cobra de Capellos, Mysoreans, Mahrattas, fire-eaters, and sword-eaters, have we youngsters listened to with open mouths, till repetition had rendered them too stale even for a sea stomach. That there were some sensible, well-informed men among so many, may be supposed; and that there was a black sheep or two in the flock, cannot be denied. One of the latter was a most plausible, smooth-tongued hypocrite, and the other the most impudent cut-and-come-again fellow I ever encountered. Happily for us, however, two things were wanting. There was neither a mischief-maker, nor a professed duellist; so that we contrived to get to the end of our voyage without there being any balance on the score of honour to be settled with powder and ball. Alas! of these my first companions in the voyage of life, above three-fourths are already gone to their long homes: some have died a soldier's *natural* death on the field of battle; some have fallen victims to the climate; some few still toil on their way; some few, like myself, have preferred poverty with half a liver, to riches without any; and some few, and those few indeed! have gained the object of their ambition—a fortune; but not one, perhaps, with health to enjoy it, or the sense to know how to spend it.

"I shall not dwell upon the manner in which we passed our time on board ship—how we panted under the Line—how we rolled round the Cape, frequently with more soup in our laps than we could keep on our stomachs—how the backgammon-board rattled from morning till night—how we paced the quarter-deck when the judge and general did not take it all to themselves—how we fished for sharks—how we speared dolphins, porpoises, and albacores;—nor shall I attempt to paint the pictured agonies of the dying dolphins, already so beautifully described by Falconer; nor the nobler and more potent struggles of the greedy, daring shark, to do justice to which would require the pen of a Homer. Neither shall I swell my pages with an account of the visit we received from Father Neptune on crossing the Line, with the ceremonial attending it, as that subject is stale; nor detail all the jokes, practical and verbal, which we played upon each other, except one of the former; and if it amuses the reader half as much as it did me, I shall be content. There was a lazy fat fellow amongst us, who was always lolling or sleeping on the hencoops, upon whom we resolved to play a trick; so seizing an opportunity when he was snug on his customary roost, we planted ourselves, with buckets of water, just over him. At a signal given, he was jerked off the coop, and soused from head to foot with such a full and successive torrent of the briny fluid, accompanied by a cry of 'Man overboard! Rope! rope! Down with the helm!' &c. that he actually struck out as if swimming for his life; till a failure in the supply of water, succeeded by peals of laughter, brought him to a sense of his situation."

Thank Heaven! we are not a member of the India Club, nor have any claim to become so. We never doubled the Cape in our lives, are of rosy complexion, sound liver, and despise Curry and Madeira. But judging from all we have read in tale or history, or learned from oral communication, we can scarcely imagine a state of society less to our liking than that existing at the three Presidencies. There, all feudal distinctions of rank are unknown; consequence is measured by the purse, and precedence by official station. Now, however others may like this sort of valuation, it does not agree with us, Christopher North, though, in point of station, we should, as Editor of this Magazine, be entitled to precedence of all members of council; and, in point of wealth, our estate in Peebles-shire is not to be sneezed at. But these, as Coleridge once wrote of

Southey, are but the costly setting of the gem; the gem itself—and the world have long admitted it to be of the first water—is NORTH THE MAN. This proud and enviable conviction it is, which adds somewhat of keenness to our contempt for a condition of society in which we feel that our own intrinsic and indefeasible value would not probably secure its merited distinction. In Edinburgh, we go forth to dinner or supper-party respected and admired. In our company, peers are contented to waive their privilege, and baronets yield us the pas. When the lady of the house descends to the *salon à manger*, it is on our honoured arm she leans for support. When we speak, a score of ears are open to drink in the most unimportant syllable we may utter. At each of our jokes the table is convulsed by one grand and universal guffaw. When our carriage is announced, young ladies follow us to the hall, and insist on tying our comforter, and assisting us with our great coat. Now this we say—as Lord Byron did when he found a print of himself hung up in a twopenny ale-house—this is fame—fame of the truest, purest, and most enjoyable description;—fame unbought, and therefore honourable;—fame well merited, and therefore lasting. But we were talking, or intending to talk, of India and its society.

These gratifying distinctions we enjoy in Edinburgh, and could scarcely expect to receive at Calcutta or Bombay; therefore we shall not go there. In India, to amass wealth and acquire consequence by its display, is the professed object of all; and by this universal participation in one exclusive pursuit, the minds of men are narrowed, and their sympathies contracted. Good society, like Glasgow punch, requires the admixture of numerous heterogeneous materials, by the conflicting action of which, all asperities are softened down, and a most delicious and balmy amalgamation is the result. Now, society in India can only be compared to grog or toddy. It contains no variety of ingredients; all go out adventurers, and from the starting-post of a trunk containing a suit of regimentals and some dozens of shirts, set out to scramble up the hill of fortune as best they may. The career of each individual indeed is modified by differences of circumstance and character. Some ride in palanquins, smoke hookas, and die poor; others

are content to bestride a pony, to puff a cheroot, and in process of time come home rich. Still, of those who spend, and those who save, money is the avowed object; and of all motives for human exertion, money certainly is not the most lofty and ennobling. Then your Indian lives the greater part of his life entirely cut off from books; and if not wholly excluded from the enjoyments of society, yet confined to the society of a narrow and unprofitable circle.

Generally speaking, the whole literature of Europe is to him a blank. How the devil should a man, in a back station some thousand miles from the coast, think of books? Claret and Stilton cheese he gets in abundance—books he never sees—and soon ceases to care for. His eye is never brightened by the radiance of Blackwood, nor darkened by the Cimmerian gloom of the long-eared contributors of Colburn. In him the honoured name of Hogg raises but the idea of a pig. To him Delta is a dead letter. The fame of Odoherly has never reached him, and North and Ticker exist not in his memory or imagination. What a fearful blank in the soul of such a man yet remains to be filled up! What a multitude of faculties and sympathies slumber in his nature of which he is unconscious! What thousands of bright, glowing, and beautiful existences does not his ignorance of this Magazine exclude from his vision! The soil of his spirit has run to rath. The stubborn glebe of his understanding is unbroken by the share of cultivation; and what a world of ploughing, draining, and manuring would be required to reclaim this intellectual Dartmoor, and “de-racinate the savagery” by which it is encumbered and debased!

But on looking over the last page, we find we have not stated our arguments on this matter with our usual brevity and precision. What we meant to prove was, that society in India is necessarily vulgar, both as a whole and in reference to its component parts. We intended, in the first place, to establish, that the exclusive pursuit of wealth has a direct and invariable tendency to vulgarize the mind. Then to shew, that Indians, from living in a country where respect is paid only to splendour of appearance, are naturally led to cherish an

overweening partiality for display,—which display, in our European notions, is vulgar. In due course, we meant logically to exhibit, that Orientals, being in a great measure cut off, by the circumstances of their situation, from the avenues of mental enjoyment, are generally led to derive their chief happiness from sensual indulgence,—to think and talk too much of tiffin and sangoree, and to obtrude somewhat more openly than necessary their partiality for mangos and cotton shirts;—all these offences being decidedly vulgar, and unquestionable infringements on the canon of high breeding. It was then our intention to proceed—But we think it better, on the whole, to reserve the subject for a separate paper, “On the state of Society in India,” for which our readers will readily perceive that we are furnished with abundance of interesting materials.

In truth, we have been led into this train of reflection by the arrival of our author in India, which leads him to present us with a variety of sketches, vividly conceived, and graphically executed. He is invited to dine at the mess of an European regiment stationed in Fort George. We give his description of the entertainment. In some respects it reminds us of the celebrated Glasgow dinner in Cyril Thornton, and proves, that in all changes of scene and circumstance, the characteristics of vulgarity remain essentially the same.

“Among other invitations to dinner, I received one from a shipmate, whose regiment, one of his Majesty’s, formed part of the garrison. It was what is called a public day at the mess, when the members generally ask such of their friends as they please. My military reader will excuse me, if I give a description of it for the amusement of my civil one.

“I arrived about seven o’clock, just as the drums were playing ‘Roast Beef of Old England,’ the regular signal that dinner is dishing. On my entrance, I found most of the officers and some guests assembled in the veranda, which extended along the front of the mess-room, some pacing up and down, and some loling in chairs with their legs up against the pillars, trying to inhale the last puffs of the sea-breeze which had set in about three or four hours before. The guests were asked to take a glass of wine before dinner, and Madeira was handed round.

Soon after, a fat portly native butler, with large ear-rings, announced the dinner, which was spread on a table extending the whole length of a long room, from the ceiling of which depended a punkah. A good display of plate, presented by the House of Assembly of some West India island where the regiment had been stationed, ornamented the board at which the company were not long in seating themselves. After the usual removes of fish and soup, appeared a tremendous turkey, which, to use a sailor's expression, could easily have hoisted on board a full-sized Norfolk bird of the same species. Opposite to this by no means *rara avis* of a large dinner-party, (for an English club might just as well be without its parson, or a city feast without its turtle, as a public dinner in India without its turkey,) stood its never-failing companion, a huge ham, in point of size as near a match to the bird as the European shops could supply. What the other dishes were I did not particularly notice; but of this we may be pretty certain, that there was a tolerable sprinkling of curry and rice up and down the table. Each person was waited upon by his own servant, who stood behind his master's chair; so that a regular rear rank was formed for the exclusion of the external air; that which was exhaled by the lungs of the party and their betel-mouthed attendants being handed about from mouth to mouth by the vibrations of the punkah. The work of destruction was not long in commencing, and a tolerably brisk fire was kept up by the front rank sitting, with this difference from the field-day practice, that the rear rank, instead of joining in the fire, only supplied the front rank with ammunition. The conversation was much as usual at tables where there are no females. Amidst the clatter of knives and forks and plates would now and then be heard, 'Mootoo, take my plate for some turkey and ham'—'Bring me the curry and rice, Ramsammy'—'A glass of wine, Hopkins?'—'Will your friend join us?'—'Thompson, we won't make a bridge of your nose'—'Colonel wants take a glass of wine with Master,' &c. &c. The dinner passed off as dinners in general do, and I observed nothing particular, except that over the national dish of plum-pudding was emptied a bottle of cherry bounce. The cloth being removed, hookas made their appearance behind the chairs of some of the party—some, I say, for not many officers can afford that expensive appendage, which, besides the cost of the *chelum*, the compound smoked, requires an attendant to itself. A squad of sergeants now entered with the orderly-books of their

companies for the inspection of the officers, which drew forth a few 'D——n bores!' in *sotto voce*, no doubt in allusion to a drill the next morning. The room being cleared, and the bottles (among which Carbonel in his *magnum bonum* stood conspicuous) marshalled in their places, the president gave 'The Ladies,' to which the band stationed in the veranda struck up 'Kiss my Lady.' Then came 'The King,' with the national anthem; 'The Duke of York and the Army'—Peace to his manes! If the number of glasses of wine which have been swallowed to his health with hearty good-will, for the third of a century that he had been commander-in-chief, could have conferred that blessing, he would have lived as long as the king, who, in his constitutional capacity, never dies.—Then followed 'The Duke of Clarence and the Navy,' with 'Rule, Britannia;' 'The Honourable Company,' tune, 'Money in both pockets;' 'Lord Wellesley;' 'Lord Clive;' 'Lord Lake and the Army in India;' and so on, through the regular set toasts; when the president rose, and, with the usual premissal of 'Off heel-taps, gentlemen,' gave, as a humper toast, 'General Baird and the heroes of Seringapatam.' This was drunk standing, and in the three times three which followed, some sighs escaped to the memory of those of the regiment who had fallen on that occasion. Then were given some toasts complimentary to persons present. 'General —— and his Majesty's —— regiment;' 'Mr Malony, your good health.' Mr Malony's health was re-echoed along the table, and Mr Malony bowed, and bowed. 'Admiral —— and the squadron in India.' Lieut. —— of the Doris returned thanks. 'General —— and the Hon. Company's —— regiment of Native Infantry.' Major Yellowchaps acknowledged the compliment, and in return gave 'General —— and his Majesty's —— regiment,' on which the Lieut.-Colonel and officers bowed, and the band struck up the regimental air. The volleys of toasts being now ended, an independent fire was kept up along the table, in the momentary intervals of which might be heard the hubbub of the hooka, while the 'Pass the bottle' of the president, 'More wine, Mr Vice,' rose occasionally above the buzz of conversation, which consisted mostly of 'Jenkins of ours, and Tomkins of yours;' till the president, with a rap on the table, commanding silence, begged to call on Captain —— for a song. The Captain, after a few hems, sung a good song in good style, and received the acknowledgments of the company by a general thumping

of fists on the table. Captain — then called on some one else for a song; and so it went on, song, health, and tune, through the evening, till those who could not sing, as well as those who could, were compelled to contribute their quota to the general amusement, either as the causes or the subjects of mirth.

"About ten o'clock the Colonel, his guest, Major Yellowclaps, and some others, having retired, a few choice spirits closed in on the president, apparently determined to keep it up; previously to which, however, sundry plates of olives, anchovy toast, and deviled biscuit, had disappeared; and now the remains of the turkey made its appearance in the shape of a devil, to stir up a pretty hell in the already inflamed stomachs of the party. After this, in spite of the admonition of 'No parish, gentlemen,' from the president, who was bound to keep himself sober, regimental matters came under discussion; so, seizing the opportunity of a squabble between the adjutant and a subaltern on the propriety of the latter being returned next for guard, I made my escape, but not without being followed by a volley of 'Shabby fellow!' 'Milk-sop!' 'Cock-tail!' &c. &c. to pass the night in a fever which two *juglets* of water would not allay, and to rise in the morning with a head throbbing like a steam-vessel, and a tongue not a little in need of the most essential article of the Indian toilet."

Our author soon quits the seat of Government for the interior, and follows Lord Wellington through the brilliant campaign which terminated in the battle of Assaye. No event could have contributed to rivet more strongly on the minds of the natives the impression of European superiority. It did more than the slaughter of tens of thousands by a force nearly equal could have effected. It diffused a sentiment of moral subjection throughout the whole peninsula, and strengthened and consolidated the sway of the Indian government, by deepening the sources of its power. In the East, considering the vastness of the population against which we may eventually be called on to contend, a victory which inspires no general terror of our arms is worth nothing. We have conquered only those who are left dead or bleeding on the field. But where, as at Assaye, a body of four thousand men, led and officered by Europeans, defeats an army nearly ten times its number, the effect is not

to be calculated by the amount of treasure captured or the extent of territory acquired. No. The results of such a victory are felt, not seen,—felt in the increased facility of future conquests,—seen in the deeper deference and more tranquil obedience of the whole population of our Eastern territory.

After this we have a detailed account of the capture of the islands of Bourbon and Mauritius. He is then placed on the staff of Sir Samuel Auchmuty, and accompanies the expedition to Java, of the whole proceedings of which we are likewise favoured with a full and interesting narrative. Our worthy friend then returns to Madras; and after a further sojourn of a year or two, very naturally becomes sick of the whole concern, and returns to England, we sincerely trust with a liver of ordinary magnitude, and some lacks of rupees, safely lodged in the hands of Courts or Drummond. Having visited his family, and had recourse to the ordinary resources of an idle man, he speedily discovers that a life of idleness and inaction is not at all to his mind. In August a man may kill grouse in the Highlands; in September kil partridges at home. He may hunt from October till May, and pass the rest of the year rather pleasantly in town. But this after all is but a dull routine for a man of spirit and enterprise like our autobiographer, and so a memorial was addressed to the Duke of York, expressive of a strong anxiety to serve with Lord Wellington. Officers were then in request, and no difficulties occurred to balk his wishes of their due accomplishment. Our Oriental adventurer lands at Lisbon a junior ensign and a veteran, gets a company of Portuguese, and afterwards acts as an engineer officer on sundry important occasions.

We now get into Spain, and could not possibly do so in better or more amusing company. It is impossible to complain of any deficiency of anecdote, or want of spirit in the narration of facts which fell within the immediate observation of our author. As a taste of his qualities, we give the following anecdote of Lord Wellington before Bayonne.

"Our conjectures regarding this movement of the enemy's posts were not idle,

and most of us supposed that the French had withdrawn into Bayonne, with the intention of attacking Sir Rowland Hill the next morning. Information was immediately sent off to head-quarters, and in the morning early, Lord Wellington came up. Previously to his arrival, however, the report of some guns on the opposite side of the Nive confirmed our suppositions. Lord Wellington having looked through his telescope for a short time, and made a few enquiries, exclaimed, 'Off to attack Hill, by G—!' He immediately ordered the 4th division, and part of the 3d, to the bridge on the Nive, and galloped off to join Sir Rowland.

"I need not say how gloriously Sir Rowland Hill thrashed the French on this day, nor how well he and his brave division merited the eulogium of Lord Wellington, who, coming up just as the enemy was retreating in confusion from the last attack, is reported to have said, 'Hill, the day is all your own!'"

The following is worth extracting for the anecdote with which it concludes. We are glad also to learn by it, that notwithstanding his Indian services, the intestinal functions of our spirited engineer were still performed with sufficient vigour, to enable him to brave all the hardships of the Pyrenean campaign. The period referred to, is that immediately following the battle of the Nive.

"The whole of these five days' operations, during which the army was exposed to the weather, in the midst of a severe winter, was, of course, very distressing to the troops. For one or two nights it rained hard, and we had nothing but our cloaks and blankets to cover us. On these occasions we used to make large fires, round which we lay in a circle, with our feet to the flame, one person keeping watch to feed the fire, and to prevent our toes from being burnt. Here we felt the full value of brandy and tobacco, articles as necessary to a winter's campaign as powder and ball.

"I was not a little surprised to find that I, a poor worn-out, half-livered Indian, bore the lying out in the cold and wet better than most of your fresh-looking fellows who had never been out of England before. Now was the time to envy the comforts of the staff, who are seldom or never doomed to sleep in a bivouac. Though they may have a little hard riding during the day, they are pretty sure to have a good dinner, and tolerable quarters for the night. They get the first and best of every thing; in short, they enjoy the sweets (if such there be)

of the campaign. As to the general, no one can grudge him his comforts; for it is enough for him to have his mind harassed as it is, without his body having to undergo the hardships of war. My old commander, Sir Samuel Auchmuty, used to say, that Job wanted one more trial of his patience, and that was the command of an army. Not that this kind of responsibility affected Lord Wellington much. If any thing went wrong, he vented his spleen at once, and, it must be confessed, in no very measured terms; but, as far as regarded himself, there was an end of it. He had, what I have rarely seen in any one, the power of dismissing a subject from his mind whenever he chose; so that, in the most difficult situations, he could converse on familiar topics; or, while ordinary minds were fretted to death, he could lie down and sleep soundly under the most trying circumstances. A cavalry officer related to me, that he was sent express one night to Lord Wellington from a distant part of the army, with information of a sudden movement of the enemy, which all supposed to be of great consequence. His Lordship received him in bed, heard the communication, asked a few questions, and, with the laconic observation of 'All's right!' fell back on his pillow, and resumed his repose; leaving the officer, who, big with the important intelligence of which he was the bearer, had nearly killed his horse in his haste, quietly to retrace his steps, and to convey to the general who had sent him, this very satisfactory answer to his message."

On the whole, we like *Twelve Years' Military Adventure* very much. The author is evidently a gentlemanly pleasant man, occasionally somewhat too broad in his humour, and given to the promulgation of jokes, the taste of which a fastidious and refined reader might consider questionable. To cure him of this—which is, in truth, his only defect—we recommend him to purchase a complete set of this Magazine, from the number containing the Chaldee MS. downwards. Let him go through the whole regularly, without skipping either deaths and marriages, or the meteorological journal, and let him study the specimens of pure and Attic wit which every page will present to his observation. This will purify his taste. He will rise every day from the perusal "a wiser and a better man;" and he may hope, as the result of his labours, to produce something more worthy of admiration than his buildings at Bangalore.

Noctes Ambrosianæ.

No. XLI.

ΧΡΗ Δ'ΕΝ ΣΥΜΠΟΣΙΩ ΚΥΛΙΚΩΝ ΠΕΡΙΝΙΣΣΟΜΕΝΑΩΝ
ΗΔΕΑ ΚΩΤΙΛΛΟΝΤΑ ΚΑΘΗΜΕΝΟΝ ΟΙΝΟΠΟΤΑΖΕΙΝ.

Σ.

PHOC. *ap* Ath.

[*This is a distich by wise old Phocylides,
An ancient who wrote crabbed Greek in no silly days ;
Meaning, " 'TIS RIGHT FOR GOOD WINEBIBBING PEOPLE,
NOT TO LET THE JUG PACE ROUND THE BOARD LIKE A CRIPPLE ;
BUT DAILY TO CHAT WHILE DISCUSSING THEIR TIPPLE."*
*An excellent rule of the hearty old cock 'tis—
And a very fit motto to put to our Noctes.*]

C. N. *ap* Ambr.

SCENE I.

SCENE—*The Snuggery.*—NORTH—TICKLER.—*Time—Nine in the Evening.*

TICKLER.

I paid a visit to-day, North, to a family which has something extraordinary in its constitution.

NORTH.

Ay?

TICKLER.

The lady of the house has been married four times, and the gentleman of the house four times; and as all the seven marriages have been productive, you may conjecture the general character of the interior.

NORTH.

What may be the population?

TICKLER.

Not so immense as various. I should not think it exceeds a score, from what I saw and heard, but it is most diversified.

NORTH.

Patchwork.

TICKLER.

The lady's first husband was a Cockney, and there are twins as like as peas, which is indeed the only description of which they are susceptible. Her second, of course, was an Irishman, to whom she bore a couple of semi-Catholic cubs—both boys—bullet-headed, and with faces like—you have seen him, I believe—that of Burke, the murderer, with grim, but not ferocious expression, decisive mouth, and determined eyes and brows, which, though rather agreeable over a glass, yet when frowning in an angry parle, or a throttling match, must have been far from pleasant. These promising youths are at present assistants to Dr Knox. Caroline then married a Highland clergyman—very far north—and of that connexion the fruit was three heather-legged animals, apparently of the female sex—hair not absolutely red, but foxey—fairnetickled cheeks—eyes of the colour of "three times skimmed sky-blue" milk—papa's buck teeth—what seems very unaccountable, hair-lipped all; and, though their mamma asserted smilingly that they were fine growing girls, of such a *set* shape, that I venture to affirm, that for the two last years they have grown about as much as the leg of that table. They have, however, I

was given to understand, finished their education, and one of them had very nearly played us a tune on the piano. To her present lord and master, my friend, with whom I was in love a quarter of a century ago, has presented four productions, of which the one in flounced trowsers, with enormous feet and legs, is said to be a girl, and the three in fancy kilts—in compliment, I suppose, to the father of the other brood—boys, but so wishy-washy, that their sex seems problematical.

NORTH.

What is the total of the whole?

TICKLER.

Eleven—by that side of the house—in Cockneys, Irish, and Highlanders half-and-half—and in Lowlanders entire.

NORTH.

By the other side of the house?

TICKLER.

One Dutch girl born at the Cape—very round, and rather pretty—down-looking, and on the eve of marriage—two tall and not inelegant creatures, seemingly Chinese, but in fact by the mother's side Hindoos—and four mulattoes, of which two, boys, would look well in livery, with a cockade in their hats as captain's servants—and two, girls, would be producible on waggons in the rear of a marching regiment. It being a coarse day, the whole family were at home, sitting on chairs, and sofas, and stools, and the carpet, and what not; and I must say I never saw, North, a set of more contented creatures, or a richer scene of connubial felicity in all my life.

NORTH.

Rich?

TICKLER.

Their income is under three hundred a-year, and at this hour they don't owe twenty pounds.

NORTH.

You must bring the Captain, honest fellow, to the next Noctes. By the hy, Tickler, we must rescind that resolution by which strangers are excluded from the Noctes.

TICKLER.

Let us wait till the Fiftieth Noctes—to speak grammatically, and then we shall celebrate a JUBILEE.

NORTH.

Be it so. The Noctes shall endure till all eternity; and soon as the Millennium comes, we shall bring down, by special retainer, Edward Irving.

TICKLER.

(After a long pause)—Come, North, none of your fits of absence. Where were you just now?

NORTH.

Meditating on my many infirmities.

TICKLER.

Lay your hand on your heart, North, and tell me truly what is the sin that most easily besets you—while I keep a phrenological eye on your development.

NORTH.

Personal vanity. Night and day do I struggle against it—but all in vain—Tickler. I am an incorrigible puppy.

TICKLER.

I cannot deny it.

NORTH.

My happiness is in the hands of my tailor. In a perfectly well cut coat and faultless pair of breeches, I am in heaven—a wrinkle on my pantaloons puts me into purgatory—and a—

TICKLER.

Stop. Your language may get too strong.

NORTH.

Many a leading article have I stuck, by attempting it in tights that unduly confined the play of muscle. Last year, Scaife and Willis raised the sale a

thousand, by a pair that were perfect, if ever there were a pair of perfect breeches in this sublunary world.

TICKLER.

Yet you never were a handsome man, Kit—never *le Beau Sabreur*.

NORTH.

That may be your opinion, sir ; but it was not that of the world during the last quarter of the eighteenth century. My error never lay in thinking myself a fine animal—for that I certainly was—but in feeling inordinate pleasure and pride in the possession of those personal endowments, which, alas ! proved fatal to so many of the most amiable of the sex ; and in being too—

TICKLER.

The last victim of disappointed passion had certainly white teeth—but she was a lady of a very dark complexion—her lips, either for ornament or use, were to my taste by far too thick. Surely, my dear North, her hair was strongly disposed to be woolly—and, in short, pardon me for saying it, she had the universal reputation of being positively, *intus et in cute*, a negress.

NORTH.

Pshaw ! But do you remember poor Alpina ?

TICKLER.

An absolute Albino.

NORTH.

These, Tickler, were extreme cases—but, between the negress and the Albino, what infinite varieties of female loveliness had to lay their deaths at my door !

TICKLER.

I much doubt if any one single woman ever ate half a pound of mutton the less *per diem* on your account, taking the average of her year's dinners.

NORTH.

Would it were so ! But, alas ! my sleep is haunted by the ghosts of—

TICKLER.

Never when you sleep in your easy-chair, North—else your face is an adept in falsehood—for then your features smile like those of a sleeping child during the holidays. You are then the very *beau idéal* of a happy and a harmless old gentleman.

NORTH.

What a leg, Tickler !

TICKLER.

Which of the two do you allude to ?

NORTH.

This one—the right one—the one with the calf.

TICKLER.

Well—I confess I prefer the other—it is so slim—nay, so elegant in tights. But you must have had your advantage in having legs of such opposite characters ; while to virgins, with downcast eyes, you had gently to put forth the leg that, ever since I knew it, looked all ankle from instep to knee-pan, an innocent-looking leg that would not harm a fly—to widows, with less timorous eyes, you could, at the same moment, exhibit the leg that, ever since I knew it, looked all calf—a dangerous leg that could trample a dragon—and thus you might bring down your hird, right and left.

NORTH.

No more impertinence, if you please, Tim. I know no purer—no higher pleasure, than to sit in full fig before a large mirror, and admire myself—my person—my body—the outer man of Christopher North. From an hour's such contemplation, I always feel that I rise up a better—a wiser—a happier man.

TICKLER.

No wonder.

NORTH.

Never surely was there a countenance that so happily united in its every feature the expression of moral goodness and that of intellectual grandeur. But perhaps my person is even more—

TICKLER.

A mere atomy. I wonder you are not afraid to sleep by yourself ; you must be so like a skeleton in a shroud.

NORTH.

All living creatures, Tickler, derive their chief happiness from self-admiration. Not a more complete coxcomb than a toad. He is willing to confess that he may be rather yellowish—rather tawny or so about the gills; but then what an eye in his head—so full of the fire of genius! It is not possible to look at a rat for five minutes sitting by himself on a dunghill, without being convinced that he esteems his tail one of the most captivating productions of animated nature. A pug-dog would never twist his tail so over one side of his rump, did he not live under the blessed delusion of knowing himself to be a million times more beautiful than any of Adonis' darlings that used to lick the hands of Venus. No degree of dumpiness in women is incompatible with a belief in a good figure.

TICKLER.

Oh! North! North! There are some truly ugly women in Edinburgh!

NORTH.

There are indeed, Tickler. Strong, bony, flat, men-like women, who walk fast and firm; look you hard in the face, God knows why, while the forehead immediately above their eyebrows is puckered up into a knot of wrinkles; their mouths unconsciously wide open—

TICKLER.

While all intent in scrutinising the object of their search, they totally forget all the rest of the external world, and run themselves, back front foremost, perhaps against some unlucky baker with a board of loaves on his head, which all tumble into the kennel.

TICKLER.

Why, there may perhaps be some little excuse for the ugly devils, when fascinated by such a rattlesnake as Christopher North; but what the deuce do they see in an ordinary-looking man, of six feet four, like me, or what the deuce do they want with me at my time of life? I declare, North, that the very next time one of those great grey-eyed glowering gawkies opens her mouth at me in Prince's Street, and selects me from all the mighty multitude of mankind, for ocular inspection, I will demand a public explanation, perhaps apology; or, should the day be warm, offer to strip on the spot, provided she will do the same, on condition, after a mutual lecture on comparative anatomy, of my ever after being suffered to pass by her and all her female relatives, without further scrutiny.

NORTH.

They positively have not the manners of modest women.

TICKLER.

Nor the minds of modest women.

NORTH.

You never see any thing of the kind in the strangers within our gates—in the Englishwomen who honour, by their fair and sweet presence, our metropolis. They walk along with soft and gentle, but not unobservant eyes, like ladies, and I love them all, for they are all loveable, whereas—

TICKLER.

Come, Kit, don't let us two sour old cynics be too severe on our countrywomen, for they make excellent wives and mothers.

NORTH.

So I am told. Wives and mothers! Alas! Tickler! our silent homes!

TICKLER.

Replenish. That last jug was most illustrious. I wish James were here.

NORTH.

Hush! hark! It must be he! and yet 'tis not just the pastoral tread either of the Bard of Bengers. "Alike, but oh! how different!"

TICKLER.

"His very step has music in't as he comes up the stair!"

SHEPHERD, (*bursting in with a bang.*)

Huzzaw! huzzaw! huzzaw!

NORTH.

God bless you, James; your paw, my dear Sus.

SHEPHERD.

Fresh frae the Forest, in three hours—

What? thirty-six miles?

TICKLER.

NORTH.

So it is true that you have purchased the famous American trotter?

SHEPHERD.

Nae trotters like my ain trotters! I've won my bate, sirs.

NORTH.

Bet?

SHEPHERD.

Ay,—a bate,—a bate o' twenty guineas.

TICKLER.

What the deuce have you got on your feet, James?

SHEPHERD.

Skites. I've skited frae St Mary's Loch to the Canaw! Basin in fowre minouts and a half within the three hours, without turnin' a hair.

TICKLER.

Do keep a little further off, James, for your face has waxed intolerably hot, and I perceive that you have raised the thermometer a dozen degrees.

(SHEPHERD, *flinging a purse of gold on the table.*)

It'll require a gae strang thaw to melt that, chie!s; sae tak your change out o' that, as Joseph says, either in champagne, or yill, or porter, or Burgundy, or cedar, or Glenlivet, just whatsoever you like best to drink and devoor; and we shanna be long without supper, for in comin' along the trans I shoot-ed to Tappytourie forthwith to send in samples o' all the several eatables and drinkables in Picardy. I'm desperate hungry. Lowse my skites, Tickler.

(TICKLER *succumbs to unthong the SHEPHERD's skates.*)

TICKLER.

What an instep!

SHEPHERD.

Ay, nane o' your plain soles that gang shiffle-shaffling amang the chucky-stanes assassinatin' a' the insects; but a foot arched like Apollo's bow when he shot the Python—heel, of a firm and decided, but unobtrusive character—and taes, ilka ane a thocht larger than the ither, like a family o' childer, or a flight o' steps leading up to the pillared portico o' a Grecian temple.

(*Enter Signor AMBROSIO Susurrans with it below his arm.*)

SHEPHERD.

That's richt—O but Greeny has a gran' gurgle! A mouthfu' o' Millbank never comes amiss. Oh! but it's potent! (*gruing.*) I wuss it be na ile o' vitrol.

NORTH.

James, enlighten our weak minds.

SHEPHERD.

An English bagman, you see,—he's unco fond o' poetry and the picturesque, a traveller in the soft line—paid me a visit the day just at denner-time, in a yellow gig, drawn by a chestnut blude meer; and after we had discussed the comparative merits o' my poems and Lord Byron's, and Sir Walter's, he rather attributin' to me, a' things considered, the superiority over baith; it's no impossible that my freen got rather fuddled a wee, for, after rousin' his meer to the skies, as if she were fit for Castor himsell to ride upon up and down the blue lift, frae less to mair he offered to trot her in the gig into Embro, against me on the best horse in a' my stable, and gie me a half hour's start before puttin' her into the shafts; when, my hirses being up, faith I challenged him, on the same condition, to rin him intil Embro' on shank's naiggie.

NORTH.

What! biped against quadruped?

SHEPHERD.

Just. The cretur, as sune as he came to the clear understandin' o' my meanin', gied ane o' these but creenklin' cackles o' a Cockney lauch, that can only be forgiven by a Christian when his soul is saften'd by the sunny hush o' a Sabbath morning.

NORTH.

Forgotten perhaps, James, but not forgiven.

SHEPHERD.

The bate was committed to black and white; and then on wi' my skites, and awa' like a reindeer.

TICKLER.

What? down the Yarrow to Selkirk—then up the Tweed.

SHEPHERD.

Na—na! naething like keepin' the hie road for safety in a skiting-match. There it was—noo stretchin' straught afore me, noo serpenteezin' like a great congor eel, and noo amaisit coilin' itself up like a sleepin' adder; but whether straught or crooked or circlin', ayont a' imagination sliddery, sliddery!

TICKLER.

Confound me—if I knew that we had frost.

SHEPHERD.

That comes o' trustin' till a barometer to tell you when things hae come to the freezin' pint. Frost! The ice is fourteen feet thick in the Loch—and though you bae nae frost about Embro' like our frost in the Forest, yet I wadna advise you, Mr Tickler, to put your tongne on the airn-rim o' a cart or cotch-wheel.

NORTH.

I remember, James, being beguiled—sixty-four years ago!—by a pretty little, light-haired, blue-eyed lassie, one starry night of black frost, just to touch a cart-wheel for one moment with the tip of my tongue.

SHEPHERD.

What a gowmeril!

NORTH.

And the bonny May had to run all the way to the manse for a jug of hot water to relieve me from that bondage.

SHEPHERD.

You had a gude excuse, sir, for gi'en the cutty a gude kissin'.

NORTH.

How fragments of one's past existencè come suddenly flashing back upon—

SHEPHERD.

Hoo I snuved along the snaw! Like a verra curlin' stane, when a dizen besoms are soopin' the ice afore it, and the granite gangs groanin' gloriously along, as if instinct wi' spirit, and the water-kelpie below strives in vain to keep up wi' the straight-forrit planet, still accompanied as it spins wi' a sort o' spray, like the shiverin' atoms of diamonds, and wi' a noise to which the hills far and near respond, like a water-quake—the verra ice itself seemin' at times to sink and swell, just as if the loch were a great wide glitterin' tin-plate, beaten out by that cunnin' whitemith, Wunter,—and—

TICKLER.

And every mouth, in spite of frost, thaws to the thought of corned beef and greens.

SHEPHERD.

Hoo I snuved along! Some colleys keepit geyan weel up wi' me as far's Traquair manse—but ere I crossed the Tweed my canine tail had drapped quite away, and I had bnt the company of a couple of crows to Peebles.

NORTH.

Did you dine on the road, James?

SHEPHERD.

Didn't I tell you I had dined before I set off? I ettled at a cauker at Eddlestone—but in vain attempted to moderate my velocity as I neared the village, and had merely time to fling a look to my worthy friend the minister, as I flew by that tree-hidden manse and its rill-divided garden, beautiful alike in dew and in cranreuch!

TICKLER.

Helpless as Mazeppa!

SHEPHERD.

It's far worse to be ridden aff wi' by ane's ain sowle than by the wildest o' the desert loon.

NORTH.

At this moment, the soul seems running away with the body,—at that, the

body is off with the soul. Spirit and matter are playing at fast and loose with each other—and at full speed, you get sceptical as Spinoza.

SHEPHERD.

Sometimes the ruts are for miles thegither regular as rail-roads—and your skite gets fitted intil a groove, sae that you can haud out ane o' your legs like an opera dancer playin' a peeryette; and on the ither glint by, to the astonishment o' toll-keepers, who at first suspect you to be on horseback—then that you may be a bird—and feenally that you must be a ghost.

TICKLER.

Did you upset any carriages, James?

SHEPHERD.

Nane that I recollect—I saw several—but whether they were coming or going—in motion or at rest, it is not for me to say—but they, and the hills, and woods, and clouds, seem'd a' to be floatin' awa' thegither in the direction o' the mountains at the head o' Clydesdale.

TICKLER.

And where all this while was the bagman?

SHEPHERD.

Wanderin', nae doubt, a' afoam, leagues ahint; for the chesnut meer was weel cauked, and she ance won a king's plate at Doncaster. You may hae seen, Mr North, a cloud-giant on a stormy day striding along the sky, coverin' a parish wi' ilka stretch o' his spawl, and pausin', aiblins, to tak' his breath now and then at the meetin' o' twa counties—if sae, you hae seen an image o' me—only he was in the heavens and I on the yerth—he an unsubstantial phantom, and I twal stane wecht—he silent and sullen in his flight, I musical and merry in mine—

TICKLER.

But on what principle came you to stop, James?

SHEPHERD.

Luckily the Pentland Hills came to my succour. By means of one of their ridges I got gradually rid of a portion of my velocity—subdued down into about seven miles an hour, which rate got gradually diminished to about four; and here I am, gentlemen, after having made a narrow escape from a stumble, that in York Place threatened to set me off again down Leith Walk, in which case I must have gone on to Portobello or Musselburgh.

NORTH.

Well, if I did not know you, my dear James, to be a matter-of-fact man, I should absolutely begin to entertain some doubts of your veracity.

SHEPHERD.

What the deevil's that hingin' frae the roof?

NORTH.

Why, the chandelier.

SHEPHERD.

The shandleer? It's a cage, wi' an outlandish bird in't. A pawrot, I declare! Pretty poll! Pretty poll! Pretty poll!

PARROT.

Go to the devil and shake yourself.

SHEPHERD.

Heaven preserve us!—heard you ever the likes o' that?—A bird cursin'! What sort o' an education must the cretur hae had? Poor beast, do you ken what you're sayin'?

PARROT.

Much cry and little wool, as the devil said when he was shearing the Hog!

SHEPHERD.

You're gettin' personal, sir, or madam, for I dinna pretend to ken your sex.

NORTH.

That every body does, James, who has any thing to do with Blackwood's Magazine.

SHEPHERD.

True enough, sir. If it wad but keep a gude tongue in its head—it's really a bonny cretur. What plumage! What! you hae, Polly, for sooper?

PARROT.

Molly put the kettle on,
Molly put the kettle on,
Molly put the kettle on,
And I shall have some punch.

SHEPHERD.

That's fearsome—Yet, whisht! What ither vice was that speakin'? A gruff vice. There again! whisht!

VOICE.

The devil he came to our town,
And rode away wi' the exciseman!

SHEPHERD.

This room's no canny. I'm aff. (*rising to go.*) Mercy me! A raven hop-pin' aneath the sideboard! Look at him, how he turns his great big broad head to the ae side, and keeps regardin' me wi' an evil eye! Satan!

NORTH.

My familiar, James.

SHEPHERD.

Whence cam he?

NORTH.

One gloomy night I heard him croaking in the garden.

SHEPHERD.

'You did wrang, sir,—it was rash to let him in; whs ever heard o' a real raven in a suburban garden? It's some demon pretendin' to be a raven. Only look at him wi' the silver ladle in his bill. Noo, he draps it, and is ruggin' at the Turkey carpet, as if he were collecktin' lining for his nest. Let alane the carpet, you ugly villain.

RAVEN.

The devil would a wooin' go—ho—ho! the wooin', ho!

SHEPHERD.

Ay—ay—you hear how it is, gentlemen—"Love is a' the theme"—

RAVEN.

To woo his bonny lassie when the kye come hame!

SHEPHERD.

Satan singin' ane o' my sangs! Frae this hour I forswear poetry.

VOICE.

O love—love—love,
Love's like a dizziness.

SHEPHERD.

What! another voice?

TICKLER.

James—James—he's on your shoulder.—

SHEPHERD. (*starting up in great emotion.*)

Wha's on my shoulder?

NORTH.

Only Matthew.

SHEPHERD.

Puir bit bonny burdie! What! you're a Stirling, are you? Ay—ay—just pick and dab awa there at the hair in my lug. Yet I wad rather see you fleein' and flutterin' in and out o' a bit hole aneath a wall-flower high up on some auld and ruined castle standin' by itsell among the woods.

RAVEN.

O love—love—love,
Love's like a dizziness.

SHEPHERD.

Rax me ower the poker, Mr North—or lend me your crutch, that I may brain sooty.

STARLING.

It wunie let a puir bodie
Gang about his bissiness.

PARROT.

Fie, whigs, awa'—fie, whigs, awa'.

SHEPHERD.

Na—the bird does na want sence.

RAVEN.

The deil sat girnin' in a neuk,
Riving sticks to roast the Duke.

SHEPHERD.

Oh ho! you are fond of picking up Jacobite relics.

RAVEN.

Ho! blood—blood—blood—blood!

SHEPHERD.

What do you mean, you sinner?

RAVEN.

Burke him—Burke him—Burke him. Ho—Ho—Ho—blood—blood—blood!

BRONTE.

Bow—wow—wow.—Bow—wow—wow.—Bow—wow—wow.

SHEPHERD.

A complete aviary, Mr North. Weel, that's a sight worth lookin' at. Bronte lying on the rug—never perceivin' that it's on the tap o' a worsted teegger—a raven, either real or pretended, amusin' himsell wi' ruggin' at the dog's toosey tail—the pawret, wha maun hae opened the door o' his cage himsell, sittin' on Bronte's shoulther—and the stirlin', Matthew, hiding himsell ahint his head—no less than four irrational creturs, as they are called, on the rug—each wi' a natur o' its ain—and then again four rational creturs, as they are called, sitting round them on chairs—each wi' his specific character too—and the aught makin' an aggregate—or whole—of parts not unharmoniously combined.

NORTH.

Why, James, there are but three of the rationals.

SHEPHERD.

I find I was counting mysell twice over.

TICKLER.

Now be persuaded, my dear Shepherd, before supper is brought ben, to tak a warm bath, and then rig yourself out in your Sunday suit of black, which Mr Ambrose keeps sweet for you in his own drawer, bestrewed with sprigs of thyme, whose scent fadeth not for a century.

SHEPHERD.

Faith, I think I shall tak a plouter.

(SHEPHERD retires into the marble bath adjoining the Snuggery. The hot water is let on with a mighty noise.)

NORTH.

Do you want the flesh-brushes, James?

SHEPHERD, (from within.)

I wish I had some female slaves, wi' wooden swords, to scrape me wi', like the Shah o' Persia.

TICKLER.

Are you in, James?

SHEPHERD.

Harken!—(A sullen plunge is heard as of a huge stone into the deep-down waters of a draw well.)

NORTH, (looking at his watch.)

Two minutes have elapsed. I hope, Tickler, nothing apoplectical has occurred.

SHEPHERD.

Blow—o—wo—ho—wro!

TICKLER.

Why, James,

“You are gargling Italian half-way down your throat.”

NORTH.

What temperature, James?

SHEPHERD.

Nearly up at egg-boiling. But you had better, sirs, be makin' anither jug—for that anc was geyan sair dune afore I left you—and I maun hae a glass of

het and het as sune as I come out, to prevent me takin' the cauld. I hope there's nae current o' air in the room. Wha's this that bled himsell to death in a bath? Was na't Seneca?

NORTH.

James, who is the best female poet of the age?

SHEPHERD.

Female what?

TICKLER.

Poet.

SHEPHERD.

Mrs John Biley. In her plays on the passions, she has a' the vigour o' a man, and a' the delicacy o' a woman. And oh, sirs! but her lyrics are gems, and she wears them gracefully, like diamond-drops danglin' frae the ears o' Melpomene. The very warst play she ever wrote is better than the best o' any ither body's that hasna kickt the bucket.

NORTH.

Yet they won't act, James.

SHEPHERD.

They wull ack. Count Bosil'll ack—and De Montford'll ack—and Constantine'll ack—and they'll a' ack.

TICKLER.

Miss Mitford, James?

SHEPHERD.

I'm just verra fond o' that lassie—Mitford. She has an ee like a hawk's, that misses naething, however far aff—and yet like a dove's, that sees only what is nearest and dearest, and round about the hame-circle o' its central nest. I'm just excessive fond o' Miss Mitford.

TICKLER.

Fond is not the right word, James.

SHEPHERD.

It is the richt word, Timothy—either in the het bath or out o't. I'm fond o' a' gude female writers. They're a' bonnie—and every passage they write carries, as it ought to do, their femininity along wi' it. The young gentlemen o' England should be ashamed o' theirsells for lettin' her name be Mitford. They should marry her whether she wull or no—for she would mak baith a useful and agreeable wife. That's the best creetishisin on her warks.

TICKLER.

L. E. L.?

SHEPHERD.

A delightfu' cretur.

TICKLER.

Mrs Hemans?

SHEPHERD.

Haud your tongue, ye sinner. I see your drift now—suggestin' to my imagination a' the flower o' the female genius o' the Three Kingdoms. What? you are for drawin' a pector o' me as Apollo in the het bath surrounded wi' the Muses? That would be a fine subject for Etty.

NORTH.

Isn't his Judith and Holofernes, my dear shepherd, a noble, a majestic performance?

SHEPHERD.

Yon's colourin'! Judith's richt leg's as flesh-like as my ain noo lyin' on the rim o' the bath, and amaisht as muscular.

TICKLER.

Not so hair, though, James.

SHEPHERD.

That's worse. You think you hear the heroine's prayer or invocation. The energy in that bonnie fair straight arm comes direct frae heaven. That sword is not for a murder, but for a sacrifice. In those upraised eyes methinks I see reluctance to shed blood giving way to the holy resolve to set her country free

fræe the oppressor. Her face is somewhat pale—for Judith in her widow-hood, among the shades o' her rural retirement, was a lover o' pensive peace; but her dead husband's spirit stood before her in a dream, and inspired her to go to the camp before the city, and hy one great and dreadfu' deed to render her name immortal in the national sang. What matronly majesty in that swelling bosom, which the enamoured giant was not suffered with one touch to profane! Pure as stern she stands amid the golden cups drained hy that Warrior-wassailer—in another moment to "be red, but not with wine;" when, like lightning descending from heaven, that sword shall smite him in his sleep through the spouting spine—and methinks I see, at morning dawn, the fires o' liberty sun-kindled, and glintin' gloriously on all the city towers.

NORTH.

Bravo! James.

SHEPHERD.

I'm geyan weel sodden noo, and I think I'll come out. Ring the bell, sir, for my black clacs.

NORTH.

I have been toasting your shirt, James, at the fire.—Will you come out for it?

SHEPHERD.

Fling't in at the door. Thank you, sir. Ho! here's the clacs, I declare, hingin' on the tenters. Is that sooper comin' in? Noo, I'm rubbed down—æ stockin' on—anither—noo, the flannen drawers—and noo, the breeks.—Oh! but that turkey has a gran' smell! Mr Aumrose, ma slippers! Noo for't.

(The SHEPHERD re-appears, in full sables, blooming like a rose.)

NORTH.

Come away, my dear Shepherd. Is he not, Tickler, like a black eagle that has renewed his youth?

(They take their seats at the Supper-Table—Mulligatawny—Roasted Turkey—Fillet of Veal—Soles—A Pie—and the Cold Round—Potatoes—Oysters, &c. &c. &c. &c. &c.)

NORTH.

The turkey is not a lazzie one, James, and after a thirty-six miles run, I think you had better take it on your plate.

SHEPHERD.

Na, na, sir. Just set the ashet afore me—tak you the fillet—gie Tickler the pie—and noo, let us hae some discourse about the fine airts.

TICKLER.

The Opposition is strong this sea-on—re-inforced by Etty, Linton, and Martin.

NORTH.

But how came you, James, to see the Julith, having only arrived within the hour in Edinburgh.

SHEPHERD.

Ask no questions, and you'll hear tell no lies. I hae seen her, as my description pruves. As to the Deluge, yon picture's at first altogether incomprehensible. But the langer you glower at it, the mair and mair intelligible does a' the confusion become, and you begin to feel that you're looking on some dreadfu' disaster. Phantoms, like the taps o' mountains, grow distincter in the gloom, and the gloom itsell, that at first seemed clud, is noo seen to be water. What you thoct to be snawy rocks, become sea-like waves, and shudderin', you cry out, wi' a stifled vice, "Lord preserve us, if that's no the Deluge!"—Mr Tickler, dinna hlaw the froth o' your porter in my face.

TICKLER.

Beg your pardon, James—Perge.

SHEPHERD.

But whare's a' the folk? That canna be them—that huddle o' specks like flocks o' sheep driven to and fro by the tempests! It is! The demented survivors o' the human race a' gathered together on ledges o' rocks, up, up, æ ledge aboon anither, a' frowning o'er the brink o' Eternity. That's even waur than the decks o' a veshel in shipwreck. Gang nearer the pictur—and there thousands on thousands o' folk broken out o' Bedlam a' mad!—and nae wonder,

—for yon's a fearsome moon, a' drenched in blood, in conjunction wi' a fiery comet, and there's lichtenin' too splinterin' the crags till they topple doon on the raging multitude o' men and women mixed wi' horses and elephants, and lions roarin' in their fear—antediluvian lions, far far bigger than the biggest that ever since fought in a Roman amphitheatre, or are at this moment lying with their mouths atween their paws in the sands o' Africa.

TICKLER.

Why, James, you are not unlike a lion yourself just now growling over the carcass of a young buffalo. Shall I ring for another turkey?

SHEPHERD.

Mind your ain pie, sir. Here's to you—What yill! Berwick is the best of brewers in Britain.

NORTH.

Linton's "Return of a Victorious Armament" is splendid; but it is pure imagination. His architecture is not to my eye Grecian. It is too lofty and too light.

TICKLER.

But what a glorious dream, North! And the triumphal pageant glides majestically along, beneath those aerial pillars, and piles, and domes, and temples, and pure celestial clime—fit dwelling for heroes and demigods.

SHEPHERD.

Mind your pie, sir, and dinna imitate me in speakin' as weel as in eatin'.

TICKLER.

'Tis a noble ambition, James, to emulate your excellence in either.

SHEPHERD.

But then, sir, your natural capacity is greater for the ane than the ither.

NORTH.

But what think you, James, of our own artists this year?

SHEPHERD.

Just very mnckle. But let us no particulareeze, for fear o' gien offence, or doin' injustice to men o' genius. Baith Institutions are capital; and if you were gude for ony thing, you would write an article o' thirty pages on them, when you would hae scope—

NORTH.

Perhaps I may, for next Number. Meanwhile, shall we clear decks?

SHEPHERD.

Did you ever see sic a preparation o' a skeleton o' a turkey? We maun send it to the College Museum, to staun in a glass case aside Burke's.

NORTH.

What did you think, James, of the proceedings of these two Irish gentlemen?

SHEPHERD.

That they were too monotonous to impress the imagination. First ae drunk auld wife, and then anither drunk auld wife—and then a third drunk auld wife—and then a drunk auld or sick man or twa. The confession got unco monotonous—the Lights and Shadows o' Scottish Death want relief—though, to be sure, poor Peggy Paterson, that Unfortunate, broke in a little on the uniformity; and sae did Daft Jamie; for whilk last murder, without ony impiety, ane may venture to say, the Devil is at this moment ruggin' that Burke out o' hell fire wi' a three-prong'd fork, and then in wi' him again, through the ribs—and then stirring up the coals wi' that eternal poker—and then wi' the great bellows blawin' up the furnace, till, like an Etna, or Mount Vesuvius, it vomits the murderer out again far ower into the very middle o' the floor o' the infernal regions.

TICKLER.

Whisht—whisht—James!

SHEPHERD.

Nae system o' divinity sbnts mortal mouths against such enormous monsters. I am but a worm. We are all worms. But we crawl in the licht o' heaven; and God has given us voices to be lifted up from the dust, when horrid guilt loosens our tongues; and the moral sense, roused by religion, then denounces, without misgivings, the curse o' heaven on the hell-doom'd soul o' the Atheistic murderer. What forbids?

NORTH.

Base blind superstition, in the crimes of the creature forgetful of the laws of the Creator. Nothing else.

SHEPHERD.

Was he penitent? If sœ, I abhor my words.

NORTH.

Impenitent as a snake—remorseless as a tiger. I studied, in his cell, his hard, cruel eyes, from whose lids had never dropped the tear

“That sacred pity had engendered”—

his hardened lips, which ruth never touched nor moved from their cunning compression—his voice rather soft and calm, but steeped in hypocrisy and deceit—his collected and guarded demeanour, full of danger and guile—all, all betrayed, as he lay in his shackles, tho cool, calculating, callous, and unrelenting villain. As the day of execution drew near, his anxiety was often—I am told by those who saw him, and marked him well—manifest in his dim or darkened countenance—for the felon’s throat felt in imagination the suffocating halter; but when that dream passed off, he would smile—nay laugh—and inly exult in his series of murders, so long successfully perpetrated—and the bodies of the slaughtered still carried to a ready market—prompt payment without discount—eight or ten pounds for a corpse, and whisky cheap!—so that murderers, and those about to be murdered, might all get speedily fuddled, and drunk together—and then the hand on the mouth and throat—a few gasps and convulsions—and then corpse after corpse huddled in straw, or beneath chaff-beds, or into herring-barrels—then into tea-chests—and off to the most unsuspicious and generous of surgeons that ever gave a bounty on the dead for the benefit of the living.

SHEPHERD.

Was he a strong fallow, Burke?

NORTH.

No, a neat little man of about five feet five, well proportioned, especially in his legs and thighs—round-bodied, hut narrow-chested—arms rather thin—small wrists, and a moderate-sized hand—no mass of muscle any where about his limbs or frame—but vigorously necked—with hard forehead and cheek-bones—a very active, but not a powerful man—and intended by nature for a dancing-master. Indeed he danced well—excelling in the Irish jig—and when working about Peebles and Inverleithen he was very fond of that recreation. In that neighbourhood he was reckoned a good specimen of the Irish character—not quarrelsome—expert with the spade—and a pleasant enough companion over a jug of toddy. Nothing repulsive about him, to ordinary observers at least—and certainly not deficient in intelligence. But he “had that within which passeth shew”—“there was a laughing devil in his eye,” James—and in his cell he applied in my hearing over and over again the words “humane man,” to those who had visited him, laying the emphasis on *humane*, with a hypocritical tone, as I thought, that shewed he had not attached its appropriate meaning to the word, but used it by rote like a parrot—

SHEPHERD.

Safe us! what like was Hare?

NORTH.

The most brutal man ever subjected to my sight—and at first look seemingly an idiot. His dull, dead, blackish eyes, wide apart, one rather higher up than the other, his large, thick, or rather coarse-lipped mouth—his high, broad cheek-bones, and sunken cheeks, each of which when he laughed—which he did often—collapsed into a perpendicular hollow, shooting up ghastly from chin to cheek-bone—all steeped in a sullenness and equalor not born of the jail, but native to the almost deformed face of the leering miscreant—inspired not fear, for the aspect was scarcely ferocious, but disgust and abhorrence—so utterly loathsome was the whole look of the reptile! He did not look so much like a murderer as a resurrectionist—a brute that would grope in the grave for the dead rather than stifle the living—though, to be sure, that required about an equal degree of the same kind of *courage* as stifling old drunk women, and bedridden old men, and helpless idiots—for Daft Jamie was a weak creature in body, and though he might in sore affright have tumbled

himself and his murderer off the bed upon the floor, was incapable of making any effort deserving the name of resistance.

SHEPHERD.

Was he no sorry and ashamed, at least, for what he had dune?

NORTH.

No more than if he had killed so many rabbits. He was ready to laugh, and leer, and claw his elbow, at every question put to him which he did not comprehend, or in which he thought he heard something funny; his sleep, he said, was always sound, and that he "never dreamed none;" he was much tickled by the question, "Did he believe in ghosts?" or "Did he ever see any in the dark?" and gobbled out, grinning all the while a brutal laugh, an uncouth expression of contempt for such foolery—and then muttering "thank God"—words he used more than once—callously, and sullenly, and vacantly as to their meaning, he thought—"that he had done nought to be afear'd for;" his dialect being to our ears a sort of slovenly mixture of the "lower than the lowest" Irish, and the most brutelike of the most sunken "Coomberland."

SHEPHERD.

Hark ye, sir,—ane likes to hear about monsters—Was Hare a strang Deevil Incarnate?

NORTH.

Not very. Sluggish and inert—but a heavier and more muscular man above than Burke. He prided himself, however, on his strength, and vaunted that he could lift, five sixty-fives, by his teeth, fastened to a rope, and placed between his knees. But it was easy to see he lied, and that the anecdote was but a trait of vanity;—the look he had in all things of an abject, though perhaps quarrelsome coward—and his brows and head had scars of wounds from stone or shillela, such as are to be seen on the head and brows of many a brutal craven.

SHEPHERD.

Did ye see their leddies?

NORTH.

Poor, miserable, boney, skinny, scranky, wizened jades both, without the most distant approach to good-lookingness, either in any part of their form, or any feature of their face—peevish, sulky, savage, and cruel, and evidently familiar, from earliest life, with all the woe and wretchedness of guilt and pollution—most mean in look, manner, mind, dress—the very dregs of the dregs of prostitution. Hare has most of the she-devil. She looked at you brazen-facedly, and spoke with an affectedly plaintive voice, "gentle and low, an excellent thing in women," and held her yellow, "yammering" infant, (the image of its father,) in her arm—in prison we saw her—as if it were a bundle of rags—but now and then looking at it with that species of maternal fondness, with which impostors sit on house-steps, staring at their babies, as if their whole souls yearned towards them—while no sooner have you passed by, than the angry beggar dashes its head, to make it cry better, against the pavement.

TICKLER.

Prodigious nonsense, James, was written in the newspapers about the "dens" of the monsters. Burke's room was one of the neatest and snuggest little places I ever saw—walls well plastered and washed—a good wood floor—respectable fire-place—and light well-paned window, without a single spider's web. You reached the room by going along a comfortable, and by no means dark passage, about fifteen feet long—on each side of which was a room, inhabited, the one by Mrs Law, and the other by Mr and Mrs Connaway. Another short passage (with outer and inner door of course) turned off into the dwelling of Mr Burke—the only possible way of making it a room by itself—and the character of the whole flat was that of comfort and cheerfulness to a degree seldom seen in the dwellings of the poor. Burke's room, therefore, so far from being remote or solitary, or adapted to murder, was in the very heart of life, and no more like a den than any other room in Edinburgh—say that in which we, who murder nobody, are now sitting at supper. Neither was any other murder than that of "i' ould woman" there perpetrated. Yet Sir Walter Scott, it was said, declared, that with all his wonderful ima-

gination, he could picture to himself nothing so hideous. Sir Walter is not given to compliment his own imagination so—and if ever he saw the room, must have approved of it as a room of a very comfortable but common-place and unpretending character.

SHEPHERD.

But isna Hare's house a dreadful place? I houp it is, sir?

NORTH.

It is at the bottom of a close—and I presume that one house must always be at the bottom of a close—but the flat above Hare's dwelling was inhabited—and two of his apartments are large and roomy—well fitted for a range of chaff-beds, but not particularly so for murder. A small place, eight feet or ten by four or five, seems to have been formed by the staircase of another dwelling and the outer wall, and no doubt, were murder committed there, it would seem a murderous place. But we have slept in such a place fifty times, without having been murdered—and a den, consisting of two large rooms, with excellent fire-places and windows, and one small one, is not, to our apprehension, like the den of a fox or a wolf—nor yet of a lion or a tiger. The house outside looks like a minister's manse.—But I am getting tedious and wearisome, James!

SHEPHERD.

No you. But let us change the subject a wee—I houp, sirs, you baith went to the hanging?

NORTH.

We intended to have assisted at that ceremony, and had taken tickets in one of the upper boxes; but the morning was raw and rainy, so we let the fiend swing away into perdition, without any visible or audible testimony of our applause.

SHEPHERD.

The congregation behaved maist devoutly.

TICKLER.

Like Christians, James. Burke, it seems, was told to give the signal with the name of his Saviour on his lips! But the congregation, though ignorant of that profanation, knew that the demon, even on the scaffold, endured neither remorse nor penitence; and therefore natural, and just, and proper shouts of human vengeance assailed the savage coward, and excommunicated him from our common lot by yells of abhorrence that delivered his body over to the hangman, and his soul to Satan.

SHEPHERD.

Yet a puir senseless, heartless driveller in the Courant, I observed, writing for a penny a line, sympathized with the Throtler, and daur'd to abuse that pious congregation as a ferocious mob. Yea! the pitiful hypocrite absolutely called bloody Burke "their victim"!!

TICKLER.

The whining cur deserved to be half-hanged for his cant, and resuscitated to his senses in Dr Knox's shambles. That congregation of twenty thousand souls was the most respectable ever assembled at an execution—and had they stood mute at a moment when nature demanded they should salute the monster with curses both loud and deep, they would have been traitors to the trust confided to every human heart, and brutally insensible to the "deep damnation of their taking off," whom week after week "the victim" had smothered with those fingers now clutched in prayer, forsooth—but at home and free from awkwardness only when engaged in murder; and then uniting a delicacy with a strength of touch decisively indicative of the hand of a master.

SHEPHERD.

Independently o' a' you hae sae weel said, sir, only think o' the satisfaction o' safety to the whole city—a selfish but unco natural satisfaction—in rid-dance o' the monster. Had he no been found out, wha mightna hae been Burked, Hared, Macdougald, and Knoxed, during the current year?

NORTH.

James Hogg, to a dead certainty.

SHEPHERD.

Poo! Puir folk thoct o' themselves in the fate o' the sixteen corpses—o' their fathers and mithers, and aiblins idiot brithers or sisters—and therefore they hissed and shouted, and waved their hauns and hats aboon their heads, as soon as the carcass o' the ruffian blackened on the scaffold.

TICKLER.

And the beautiful and eternal fitness of things was exemplified to their souls' full desires, in the rope dangling over his organ of destructiveness—

NORTH.

In the knot fastened—I was glad to hear—behind his neck to keep him in pain—

SHEPHERD.

In Hangy's allooin' him only three inches o' a fa'—

TICKLER.

In the funny fashion of his nightcap—put on between eight and nine in the morning, when other people have taken theirs off—

SHEPHERD.

And, feenally, in that consummating swing, "here we go round about, round about"—and that drawin' up o' the knees, that tells death's doure—and the labour o' the lungs in agony, when you can breathe neither through mouth nor nostrils, and a' your inside is workin' like a barmy barrel.

NORTH.

Did the Courant idiot expect that the whole congregation were to have melted into tears at the psthetic appearance of "their victim?" The Scottish people—and it was an assemblage of the Scottish people—are not such slaves of the hour. They will not suffer the voice of deep-aborring nature to be stifled within them by the decencies due to a hideous man-monster under the hands of the hangman. Priests may pray, and magistrates may beckon—as in duty bound; but the waves of the sea "flowed not back when Canute gave command;" and, in spite of clerical and lay authorities, the people behaved in every way worthy of their national character.

SHEPHERD.

Then think o' sympathy, sir, workin' in the power o' antipathy—twenty thousand sowles a' inflamed wi' ae passion—and that passion eye-fed even to gloatin' and gluttony by the sight o' "their victim." O sirs! hoo men's sowles fiver through their een! In love or hate—

TICKLER.

I am credibly informed, James, that several blind men went to see Burke hanged.

SHEPHERD.

That was real curious. They had kent intuitively, you see, that there was to be tremendous shootin'. They went to hear him hanged. But what for had na ye a lang article embracin' the subject?

NORTH.

The Edinburgh newspapers, especially the Mercury and Chronicle, were so powerful and picturesque, that really, James, nothing was left for me to say; besides, I did not see how I could with propriety interfere with the wish to hang Hare, or any one else implicated in the sixteen murders; and, therefore, during law proceedings, meditated or attempted, I kept mute. All these being now at an end, my mouth may be unsealed; but, at present, I have really little to say on the sixteen subjects.

SHEPHERD.

Weel, let's hear that little.

NORTH.

First and foremost, the Lord Advocate, and the Sheriff, and all the lawyers of the town, did their duty thoroughly and fearlessly; and so did all the lawyers for the prisoners, Messrs Moncrieff, Cockburn, Macneil, Robertson, and others; and so did the Jury. The Jury might, with safe conscience, have found Macdougall guilty; but with a safe conscience, they found the libel in her case, *Not Proven*. They did what, on the whole, was perhaps best.

SHEPHERD.

I doot that.

So do I.

TICKLER.

NORTH.

So perhaps did they ; but let her live. Death is one punishment, Life another. In admitting Hare to be king's evidence, the Lord Advocate did that which alone could have brought Burke to the gallows. Otherwise, the whole gang would have escaped, and might have been at murder this very night. In including the three charges in one indictment, his Lordship was influenced solely by that feeling for the prisoners, which a humane and enlightened man may entertain even for the most atrocious criminal, consistently with justice. Their counsel chose otherwise, and the event was the same. The attempt to try Hare, at first appeared to me infamous ; but in that I shewed my ignorance, for Mr Sandford made out a strong case ; but Mr Macneil's masterly argument was irresistible, and the decision of the Judges entirely right—although I do not say that the view of the law so ably given by Lords Alloway and Gillies was wrong. As to any wish in any quarter to shape the proceedings so as to shield Dr Knox, that idea is mere childishness and absurdity, and fit only for the old women whom Burke and Hare did not murder.

SHEPHERD.

I'm glad to hear o' that, sir ; and since you say't, it maun be true. But what o' Dr Knox ?

NORTH.

The system established and acted on in the dissecting-rooms of that anatomist is manifestly of the most savage, brutal, and dreadful character. It is allowed by all parties, that not a single question was ever put—or if ever, mere mockery—to the wretches who came week after week with uninterred bodies crammed into tea-chests—but that each corpse was eagerly received, and fresh orders issued for more. Nor is there any reason to believe, but every reason to believe the contrary, that had the murderers brought sixty instead of sixteen murdered corpses, they would not have met an instant market.

SHEPHERD.

Fearsome—fearsome !

TICKLER.

We shall suppose, then, that not a shade, however slight, of suspicion ever crossed Dr Knox's mind, or the minds of his assistants. What follows ? That they knew that the poorer inhabitants of Edinburgh were all of them not only willing, but most eager to sell the bodies of their husbands, wives, brothers, and sisters, and sweethearts, and relations in general ; for if these two miscreants could, in little more than eight months, purchase from off the deathbed sixteen corpses, pray how many might have been purchased in that time by a sufficient number of agents ? Unless the practice of selling the dead were almost universal, and known by Dr Knox and his assistants to be so, uninterred body after uninterred body brought to them thus must have struck them with surprise and astonishment.

SHEPHERD.

That's conclusive, sir.

NORTH.

How, in the nature of things, could Burke and Hare have been believed endowed with an instinct that led them to sixteen different houses in eight months, where the inmates were ready to sell their dead to the doctors ? Did Dr Knox and his assistants believe that these two wretches were each like a vulture—

“ So scented the Grim Feature, and upturn'd

His nostril wide into the murky air,

Segacious of his quarry from afar”—

that they dropped in at every sick-room, and sounded the sitters by the dying bed, to know if they were disposed, in the event of death, for a few pounds to let the corpse be crammed into a tea-chest, and off to the doctors ?

SHEPHERD.

I canna say ; but they can best answer the question themsells—

NORTH.

Ay, and they shall be made to answer the question, *for the subject shall be*

probed to the bottom,—nor shall either fear or favour hinder me from spreading the result all over Europe.

SHEPHERD.

Ay, America, and Asia, and Africa too—

NORTH.

The Edinburgh newspapers have spoken out manfully, and Dr Knox stands arraigned at the bar of the public, his accuser being—Human Nature.

SHEPHERD.

Of what is he accused?

NORTH.

He is ordered to open his mouth and speak, or be for ever dumb. Sixteen uninterred bodies—for the present I sink the word murdered—have been purchased, within nine months, by him and his, from the two brutal wretches who lived by that trade. Let him prove, to the conviction of all reasonable men, that it was impossible he could suspect any evil,—that the practice of selling the dead was so general, as to be almost universal among the poor of this city—and that he knew it to be so—and then we shall send his vindication abroad on all the winds of heaven.

TICKLER.

Does he dare to presume to command all mankind to be mute on such a series of dreadful transactions! Does he not know that he stands, at this hour, in the most hideous predicament in which a man can stand—in that of the suspected accomplice or encourager of unparalleled murderers?

NORTH.

If wholly and entirely innocent, he need not fear that he shall be able to establish his innocence. Give me the materials, and I will do it for him;—but he is not now the victim of some wild and foolish calumny; the whole world shudders at the transactions; and none but a base, blind, brutal beast can at this moment dare to declare “Dr Knox stands free from all suspicion of being accessory to murder.”

SHEPHERD.

Your offer to vindicate him is like yourself, sir,—and 'tis like yourself to utter the sentiments that have now flowed from your fearless lips.

NORTH.

If innocent, still he caused those murders. But for the accursed system he and his assistants acted on, only two or three experimental murders would have been perpetrated—unless we must believe that other—nay, all other lecturers would have done as he did, which, in my belief, would be wickedly to libel the character of our anatomists.

SHEPHERD.

Is't true that his class received him, in consequence of these horrid disclosures, with three cheers?

NORTH.

Though almost incredible, it is true. But that savage yell within those blood-stained walls, is no more to the voice of the public, than so much squeaking and grunting in a pig-sty during a storm of thunder. Besides, many of those who thus disgraced themselves and their human nature, were implicated in the charge; and instead of serving to convince any one, out of the shambles, of their own or their lecturer's innocence, it has had, and must have had, the very opposite effect—exhibiting a ruffian recklessness of general opinion and feeling on a most appalling subject, as yet altogether unexplained, and, as many think, incapable of any explanation that will remove from the public mind, even in its calmest mood, the most horrible and damning suspicions. The shouts and cheers at Burke's appearance on the scaffold, were right—human nature being constituted as it is—but the shouts and cheers on Dr Knox's appearance at the table where so many of Burke's victims had been dissected, after having been murdered, were “horrible, most horrible,” and calculated—whatever may be their effect on more thinking minds—to confirm in those of the populace the conviction that they are all a gang of murderers together, and determined to insult, in horrid exultation, all the deepest feelings of humanity—without which a people would be a mob more fierce and fell than the concentrated essence of the Burkes, the Hares, and the Macdougals.

SHEPHERD.

Ae thing's plain—that whatever may be the case wi' ither anatomists, here or elsewhere, Dr Knox at least has nae right to ca' on the legislature for some legal provision for the procurin' o' dead bodies for dissection. The legislature, on the ither hand, has a better right to ca' on him for a revision o' the laws regulatin' his ain system. Some writers, I see, blame the magistrates o' Edinburgh, and some the polish, and some the London Parliament House, for a' thae murders—but I canna help blamin', especially, Burke and Hare—and neist to them Dr Knox and his assistants. Naebody believes in ghosts in touns, but every body believes in ghosts in the kintra. Let either Hare or Knox sleep a' night in a lanely wood, wi' the wund roarin' in the tap branches o' the pines, and cheepin' in the side anes, and by skreich o' day he will be seen flyin' wi' his hair on end, and his een jumpin' out o' their sockets, doon into the nearest toon, pursued, as he thinks, by saxteen ghaists a' in a row, wi' Daft Jamie at their head, caperin' like a paralytic as he was, and laughing like to split, wi' a mouth drawn a' to the ae side, at the doctor or the doctor's man, distracted at the sight o' sae mony spirits demandin' back their ain atomies.

NORTH.

It is an ugly business altogether, James; far worse than the Chaldean MS.

SHEPHERD.

Ah! you deevil!

TICKLER.

Hollow, North, into the ear of Dionysius, that Ambrose may appear like a spirit, and sweep away *reliquias Danaum*.

NORTH.

Man is the slave of habit. So accustomed have I been to pull this worsted bell-rope, that I never remember the ear. Ambrose! Ambrose! *Ho iero!*
(Enter Signor AMBROSIO.)

TICKLER.

Picardy, wheel out, and wheel in.

(PICARDY and Sir DAVID GAM wheel out the oblong Supper-Table through the Folding Doors, and the Circular Glentilt Marble Slab into a warmer climate.)

SHEPHERD.

In another month, sirs, the Forest will be as green as the summer sea rolling in its foam-crested waves in moonlight. You maun come out—You maun baith come out this spring.

NORTH.

I will. Every breath of air we draw is terrestrialized or etherealized by imagination. Our suburban air, round about Edinburgh, especially down towards the sea, must be pure, James; and yet, my fancy being haunted by these easterly haars, the finest atmosphere often seems to me afloat with the foulest atoms. My mouth is as a vortex, that engulfs all the stray wool and feathers in the vicinity. In the country, and no where more than on the Tweed or the Yarrow, I inhale always the gas of Paradise. I look about me for flowers, and I see none—but I feel the breath of thousands. Country smoke from cottages or kilns, or burning heather, is not like town smoke. It ascends into clouds on which angels and departed spirits may repose.

SHEPHERD.

O' a' kintra souns, which do you like best, sir?

NORTH.

The crowing of cocks before, at, and after sunrise. They are like clocks all set by the sun. Some hoarsely scraunching, James—some with a long, clear, silver chime—and now and then a bit bantam crowing twice for the staliel chanticleer's once—and, by fancy's eye, seen strutting and sidling up, in his impudence, to hens of the largest size, not unaverse to the flirtation of the feathery-legged coxcomb.

SHEPHERD.

Few folk hae seen oftener than me Natur' gettin' up i' the mornin'. It's no possible to help personifyin' her first into a goddess, and then into a human—

TICKLER.

There again, James.

SHEPHERD.

She sleeps a' nicht in her claes, yet they're never runkled; her awakening face she turns up dewy to the sun, and Zephyr wipes it wi' his wing without disturbin' its dreamy expression; never see ye her hair in papers, for crisp and curly, far-streamin' and wide-wavin' are her locks, as alternate shadows and sunbeams dancin' on the dancin' music o' some joyous river rollin' awa to the far-aff sea; her ee is heaven—her brow the marbled clouds, and after a lang doon-gazing, serene, and spiritual look o' hersell, breathin' her orison-prayers, in the reflectin' magic o' some loch like an inland ocean, stately steps she frae the East, and a' that meet her—mair especially the Poet, wha draps doon amid the heather in devotion on his knees—kens that she is indeed the Queen of the whole Universe.

TICKLER.

Incedit Regina.

NORTH.

Then what a breakfast at Mount-Benger, after a stroll to and fro' the Loch! One devours the most material breakfast spiritually; and none of the ethereal particles are lost in such a meal.

SHEPHERD.

Ethereal particles! What are they like?

NORTH.

Of the soul, James. Wordsworth says, in his own beautiful way, of a sparrow's nest,

"Look, five blue eggs are gleaming there!
Few visions have I seen more fair,
Nor many prospects of delight
More touching than that simple sight!"

But five or six, or perhaps a dozen, white hen-eggs gleaming there—all on a most lovely, a most beautiful, a most glorious round white plate of crockery—is a sight even more simple and more touching still.

TICKLER.

What a difference between caller eggs and caller baddies!

NORTH.

About the same as between a rural lassie stepping along the green sward, like a walking rose or lily endued with life by the touch of a fairy's wand, and a lodging-house Girrzie laying down a bakie fu' o' ashes at the mouth of a common stair.

SHEPHERD.

North—you're a curious cretur.

TICKLER.

You must excuse him—for he is getting into his pleasant though somewhat prosy dotage.

SHEPHERD.

A' men begin to get into a kind o' dotage after five-and-twenty. They think theirsells wiser, but they're only stupider. The glory o' the heaven and earth has a' flown by; there's something gane wrang wi' the machinery o' the peristrepheic panorama, and it'll no gang roun'—nor is there ony great matter, for the colours hae faded on the canvass, and the spirit that pervaded the picture is dead.

TICKLER.

Poo, poo, James. You're haverin.

NORTH.

Do you think, my dear James, that there is less religion now than of old in Scotland?

SHEPHERD.

I really canna say, sir. At times I think there is even less sunshine; at least, that a' that intensely bricht kind of heavenly licht that used to wauken

me in the mornings when a boy, by dancin' on my face, is extinct, or withdrawn to anither planet; and yet reason serves to convince me that the sun canna be muckle the waur o' haen been shining these forty last years o' his life, and that the fault maun lie in the pupil o' the iris o' my twa auld hazy een—neither can I see cause why dew-drops and hlaeberries should be less beautifu' than o' yore, though certain sure they seem sac—and warst o' a', the faces o' the fairest maidens, whether in smiles or in tears, seen noo-a-days to want that inexpressible spirit o' joy or grief—a loveliness breathed on them from climes and regions afar—that used to gar my heart quake within me whenever I came within the halm o' their breath or the waving o' their hair—yet I wad fain believe, for the sake o' the Flowers o' the Forest, that rapt youth still sees the beauty that some film or other now veils from my eyes.

TICKLER.

Hem!

SHEPHERD.

And which they must see nevermore, till after the shades o' death they reopen with renovated power in heaven. Auld folk, I remember, in my youth, were aye complainin' o' some great loss—some total taking away—some dim eclipse—just as we, sirs, aften do now—then I lauched to hear them, but now I could amaist weep! Alas! even memory o' the Trysting Hour is but a dream o' a dream! But what a dream it was! I never see “a milk-white thorn” without fa'in' into a strange swoon o' the soul, as if she were struggling to renew her youth, and swarf'd awa' in the unavailing effort to renew the mysterious laws o' natur.

NORTH.

I fear there is less superstition now, James, in the peasant's heart than of old—that the understanding has invaded the glimmering realms of the imagination.

SHEPHERD.

Tak ony religious feeling, and keep intensifying it by the power o' solitary meditation, and you feel it growin' into a superstitious ane—and in like manner get deeper and deeper into the heart o' the mystery o' a superstitious ane, and you then discover it to be religious! Mind being nursed in matter must aye be superstitious. Superstition is like the gloom round a great oak tree. Religion is like the tree itself—darkenin' the earth wi' branches growin' by means o' the licht o' heaven.

NORTH.

I fear Christianity, James, is too often taught merely as a system of morals.

SHEPHERD.

That's the root o' the evil, sir, where there is evil in Scotland. Such ministers deaden, by their plain, practical preaching, the sublimest aspirations of the soul—and thus is the Bible in the poor man's house often “shorn of its beams.” There is mair sleepin' in kirks noo than of old—though the sermons are shorter—and the private worship throughout a' the parish insensibly loses its unction aneath a cauld-rife moral preacher. Many fountains are shut up in men's hearts that used to flow perennially to the touch o' fear. It's a salutary state aye to feel anesell, when left to anesell, a helpless sinner. How pride hardens a' the heart! and how humility softens it! till like a meadow it is owerun wi' thousands o' bonnie wee modest flowers—flock succeeding flock, and aye some visible, peepin' ever through the winter-snows!

NORTH.

I fear, James, that a sort of silly superficial religion is diffusing itself very widely over Edinburgh.

SHEPHERD.

Especially, which is a pity, over the young leddies, who are afraid to wear feathers on their heads, or pearls on their bosoms—sae great is the sin o' adornin' the flesh.

NORTH.

The self-dubbed evangelicals are not very consistent on that score, James—for saw ye ever one of the set to whom nature had given good ankles that did not wear rather shortish petticoat; or one gummy, that did not carefully conceal her clumsiness alike from eye of saint and sinner?

SHEPHERD.

Puir things! natur' will work within them—and even them that forsakes the warld, as they ca't, hae a gude stomach for some o' the grossest o' its enjoyments, sic as eatin' and drinkin', and lyin' on sofas, or in bed a' day, in a sort o' sensual doze, which they pretend to think spiritual—forsakin' the warld, indeed!

NORTH.

I never yet knew one instance of a truly pretty girl forsaking the world, except, perhaps, that her hair might have time to grow, after having been shaven in a fever—or—

SHEPHERD.

Or a sudden change o' fashion, when she cudna afford to buy new things, and therefore pretended to be unusually religious for a season—wearyin' a' the time for the sight o' some male cretur in her suburban retirement, were it only for the face o' the young baker wha brings the baps in the morning wi' a hairy cap on—or o' some swarth Italian callant wi' a board o' images.

TICKLER.

Yes—religious ladies never recollect that eating for the sake of eating, and not for mere nourishment, is the grossest of all sensualities. It never occurs to them that in greedily and gluttonously cramming in fat things down their gratified gullets, they are at each mouthful virtually breaking all the ten commandments.

NORTH.

All washed over with ale and porter!

SHEPHERD.

Into ane stomach like the Dead Sea. Maist nauseous!

TICKLER.

Salmon, hodge-podge, pease and pork, goose and apple-sauce, plum-pudding, and toasted cheese, all floating in a squash of malt in the stomach of an evangelical young lady, who has forsaken the world!

SHEPHERD.

There's nae denying that maist o' them's gutsy. But the married evangelical leddies are waur than the young anes; for they egg on their husbands to be as great gluttons as themselves; and I've seen them noddin' and winkin', and makin' mouths to their men, that sic or sic a dish was nice and fine, wi' the gravy a' the while rinnin' out o' the corners o' their mouths; or if no the gravy, just the natural juice o' their ain palates waterin' at the thocht o' something savoury, just as the chops o' Bronte there water when he sits up on his hinder end, and gies a lang laigh yowl for the fat tail o' a roasted leg o' mutton.

NORTH.

In youngish evangelical married people, who have in a great measure forsaken the world, such behaviour makes me squeamish, and themselves excessively greasy over their whole face; so greasy indeed, that it is next to a physical impossibility to wash it, the water running off it as off oilskin.

TICKLER.

Byron it was, I think, who did not like to see women eat. Certainly I am so far an Oriental, that I do not like to see a woman eat against her husband, as if it were for a wager. Her eyes, during feed, should not seem starting from their sockets; nor the veins in her forehead to swell in sympathy with her alimentary canal; nor the sound of her grinders to be high; nor loud mastication to be followed by louder swallow; nor ought she, when the "fames edendi" has been removed, to gather herself up like mine hostess of the Hen and Chickens, and giving herself a shake, then fold her red-ringed paws across her well-filled stomach, and give vent to her entire satisfaction in a long, deep, pious sigh, by way of grace after meat.

NORTH.

The essence of religion is its spirituality. It refines—purifies—elevates all our finer feelings, as far as flesh and blood will allow.

SHEPHERD.

Oh! it's a desperate thing that flesh and blude! Can you, Mr North, form any idea o' the virtue o' a disembodied, or rather o' an unembodied spirit—a

spirit that never was thirsty, that never was hungry, that never was cauld, that never was sick, that never felt its heart loup to its mouth (how could it?) at the kiss o' the lips o' a young lassie sittin' in the same plaid wi' you, on the hill side, unmindfu' o' the blashing sleet, and inhabiting within thae worsted faulds, the very heart o' balmy paradise?

NORTH.

It must be something very different, at any rate, James, from the nature of an evangelical lady of middle age, and much rotundity, smiling greasily on her greasy husband, for another spoonful of stuffing out of the goose; and while engaged in devouring him, ogling a roasted pig with an orange in its mouth, the very image of a human squeaker of an age fit for Mr Wilderspin's infant school.

TICKLER.

Infant schools! There you see education driven to absurdity that must soon sicken any rational mind.

NORTH.

What can we know, Tickler, about infants? "He speaks to us who never had a child."

SHEPHERD.

But I have had mony, and I prophesy, that in three years there shall not be an infant school in all Scotland. Nae doubt, in great towns it might often be of great advantage to children and parents, that the bit infants should be better cared for and looked after than they are, when the parents are at work, or necessarily from home. But to hope to be able to do this permanently, on a regular system of infant schools, proves an utter ignorance of human feelings, and of the structure of human society. It is unnatural, and the attempt will soon fall out of the hands of weak enthusiasts, and expire.

NORTH.

It is amusing, James—is it not?—to see how ready an evangelical young lady is to marry the first reprobate who asks her—under the delusion of believing that she is rich.

TICKLER.

But she first converts him, you know.

SHEPHERD.

Na—na. It's him that converts her—and it's no ill to do. If she really hae cash—say a thoosan' poun'—madam asks few questions—but catches at the captain. There is an end then o' her Sunday schools, and her catechysings, and her preachin' o' the word. She flings aff the hypocrite, and is converted into the bauld randy-like wife o' a subaltern officer in the grenadier company o' an Eerish regiment; flauntin' in a boyne-like bannet in the front-row o' a box in the theatre—unco like ane o' the hizzies up in the pigeon-holes, and no thinkin' shame to lauch at dooble entendres!—Ithers o' them again mak up to weak young men o' a serious turn and good income; marryin' some o' them by sly stratagem, and some by main force.

NORTH.

But of them all alike, without one single exception, the aim—with various motives—is still the same—marriage.

TICKLER.

Come, come, Kit, not all—I know to the contrary.

NORTH.

All the self-dubbed evangelicals. For love, or for money, they are all eager to marry at a week's notice,—and they are all of them ready to jump at an offer, on to a very advanced period of mortal existence. From about fifty on to sixty-five, they are still most susceptible of the tender passion—rather than not have a husband, they will marry

"Toothless bald decrepitude,"

as I have known in many instances—and absolutely pretend to get sick in company a month or two after the odious event—as if they were as "ladies wish to be who love their lords," and about, ere long, to increase the number of Mr Wilderspin's infant scholars!

NORTH.

What a contrast does all this present to the character and conduct of the true and humble Christian—mild, modest, unpretending.

SHEPHERD.

And always, without exception, beautiful; for the hameliest countenance becomes angelical when overspread for a constancy with the spirit of that religion that has "shewn us how divine a thing a woman may be made!"

TICKLER.

I see her sitting—serene, but not silent—her smiles frequent, and now and then her sweet silvery laugh not unheard—in a dress simple as simple may be, in unison with a graceful elegance that Nature breathed over "that lady of her own."

NORTH.

I forget her name, my dear friend—you mean Lucy?

TICKLER.

Whom else in heaven or on earth?

SHEPHERD.

Ay—there are thousands o' Lucys, who walk in their innocence and their happiness beneath the light of Christianity, knowing not how good they are, and in the holy inspiration o' nature doing their duty to God and man, almost without knowing it, so sublime a simplicity is theirs.

NORTH.

Of theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

SHEPHERD.

Nae backbiting—nae envy—nae uncharitableness—nae exaggeration o' trifles—nae fear o' the face o' the knave o' spades at an innocent game o' cards, played to please some auld jeldy that in the doze o' decent dotage canna do without some amusement or ither that requires little thocht, but waukens up some kindlin' o' aimless feeling—nae fear, and but sma' fondness for dancin', except when she's gotten a pleasant partner—a cretur that does na start at shadows, because she walks in licht—that kens by thinkin' on her ain heart what in this tryin' life should be guarded against in tremblin', and what indulged in withouten reproach—a lassie that does na eternally keep rinnin' after new preachers, but sits in the same pew in the same kirk—an angel—

TICKLER.

"Like heavenly Una with her milk-white lamb," in the light of whose beauty her father's house rejoiceth, and is breathed over by a shade of sadness only for a few weeks after she has been waisted away on the wings of love to bless the home of a husband, won more by the holy charm of her filial affection than even by the breath of the sighs that poured forth her speechless confession on his own bosom fast beating to the revelation of her virgin love.

SHEPHERD.

That's no sae ill expressed, sir, for an auld bachelor; but the truth is, that in the course o' life a the best capacities o' human feeling expand themselves out into full growth in the bosom o' a gude man, even under the impulses o' imagination, just the same as if he had had a real wife and weans o' his ain; and aiblins, his feelings are even mair divine from being free o' the doom-draught o' realities; idealized as it were by love rejoicin' in its escape from the thralldom o' necessity.

NORTH.

James, you always speak such poetry at our Noctes that I grieve you write it now so seldom or never.

SHEPHERD.

Perhaps I hae written my best; and bad as that may be, my name will have a sort of existence through the future in the Forest. Won't it, sir?

NORTH.

No fear of that, James.

SHEPHERD.

Then I am satisfied.

TICKLER.

I hardly understand the nature of the desire for posthumous fame.

SHEPHERD.

Nor me neither. But the truth is, I understand naething. That I love to gaze on a rose and a rainbow, and a wall-flower on a castle, and a wreath o' haw, and a layerock in the licht, and a dewy starnie, and a bit bonnie wee

pink shell, and an insect dancin' like a diamond, and a glimmer o' the moon on water, be it a great wide Highland loch, or only a sma' fountain or well in the wilderness, and on a restless wave, and on a steadfast cloud, and on the face o' a lispin' child that means amais't naethin', and on the face o' a mute maiden that means amais't every thing—that I love to gaze on a' these, and a thousan' things beside in heaven and on earth that are dreamt of in my philosophy, my beatin' heart tells me every day I live; but the why and the wherefore are generally hidden frae me, and whenever I strive for the reason, my soul sinks away down and down into a depth that seems half air and half water, and I am like a man drownin' in a calm, and as he drowns, feelin' as if he were descendin' to the coral palaces o' the mermaids, where a' things are beautifu' but unintelligible, and after wanderin' about awhile under the saftly-looming climat, up again a' at once into the every-day world, in itself, o' a gude truth, as beautifu' and unintelligible too as any world in the heavens above or in the waters underneath the earth.

NORTH.

Posthumous fame!

SHEPHERD.

What's mair nor ordinar' extraordinar' in that? We love our kind, and we love our life—and we love our earth—and we love ourself. Therefore, being immortal creatures, we love the thoct of never being forgotten by that kind, and in that life, and on that earth. We all desire, we all hope to be held in remembrance for a shorter or a langer time—but only them that has done, or said, or sung something imperishable, extend that desire into a limitless future—coexisting with our warks—when they perish, we perish too, and are willing to perish—But be so gude as tell me, sir, what's the preceese meanin' o' the word posthumous, or rather how it comes to mean “after you are dead?”

TICKLER.

All poets should die young.

SHEPHERD.

No great poet ever died young that I heard tell o'. All the great ancient poets o' Greece, I am tauld, leaved till they were auld chiefs—

NORTH.

Homer and Pindar, (eh?) and Æschylus, and Sophocles, and Euripides.

SHEPHERD.

And a' the great English poets either lived to be auld men, or reached a decent time o' life—say fifty and six, and threescore and ten; as to Richard West and Chatterton, young Beattie, and Michael Bruce, and Kirk White, and John Keates, and others, they were a' fine lads, but nane o' them a' gied symptoms of ever becomin' great poets, and better far for their fame that they died in youth. Ony new poets sprutin' up, sir, amang us, like fresh daisies amang them that's withered? Noo that the auld cocks are cowed, are the chickens beginning to flap their wings and crow?

TICKLER.

Most of them mere poultry, James.

NORTH.

Not worth plucking.

SHEPHERD.

It's uncomprehensible, sir, to me altogether, what that *something* is that ae man only, amang many million, has, that makes him poetical, while a' the lave remain to the day o' their death prosaic? I defy you to put your finger on ae pint o' his mental character or constitution in which the secret lies—indeed, there's aften a sort o' stupidity about the cretur that maks you sorry for him, and he's very generally lauchit at;—yet, there's a superiority in the strain o' his thochts and feelings that places him on a level by himsell aboon a' their heads;—he has intuitions o' the truth, which, depend on't, sir, does not lie at the bottom of a well, but rather in the lift o' the understanding and the imagination—the twa hemispheres;—and knowledge, that seems to flee awa' frae ither men the faster and the farther the mair eagerly it is pursued, aften comes o' its ain sweet accord, and lies down at the poet's feet.

NORTH.

Just so. The power of the soul is as the expression of the countenance—

the one is strong in faculties, and the other beautiful in features, you cannot tell how—but so it is, and so it is felt to be, and let those not thus endowed by nature, either try to make souls or make faces, and they only become ridiculous, and laughing-stocks to the world. This is especially the case with poets, who must be made of finer clay.

TICKLER.

Generally cracked—

SHEPHERD.

But transpawrent—

TICKLER.

Yes, an urn of light.

SHEPHERD.

I'm beginnin' to get verra hungry just for ae particular thing that I think you'll baith join me in—pickled awmont. Ay, yonder it's on the sideboards; Mr Tickler, rise and bring't, and I'll do as muckle for you anither time.

(TICKLER puts the Circular Slab to rights, by means of pre-existing materials for a night only. They all fall to.)

NORTH.

James, I wish ye would review for Maga all those fashionable Novels—Novels of High Life; such as Pelham—the Disowned—

SHEPHERD.

I've read thae twa, and they're baith gude. But the mair I think on't, the profounder is my conviction that the strength o' human nature lies either in the highest or lowest estate of life. Characters in books should either be kings, and princes, and nobles, and on a level with them, like heroes; or peasants, shepherds, farmers, and the like, includin' a' orders amaiest o' our ain working population. The intermediate class,—that is leddies and gentlemen in general, are no worth the Muse's while; for their life is made up chiefly o' mainners—mainners—mainners—you canna see the human creturs for their claes; and should ane o' them commit suicide in despair, in lookin' on the dead body, you are mair taen up wi' its dress than its decease.

TICKLER.

Is this Tay or Tweed salmon, James?

SHEPHERD.

Tay, to be sure—it has the Perthshire accent, verra pallateable.—These leddies and gentlemen in fashionable novels, as in fashionable life, are aye intrig—trig—triguin',—this leddy with that ane's gentleman, and this gentleman with that ane's leddy—then it's a' foun' out thro' letters or key-holes, and there's a duel, and a devorce, and a death, the perpetual repetition o' which, I confess, gets unco wearisome. Or the chief chiel in the wark is devoted to cairts and dice—and out o' ae hell—as they rightly ca' gamblin'-houses—intil anither—till feenally, as was lang ago foreseen, he blows out his brains wi' a horse-pistol, a bit o' the skull stickin' in the ceilin'. This too gets tiresome, sirs—oh! unco tiresome—for I hae nae desire to hear ony thing mair about gamblers, than what ane sees noo and then in the police reports in the newspapers. There is something sae essentially mean and contemptible in gamblin', that no deep interest can ever be created for ony young man under such a passion. It's a' on account o' the siller; and I canna bring mysell to think that the love o' money should ever be the foundation-stane, or rather keystone o' the arch o' a story intended for the perusal o' men o' moral and intellectual worth. Out he flees like a madman frae ane o' the hells, because he's ruined, and we are asked to pity him—or tak warnin' by him—or something o' that sort by way o' moral; but had he won, why another would have lost; and it is just as well that he should loup into the Thames wi' stanes in his pouches, as him that held the wonnin' haun—but to speak plain, they may baith gang to the deevil for me, without excitin' ony mair emotion in my mind than you are doin' the noo, Tickler, by puttin' a bit o' cheese on your forefinger, and then by a sharp smack on the palm, makin' the mites spang into your mouth.

TICKLER.

I was doing no such thing, Hogg.

SHEPHERD.

North, was na he?—Puir auld useless body! he's asleep. Age will tell. He canna stann a heavy sooper noo as he used to do—the toddy tells noo a hantle faster upon him, and the verra fire itself drowzifies him noo intil a dwawm—na, even the sound o' ane's vice, long continued, lulls him noo half or hail asleep, especially if your tawk like mine demands thocht—and there indeed, you see, Mr Tickler, how his chin fa's doon on his bress, till he seems—but for a slight snore—the image o' death. Heaven preserve us—only listen to that! Did ye ever hear the like o' that? What is't? Is't a musical snuff-box? or what is't? Has he gotten a wee fairy musical snuff-box, I ask you, Mr Tickler, within the nose o' him; or what or wha is't that's playin' that tune?

TICKLER.

It is indeed equally beautiful and mysterious.

SHEPHERD.

I never heard “Auld Langsyne” played mair exactly in a' my life.

TICKLER.

“List—O list! if ever thou didst thy dear father love!”

SHEPHERD.

(*Going up on tiptoes to Mr North, and putting his ear close to the old gentleman's nose.*)

By all that's, miraculous, he is *snoring* “Auld Langsyne!” The Eolian harp's naething to that—it canna play a regular tune—but there's no a sweeter, safter, mair pathetic wund-instrument in being than his nose.

TICKLER.

I have often heard him, James, snore a few notes very sweetly, but never before a complete tune. With what powers the soul is endowed in dreams!

SHEPHERD.

You may weel say that.—Harkee! he's *snorin't wi' variations!* I'm no a Christian if he hasna gotten into *Maggy Lauder*. He's *snorin'* a medley in his sleep!

(*TICKLER and the SHEPHERD listen entranced.*)

TICKLER.

What a spirit-stirring snore is his *Erin go bragh!*

SHEPHERD.

A' this is proof o' the immortality o' the sowle. Whisht—whisht!

(*Mr North snores “God save the King.”*)

Ay—a loyal pawtriot even in the kingdom o' dreams! I wad rather hear that than Catalan, in the King's Anthem. We maun never mention this, Mr Tickler. The world 'll no believe't. The world's no ripe yet for the belief o' sic a mystery.

TICKLER.

His nose, James, I think, is getting a little hoarse.

SHEPHERD.

Less o' the tenor and mair o' the bass. He was a wee out o' tune there—and I suspek his nose wants blawin'. Hear till him noo—“Croppies, lie doon,” I declare—and see how he is clutchin' the crutch.

(*North awakes, and for a moment like goshawk stares wild.*)

NORTH.

Yes—I agree with you—there must be a dissolution.

SHEPHERD.

A dissolution!

NORTH.

Yes—of Parliament. Let us have the sense of the people. I am an old Whig—a Whig of the 1688.

TICKLER and SHEPHERD.

Hurraw—hurraw—hurraw! Old North, old Eldon, and old Colchester, for ever! Hurraw—hurraw—hurraw!

NORTH.

No. Old Eldon alone! Give me the Dolphin. No. The Ivy-Tower. No need of a glass. Let us, one after the other, put the Ivy-Tower to our mouth, and drink him in pure Glenlivet.

SHEPHERD.

On the table!

(The SHEPHERD and TICKLER offer to help NORTH to mount the table.)

NORTH.

Hands off, gentlemen. I scorn assistance. Look here!

(NORTH, by a dexterous movement, swings himself off his crutch erect on the table, and gives a helping hand first to the SHEPHERD and then to TICKLER.)

SHEPHERD.

That feat beats the snorin' a' to sticks! Faith, Tickler, we maun sing sma'. In a' things he's our maister. Alloo me, sir, to gang doon for your chair?

NORTH, *(flinging his crutch to the roof.)*

OLD ELDON!

(Tremendous cheering amidst the breakage by the descending crutch.)

BRONTE.

Bow—wow—wow—wow—wow—wow—wow—wow.

(Enter PICARDY and Tail in general consternation.)

SHEPHERD.

Luk at him noo, Picardy—luk at him noo!

TICKLER.

Firm on his pins as a pillar of the Parthenon.

SHEPHERD.

Saw ye ever a pair o' straughter, mair sinewy legs, noo that he leans the hale weght o' his body on them; ay, wi' that outstretched arm he stauns like a statue o' Demosthenes, about to utter the first word o' ane o' his Philippics.

(BRONTE leaps on the table, and stands by NORTH's knee with a determined aspect.)

NORTH.

Take the time from Bronte—OLD COLCHESTER!

BRONTE.

Bow—wow—wow—wow—wow—wow—wow.

(Loud acclamations.)

SHEPHERD.

Come, let's dance a threesome reel.

NORTH.

Picardy—your fiddle.

(Mr AMBROSE takes Neil Gow from the peg, and plays.)

SHEPHERD.

Hadna we better clear decks—

NORTH.

No—James. In my youth I could dance the ancient German sword-dance, as described by Tacitus. Sir David, remove the Dolphin. I care not a jot for the rest of the crystal.

*(NORTH, TICKLER, and the SHEPHERD thrid a threesome reel—**BRONTE careering round the table in a Solo—PICARDY's bow-hand in high condition.)*

SHEPHERD.

Set to me, sir, set to me—never mind Tickler. Oh! but you're matchless at the Heelan' fling, sir.—Luk at him, Mr Ambrose!

AMBROSE.

Yes, Mr Hogg.

SHEPHERD.

I'll match him against a' the Heelans—either in breeks or out o' them—luk, luk—see him cuttin'!

*(Mr NORTH motions to PICARDY, who stops playing, and with one bound leaps from the centre of the circular, over the Ivy-Tower to the floor.)**(SHEPHERD and TICKLER, in attempting to imitate the great original,—fall on the floor, but recover their feet with considerable alacrity.)*NORTH, *(resuming his chair.)*

The Catholic Question is not carried yet, gentlemen. Should it be, let it be ours to defend the Constitution.

SHEPHERD.

Speak awa', sir, till I recover my breath. I'm sair blawn. Hear Tickler's bellows.

TICKLER, (*stretching his weary length on a sofa.*)

Whew—whew—whew.

(*Exit PICARDY with his Tail.*)

NORTH.

Mr Peel seems to have made a *hit* in the chief character of Shiel's play—The Apostate.

TICKLER.

Whew—whew—whew.

NORTH.

I confess I had no expectations of seeing that play revived; still less of such a star as Robert Peel being prevailed upon to accept such a miserable part.

SHEPHERD.

It'll no gang doon lang—they'll be hissing him, some day, aff the stage.

NORTH.

From the commencement of his career, have I regarded Robert Peel with pleasure and with pride; and when it does happen that an old man's heart has warmed towards a young one, it is not easy to chill the kindly glow—it is more difficult, it would seem, to change sentiments than opinions.

SHEPHERD.

I heard twa three whalps the ither day braggin', "Noo, we'll see Blackwood's Magazine makin' a wheel;" but I gied them the lee dereck in their teeth, and they were mum.

NORTH.

Blackwood's Magazine may make a wheel, when the sun makes a wheel in heaven—and from his meridian tower runs back eastward.

SHEPHERD.

The chariot o' Apollo *reist* in on the hill!

NORTH.

Oxford must not—must not re-elect Robert Peel. Let her pity—forgive—if she can, respect—nay, admire him still—but let her not trust the betrayer.

SHEPHERD.

And must we say *gude nicht*—without haen ance mentioned that name that wont to set the table in a roar—a roar o' glorying gratitude—to him wha—

NORTH.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON! What! in solemn silence?

TICKLER.

Solemn—but not sullen—North.

NORTH.

May my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth—or wag in mumbling palsy—if ever my breath seek to stain the lustre of that glorious name. He saved England.

SHEPHERD.

Dinna put on that kind o' face, I beseech you, sir. The expression o't is sae incomprehensible, that I know not whether to houp or fear for my country.

NORTH.

We who never feared must hope. Oh! I could prophesy!

SHEPHERD.

So could I, for that matter; but I hate to look into clouds and darkness.

TICKLER.

Let us swear to meet this day month—Shall the Popish Association put down the Government? And may not the Protestant Association restore the State?

NORTH.

It might—it may.

SHEPHERD.

Oh! My dear sir, my imagination kindles when I look on your bald forehead. It would be as easy to *turn you round* as an auld oak-tree.—Na, not

so easy, for Sir Henry Steuart o' Allanton, wi' his machinery, could turn roun' an auld oak-tree, but no a' the powers o' earth, wi' a' their machinery, could skrew you ae hair's-breadth roun' frae the position on which you hae taken your staun; as sune turn roun' a rock-built tower, to face the settin', instead o' the risin' sun.

NORTH.

My dear James, you are too partial to the old man.

SHEPHERD.

I speak the sense o' the nation. You are Abdiel grown auld, but faithful as in youth—still the dauntless angel.

NORTH.

One bumper at parting.

THE KING!

AND MAY HE NEVER FORGET THOSE PRINCIPLES WHICH SEATED HIS FAMILY
ON THE THRONE OF THESE REALMS!

(Endless cheering, and then Exeunt Omnes.)

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—“ 'Tis the Cause of Man.”—*Cooper's Task*.

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* * * The Professors of Marischal College, Aberdeen, along with the other trustees of the late Mrs Blackwell, prescribed in 1820 as the subject of her Biennial Prize Essay, “What has been the Effect of the Reformation on the State of Civil Society in Europe?” and an outline of the above essay obtained the prize. The author, from the peculiar aspect of the times, has now been induced to publish it, and in preparing it for the press he has made so many additions, as to render it almost a new work.

The usual Lists of Promotions, &c. are omitted, from want of room.

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IRELAND IN MCCCXXIX.

Nothing can exceed the gloom in which the Protestants of Ireland have been wrapped since the disclosure of the Duke's intentions. Their confidence in him and in Mr Peel was lofty and unbounded. They trusted in their wisdom, their principles, and their consistency, with an enthusiasm of credulity which resented even a suspicion that these sterling guardians of their rights could betray the cause to which they were so deeply pledged, and had been so long devoted. The late manifestations of Popish violence, and developement of Popish views, were but little calculated to lull their suspicions or win their confidence. It was therefore with an alarm which cannot be described, they learned that his Majesty's Government had come to the resolution of granting the demands of the Papists; of conceding to violence what had been denied to entreaty, and suffering the Legislature to be bullied by a Mob!

The time, too, seemed peculiarly unfavourable for the policy about to be pursued. The Papists had never been so turbulent or intractable. They had not, since *ninety-eight*, so fully exhibited their ultimate intentions. The Church was denounced—British connexion was menaced—Popish objects were avowed—a connexion was openly formed with the expatriated Irish rebels who had found an asylum in America, and who, true to their old calling, were willing to compass earth and sea to make one proselyte, in the hope that, when they had so made him, he would become even more the child of sedition than them-

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selves. Every thing was done, short of levying war against the King's authority, and commencing an actual extirpation of the Protestant name and religion from Ireland.

To the astonishment of every loyal man, this abominable system was suffered from day to day, and from year to year, to increase in violence and audacity. The incendiaries waxed wanton with encouragement. The loyal were almost driven to despair. At length, however, they aroused themselves;—they met and consulted for mutual protection and defence. Protestants of all denominations, forgetful of their several differences, felt that they had a common interest in opposing the daring aggressions of Popery, and accordingly lost sight of every feeling of mutual jealousy or distrust, in the cordial zeal with which they rallied under the standard of the constitution. Their numbers, their spirit, their union, their principles, were thus unequivocally ascertained. Although at first, in their despondency, they were disposed to consider their enemies "as giants, while they were as grasshoppers," it was impossible for them to meet and associate in the multitude who now assembled in every county and city, and almost village, through the country, without reversing the comparison, and feeling that they were more than a match for the insolent adversary, who had so long breathed threatenings and vengeance against them, and looked with so much savage eagerness for the appointed signal of massacre and blood.

That adversary, too, felt that a mar-

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tial spirit had been aroused, and ahrunk back into his lair, sullen and disconcerted. A species of dismal and hungry howling succeeded the ferocious yells which used to precede every project for Protestant extirpation. The beast evidently loved the prey, but disliked the danger. Provided he might steal upon his unwary victim, and seize him by a tiger pounce, it was all very well; but not so when actual danger was to be incurred, and a resolute antagonist confronted. Accordingly, from the moment the Lion of Protestantism stood aroused, and shook the dew-drops from his mane, Popery became abashed and confounded. She felt rebuked in her abominations;—her counsels were controlled, and her career was arrested, by a power which she could not withstand. She was made to feel that it was not given her to curse those “whom God had not cursed;” and that the numbers to which she trusted for the furtherance of her cause, were likely to prove a greater impediment to her designs, than any which could be created by the exertions of her enemies.

Thus baffled, thus flouted, were the Papists, at the moment when it seemed good to our rulers to re-assure their drooping spirits by a speedy prospect of Emancipation! We believe the resolution to have been formed before the Protestant spirit arose to the height which it afterwards attained, and that when it assumed the decided character which would have given confidence and support to any Ministry determined upon bold and vigorous measures, our rulers felt themselves pledged to an opposite course, to a degree that admitted not of retraction. Well.—The Papists have triumphed. They have triumphed, at all events, over the honesty and consistency of those who were looked up to as the most incorruptible champions of the Protestant cause. They have triumphed in the moment of defeat. They have triumphed when they themselves despaired of the victory. It now remains to be seen how they will use their success, and to what purposes they will turn the power that is to be conferred upon them.

One thing is certain, that the Protestants of Ireland feel themselves abandoned. It were now an easy mat-

ter for the Papists to become, almost upon their own terms, repossessed of the forfeited estates. Ireland is not a country in which a Protestant can now feel it comfortable to dwell. He must be anxious to move to some more congenial atmosphere, and to escape those commotions which will eventually render his native land a scene of strife and bloodshed. The Duke has purchased a truce with the assailants, in virtue of which he may experience a temporary relief during the period of his administration. But who, except the most credulous, would build and take up their abode upon the petrified lava that lay scattered around them, only because the crater from which it had come forth had remitted for a season its devouring eruptions? It was not the less certain, that the process must go on by which they would be again repeated, when those who had reposed in blind security that they had for ever ceased, would be terribly admonished of their insatiation.

We are not, however, certain, that the Duke will experience even the truce to which he naturally looks forward. It too much resembles the truces which were occasionally purchased by weak and vacillating Emperors, from the barbarian invaders of the Roman empire, not to resemble them also in the impatience by which they were abridged, and the treachery with which they were violated, as it suited the whim or the interest of the capricious and unprincipled handitti with whom they had been contracted. O’Connell may have his price;—a fellow such as he is may, without much difficulty, be propitiated. We believe that he was anxious, upon almost any terms, to escape from the polluting connexion which he had formed, and of which he was beginning to be as weary as ever Hercules was of his poisoned shirt. But what is to be done with the priests? Will they be satisfied with things as they are? Can they look upon the revenues of the Church establishment without desiring to participate in them? It is not in human nature that they should; and the man who stood upon the sea-shore, armed with a pitchfork to keep out the tide, was not more frantic than those who imagine that there is any security which can ex-

empt ecclesiastical property from inroads of that innovating principle which has already made its way into the very penetralia of the constitution.

Such are the circumstances under which the Duke of Northumberland has consented to assume the Vice-royalty of Ireland. They are painful to contemplate. We never looked to have things so. His Grace's appointment was hailed with rapture by those who considered it indicative of a change of policy, and who would have received him as the halcyon harbinger of better things to come. Now, however, he is regarded but as a sweet ingredient in the bitter chalice which the Duke of Wellington has commended to their lips—a gilded pageant, by which he would fain reconcile them to the sacrifice of their liberties. He can give them but little comfort.

Something, however, may be done, and we have no doubt will be done, to render the Irish Court different from what it has been during the two last administrations. While the Marquis of Wellesley remained in Ireland, it can hardly be said that there was any Court. His salary was under stoppages, for the payment of his creditors, to the amount of eighteen thousand pounds. The remainder, twelve thousand a-year, but scantily sufficed for the maintenance of his household. Public expenditure there was none; but it must be confessed, that his public entertainments, when he did entertain, were not inferior to those of any Viceroy by whom he had been preceded. The attendants on those occasions, it is true, although always "ready at a call," were not such bigoted admirers of the division of labour as to act rigidly upon the principle, that a single vocation is sufficient for a single man; but might, notwithstanding the disguise of their splendid liveries, be recognised amongst the runners and the waiters of the castle, when the exigencies of vice-regal state no longer required their ministrations. Lord Wellesley did much more to disgust the Protestants than to gratify the Papists. His principles repelled the one—his good taste was quite sufficient to make the other keep their distance—until his marriage! And even then he made a better battle than, considering his years and the beauty of his lovely Marchioness,

could well have been expected. She of course had *her* friends at court, but they were few and not offensive—only the public were a *little* displeased at the too frequent passing and re-passing of the state-carriage, bearing the venerable burden of Dr Murray, titular Archbishop of Dublin, to and from the vice-regal residence, having the ear, and possessing the confidence of one who had the ear, and possessed the confidence of the representative of Majesty in Ireland. It was reported, that on one occasion an attempt was made on the part of her ladyship to obtain the escort of a guard of honour to a Popish mass-house, which his Excellency resolutely resisted.

Lord Anglesea came to Ireland with a predetermination to annihilate party spirit, and, by the mere force of suavity and condescension, to cause characters the most opposed to forego their conflicting opinions, and co-operate thenceforward in concord and harmony. In this there was a weakness and self-sufficiency that amounts to silliness and absurdity, which we cannot discover in the same degree in any other part of his Lordship's conduct. He bespoke the worthy tradesmen and citizens, who waited on him with congratulatory addresses and declarations, as if his words could produce a talismanic effect upon their principles, and effect a kind of political transformation. Good, easy gentleman! he little knew how deeply seated, how inveterately ingrained, were the characteristics of treason and loyalty, which give rise to the antipathy between Orangemen and Papist. Lord Anglesea's conciliatory policy amounted to an attempt to produce a reconciliation between the match and the gunpowder, and ended in an explosion of which he himself was the first victim. He fancied, that by extending one hand to Jack Lawless and the other to Sir Harcourt Lees, the two great parties with which these individuals are respectively identified might be induced, under his high auspices, and without the ceremony of being called in church, to take each other for better for worse, and solemnize an eternal union. He seemed to think that principles might be got rid of with as little difficulty as wives; and having felt the comfort of the facilities which our ecclesiastical law admits in the one case, he seemed

to be disposed to extend, to those whom he was sent to govern, in the analogous instance in question, the benefits of his observation and experience. The hint, however, was not taken;—and the conciliatory and accommodating Viceroy had the mortification of feeling, that, amongst a people so little enlightened, neither his political advice nor his domestic example could have their due weight, and that, until they had advanced somewhat farther upon the “march of intellect,” old-fashioned notions of right and wrong must continue to prevail against all the insinuation which he could practise against them.

The Marchioness—But here we are disposed to pause. Whatever she was, she *is*, we believe, a good woman. In Ireland her conduct was exemplary, and her charity unostentatious. In her own family she was beloved, and scarcely less by Lord Anglesea's children than by her own. We have good reason to believe that it was not her wish to be much in public; but she was surrounded by injudicious friends, whose interested speculations would fain force her again upon society; and as Lord Anglesea's wishes inclined that way, it required no small energy of resistance on her part to decline their solicitations. She chose, however, the wiser and the better part, and was on the point of retiring from Ireland for the winter season, when the recall arrived, which rendered such a distressing separation from her family unnecessary.

But while every tender consideration is made for the unfortunate circumstances in which Lady Anglesea was placed, a feeling stronger than contempt is inspired by the conduct of those who lost not a moment in tendering their homage, and who did all that in them lay to put her at the head of the matronage of Ireland. That indeed would have been a stain upon the national character which never could be wiped away. Now that we have escaped such a calamity, we ought perhaps to feel indebted to the Whigs and Radicals for so convincing a demonstration of the real nature of their principles. The very individuals who would shrink with horror at the sound of any imputation which affected the character of their more humble acquaintances, began to

consider it the most cruel thing in the world to measure one who had the disposal of “the loaves and fishes” after the same standard; and although the Marchioness, in her private capacity, could never have attracted their compassionate regards, yet, as soon as she became invested with power and influence, every thing, except her means of gratifying their sordid propensities, was most charitably hurried in oblivion. Lady Morgan, whose envenomed arrow would have quivered in the heart's core of “the poor sequestered” delinquent, who only sought to atone for her trespass against society by a life of privacy and humiliation, glittered and fluttered the gayest amongst the gay in Lady Anglesea's court, and was positively sentimental in declaiming against the prudery and hypocrisy of those who refused to follow her example. The example, however, was not followed. The bait did not take. Lady Cloncurry and Lady Morgan, together with the Lady of the Chief Baron O'Grady, and a few others, continued to enjoy a monopoly of the splendour and the favour which attended those who “sent in their adhesion” to the new system of morals which was about to be established, and which was quite as well calculated to maintain the purity of our hearths, as the policy of the Noble Marquis at the head of the government was to maintain the security of our altars.

It would, however, be most unjust not to acknowledge, that Lady Anglesea is a far better woman than any of those by whom she was patronised,—with one distinguished exception,—one who could, by possibility, have been influenced by no sordid motive, but solely by her own kindly and generous nature, in paying attentions which were felt to be as distinguishing as they were known to be disinterested.

Matters will now, it is hoped, be differently conducted. Nor is it an unimportant thing that, among the changes which have lately chanced, the Irish gentry, whatever they may have otherwise lost, will have gained the advantages of a splendid Court, and a good domestic example.

The Duke of Northumberland's public entrance into Dublin was not particularly impressive or striking.

Compared with that of the Marquis of Anglesea, it was "a falling off indeed." He was surrounded by more of the gorgeousness of state, but there was less, much less, of personal interest, and almost a total absence of popular enthusiasm. When the Noble Marquis arrived in Ireland, he was caressed by both parties. Catholics and Protestants vied with each other in the warmth of their demonstrations of regard. The latter, from a respect for his military character, and a groundless expectation that he would be actuated, in his government of the country, by Protestant principles; the former, because he was the *eleve* of Mr Canning and Lord Goderich, and was understood to have expressed himself, in private, favourable to the concession of their claims. Both, therefore, united in welcoming him upon his arrival, and a more unanimous sentiment of acclamation pervaded the nation at large, than at any time, either before or since his Majesty's gracious visit to Ireland. But upon the Noble Duke's arrival, all was different. The Papists were led to distrust him, because his vote had ever been given against them, and because he was the successor of the Viceroy whose sudden and most extraordinary removal they had, as they imagined, so much reason to deplore. The Protestants felt too keenly how much their confidence had been abused, and they were in no heart to enjoy an idle pageant, upon the eve of the sacrifice of the constitution. The procession, accordingly, rolled heavily along, greeted by occasional cheers from the populace; and the Duke was invested with the insignia of office, with little more of public interest than attends the swearing-in of a Lord Mayor.

The Marquis of Anglesea's entrance was brilliant, but his career was short, and his administration was disastrous. He did not possess either the depth or the steadiness requisite for the station which he filled. It would gratify us to think that the present Lord Lieutenant will present a contrast to him in every particular; and that the exemplary decorum of his conduct, and the wisdom of his measures, will prove creditable to himself, and beneficial to Ireland.

But his station is one of no small

difficulty. Ireland is now to be governed upon principles different from any that had ever been previously adopted. A new order of things must arise. The colonial policy may be considered as abandoned. Our institutions must henceforth depend more upon their own intrinsic excellence, or rather, indeed, upon the sense entertained by the public of their intrinsic excellence, than upon any external support whatever. And it becomes a deeply interesting question, how far the people of Ireland are qualified to appreciate them, and whether the time had fully come when they might be safely left dependent upon their care and protection. We fear not. We fear that the future historian will have to write of Catholic Emancipation what has been already written of Irish independence. The infant, from its mother's womb untimely ripped, was born but to perish—its feeble and rickety infancy leading, by rapidly successive stages, to the termination of a pitiful and a feverish existence.

A kind of mystery has hung over all the proceedings of the Government, as far as regards this extraordinary measure, of which British history furnishes no second example. The Protestants never imagined they were in danger until they found themselves betrayed. The recall of Lord Anglesea, the letter to Dr Curtis, the delusive rumours which were circulated of an effort, on behalf of the Papists, by the Whigs and Radicals, on the very first day of the Session, and which was to be encountered by the collected might of Government, were but little calculated to prepare the public mind for that utter abandonment of principle by which, presently after, the nation was astounded. Then came the confident declaration that no concession would be made which was incompatible with the safety of existing institutions; that the most ample securities would be taken that the State suffered no injury from Popish legislation; and that, in fact, Popery would be crippled and palsied, while Protestantism would be strengthened and invigorated, by the measures which were "to break in upon" the settlement "of 1688," and effect an alteration in the constitution. All this was believed by many who yet could not imagine how it was to be effected; they looked for a miracle

of one kind to account for a miracle of another. But never was delusion more gratuitous, or credulity more abused. This guarded measure, this safe concession, this wisely considered relief bill, which was to paralyse the Church of Rome, and infuse new life into the Church of England, is neither more nor less than emancipation more unqualified than the most sanguine Papists ever hoped for from a British Parliament.

Let us not be considered as quarrelling with the secrecy of Ministers. A Cabinet which cannot keep its own counsels is unworthy of the name. But we do not see what honest men could propose to themselves, by the systematic trifling with public confidence which marked the last few months of the Duke of Wellington's administration. The conduct of the Premier resembles more the adroitness of a conjuror, than the open manliness of a fair-minded statesman. We look in vain for the unvarnished honesty and the soldier-like simplicity, by which he was before so enviably distinguished. His military fame was beyond the reach of every thing but his political infatuation. Warwick was called the "setter up and puller down of Kings." He, it may be, aspires to rival him in reputation, by being the setter up and the puller down of the British constitution.

But let us not withhold from the contemplated measure its fair share of praise. "*Cum fluere lulentus erat quod tollere velles.*" Notwithstanding that to condemn, there is something that is worthy the former reputation of those whose dereliction of principle, if we must not censure, we may be permitted to deplore. The clause which provides for the gradual extinction of the regular orders of the church of Rome, is valuable. The influence of the Pope will be materially curtailed by this abridgement of the numbers of his most plighted adherents. The law, moreover, has this advantage, that the Romish secular clergy will cordially co-operate in enforcing its provisions against their hated rivals. The clause which provides for ascertaining the reality of a freehold is also a good one. If a similar means had been hitherto employed for the same purpose, we are persuaded that a majority of those who

passed for forty-shilling freeholders would have been "*ipse facto*" disfranchised. Again, it is well that the Romish clergy should be prohibited from using the titles which belong of right only to the clergy of the established Church. As well might any layman assume the titles of honour which belong to our nobility. It would be a daring and presumptuous usurpation. Upon this subject, however, it will be easier to enact a law than to enforce it. The Romish ecclesiastics in Ireland cherish, with a superstitious fondness, the notion that their title to their respective preferments is paramount and inalienable. They are willing enough to acknowledge the right of the Protestant clergy "*de facto*," but they not the less assert their own "*de jure*," and only wait for a favourable opportunity of ousting their heretical antagonists, and re-entering upon the enjoyment of their temporalities, from which their predecessors had been, as they must believe, most unrighteously ejected. If, therefore, they acquiesce peaceably in the proposed arrangement, we will consider it good evidence that a change for the better has been wrought in the character of the Church of Rome.

With the absence of what are called "ecclesiastical securities," we are also pleased. We allude to "the veto," and "the provision for the Roman Catholic clergy." The former could do no good; the latter would do much evil. It would buttress a tottering system, and put a swarm of ecclesiastics, whose existence depends upon the continuance of a fast-fading superstition, upon a footing which would secure to them a permanent subsistence, and render it difficult, if not impossible, to eradicate them out of Ireland.

It has been urged, that by a provision which made them dependent upon the Government, they would be rendered less disposed to any violence by which its stability might be endangered. This, to a certain extent, might be so; but it is no less certain, that they would also proportionably lose their influence over their flocks; so that by pensioning them we would destroy their usefulness, while it is not at all certain that we would mitigate their treason.

Had Mr Peel been less hasty in abandoning his Protestant principles, we would have had good hopes that the Papists would speedily be *legitimately* emancipated, by the influence of the spirit of the Reformation. Say what they will, the cause of the gospel is progressing in Ireland. There is a spirit of light and knowledge at present pervading that country, which the powers of Papal darkness cannot withstand. Many are in connexion with the see of Rome, more as partisans than as religionists, who, if they had been made to feel that agitation was a hopeless expedient, that it was duly estimated by the defenders of the constitution as "a weak invention of the enemy," would not long continue "to kick against the pricks," but would betake themselves to more moderate and rational courses. These would soon discover, that it would be worse than foolish to continue in the nominal profession of Popery, merely in order to be exposed to the disabilities under which its professors laboured. Having been long Protestants in principle, they would become Protestants in name; and thus, by the higher classes of the Roman Catholics, the Popish altars would be gradually deserted.

This would necessarily devolve the support of the cumbrous Roman Catholic hierarchical establishment upon the lower classes. It at present presses sufficiently upon them to be felt and complained of as a grievance. It is no small thing to wring from the poverty of Ireland annually *nearly a million sterling!!!* This, we may be sure, would not be borne long or patiently, without murmurs, and enquiries which could not tend to the security of the system for whose use it was exacted. The lower classes would soon begin to "kick up their heels" against the spiritual tax-gatherers, whose principal occupation would seem to be "to sit at the receipt of custom." Meanwhile their priesthood would deteriorate in condition, and every day become more and more deficient in the qualities necessary for securing respect and admiration. Thus all things would have tended to the rapid decline of the Popish religion and priestly influence, and to the gradual introduction of something more accordant with the improving habits

and the increasing knowledge of the people.

We will presently state how, as it occurs to us, the present Relief Bill must check the progress of the reformation; but if Government had been so unwise as to give an independent establishment to the clergy of the Church of Rome, the difficulties in the way of supplanting Popery by a better system would have been very great indeed. In that case, the priesthood would be composed of a better class of men. The peasantry would be relieved from the burden of their maintenance. They would neither be disgusted by their vulgarity, nor offended by their exactions. The conjurer would be, as it were, more accomplished in his art, as well as equipped with better instruments; and although there might be many who would hesitate to pay a shilling to behold him perform his conjuration tricks, yet, when the doors were thrown open for free admission, he would seldom want a numerous and attentive audience.

There is a "*vis inertia*" in human opinion, which causes it to proceed long in the same track, until it encounter some obstacle by which it may be checked or diverted. Such an obstacle, we conceive, Popery would have experienced in the expense and the vulgarity of its priesthood, had Government been as wise in other respects as they have been in not making any provision for that body. Without such a provision, *had they been left as they were*, Popery would have been reduced, and that speedily, to the dilemma either of losing its votaries, or reforming itself. If taken up and placed in an erect and independent position by those who nevertheless were adverse to its principles, and at the very time when those who were its dupes were almost prepared to abandon it, we hesitate not to say, that, notwithstanding the progress of spiritual light, another century should roll away before that baleful superstition could be thoroughly purged from the moral atmosphere of Ireland.

We state our opinions thus fully upon this subject, because there are many who conceive the emancipation Bill defective, chiefly through want of a provision for the priests, and who may hope even still to amend it in that particular. What they look upon

as its greatest deficiency, we consider the strongest of its few recommendations.

But notwithstanding the abandonment of this unwise provision, the measure, taken as a whole, will obstruct the progress of the reformation. It has often been urged, that by emancipation the Roman Catholic gentry would be liberated from priestly thralldom. We do not believe it. We hold, on the contrary, that, in many instances, it must rivet their chains. As thus. The Roman Catholic gentry will now be candidates for the honour of representing the country in Parliament. Upon whom must they rely for their most efficient support? Upon the priests. Without their assistance they could effect nothing. Against their hostility they would be scattered as chaff before the wind. They would find, to their cost, that if the priest was formidable in the confessional box, he could be trebly so upon the hustings. Does any Roman Catholic country gentleman feel a growing disposition to give a candid examination to the doctrinal points at issue between the two churches? Ambition rises up to forbid it, upon the ground that it would endanger his county interest by exposing him to the malediction of the priest! Does his wife, his son, his nephew, his daughter, any of his remotest connexions, exhibit what might be construed by their "reverences" into a symptom of heretical pravity? He feels called upon to the utmost of his power to resist and oppose it, as he values his success at the ensuing election.

Thus, by the concession of the Catholic claims, the most powerful engine of temporal policy has been set at work to counteract the spirit of the gospel. Before this ill-timed measure had taken place, there was scarcely a Roman Catholic of respectability in Ireland, in whom a spirit of enquiry was not alive and active. We know how that *must* eventually have terminated. And if the enemies of our holy religion, who possess the largest share of "the wisdom of the serpent," had sat in council upon the best means of circumscribing its influence, and blighting those promises of spiritual improvement with which Ireland but lately blossomed, their wicked ends could be in no other manner more ef-

fectually accomplished by the temptations, the entanglements, and the increased subserviency to priestly influence, which would beset and embarrass the Popish gentry in the event of emancipation.

If any one entertains a doubt of the truth of this view of the subject, let him only look to the state of vassalage in which the present race of emancipating Irish members were held by the priests and the Association. Could they be considered as free agents? Dared they to disobey the behests of their omnipotent constituents? O'Connell never hesitated to taunt them with a state of slavish subserviency to popular opinion, which was the condition of the tenure of their places in Parliament. He told them, and told them truly, that he never thanked them for their votes. They were the only offering by which they could propitiate the priests, or secure "the sweet voices" of the Popish electors. It is a pity, therefore, that others should have valued them at more than they were worth. The Irish members who supported emancipation, were "*ex necessitate rei*" the mouth-pieces of the faction by whose power and for whose use they had obtained their seats. Those worthy gentlemen had need to be emancipated themselves before they could appear as any other than the *hired advocates* of the Papists;—men whose political existence depended upon the breath of those whose extravagances they were fond to imitate, and whose worst proceedings they were called on to defend. The bear was formerly made to dance for the profit of his keeper; now the keeper must dance for the amusement of the bear.

Is it not reasonable to suppose that many of the nominal Protestants, who have hitherto done the business of the Papists, will be supplanted by "*bona fide*" Papists themselves, now that members of that persuasion are eligible to seats in Parliament? Such is our impression;—nor would it surprise us to find that many nominal Protestants will become Papists, in order to secure their elections. Thus, by what has been done, not only the conversion of the Roman Catholic gentry must be checked, but the perversion of the Protestant gentry may be promoted.

When we see such a man as Vesey

Fitzgerald, for electioneering purposes, attending mass; when we hear him claiming the confidence, and soliciting the votes, of the Roman Catholic peasantry, upon the ground that he is no patron of Bible schools,—that he does not favour the Kildare Street Association,—that he supported Spring Rice's motion for stigmatizing the Established Church, by withholding from it the efficient superintendence of national education; when we see such a man capable of thus far lowering himself, what may we not expect from those who never affected to be so scrupulous, and who have ever openly claimed alliance with the very worst enemies of social order? They have never been more than nominal Protestants; that is, they have made the *pretext* of Protestantism their *qualification* for overturning Protestant institutions! If their personal ambition may be better advanced by the pretext of Popery, it is all one to them. Their change of religion will be but the change of a name. They will readily part with the *shadow* of faith for the *substance* of power, and for emolument stifle conscience. The spiritual umpires in all contested elections will soon give them to understand, "that all who are not for them are against them;" and the public will behold the edifying spectacle of the infidel, who strained at a gnat, swallowing a camel.

But infidels and atheists have hitherto been such efficient servants in the cause of Popery, that, notwithstanding the present measure, they may still be permitted to hold their places. It may be part of the policy of that church, which has never yet been charged with a want of this world's wisdom, to originate its ulterior projects of aggrandisement by means of those who are removed as far as possible from the suspicion of any superstitious devotion to its principles. This will, of course, depend upon the promptness with which they can take a hint, and the pliancy with which they shall accommodate themselves to the sinuous policy of their employers. But in case they should exhibit any reluctance to be thorough-paced and unscrupulous in the cause to which they have hired themselves, the Clare election sufficiently evinces the facility with which they may be cashiered, and the little difficulty which the

priests would have in suiting themselves with more profligate adherents.

The discussion which took place on the introduction of this measure is one of the most jejune and meagre, and, but for its immense importance, would be the most uninteresting we ever remember. The speakers, with but rare exceptions, more resembled grown school-boys than experienced statesmen. The real question was, from first to last, either mis-stated, misconceived, or lost sight of. It was taken for granted, that the Catholic disabilities were the cause of Irish agitation and wretchedness, and that Catholic emancipation must tranquilize Ireland! Positions more gratuitous or untenable never were maintained.

Much was said also respecting the injustice of the restrictive laws. Injustice! Injustice!! Where was the enlightened, philosophic senator, who should have exposed and rebuked this silliest and most insufferable of all the pieces of impertinence to which the Popish question had ever given rise? Alas! he has departed from amongst us, and his place knows him no more! It is now judged fitting that the sage experience of our ancestors should give place to the hallucinations of our "talented young members!" Those who laid the foundation of British liberty, and who drank deep at the fountain-head of legal and constitutional lore, must veil before the pigmy politicians who are manufactured in our coffeehouses,—the eaters of ortolan, and the drinkers of champagne!

But we will stifle our indignation, and endeavour to bestow a calm thought or two upon that view of the question, which, as it is the vulgarest, so it may naturally be supposed to be, in these times, the most delusive. Injustice! There is no injustice in the case. The question is one of policy, not of justice. The Roman Catholics, because of the profession of certain principles, were judged unfit subjects to be entrusted with certain political privileges. This judgment may be right or wrong. But, assuming it to be a fair one, is there here any spoliation of indefeasible right? Does not society possess a power of self-preservation? Can any individual, or any set of individuals, lay claim to an imprescriptible right of injuring the body to which they belong, upon any principle either of natural

or social justice? Away, then, with all the empty declamation by which, upon this topic, the public have been abused. Either Government is right in coercing those whose principles would lead to treason, or it is wrong in punishing the highwayman or the murderer;—and the Papist who exclaims against penal laws, because they put him under an unpleasant restraint, is not a whit more rational than the culprit who should expostulate against the sentence of his judge, because it is a very disagreeable thing to be hanged!

"Oh! but the Papists do not maintain those dangerous principles." Now, if they do, would you not give up contending for their claims on the score of justice? "I would." We are willing to grant, that if they do not, we would concede them on the score of policy. And we are anxious to separate the two very distinct considerations, which have been either so unfairly or so absurdly confounded. Those who argue for the abstract justice of the claims of the Catholics, *take the whole question for granted. They suppose the very thing in dispute*, namely, that there is no reason for the Popish disabilities. Let them prove this; that is, let them evince the expediency of concession on the score of policy, and we will admit it on the score of justice. It will be right as soon as ever it becomes *reasonable*; but no sooner. In this case, to argue that concession is right *before* it is shewn to be expedient, is impertinent; to argue in that way *after* it is so proved, is unnecessary. These are not two distinct topics, that may be urged *either independently of the other*. The justice of the measure proposed is *contingent* upon its policy. And an advocate in a court of law would not act more absurdly, in making a piteous complaint that his client was not possessed of a property to which he had not a shadow of legal claim, than the advocate of the Papists in contending for the demands of that body *as a matter of right*, and before they have been proved compatible with the well-being of the constitution.

This distinction, if duly observed, would, if we mistake not, have divested the debates on this subject of all their violence and all their rancour. It would have exhibited the

real question at issue to the mind of Parliament without perplexity or confusion, and have compelled the parties discussing it to confine their attention to the simple matter of fact, namely, *Are the allegations against the Church of Rome well or ill founded?*

If, before concession had been resolved on, a commission had been appointed to try that important question, we should have been well pleased. It naturally occurs to a reflecting mind, to ask, "In what do Roman Catholics differ from other dissenters?" And the answer could best be given, by such a solemn and public enquiry into their doctrines as would leave no room for subterfuge or evasion; and which would lead either to the abandonment of principles which render allegiance precarious, or the acknowledgment of principles which would render penal restrictions necessary.

But the discussion of the question is at an end. Judgment has been given in the case by the High Court of Parliament, and it is now fruitless to expose the sophistry by which their decision has been supported. Upon their heads be the responsibility of a measure which confessedly "breaks in upon the settlement of 1688," and puts into jeopardy the constitution! Whilst a blow was to be struck for it, we were not slow to stand forward in its defence. The evil which we could not avert, we will not aggravate. It is as little our wish as our duty to indulge in ominous anticipations. The Relief Bill has perhaps by this time passed the Upper House of Parliament, and is now, in all probability, the law of the land. May it prove as salutary as its sanguine advocates have predicted!

Such has been the intense interest with which the public have been regarding the great events at present moving before their eyes, they have never thought of enquiring into the cause of Lord Anglesea's removal. It now appears that there was a perfect identity between his views and those of the Cabinet, which renders his sudden dismissal as unaccountable to the country as it appeared to be unexpected by himself. The change, however, is for the better in many respects. Lord Anglesea, before he was six months in office, became a plighted partisan of the Roman Catholic Association. This alone would have rendered him

unfit to be a mediator between the two great parties whom it is the object of Government to reconcile. He did not seem to have profited by the admonition, "*equum memento rebus in arduis servare mentem*;" and he might have wounded the irritated feelings of the Protestants by a tone of cold and contemptuous triumph, while his presence would have gladdened the exultation of the Papists. It is much better that the new system should commence under the auspices of a new Viceroy. The Duke of Northumberland is no party-man. He has never given offence by the expression of any violent political

predilections. His amiable consort is looked upon as the patroness of all that is good and charitable. We will keep our eyes upon the Irish court, and endeavour to be, from time to time; the faithful historian of its proceedings; and most anxious are we that they shall be characterised by that prudence and steadiness, that moderation and good sense, which afford the surest indications of wisdom in the Government, and the only hope of calming the agitation and reviving the prosperity of Ireland.

Dublin, 16th March, 1829.

MARY MELROSE.

BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

IN the vicinity of the ancient village of Kilmeran, and about equidistant from each other, there stood, first the laird's stately old mansion, with its narrow avenue formed of lofty beeches; then the parsonage, or Manse, as it is called in our country, with its diminutive set of offices, and neat modest approach; and, last, there was the farm-house of Mains, which is now a gay mansion, but was then what we call, descriptively enough, a confused rabble of houses. The minister and farmer were brothers, and the laird was just the laird.

Well, it so happened that the young laird fell in love with Mary Melrose, the farmer's eldest daughter;—that is, he fell in love with her in the same way that gentlemen of fortune fall in love with very beautiful country maidens far below their rank in life. When his father gave his annual feast and ball to his retainers, then the young squire's whole attention was paid to Mary, and to Mary alone; and at all the kirns and penny-weddings it was the same. He took her to the head of every dance, called her Miss Melrose, and whispered the kindest and most flattering things in her ear. He even took her sometimes on his knee between dances, but it was always remarked that he had to retain her there more than half by force; for she never seemed at all satisfied with her situation when placed there. Consequently, some said one thing, and some another, about a preference so decided. Mrs Blare, who had a number of jolly, good-looking, blowzy

daughters of her own, took the opportunity of remarking to her neighbour, Mrs Blunt, "Gude preserve us a' to do weel an' right, Mrs Blunt, saw ye ever aught sae impudent, or sae impertinent, or sae far out o' the way o' gude sense and manners, as that gilly-flisky, Msry Meuress, to gang on that way wi' the young laird? Preserve us to do weel an' right, if my face disna burn to the bane to see her! Miss Melrose indeed! Hech-wow, sirs! that's unco like a name for ane that has her father's byres to muck, an' the asse to take off, an' the house to soop ilka day she rises out o' her bed; ay, an' sups her parritch every morning out of a riven timmer dish that'll no haud in ony milk! We'll see what will come of a' this Miss Melrossing, Mrs Blunt; and, by the by, speaking o' that, she was taen unco ill, a fortnight syne, and Dr Sinna was sent for to see her. Weel, what does I do but waylays the doctor as he came hame, an' I speirs very particularly and very kindly for Mary,—an' what think ye he said? I'll wager ye'll no guess?"

"I coudna tell, an take my life. I hope it was naething bad."

"Come this way a bit out o' their hearing, an' I'll tell you." (Then, in a close whisper,) "He said she was *convalescent*! Now, what d'ye think o' that? Is it no a shame for the creature to be gaun on that gate, an' her that gate?"

"I think ye're ower the matter hard wi' poor Mary, Mrs Blare; I dinna see what she has done that she

could get by. It wad be the warst of a' manners, and woud shew the conceited coquette at aince, war she to *refuse* to dance wi' the young laird when he asks her. What, then, can she do? she maun either be singular, an' bide at hame, or do preceesely as she does."

"Preserve us a', woman, I wad think naething o' dancing down wi' him aince or twice; but to take him a' till hersell,—that's the thing that provokes me."

"Indeed, Mrs Blare, she canna help that either; for I have heard her, an' sae have you, say to him again an' again, 'I wish ye wad take some other body, this time, sir.' But that's what he winna do; an' what can she help that? Upon my word, I dinna like to hear a lassie abused for what she canna avoid; an pit either you or me i' her shoon, we wad just do as she does, an' carry our heads as high, too, when led down the middle. I fear, poor woman, she will have a difficult part to play wi' him."

"Hech-wow! to hear some folk speak! I think some folk disna make muckle difficulty o' some parts that some folk wants them to play; an' I'll say yet, it's a shame for her to be gaun on gallanting that gate wi' him, an' her convalescent, too!"

Mary's mother had been dead for a number of years, so that Mary was her father's sole housekeeper from the time she was fourteen years of age; and a more industrious and hard-wrought girl was not in all the parish of Kilmeran. Her father had an extensive concern in farming, and, when he took it, it was looked on as a fair bargain; but, alas! the times changed so much, that he found himself very much at the laird's mercy. The old laird was a hard worldly man, but an honest and good man at heart; and from the beginning, he took the resolution of keeping his farmer going on, but to take, at the same time, as much rent from him as he could get. Matters went on in this way from year to year, which kept old Melrose and his family in a constant and long continued struggle; and never was there a young girl made more personal efforts for a parent's success than Mary did. Of course, all her friends admired her. Her uncle and aunt invited her to the Manse every Sunday after sermon, and often made her presents; and

even the old laird never received a half-year's rent that he did not make Mary a present out of it. She was, moreover, both handsome and beautiful as a rose, and quite unrivalled in the village, or extensive double parish.

Such was the maiden with whom the young squire fell in love; and so deeply did he fall in love with her, that, by degrees, he made it too apparent to all eyes. He could hardly stay out of her sight; and Mary, with all her goodness and simplicity of heart, seems to have had a little levity, otherwise she would have discarded the young gentleman at once; for it could not miss being apparent to her, that no good could ever accrue to her out of his attentions. No matter; Mary loved them, and certainly was proud of them; and perhaps she loved the handsome young man too, for the preference he gave her; and then—though we may be grieved on her account, how can we blame her?—her enemy was within, and a first attachment of a youthful heart it is hard to withstand.

If Mr Melrose disapproved of the young laird's visits, he held his peace, for he never once mentioned them to Mary,—and there is little doubt that he had the fullest confidence in the virtue of his beloved daughter; but the familiarity became every day more and more avowed, till it grew quite notorious, and set the whole parish a-talking; and then there were two incidents occurred, very shortly after one another, that had almost put Mrs Blare out of herself. These were, first, Mary Melrose appearing one day at church dressed in a handsome silk gown and new ribbons, and that very day the young laird called at the Mains, and escorted Mary to the church, never leaving her till within the kirk-stile, when their paths parted, leading to different doors of the church. Mrs Blare was in a terrible passion at her that day. No sooner was she fairly on her way home, than she broke out to her daughters with, "Gude preserve us a' to do weel an' right, bairns, saw ever ony body the like o' yon creature? O but I wad fain hae been near her to spit on her! Na, but ye ken she has lost a' sense o' modesty an' discretion now thegither! for Mary Meuress, that milks the kye, carries out the asse, an' sups her

parritch out of a riven bicker, to pit her vulgar impudent arm, clad in silk, aneath a gentleman's elbow, an' gang caperin' an' awaggering through us a' to the kirk!"

"A' fairly an' honestly won, mother," said Girzy.

"Let me never see your brazen face, ye taupie, won ony thing in the same fair an' honest way. I wadna see a daughter o' mine sittin' i' the kirk, pinned up in her silks an' satins, primming an' looking at her uncle the minister as it wad disgrace her een to let them turn on ony o' us."

"Ay, the higher she rides the farther she'll fa'," said one.

"I have heard some auld rhyme that said, 'The midden lap ower the moon,' but I aince thought never to see that," said another; and in similar discourse did the Blares pass the Sabbath afternoon, affirming and re-affirming that the young laird had clad the trollop o' the Mains a' in silk, and their intimacy was thus avowed.

They were all in the wrong, as malice is sure to be, for it was the old lady who made Mary the present, and who was literally compelled to it by the laird her husband; who affirmed, that were it not for the industry and exertions of that inestimable young woman, he would pocket fifty pounds less of rent every year. And when the goodly present came home, and Mary was told how much it would cost, she wished it had been a milk cow to have increased her father's stock.

Thus the young laird had no hand in it, nor knew aught of the transaction till he found Mary dressed in it; and being somewhat dissatisfied that it had been so, he disapproved of the pattern, the make, and every thing about it; and wished, and over again wished, that he had been consulted in the choice, as he had had for some time one in his eye that would have let the world see the beauty and elegance of his dear Miss Melrose's form, which yet it was not aware of; and at length concluded by saying, that his mother's present should not supersede his. Mary said she was for no more presents. If they wanted to favour her, let them abate her father's heavy rental somewhat. The young man answered this by assuring her, that her father's state and circumstances depended solely on her own behaviour

at this time. This was a very ungenerous hint; but luckily Mary did not understand it, for she only uttered a sigh, and said, "Alas, all that I can do is but as a drop in the bucket; but I can do no more an take my life."

"Yes you can," returned he; but he had not the face to tell her in what respect, although pressingly urged to do so.

But to return to the presents, and to be as short as possible. On that very day fortnight after Mary appeared at church in her new silk gown, did she appear there in a handsome superfine riding habit and a plain beaver hat on her head, the most imposing of all dresses that ever an elegant form was clad in. There was not one in the churchyard knew her, neither man nor woman; for in place of her own plain dark locks, she had jet black curls that had formed a part of her lover's present, and which he compelled her to put on; but he did not escort her to church that day, going by another path that he might enjoy the astonishment of the rustic parishioners at his Mary's beauty and figure. There was not one of them knew her save himself, and the members of her father's family, but all wondered at her great beauty, and many drew near to get a peep at the lovely stranger.

To confound them still the more, it so chanced that she went into the minister's seat that forenoon, there being no body in it beside her aunt, and her father's pew very throng; and as she likewise went into the Manse during the intermission of worship, all the gossips of the parish were left to wonder after this phenomenon of beauty and elegance, and Mrs Blare declared, "That she had never in her life beheld so elegant and lovely a creature; and she wished that Mary Meuress had been there that day wi' a' her silks and satins,—she wad hae seen what a figure *she* coost beside the stranger. But the truth was that she had kenn'd o' her, and hadna durst come, for she was as cunning as the serpent that heguled Eve."

In the afternoon the service was begun before Mary and her aunt came in, and her own customary seat in her father's pew having been left empty for her, she stepped silently forward and took possession of it. Mrs Blare never got such a stound in her life. It

had such an effect on her, that it actually made her speak out aloud in the church,—a thing that she was never known to have done either before or since. When she saw her own approved and admired beauty go and take possession of the trollop Mary Meirss' seat, every nerve of her whole frame received a shock as from electricity. She made an involuntary spring up and down again, and breathing very short, exclaimed aloud; "Lord preserv us a' to do weel an' right! is't her?"

The minister looking at her with a reproving as well as astonished look, prevented her from going on; but she sat in nettles till the service was over, and actually in a fever,—drawing off one glove, on another,—then with a trembling hand putting on her spectacles, then off with them the next moment,—groaning in spirit, and exclaiming inwardly, "Hech-wow! what *will* this world turn to!"

As soon as she got fairly over the kirk-stile, she broke out with, "Hech-wow, bairns, what *is* to become o' us a' now! We are gaun to be faced out o' kirk an' market wi' e'en-forret brazen-faced strumpetry! Was ever the like o' yon seen in a Christian country? Weel, what d'ye think o' the scodgy wench o' the Mains, the day? Is yon aught like sooping the house, an' mucking the byres, an' supping her parritch out of a riven dish?"

"I wish ony body would make me sic a present," said Girzy; "I should face her up wi't on whenever she likit. How weel she did look! Now, mother, ye ken what ye said about her yoursell."

"Na, really she does look better than ony body wad think. I believe, after a', the doctor has been wrang."

Mary spent the evening at the Manse as usual, and was there complimented on her appearance so much, that I am afraid it helped to warm her heart to the donor, who still more and more avowed his love for Mary. She heard him good-naturedly, and did not seem to dispute the fact, but said, "She was obliged to him; and that the mair he thought o' her, she was the better pleased,"—and such little innocent sayings as these.

He had hitherto never asked nor mentioned any favour from her in return for all his attentions, but he now began to mention one which appeared

so trivial to Mary, that she did not look on it as any favour at all. It was only to come up to Mrs M'Gaffie's at the post-office some night, and have some fun wi' auld Lucky; and Mary said she would like it very much if she could get time. He harped so much on this, day after day, that at length Mary promised, on such a night, to meet him there. She was to go to Mrs M'Gaffie's shop for something, and he knew the post-mistress would invite her ben the house, and there she was to remain till he came, as by chance, for letters, when they would have some grand fun with Lucky, and he would see her safely home after.

Such was the plan struck out by the young laird, and to which Mary, in the simplicity of her heart, assented; without the least apprehension, but rather with a sort of pleasant satisfaction. But on the day preceding the appointment, she received a formal invitation to drink tea with Mrs M'Gaffie at seven. Then she began half to suspect some plot, and yet she knew not what to suspect; but she perceived plainly that her lover had made known his plans to the post-mistress, which she liked very ill, because he had suggested a different plan to herself. She resolved at first not to go; but when her father came home in the evening, she told him of the invitation, and he said nothing either against or in favour of her acceptance. She then asked him what sort of a body that Mrs M'Gaffie was in the main, for that she knew nothing about her beyond seeing her in the shop. Her father answered, that he never heard aught against her, save that she was rather o'er fond of currying favour with the great folk; and that as Mary got so much fatigue and little amusement, she was very welcome to go if she had a mind to it.

Thus Mary had her father's assent to the visit, but she felt conscious that she had only his assent to the one-half of it. Yet how curious a thing youthful love is! for all must go on in secrecy and perfect confidence, else it cannot go on at all. Mary could no more have told her father that she had an appointment to meet the young laird there, than she could have shorn her head of her flowing and admired tresses; and she was cut to the heart at the indelicacy of her lover, in ha-

ving laid open his plan to the garrulous post-mistress.

Mary had been brought up under the tuition of her uncle in the strictest principles of religion. Her father was also a devout man; but over and above these excellent examples, she was by nature religiously and piously inclined herself, and said her prayers every night in her little chamber, before going to rest with her younger sister. And this night, what she could not tell her father, she on her knees confessed to her Maker, begging of him, that if in the simplicity of her heart she was going from the path of rectitude, he would pardon her, and take her under his fatherly protection that night and for ever. This petition she remembered to her dying day with gratitude; but I fear it is in vain for me to endeavour persuading all my young and lovely friends to follow the example, and recommend themselves to the protection of the Most High on every critical emergency.

Mary dressed herself in a pure white muslin gown; and when about to set out, her father said to her, "Take Nancy Shiel with you, and go through the fields at the nearest, for it is wearing late, and I will send for you at nine."

"You need not send for me," returned she, "as I will probably stay all night with my aunt, for my uncle is, I believe, from home."—"Very well," said her father. Now this was hardly ingenuous in Mary, for she knew of one to set her home, and then she would be obliged to make another wee bit venial lie, namely, that "she had changed her mind, and thought it was better to come home to her own bed." It is a curious characteristic in the sex, but it is a fact, that I never in my life saw a woman who would so much as admit that it was a fault or a sin to tell lies about the men! I once mentioned this to a sensible matronly country lady of my acquaintance, and her answer was, "O ye ken, sir, we canna tell a'. That's what ye need never expect o' us that we can tell a'. Na, na, Lord help us, what wad come o' us if we were to tell a'!" *Ergo*, Mary committed no fault at all.

Away went lovely Mary to her first love-tryste, and away went Nancy Shiel with her through the fields by

the nearest path. They went over the first stile, and the second stile; but as they approached the third, they perceived the minister coming on the path to meet them. Then Mary took her mantle from the maid, and said she might return home, for here was her uncle, who would convoy her to the village; and Nancy returned while yet from thirty to forty yards distant from the worthy parson. He took his stand on the first step of the stile, as if with the intent of having some parley with his niece before she got over, and there he stood, viewing her intently with a pitying look. "Good e'en to you, sir," said Mary.

"Good e'en, good e'en, Mary. You are true to your appointment, I see."

"I am going to Mrs M'Gaffie's, at the post house, to drink tea," said she.

"I know it, I know it," returned he. "But, Mary, I would hardly have expected of you to have made this appointment, and far less to have kept it, after due consideration. Did you ask permission of your father to fulfil this engagement?"

"Yes I did, and had his assent too, which he granted with the greatest readiness, good man!"

"And did you tell him that you had an appointment to meet with the young laird there to-night?"

Mary was thunderstruck. The query went to her heart like a burning brand, and from thence to every pore of her body swifter than lightning; her ears rung, and her face took first the flush of the peony rose, and then grew as white as her muslin gown. She had not the face either to deny or confess it; but at length she faltered out, "How do you know that?"

"You see I do know it;—and I know more, which you do not know. If you go to Mrs M'Gaffie's, you are to sleep with him there all night, and the plan is so laid, that it is impossible you can evade it."

Mary continued dumb with amazement, her eyes fixed on the evening sky, and her pale lip quivering with indignation. One thing she knew, that no living flesh could have divulged these things but her lover himself; and she thought it most ungallant and ungenerous in him thus to expose her weakness before she had committed any fault. Then she shed some bitter tears, but uttered not a word.

"Go away home, Mary," said the good man. "That God in whom is your trust, and to whom you committed yourself in custody so lately, hath preserved you at this time, and you will soon know better than you do at present what great reason you have for gratitude to him."

Mary uttered a deep sigh, and returned as her uncle desired her; but she said within herself, "I have offended my good uncle, for he neither shook hands with me, nor proffered to see me on my way home, neither of which courtesies he ever neglected before." As she said this in her heart, she looked behind her to see if her revered uncle was eyeing her on her way; but behold her uncle was not there! He was neither on the stile, nor the path leading from it, and Mary wondered what had become of him; but weening that possibly he might be concealing himself to see that she did not return to her appointment, she went home.

When she entered the parlour, her father, who was hearkening little Sarah a lesson, was astonished when he saw her. "What's the matter, Mary?" said he; "have you forgot any thing?"

"No, no; but I have taken the rue, an' turned again."

"That's something queer and capricious-like, I think, Mary."

"I met with my uncle at the middle stile, and he said he thought it was better for me to turn home again, as the young laird was to be there, an' some o' that set,—an' I thought sae too."

"Mary, my dear, what do you mean? You are dreaming, or making up a sheer romance to amuse your father. What you tell me is impossible, for your uncle is in Edinburgh."

"No, no, sir. If he has been in Edinburgh, he is come back again; for I assure you he stopped me at the stile, an' turned me again. Speir ye at Nancy Shiel, she saw him as weel as me."

Mr Melrose laughed at this allegation as a piece of singular absurdity, and calling Nancy ben, he asked her if she saw his brother the minister meet with Mary by the way? Nancy averred that she did. "Somebody has thrawn glamour in baith your een, girls," said he, "for the thing is im-

possible. Are you sure, dame, that it was he?"

"I turned again afore I cam within speaking o' him," said Nancy. "But I'm sure it was outhir him or his spirit."

"Never let ony body hear either of you say sae again, for you will only get yourselves laughed at," said the farmer; and the subject was dismissed.

But Nancy's rash, though common expression, made a sudden and powerful impression on Mary's feelings, as she thought of her uncle's cold and distant manner towards her; and so troubled was her mind about one thing and another, that she was obliged to betake herself to bed.

Mrs M'Gaffie's party now consisted of the young laird alone, as a matter of course; and great and grievous was his disappointment when Mary did not come. He grew at last so restless and impatient, that he caused Mrs M'Gaffie hire a boy for half-a-crown, who rode to the Mains with Mrs M'Gaffie's compliments to Miss Melrose, and intimation that the party at the post-office waited tea for her. Her father returned for answer that she was indisposed, and had gone to bed—and thus their grand scheme was fairly blown up.

Mary heard it reported the next day that her uncle was in Edinburgh, but she never would let belief take hold of her that it could possibly be so, till she went up to the Manse in the evening, and not only learned the certainty of it from her aunt's own mouth, but saw a letter from him of that morning's date. Her aunt pointed at the postscript, in which Mary read, "I hope, dear niece, Mary is well. I have had great trouble of spirit about her."

It may easily be conceived how much Mary was astounded at this intelligence; she could not distrust the evidence of her own senses, and therefore inclined to think that her uncle, for some secret purpose, was living in concealment about the village. But every circumstance duly considered rendered the whole beyond her capacity, only she was certain that there had been an interposition of Providence on her behalf, and was grateful and thankful to her Maker on that account, and resolved on being more circumspect in future.

She did not tell her aunt what she had seen, determined to retain the secret to herself as far as possible. However, it got breath and spread; but what or who it was that met and admonished Mary that night was never known to this day. Some said it was her father dressed in a suit of his brother's clothes; but that seems hardly possible, as he was sitting in his own parlour when she went home.

That night of the appointment, the young laird went to the rising ground east of the village called The Coult Knowes, to watch what path Mary would take, for he wanted to meet her by the way; but when he saw that her maid was with her, he made the best of his way back to Mrs M'Gaffie's, to prepare for his beautiful Mary's reception; consequently when she never arrived, he was alarmed as well as vexed to the heart. The next day he waited on her to enquire after her health, but she was busy out and in, and paid very little attention to him, being more dry and distant in her manner towards him than ever she had been. "Tell me this, dearest Mary," said he, "did not you go through the fields last night clad in white, and a maid-servant with you?" She confessed that she did. "And were you not then on your way to Mrs M'Gaffie's?" She was obliged to confess that she was. "What in this world was it then which made you change your mind and return?" At that question she blushed and was silent; and after long teasing for an explanation, she informed him that she got some secret intelligence by the way of a certain plot laid between him and a friend of his, of the success of which she did not choose to make the experiment.

This put the young man as much out of countenance as ever Mary had been with reference to him. Consciousness of a guilty intention against so much beauty and innocence, made him blush like crimson. He left her abruptly, and hastened to Mrs M'Gaffie, whom he abused beyond measure for such a breach of confidence. It was in vain that she denied it, as he knew well he had never mentioned the matter to any other, and the two friends from thence became enemies.

As the young laird never could get Mary to make another appointment with him, nor give him the least hope

of success in his honourable schemes he grew quite desperate, it being out of his power, as he afterwards declared, to live without her. He, therefore, as a last and only resource, resolved to carry her off by stratagem or force; but at all events to have possession of her, which in the following harvest he accomplished very easily as follows.

On the morning of St Lawrence fair he called at the Mains, and found, as he expected, Mary dressed for the fair; and, it being a very wet day, he proffered her a ride in the carriage, both to the fair with him, and home again in the evening. Mary's heart at once jumped at the proffer, but prudence forbade her acceptance till she asked her father; who said it was too good an offer, he thought, to be refused on such a day. So the matter was settled, and Mary's fate sealed. The young man returned with the carriage. Mary re-dressed herself in her splendid riding habit and beaver, and, with her little work-bag in her hand, sprang from her father's door-step into the carriage beside her lover. Her spirits were uncommonly buoyant, and she felt happy and grateful to the gallant young man for the continued preference shewn to her; and though she would not admit of his endearments and caresses, yet she did not appear displeased. I know not what words passed by the way about going over the march, but there were some which were regarded by Mary at least merely as words of course. He asked if she would like to go over the march with him; and she said she would. At the fair they had some pies and wine together, and he introduced her to a Miss H——, a friend of his, whom Mary liked exceedingly for her unaffected kindness and hilarity. At night they got all three into the carriage to return home, and frolic and mirth abounded to such a degree, that Mary, for one, never thought of the length of the stage, but always dreaded that they would come too soon to the end of it. At length the carriage stopped, and Mary and Miss H—— were handed out by their beau; but instead of alighting at her father's door, as she expected, Mary perceived that she was in a strange place, she knew not where; nor had she the smallest conception of the distance they had travelled. "Where are we?"

said she. "Upon my word I do not well know," returned he; then turning to the driver, he said, "Dick, who bade you come this way, you rascal?" The coachman, who had got his lesson before, answered, "It was your father, sir."

"O! very well," said the other, giving each of the ladies an arm, and conducting them into the inn.

"Good Lord, Mr James, where are we?" enquired Miss H——, with well-feigned alarm; "I declare I am terrified, and must tell you I don't understand this."

"Hold your tongue, foolish girl," said he; "are you not safe enough with me anywhere?"

"Am I so indeed? But I have reason to know otherwise, and, oh me! I'm sure you have some plot on my honour, and then what shall I do if I am bereft of my honour! But I'll raise the whole village, that I will; and I'll have you apprehended and incarcerated, ay, and *hanged*, for the enforcement of a virgin."

In this state did she go on, till Mary became afraid of some terrible calamity; and actually, in the simplicity of her heart, took part with her betrayer in calming the lady's terrible alarm, trying to assure her, that though she herself was in the same predicament, and knew not whether they had come there by chance or by design, yet she had so much confidence in Mr James's honour, that she felt very little, if any, alarm. Then the lady rose in a flame upon Mary, pretending that she was a country crony of his, whom he had suborned to assist him in her inveiglement, but she was determined to have full and ample amends of them both; and for that purpose she ordered the doors to be all locked, and the keys delivered up to herself, till she sent for the officers of justice to take them both into custody. And there the two were locked up together, and a double guard placed on the door. They were taken out, guarded, during the night, into another room, and examined; and their haughty judge remanded them both into confinement, and constables to be placed on the house till he could procure a regular warrant from Edinburgh for their commitment; and there were they locked up again together, and kept there for several days. It was Miss H——'s own country house, and no very good one,—but well enough known to many

of the Edinburgh bucks once on a day. Alack for poor Mary! She had none to console with her save her betrayer, who soothed her as the crocodile soothes his prey.

Mr Melrose had a great number of cattle at the St Lawrence fair, and not being able to sell them all, he was obliged to drive them to the southern markets; and by that means, he was a week or more absent from home;—and a miserable man was he on his return, on learning that his Mary had been lost,—the very staff of his age and support of his family. He never rested till he had learned every thing it was possible to learn concerning her; and being assured that the young laird had carried her off, he went straight and applied to his father, hoping to find him at least reasonable. He never was farther mistaken. The laird broke out into such a passion as he had never seen him in before.

"And why come to me with these news?" said he; "was I your daughter's keeper? I'll take neither blame nor interest in it, that I assure you of. You might have taken better care of your daughter. If young hizzies will be melling with their superiors, jiggling and dancing with them, and riding in chaises with them, they must just abide by the consequences. You might have taken better care of your daughter, and be —— to you!"

"Alack, sir, I little thought that ever your son could have had the heart to have ruined my beloved Mary," said the farmer, with tears in his eyes; "she was so good, so amiable, and so virtuous, and so much the support of my small family, that I could not have thought the heart of man could have betrayed her, far less Mr James, whose honour I trusted as much as my own."

"You trusted to a great rascal, then," said the laird, turning hastily away, and dashing a tear from his eye; "and so you may go and redeem your trust the best way you can."

Poor Melrose, finding he could do nothing here, posted to Edinburgh, where he soon found his young master; and a more awkward and distressing meeting can scarcely be conceived. The young man was deeply affected by the eloquence of the parent's grief, but would confess nothing, save that Mary got a ride with him to town, and went off with a female acquaintance who came with her; and with this answer, and a feigned direction

where there was some chance of hearing of her, was the heart-sick parent dismissed. He had not gone ten yards from the door before he discovered his master, the old laird, posting onward to the house he had just left, and never once lifting his eyes from the pavement. A gleam of hope shot across the old farmer's mind, at this sight, of at least recovering his lost child; indeed, that was the only hope he could entertain; and to have recovered that darling lamb, who he was sure had been driven astray, and not gone voluntarily, he would have given all he possessed in the world.

The laird going abruptly into his son's apartment, found him leaning his arm on the chimney, and his eyes gleaming with tears. The farmer's expostulations had smitten him to the heart; and if his late enormities had then been to act as they were before acted, I believe he would rather have laid down his life than have committed them. The moment he saw his father he again turned pale, so closely are guilt, fear, and shame, connected. "Father, you here? That is certainly extraordinary," said he.

"Extraordinary, sir? how should it be extraordinary when matters are as they are? Tell me this, you villain, and tell me truly, is it you who have carried off Mary Melrose from her father?"

"Mary Melrose again," said James, his lip quivering with shame and vexation; "this is a terrible ado about a girl, as if no other in the world were worth caring for but she."

"That is not answering my question, you confounded heartless blubbing rascal!" said the irritated father. "In her own sphere there was not one as well worth caring for; and let me tell you, she had more virtue, truth, and integrity, than ever you were possessed of with all your advantages. She was the flower of her father's house, as well as the stay and support of it. And do you think that I will suffer as much beauty and simple piety to fall a prey to a regardless, cold-hearted, pampered rascal like you? Lead me to her instantly, that I may examine her myself; for I will not get one word of truth out of you."

"Pardon me, sir, in this. I would rather be excused for the present, if you please."

"And why so, sir? Why won't you lead me into her presence?"

"Because—you see, sir—hem! she is, as we would say, sir—hem! hardly fit to be seen at present—That is, she is in *dishabille*, sir."

"Ay—hem! she is in *dishabille*, sir! Just so! I know what that means. She is under lock and key with some *grand* female friend of yours, weeping her fate, and cursing the day you were born. I'll tell you what it is, young gentleman:—it is vain to multiply words. My errand to town was this. I know you have betrayed that amiable girl; and that, I am certain, under false promises; and for the irreparable injury you have done her, you shall either make her your lawful married wife, or I this day not only legally disinherit, but cast you out of my family, and disown you for ever. So you have just to say the word. Will you marry her or not?"

"With all my heart, sir, if it is your desire. I would have married her long ago, for I loved her so much that I could not live without her. But then I never durst ask your consent, for I thought I was certain you would not grant it."

"Neither I would, you confounded rascal! neither I would have granted it then. But you have turned the tables against me now. I could not have looked my own father nor his worthy brother in the face, knowing the injury they had received from my family. I found I could not even look my Maker in the face, nor ask his divine protection, while such a heinous injury remained unrepaired. But it is all well now. Give me your hand. We are friends again. No other reparation could do but this. Go, seek me out Mary, and let us get the marriage over without delay."

When James went to his disconsolate Mary, and told her what his father had done, she was quite overcome with gratitude, and when she came into his presence, she kneeled, embraced his knees with both her arms, and wept profusely. But the old man lifted her in his arms and kissed her, bidding her be of good cheer, and she should still have her new gown at the Mains' rent-paying. The two were married accordingly, and as they reached Kilmeran Castle late on a Saturday evening, nothing of the matter was

known in the parish. But the surprise excited among the parishioners next day, was productive of very bad, and even fatal consequences. Mary appeared in the uppermost seat of the laird's velvet-covered gallery, and the old laird himself sat on the chair next her; she was dressed in white satin, and had a necklace of gold and diamond rings. This being the first intimation to the parish of Mary's exalted fortune, the flash of astonishment produced by it may be partly conceived. But it unfortunately so happened, that Mrs Blare, just a few minutes previous to that, had been talking of Mary's most shameful elopement in quite unmeasured terms. She said to Mrs Blunt, "What think you o' your light-heeled madam now?—the grand leader down o' our country dances and French curtillions! I trow she has gotten the whistle o' her plack now, what she has lang been fishing for. That comes o' presents o' silk gowns and riding-claes! It wad hae set her as weel to hae been cleaning her dad's hyres yet, and supping her parritch out o' the riven bicker."

But when Mary appeared in such splendour at the top of the laird's gallery, and it became manifest to all that she was now the young lady of Kilmeran, Mrs Blare was seized with a terrible qualm. She could not get spoken out aloud for fear of the minister, and in trying to contain herself, was so overcome that she fainted, and was carried out of the church. Then her youngest daughter having been seized with something of the same nature, mixed perhaps with concern for her mother, fainted likewise, and was carried out of the church. Then the eldest, and so on, till every one of the Misses Blare was carried out of church in a swoon, before the service concluded, and the whole of them were

driven home to Blare-hall in a cart, which was very heavily laden with female pulchritude. Dr Sinna attended, with lancet, unguent, and anodyne, and such a day of purgation was never seen at Blare-hall. But mark the event! Late in the night, Mrs Blunt sent a man on horseback to enquire for the family of the Blares, and to bring her particular word. The lad alighted, tied his horse to the door, went into the lobby, and asked a word of the Doctor, whose message was distinctly as follows:—"My compliments to Mrs Blunt, and inform her, that the ladies are all *convalescent*, every one, except Mrs Blare herself. I am not so sure about her, but think she too is in the same state."

Now, it so happened, that Mrs Blare's little private parlour and bedroom were directly off the lobby, and the door being open, every word of this unhappy message was perfectly audible to the nervous and oppressed dame. They fell on her ear like the chill tidings of death, and were more than her spirit or frame could bear. She grew worse from that minute, and raved all the night, and next day she was so much altered that they sent for the minister, who tried her with some religious consolation, but she could only answer him with some inarticulate ravings. It was currently reported that the last words she ever spoke were these:—"The parson was saying something of the evil nature of sin, when she broke out aloud with, "Ou ay, sir! ou ay! an' a' for the sake o' sinning too! That's the warst o't! No ae silk gown or a pelisse amang them a'!" Then after two or three loud cries of distress, poor Mrs Blare yielded up the ghost, and left the minister and her attendants quite dumfounded.

BOSWORTH FIELD.

THE battle of "Bosworth Field" was fought about two miles from the town of Market Bosworth, in Leicestershire, on a spot called Radmore, or Red moor plain, probably from the colour of the soil. A little river called the Tweed, winds its way along the scene of action, which is now divided into fields and meadows, commanded by various eminences scarcely worthy the name of hills; but from which the whole may be looked down upon as on a map.

We had, with the assistance of a guide, visited all the various spots in the immediate neighbourhood, dignified, by oral or legendary tradition, as the camps of King Richard, King Henry, the Duke of Norfolk, the Lord Stanley, and Sir William. We had traced the progress of the battle itself over the uneven ground of the plain, and listened to the stories of our garrulous companion with patience, till his stock appeared to be exhausted; and then we dismissed him, in order that we might muse upon that scene *alone*.

On our left rose an eminence, still called Richard's Nook, because it is believed that he harangued his army from thence, previous to their descent into the plain which lay before us; and on which, in a field of little more than two miles in length, and scarce so much in width, the fate of England was decided on the 22d of August, 1485.

A battle, thought we—what is a battle, but the outbreaking of man's furious passions? There are sounds of trumpets and warlike instruments, the neighing of steeds, wild outcries, a "confused noise, and garments rolled in blood;" and men are swept by the sword from the face of that earth which must otherwise, in the common course of events, have been closed over them in a few short years. Here came the intrepid Richard, in the thirty-third year of his age, a veteran, and, hitherto, a conqueror. When a youth of eighteen, he had commanded the whole van of King Edward's army at the battle of Barnet, against the renowned Earl of Warwick, and bore down all before him, two of his squires being killed on that day fighting by his side. Here, to oppose him, came the Earl of Richmond, utterly igno-

rant of the art of war, and, till the previous month, a wandering outcast in a foreign land; which he left, to engage in his desperate undertaking, with an armament so wretched and contemptible, as to excite no other feelings in the spectators than pity and derision.

But an eye that seeth not as man seeth, had looked down in pity upon our unhappy country. Within the previous thirty years, twelve battles had been fought between the factions of York and Lancaster, in which more than a hundred thousand English perished by the hands of their fellow-countrymen.

Here, then, it was decreed that the last of these unnatural and sanguinary conflicts should take place. Awhile it raged with fury, and victory seemed uncertain; there was a swaying to and fro among the warriors, as either party appeared, for an instant, to acquire the advantage. Anon, there came a whisper of treachery; and movements of doubtful import took place. Then a shout arose; and they pointed to where Richmond stood, in the midst of his steel-clad array.

It was the first time that Richard had beheld his antagonist. His dauntless heart swelled within him at the sight, and his eyes flashed as those of the hungry lion thirsting for the blood of his prey. Brief was the pause—"Let true knights follow!" he exclaimed, "or I *alone* will try the event,"—and, with an impetuosity like that of the wild boar, which animal he had chosen as his crest, he rushed amid the thickest of his foes. With the rapidity of lightning his sword struck down Sir William Brandon, the standard-bearer, and his arm had hurled the proud ensign of his enemy to the earth. If valour might atone for crime, the memory of Richard would be spotless. Onward he pressed, and the brave fell before and around him. A firmer heart than Henry possessed might have quailed at such a moment. It is said that he retreated, whilst the infuriate King, after performing "more wonders than a man," was hemmed round by a multitude, and fell covered with wounds.

Thus, after a brief struggle of less than two hours, ended the battle of Bosworth Field, and with it terminated

the long-contested and bloody strife between the rival roses. But the events consequent therefrom were in progress for a long series of years, strange and complicated in their causes, and inscrutable in their course, to the eyes of man, but all under the direction of that Power that "bindeth up the waters in the thick cloud, and the cloud is not rent under them."

Let us turn, then, from the field of blood, and gaze upon the chief agents of that Power, as they come forward, each in his little day, unconsciously to perform his part.

The first that passes before us is King Henry VII., by whose marriage with Elizabeth of York the ancient house of Plantagenet became extinct. Thus England, long divided into two parties, father against son, and brother against brother, became united. His policy then led him to weaken the power of the barons, and dissolve that remnant of the feudal system which had hitherto placed the cultivators of the soil at the disposal of their lords, and, "in a manner, enlisted under them, and kept in readiness to assist them in all wars, insurrections, riots, violences, and even in bearing evidence for them in a court of justice."

Thus were the "bold peasantry, their country's pride," relieved from a state of bondage, and first given to taste of the sweets of freedom. The faults of Henry were excessive avarice and inordinate love of power. By a continual straining of the then undefined prerogatives of the crown, he attained the latter to an extent unprecedented since the days of the great charter; and of the former vice, we shall soon have occasion to trace the consequences.

The first scene is here closed—and the conqueror of Bosworth Field is "gathered to his fathers."

What youth is this who next comes forward upon the stage, in the pride of his strength? Haughtily he walks, looking down on all around him, in the consciousness of unrivalled personal comeliness, and mental and bodily vigour. It is the Eighth Henry. Let us take his character from Hume.

"The beauty and vigour of his person, accompanied with dexterity in every manly exercise, was farther adorned with a blooming and ruddy countenance, with a lively air, with the appearance of activity and spirit in all

his demeanour. His father, in order to remove him from the knowledge of public business, had hitherto occupied him entirely in the pursuit of literature; and the proficiency which he made gave no bad prognostic of his parts and capacity. Even the vices of vehemence, ardour, and impatience to which he was subject, and which afterwards degenerated into tyranny, were considered only as faults incident to ungarded youth, which would be corrected when time had brought him to greater moderation and maturity."

But these vices did *not* pass away with his youth. On the contrary, they "grew with his growth, and strengthened with his strength," for they were destined to be the agents to goad him on to the performance of deeds which, in those days, cold and calculating men would have shrunk from attempting.

It was true, that in his person the long-contending titles of York and Lancaster were united, and therefore the minds of men were at liberty to study the welfare of their country *in general*, instead of the selfish aggrandisement of a *party*; but there was still an exotic, parasitical faction, an "imperium in imperio," directed by *foreign* councils, and ever unnaturally preponderating in its influence over the affairs of England's government.

An Italian priest had assumed to himself the blasphemous title of "Vicegerent" of the Almighty, and the infatuated nations of the earth bowed down before him, and acknowledged the fearful claim. Why the Bishops of Rome, rather than those of Alexandria, Corinth, Constantinople, or Jerusalem, should have arrogated to themselves this monstrous title, was not the question. The tree had grown up, and its branches darkly overshadowed the earth, and the roots thereof had spread far and wide, feeding on the vitals of distant lands. In England they had struck deeply into the soil; they had entwined themselves in every establishment, political, moral, and religious. Their baneful effects might be felt, but no one was found bold or powerful enough to undertake the Herculean task of eradicating them. The soldier, reckless of all other danger, was so enveloped in the clouds of superstition, that he dared not to commence a war-

like enterprise without the sanction of this priest or his emissaries. And the people were shrouded in that thick darkness of ignorance which is the vital air of superstition, and the nursing school for the children of error and the slaves of tyranny.

Did Henry appear a character likely to achieve for his people a deliverance from this mental thralldom? Nothing seemed more improbable. His ministers and his bosom friends were members of the church of Rome; and when the intrepid Luther dared to question her purity, the King of England threw down the gauntlet, and entered the lists of controversy in defence of the Italian priest. Thus closely connected and personally identified with the cause of Rome, a title was bestowed upon Henry by her pontiff. That man, who presumptuously arrogated to himself the attribute of *infallibility*, was permitted, as though it were to prepare a bitter mockery of his claim, to hail, as "Defender of the Faith," the king who was about to become its most implacable and most efficient enemy.

As the day of England's deliverance draws nigh, we perceive gathering over the land a sea of clouds that seem impervious to a ray of hope. Wolsey, a haughty aspirant even to the papal throne, is the minister, the confident, the bosom friend and constant companion, of the now licentious king. This able and plotting sycophant seems sedulously to have employed himself in administering to, and fanning, the flame of those fierce passions which were so shortly to break forth for his destruction. A youth of unbounded extravagance, and an almost insane pursuit of selfish pleasure, led to their usual consequences in maturer life: and Henry gradually sank into the character of Catiline, "*alieni appetens, sui profusus*," coveting the wealth of others and prodigal of his own. It has been said of him, that "he spared not man in his wrath, nor woman in his lust."

But Behemoth and Leviathan are in the hands of Him who created them. And when he had decreed that England should be freed from the heavy bondage of Papal tyranny—when "He arose to judgment, to save the meek of the earth," then was it proved that "the wrath of man should praise him, and the remainder thereof he would restrain."

Roused by the most ungovernable of human passions, unused to contradiction or disappointment, the wrath of Henry raged like a furnace. Fierce and lawless lust drove him desperately headlong on to attack a power, the mere dread of whose displeasure had long been sufficient to paralyse the arm of the bravest.

The glorious work had already commenced upon the Continent, when Henry in his wrath rent the veil which priesthood had drawn around our island; and the light of TRUTH, in its most sacred form, burst upon our long-benighted country. The HOLY VOLUME with all its glorious revelations was no longer sealed. The press had begun its mighty agency, and was used for the best of purposes. The minds of men were awakened to enquiry; and the land, relieved from the oppressor, sang with joy and gladness. And this stupendous work was wrought by the son of him who conquered at Bosworth Field.

But his character was unfit for the completion of that mighty task, the basis of which was "Peace on earth, and good-will toward men." He likewise was gathered to his fathers; and the young and pious Edward, assisted by wise, and meek, and holy men, ran his brief career. "The principal practices and tenets of the Romish religion," says Hume, "were now abolished, and the Reformation, such as it is enjoyed at present, was almost entirely completed in England."

But a severer lesson was in store, in order to teach the value of their deliverance to our forefathers, who, like the children of Israel, when led out of the house of bondage, dared to murmur in the wilderness.

The mild and good Edward was untimely snatched away by death; and Mary commenced her reign of terror. Brief and bloody was her course. Again the Italian Priest and his emissaries bore away, and the vindictive spirit of his church was deeply imprinted on the minds of men by a succession of murders at which humanity shudders. Under the banner of the cross, the emblem of that meek and lowly ONE who shed his own blood that MERCY might be extended to mankind, the element of fire was called in; and the true spirit of the persecuting Romish creed was seared and burnt into the polluted soil of our un-

happy country, in characters too deep and disgraceful ever to be eradicated from the memory of her sons.

Yet, while these scenes were enacting, there sat one in loneliness and imprisonment, deeply studying the Holy Volume; and acquiring a degree of learning unusual for her sex; and drinking in knowledge, which she would probably never have sought amid the splendour and gaiety of a court. To her was allotted the glorious completion of those great works which her father and grandfather had commenced. For when Mary died, and Elizabeth mounted the throne, her subjects, still thrilling from beneath the arm of the tormentor, sprang forward in wild joy at their deliverance, like birds released from the fowler's snare.

From that time foreigners, and those under foreign influence, were gradually banished from our councils; and the nation, *undivided* by contending parties, began a glorious and progressive career, and became the envy of all surrounding lands. When attempts have since been made to give to the unnatural and foreign interests of Rome any *representation* in our parliaments, or voice in our councils, they have hitherto been holdly withstood;—and the last effort was the cause of a monarch's banishment from his throne and country with ignominy and contempt.

To the reign of Elizabeth, likewise, belongs the proud glory of *establishing* the personal freedom of the peasant. On this subject we again quote the historian, lest it should be supposed that enthusiasm hurries us beyond the warrant of recorded facts. Hume, after speaking of the acts of Henry VII., avers, that "before the end of Elizabeth, the distinction of villain and freeman was totally, though insensibly, abolished," and that "no person remained in the state to whom the former laws could be applied."

Thus, though utterly unknown to the combatants, the fate of civil, religious, and political liberty, for ages to come, hung upon the result of the battle of Bosworth Field. Blood had been shed in torrents. At the fight of Towton alone, a name scarcely remembered in history, the number of the slain amounted to near forty thousand.

How insignificant and incompetent to produce such mighty effects appear-

ed the little armament in Radmore plain! From the best accounts, the total number engaged on both sides did not exceed fourteen thousand men; and far the greater proportion had been summoned, as "villains," to sacrifice life and limb, each by his own liege lord, on whatsoever side he might think fit to lead them. But, amid the storm of the battle on that day, their blood fell upon the earth, like the large drops of rain from the passing thunder-cloud of summer, to bring forth fruit in due season.

Flushed with victory, and dreaming of nought but the increase of his own power and riches, the conqueror departed from the field. Then, instigated by avarice, ambition, and regard for his own personal security, he bent the neck of feudal tyranny, and opened the door of freedom to the oppressed. And then he died, and left an accumulated wealth, which opened every avenue of folly, and extravagance, and vice, and intoxicating pleasure, to his young heir, who indulged therein till he had encircled himself, as it were, with a wall of fire. He was startled at the idea, that a church, professing to have the *power* of forgiving all sins, should, after so long conniving at, and assisting in, his nefarious course, dare to refuse to *him* the exertion of that power when most necessary for the gratification of his long-pampered appetites. Then, frantic with disappointment, he sprang forward, and the best of a higher power was wrought by him in his fierce wrath, as the unconscious lion, by the way side, slew the false prophet of Judah.

We turn from the plain of Radmore, where the battle of Bosworth Field was fought, with the conviction that "THE LORD wrought a great victory on that day;" for the son and grandchildren of the conqueror therein were the instruments in His hands of bestowing liberty to the subject, and freedom from *foreign* influence to the councils of our native land.

Long may her sons preserve them both entire! May they ever carefully guard the barriers of our now perfected BRITISH constitution! And, above all, may they never be so blinded as to place sentinels to guard the ramparts, who would glory in beholding the ENSIGN OF THE ENEMY streaming triumphant above THE CITADEL!

PETER STAROFSKY. A TALE OF ARMENIA.

Who has not heard of Armenia?—fair Armenia—the cradle of a reviving world, and once the garden of the universe!—and who, that has seen its fertile valleys, its rich pastures, its clear streams, and majestic mountains, in all their variety of wood and rock, and barren solitary grandeur, can ever forget its gorgeous scenery? Yet, to what have these beauties tended, except to render it a more tempting prize to every greedy and rapacious stranger? Hundreds of years have elapsed since the torrent of destruction first swept over this noble, but devoted country, razing its numerous cities, making its valleys desolate, and giving its sons and daughters to the sword, or to slavery; and still it remains the same—a scathed and blighted land, "scantily peopled by an enslaved and degraded race—an object of strife and of conquest to its ambitious and powerful neighbours.

Several years have passed since first I visited this splendid, but ruined country, and the sword was still at work; for the Russian authorities were struggling, not only to gain substantial possession of the districts in Georgia which they had nominally subdued, but to extend their conquests into Armenia, and constitute, as they have lately succeeded in doing, the Arras the boundary between themselves and Persia. Thousands of the fair-haired sons of the north, from the shores of the Baltic even to those of the Caspian, were led at the command of their despotic master, to whiten with their bones the plains of Erivan, or the rich valleys of the Kour and the Arras,* where hardship and disease thinned their ranks infinitely faster than the sword of an enemy, who seldom dared to stand the shock of an encounter.

Chance having detained me in this quarter for a longer period than was anticipated, I became much interested, not only in the operations going on around me, but in the people among whom I was thus thrown; and having little else to occupy me, I took considerable pains to make myself somewhat acquainted with their character

and manners. A campaign is generally fruitful in adventure; and the Caucasus, with its dark cloud-capped mountains, roaring streams, terrific precipices, and deep valleys, tenanted by enterprising and indomitable, but lawless tribes, is the very region of wild, romantic interest. Accordingly, many were the tales of terror and of bloodshed, of dark revenge, and deep feeling, which rewarded my researches. But of these many were of a character little suited to the refined taste of civilized society, and some would scarcely bear recital. The tale which occupies the following pages, though of a humbler cast, may not prove entirely devoid of interest. It narrates the adventures of a Russian soldier, and the scene lies chiefly in Armenia, upon the frontiers of the Russian territories.

Peter Starofsky, a native of Russia, together with many of his comrades, was drafted from the military colony of K—, upon the banks of the Dnieper, and sent to join the Russian force in Georgia. Peter was a stout, active, and handsome young fellow, with features of a more regular cast than belongs to the general physiognomy of his countrymen. His eyes, though neither remarkable for size nor colour, were lively and expressive; his nose, although not precisely formed upon the model of Grecian beauty, by no means resembled those snub, shapeless morsels of flesh which so often do duty for that feature in the Russian countenance; and his light sandy hair, had military costume permitted, would have curled not ungracefully around his healthy, florid cheeks. Besides, Peter was a cheerful, good-humoured fellow; and as he stepped gaily along the bazars of Teflis, with his smart foraging-cap set knowingly on one side, and carolling the sweet lively airs of his country, it was no wonder that many a dark Georgian eye was turned upon him with complacency and pleasure. In addition to being a good soldier, steady in his conduct, and attentive to the orders of his superiors, Starofsky was an excellent carpenter, and an ingenious

* The rivers Cyrus and Araxes.

fellow, who could turn his hand to any thing, so that he soon became a greater favourite with the officers of his company, than the stiffness of Russian military etiquette usually admits of.

It happened, as Peter was returning from work one evening, through a ruinous quarter of Teflis, that in threading his way among the houses which in the upper part of that city rise in terraces one above another, his attention was arrested by the glimpse of a slight female figure, tripping along before him. She was alone; and her slender form and white drapery, flitting like a spirit among the ruined walls, had awakened a more than common degree of interest in the mind of our soldier, when he observed her suddenly start—a scream issued from her lips, and she fled in evident affright; while, darting from the arch of a ruin on the left, a young man in the Georgian dress pursued, seized, and sought to drag her along to the spot from whence he had issued.

Peter, whose frank and honest nature revolted from all such outrage, except perhaps in the case of a town given up to pillage, or a village to military punishment, lost not a moment in rushing forward to assist the assaulted female; nor was his aid a moment too soon, for as he reached the archway, the ruffian, a powerful fellow, had caught up the shrieking girl in his arms, and was just making his way through an opposite door, beyond which another man, who was in attendance, seemed ready to receive her.

"Villain! what are you about?" exclaimed Starofsky; "let that woman go." But the man only redoubled his efforts to stifle her cries, and to reach the doorway; and he would have succeeded, had not Peter, thinking deeds better than words in such a case, laid hold of him by the girdle, and forcibly drawn him back. "Let go that girl, you scoundrel!—put her down, I say, or take the consequence. Who are you, who dare to seize upon women in the streets of Teflis, like your wild Lesghie or Tcherchassian robbers?" And with these words he grasped the hatchet which, with other tools, he carried over his shoulders.—

"Who am I, villain?—best make off yourself, or you shall soon know that to your cost," retorted the fellow, gripping to the handle of his cummeh* with one hand, yet still straining the struggling girl to his breast with the other, and giving a shrill call. Peter, who heard the sound of coming feet, saw that not a moment was to be lost; afraid of injuring the person of the girl, he did not dare to strike her ravisher, but seizing hold of the arm which held her, he gave it so violent a wrench, that she slipped struggling to the ground, while, at the same time, he stood prepared against any assault on the part of his opponent. At this moment the bright cummeh gleamed in the eyes of Starofsky, but before it could descend, his own hatchet was dashed in the ruffian's forehead, and he fell with a fearful groan to the earth.

The girl now springing to her feet, clung to her deliverer with convulsive earnestness, while Starofsky stood with his bloody weapon ready to receive the next who might approach. But the single attendant who appeared at the signal, dismayed no doubt by the fate of his master, made a precipitate retreat, leaving our soldier, with the female he had rescued, gazing upon the body of her intended ravisher. The Georgian fur cap, which hitherto had shrouded his face, had now fallen off; and the countenance, youthful and handsome, but fearfully distorted, and pale as death, with the blood streaming from a ghastly wound on the left brow, lay bathed in the full light of a brilliant moon. The glance was little more than momentary, yet that pale and striking countenance, all writhen as it was with the fierce malignity which filled its master's soul at the moment when he fell, sunk deep in the mind of Starofsky; long did its cold and vengeful eye glare upon him in his dreams, and haunt his couch like a nightmare. His conscience acquitted him of guilt; and he felt that to have acted otherwise than as he did, was impossible. Yet the remembrance of that ghastly face lay for many a day upon his heart like a foreboding of evil, which no mental effort could shake off.

The approach of voices and of foot-

* Or Georgian dagger.

steps roused Starofsky from his momentary reverie. "This is no place for us to stay in, young woman," said he. "Tell me who you are, and where you live? Whither would you go?—We must leave that wretched fellow—Come, come along at once."—"God be merciful to me!" exclaimed a gentle, trembling voice. "Alas! I am lost—I know not where to go.—My father and mother have left me!—I lingered for a moment behind them among these ruins, and lost sight of them."—"How is this? When did you quit them?"—"But an instant ago—just before that wicked man rushed out upon me—and I know not which way they have gone."—"But where do they stay?" resumed Peter, as they left the spot where the rencounter had taken place; "for I cannot remain absent from my quarters much longer."—"Oh, we are strangers in Teflis. I cannot tell you where we stay;—but oh, blessed St Gregory! what do I hear!—it is my father's voice!" An elderly man and woman now appeared, turning a corner close by, and calling out, "Shushan! Shushan, dear! where are you?"—"Here, dearest father, here!" cried the girl, bounding like a fawn towards them. "But who is this?—Hath he insulted thee, child?—Villain, why did you molest my daughter?"—"Oh hold! hold, my father! he is no villain—It is he who saved me—saved your daughter from a wretch who attempted to carry her off."—"Carry you off, child! Who dared attempt such an outrage?"—"Oh, I do not know," replied the girl; "but he's dead, I fear, whoever he may be. This good man struck him down in defending me."—"Come, come, friend," interrupted Peter; "we cannot stay to examine him—we must leave this place; it is dangerous.—Take your daughter home. I will accompany you, and tell ye the whole story as we go."

The old man still eyed him doubtfully, and started as he saw the bloody hatchet in Starofsky's hand. "Fear not, my friend," said the latter. "I swear, by the blessed Virgin, and St Nicholas to boot, your daughter is right. I am honest."—"Oh, he is! he is!" exclaimed the girl; "for God-sake let us leave this place. They may

return."—"Let us go, then, in God's name," said the father. "I am a stranger in Teflis, and I live for the present at the house of Khojah Shatoor, the silk merchant, near the great caravanserai. Come with me thither; if you have, in truth, saved my daughter's honour, you will not find me ungrateful." For the old man, with the cautious obstinacy of age and experience, seemed to cling to his doubts, till, as they proceeded, and the girl related all that had passed,—how she had lost them by lingering behind to adjust some part of her dress; how the ruffian had rushed upon and laid hold of her; and how Peter had risked his own life to rescue her,—his coldness and hesitation gradually disappeared, and he frankly bestowed an old man's blessing on the brave fellow who had saved his only daughter.

They soon reached the silk merchant's house; when the old man, having introduced the Russian soldier to Khojah Shatoor, informing him, at the same time, of all that had passed, they both vied with each other in loading him, not with thanks alone, but with more solid proofs of their good-will, in the shape of money and fair gifts. But Peter was no mercenary knave. "Nay, father," said he, in reply to their liberal offers, "it surely is but the duty of every Christian man to assist a woman when he sees her in distress. I want no reward for that; but, if you really insist upon it, I have no manner of objection to mend the poor fare of a soldier sometimes by your hospitality, or even to make use of this handsome Yarpoonchee,* to cover me in the cold heavy rains of this climate. But I don't want your money; it would only bring me into scrapes, and tempt me to play the fool with your Georgian wine and Georgian girls; and I don't quite like to be paid so high for doing nothing. Besides, who knows, perhaps you may be as poor as I am myself—and God forbid I should fatten on a poor man's pittance."—"My son," replied the father, "your honest, disinterested generosity is as great as your manly courage; but do not fear to put me to inconvenience by accepting what I do most willingly and earnestly offer, in gratitude for the great service you have rendered me. I am only an Ar-

* A rough and shaggy cloak, worn in Georgia by all ranks.

menian farmer, it is true; but though we farmers do not care to shew the depth of our purses to every kban or governor who may wish to have a squeeze at them, depend upon it, we seldom want a pose against the day of need, or for the use of our families. Take these ten ducats; I can afford them without any difficulty, and a refusal will distress me much. I live a good way from hence. My village is in a little valley, not far from Kar Ecclissia; and if the fortune of war should ever bring you to join your comrades at that station, as will most probably be the case, be sure to find out Georgeen Boordeck of Khoshanloo, and be sure of a welcome. I shall not be long in Teflis; but come and see the Khojah and me when duty permits you."—"Well, father, this is more than I bargained for in my day's work; but, as you will have it, I thank you. God bless you and your pretty daughter. May you live a happy life at Kboshanloo. They say it's a wild time you bave of it in that quarter; but if ever I join the troops there, you shall see Peter Starofsky."

Peter did not neglect to visit his friend Georgeen and the merchant Shatoor frequently before the former quitted Teflis; nor did he fail to look after the sweet little Shushan, whose light fairy form, large dark lucid eyes, small ruby mouth, and peach-like complexion, seen for a moment as she replaced the veil which the rude touch of the ruffian had disordered, had made a deeper impression on the heart of the sprightly soldier than he was aware of at the time; and the little maiden, moved thereto, no doubt, by gratitude, would peep, with no small degree of interest, through the openings of her veil, at the manly person of her deliverer; nay, sometimes, perhaps through forgetfulness, she would make her appearance without that envious screen, the lower part of her countenance alone covered by the handkerchief worn by her countrywomen; and thus she would remain in a corner, gazing upon the good Peter, until their eyes by chance meeting, with a start and a blush away would she trip, and disappear in a twinkling.

At last, Georgeen, with his wife and daughter, quitted Teflis, not without repeating their cordial invitation to Starofsky, in case he should ever be in the neighbourhood of Khoshanloo.

Khojah Shatoor shewed every disposition to continue his kindness after their departure; but Starofsky did not remain long to profit by it, for a supply of troops being required to fill up the chasms constantly made in the ranks of every Russian corps by disease and fatigue, he, with many others, was sent into Sheerwan, from whence; in the course of service, he at length came to be quartered at Kar Ecclissia.

The lapse of time, and hard duty, had somewhat dulled the vivid recollections of our soldier's Teflis adventures. The scene of the scuffle, and its fearful catastrophe, had ceased, in some degree, to haunt his dreams; the remembrance of old Georgeen and his friend Shatoor, with their good cheer and occasional presents, occurred less frequently; and even the fairy loveliness of the young Shushan, after three changeful years of a soldier's life, more seldom rose, like a bright vision, on his solitary watch or his homely couch. He had not, however, been long at Kar Ecclissia, when the name of Khoshanloo, mentioned in conversation, brought to his mind the recollection of his friend, whose habitation it was. "Now is the time to find out my old friend Georgeen," thought he—"Now we shall see if he be as good a fellow at home as he was at Teflis, and remembers an old acquaintance.—Shushan, too—hah!—a pretty sweet girl she was. How the little fairy must be grown!—I wonder if—" But what the subject of Peter's wonder was does not appear; for the drum beat, and parades are things which soldiers must attend to.

During the evening muster, while the men were standing at ease in their ranks, and the eyes of Starofsky were wandering listlessly over the bystanders, by chance they fell upon a figure and a countenance which strongly arrested his attention. The person was of lofty stature, and wore the undress of an officer; the insignia of several orders bung from a button-hole at his breast; his countenance, so far as might be seen, was of noble character, but it wore a dark, brooding scowl, occasioned, perhaps, in some degree by the shadow of a huge fur cap, which concealed many of the features, and partially obscured the whole. In spite, however, of this partial eclipse, it brought to the mind of our friend Peter a vague recollection of some-

thing he had seen elsewhere—shadowy and indistinct, like a scarce remembered dream. He strove to arrange his ideas, and trace the association which this figure had conjured up in his mind; but it was in vain. He could not account for the sensations which it had excited in his mind. Once, indeed, he started, as an obscure and wild idea flashed across his brain—but it was too extravagant. A Russian officer?—how absurd! besides, had he not seen?—psha!—it was impossible. Still his eye sought this mysterious figure; and once he thought the deep-set eye was fixed, with searching earnestness, upon himself. But its glance was quickly withdrawn; and when the parade was dismissed, the stranger was no longer to be seen. But the impression, thus strangely given, dwelt on the mind of Starofsky, and awakened a train of recollections which he would willingly have consigned to oblivion.

A few days after this occurrence, our soldier obtained leave to visit his friend Georgeen and his family at Khoshanloo. The village was situated about sixteen miles from Kar Ecclesia, in a glen, through which a clear and copious stream ran tumultuously to meet the Bembeck. The rocky promontory on which it stood was washed on three of its sides by the waters of the stream, and sprinkled with oak copsewood, interspersed with a few trees of greater magnitude. The houses, half-buried in the unequal rocky surface, studded the jutting point of this promontory, while, rising in terraced succession upon the hill behind, lay great part of the village cultivation. Mountains, of bold, majestic forms, some green even to their summits, others covered with thick forests, rose on either side the glen, which retreated deep into their bosom.

Starofsky, who had not quitted Kar Ecclesia until late in the afternoon, approached this village early on a lovely autumnal night, when the moon was shining with intense brilliancy, from a cloudless heaven of softened splendour, on the rich yellow harvest which lay in waving profusion around, part already reaped, and part ripe for the sickle. The road, which for some distance had followed the course of the stream, now began to ascend the height upon which the village stood. Below, the stream, fringed with wood,

was seen glittering in the moonbeams, as it rippled over rock and shingle, from pool to rapid. A rocky zigzag path led down the point of the promontory, to a deep pool, edged by a beach of fine sand. Here the cattle were watered, and here too did the young girls of the village come to wash their clothes, or to draw water for domestic purposes. From this point, many devious paths, formed as much by cattle as by the foot of man, led upwards through the copsewood which covered the ascent to the main road; these formed short cuts to the village for those acquainted with the ground, but were impassable to a stranger, who could only reach it by the more circuitous regular approach.

The inhabitants of the village had already retired, after the labour of the day, to the comforts of their own firesides; yet even at this late hour Starofsky could discern the white garments of more than one female form, glittering in the moonshine as they flitted from house to house, or ascended and descended from the watering-place. No sound broke the stillness, unless it were the lowing of a cow impatient to be milked from a neighbouring pen, the occasional sharp bark of a watchdog, or the still less frequent shout of some villager returning from a distance, and calling to his comrades. All lay steeped in the deep yet bright tranquillity of a rich autumnal night. Even the uncultivated heart of the rude Russian soldier was moved by the lovely scene, and he paused for a moment to enjoy the unwonted delight which arose in his soul.

While yet he stood thus gazing, a piercing shriek hurst upon the silence—it came from the pool below the village—the shrieks were repeated and re-echoed from many voices; the murmur of a tumult arose, and Starofsky could distinguish the forms of several females hastily ascending the promontory to the village. The rapid tramp of horses' feet was now added to the sounds which broke the quietness of the scene, and in a few moments our soldier could discern the forms of more than one mounted man making rapid way through the copse, along one of the paths above described. Convinced that some villainy was on foot, Starofsky moved swiftly, but silently forward, to intercept the horsemen at the point where they must join the road,

The disturbed state of the country from the continual inroads of the Persian horse rendered it necessary for every traveller to be well-armed. Accordingly Peter carried his musket with him; and it was well he did so. The shrieks still rung upon the air, but in a smothered tone, as if force was made use of to silence the sufferer; presently a white fluttering object could be seen approaching through the foliage. It was the garments of a female borne in the arms of a horseman, whose form, with that of his steed, were now plainly distinguishable. The adventure in the ruins at Teflis, just three years before, recurred to Starofsky's mind as he steadily watched their movements, resolving that this horseman should be his object—when, as if the struggles of the captive had partially shaken off the constraint in which she was held, she suddenly burst into another full and piercing shriek, calling loudly for help, in the name of all the saints. Heavens! that voice—was it a dream?—could he be mistaken? Oh no—it was, it must be her! “Stop, villain!—stop, ruffian!” exclaimed he, rushing headlong towards the horseman, whose steed was just gaining the open road; “release your prey, or you die upon the spot!”—“Hah!—what, again? infernal miscreant! Out of my way, or I send you straight to hell—begone!—What, ho! Essuff Massék! cut that villain down—at him, fellows—do ye hear?” Just at that moment one of the two attendants, galloping up the hill at his master's call, burst upon the path, and whirling his sword aloft, spurred right against Starofsky;—but the bullet from the soldier's musket was swifter even than his thundering approach—he received it in his heart, and springing upwards, fell dead under his horse's feet, just as that of his master, startled by the close report, reared, and, unaided by its embarrassed rider, fell backwards,—and horse and man, with the captive in his arms, rolled upon the ground.

Heedless of every other object, Starofsky flew to the female, who, stunned by the fright and fall, lay senseless, but fortunately unentangled either with the struggling horse or its rider. He raised her tenderly in his arms, called upon her to speak to him, and sought to awaken her to consciousness. But the approach of another horseman

recalled him to the recollection of his dangerous position; so, standing over the still senseless girl, he quickly reloaded his piece, while the horseman flew to assist his master, whom he soon freed from the fallen horse, and raised upon his feet. “Stand off, if ye love your lives!” shouted Starofsky, now prepared to receive them. “Villains! if ye be wise, leave the place:—but hark! the village is alarmed—please God, ye shall suffer for your misdeeds!”

“Miscreant! fool! madman!” uttered a deep and furious voice—“what devil tempts thee thus to thwart me? Twice hast thou come between me and my prey;—but mark me—my time will come; a sure and deep revenge will soon be mine.” As the baffled robber muttered these words through his set teeth, his bare head, exposed to the beams of the moon, fixed the gaze of the astonished Starofsky—it was the face of the ruffian whom he had struck down in the ruin at Teflis!—and on the left brow might still be seen the gash which his hand had inflicted there, not indeed, as then, streaming with blood, but seamed and ghastly, adding deeper horror to the malignant scowl of his savage though handsome countenance.

The shouts of the alarmed villagers were by this time heard approaching—lights were streaming through the place, and the trampling of feet came nearer and nearer. The horse of the robber had been prepared by his servant, who now urged him to be gone—and as he turned to mount, Starofsky observed that his right arm hung useless at his side—it had been broken in the fall, and this was the cause of the little molestation which our soldier had met with from his opponents. Seizing the mane with his left hand, the ruffian sprung into the saddle, and no sooner was he seated there, than drawing a pistol from his holster, he discharged it full at Starofsky—“Take that in earnest of vengeance!” said he, and dashing his stirrups in his horse's flanks, the animal sprung at full gallop along the path. The report of Starofsky's musket instantly followed; but the suddenness of the action, and the uncertain light, probably troubled his aim, and the two robbers, master and man, continuing their rapid course, were soon out of sight.

Starofsky now threw down his arms,

and had once more raised the yet insensible female, when several of the villagers made their appearance from the copsewood. Upon seeing a man holding a female in his arms, they rushed forward to secure him, shouting "Thief! villain!" and all sorts of opprobrious terms, and calling out to their companions that they had found the robbers. "Hold, hold!" exclaimed Starofsky in return; "commit no violence. I am no thief; on the contrary, I have driven off the thieves, and rescued your daughter."—"You rescued her—hoh! a likely story, truly—and who are you? Come, brothers, do not listen to his fair words—down with the villain! down with him!" Thus shouted some, while others, less rash, called aloud to let him be heard. On the whole, however, he stood in imminent hazard of being roughly handled, had he not still held the female firmly in his arms, and they feared, in assailing him, to injure her. "Stay yet," cried he, once more; "if there be among you one Goorgeen Boordeek, let him approach—it is Peter Starofsky who calls." A voice was now heard approaching, which Peter well knew; and the crowd fell back to permit old Goorgeen to come near. Still ignorant of all that had passed, the old man wildly demanded what had become of his child, when Peter stepped forward. "Old friend," said he, "receive your daughter once more from the hands of Starofsky, who has happily been in time again to rescue her from danger; speak a word, too, to these honest fellows, who seem still very well disposed to tear me in pieces." With these words, and slightly clasping the now reviving girl for a moment to his breast, he placed her in the arms of her father.

It was indeed Shushan, the little Shushan he had loved as a pretty young girl—whom three years had turned into a lovely young woman—whom he had a second time rescued from the same villain that had once before attempted to gain violent possession of her person,—it was she whom he had pressed to his breast, held in his arms, and now parted with only to those of her father.

He might have continued his harangue still longer, but the old man scarcely heard him. Terror-struck at the report which had reached him from her flying companions, that his

daughter had been carried off by horsemen, and bewildered with the tumult and heat of the pursuit,—the sudden, though joyful surprise, of having his child restored to him thus unexpectedly, and almost miraculously, overpowered his senses, and he stood as if stupified, scarcely supporting his daughter, who now recovering herself, and looking round at the crowd and the lights, turned hastily from them, clasped her father round the neck, and cried out in accents of terror, "Oh my father! save me, save me!" The villagers now bustled about the father and daughter, tendering them assistance, and confounding them still more by their reports of all they had seen and heard. By their account, whole bands of robbers had been driven off, after much skirmishing and sharp firing, and one prisoner had been taken—for they still looked with suspicion upon Peter, who, wholly absorbed in the scene before him, was scarcely aware that they had seized him. But he now shook off those who held him, and once more addressed Goorgeen. "Speak, old friend—recover your senses—see, your daughter's safe—do you not yet remember the voice of Starofsky?"—"Starofsky!" half shrieked the daughter; "ah! then it was not a dream—it was his own voice I heard—Oh, Starofsky, was it then you who snatched me from that fearful man?" enquired she eagerly, in accents that betrayed both interest and tenderness. "Yes, sweet Shushan, it was indeed your old friend Starofsky—always happy when he can render you a service."—"O, I thought that just before the terrible crash, a voice familiar to me called upon the villain who had seized me; but then came thundering sounds and flashes of fire, and my head reeled—I heard no more, and thought all was only a hideous vision:—where am I now?"—"In your father's arms, dearest child," exclaimed old Goorgeen, now somewhat come to himself; "and God bless your brave deliverer, my honest, true, and well-beloved Starofsky;"—and the old man pressing forward, while his daughter still clung about him, threw his arms around the soldier, who was thus once more brought in very close contact with the lovely and now blushing Shushan. The villagers, who began at length to perceive that Starofsky was neither to

be torn to pieces, nor hanged on the spot, gathered around them with loud shouts, and all proceeded to the village.

"May the blessing of God and St Gregory ever follow you, my dear Starofsky! welcome, most welcome, to us once more, who now a second time owe to you more than the life of our daughter; a woful family we had been this night, but for you;"—and again old Goorgeen embraced our soldier, kissing him thrice on each cheek. "Ay, God bless him indeed," echoed the mother, while she held her still panting daughter to her heart; "and may he never have a sore heart that has gladdened ours this night."—"But what means this? which of you is hurt?" interrupted the father, starting at the sight of his own clothes, which were stained with blood; "Oh God, my child, you are wounded! where, where is she hurt?"—"Me! not I, father," replied the girl; "a little sore and well shaken I am, indeed, for that was a fearful fall, but I feel no hurt—My God! it is Starofsky," exclaimed she, turning pale. "Oh, they have killed him! see how he bleeds!" It was in truth from the person of Peter that both father and daughter had received their bloody stains; and the lights shewed, that the arm of his grey surtout was deeply ensanguined, while spots of the same hue were scattered over all his clothes: and now he first recollected, that when the ruffians fired at him as they retreated, he had been sensible of a slight shock in his left arm. An examination instantly took place, and to the relief of all present, it was discovered, that the pistol bullet which had perforated his clothes, had merely inflicted a slight flesh wound in his arm; but the agitation and anxiety of the lovely Shushan did not pass unnoticed by our soldier, and awakened in his breast an interest more lively and tender than he had any idea of at the time.

And now came enquiries and explanations. The villagers, when first they heard the alarm, concluded that it arose from a sudden incursion of the Persians, whose frontier was close by; and this report was confirmed by some of the girls who first took to flight. But one or two of those who were along with the daughter of Goorgeen, at the moment when two men darted

from the wood and seized her, declared that the fellows did not wear the Persian dress, but had Georgian tunics and caps, and that they saw none but these three; upon which the villagers, taking courage, had, at the tears and entreaties of their elder Goorgeen, seized on whatever weapons they could find, and sallied out in pursuit. "But who this determined marauder can be, who now has twice made my daughter the object of his lawless enterprise," said old Goorgeen to himself, as the subject underwent the customary comments and discussion, "I cannot even guess."—"Unless," interrupted one of his sons, "it may be some desperado from the Turkish tribes in the heights of Shuragil; their chiefs like well at times to get hold of one of our poor Armenian girls for the harems of their pashas."—"By St Nicholas! I forgot," replied Peter, "one of the fellows carries a mark of mine which I think he'll scarce lose, or carry from the spot. I brought down one of them, and he lay still enough; we never thought of him in our haste; you should move the body, at least, from the road, my friends—it must not lie there all night."—"By the arm of St Gregory! he is in the right," replied the old man; "Evannes, take one or two more with you, and look after this dead miscreant—let us see whom he belongs to, and let the body be properly disposed of." Evannes went accordingly, but returned after a short while, declaring that they had found a pool of blood just where the fray had taken place, but that all other traces of the body had vanished. It was probable, therefore, that the ruffians had been more numerous than was at first supposed, or that, dreading the discovery, the unhurt attendant had returned to remove the body of their comrade, after the villagers had left the spot.

Our soldier remained, for the period of his leave, with Goorgeen and his family, who, now more than ever charmed with his frank honesty and good-humour, were never weary of loading him with kindness. Perhaps the prudent Goorgeen, placed as his family was so near a large Russian station, and not far from the hostile frontier, was not insensible to the advantage of having a friend in a Russian soldier high in favour with his officers. Starofsky, on his side, grati-

fied as he was with the cordial hospitality he experienced from the old people, became hourly more fascinated with the beauty of the daughter; and she, full of gratitude, and perhaps something of a warmer sentiment, to her preserver, lost gradually much of that excessive reserve and timidity which characterises the young females of Armenia, and treated him with the frank, artless familiarity due to one of the family.

Time passed on; our soldier repaired, as frequently as duty permitted, to Khoshanloo, and a fuller opportunity of cultivating the good graces of his friends in that place was soon afforded him; for it so happened, that the village of Khoshanloo was selected as a fitting place for the establishment of a small outpost to watch the movements of the Persians in that quarter, and Peter, among others, was sent, by favour of his officers, to assist in constructing it. Thus placed within the immediate influence of the lovely Shushan's charms, and growing daily in favour with her parents, it is not to be wondered at that his heart became irrevocably devoted to the gentle being whose liberty and honour he had twice been the means of preserving, and who evinced her sense of the obligation by the most confiding kindness, if not avowed affection, for her brave deliverer.

Their mutual attachment became, indeed, soon too obvious for concealment; but no concealment was meditated. That a substantial Armenian farmer should consent to the union of his daughter with a poor Russian private soldier, was a consummation scarcely to be contemplated under ordinary circumstances; but the peculiarity of the events which had introduced our soldier to the family of the Armenian elder, and which had accompanied the continuance of their acquaintance, was such as in a great degree to level distinctions. Goorkeen was a rich man for his station in life, and there seemed no reason to forbid the hope of procuring, in due time, Starofsky's discharge from the Russian army, when he might become a member of the family at Khoshanloo, and share the comfort and prosperity which it enjoyed. The speculations of the parties concerned had not, it is true, assumed a shape so positive as to be thus openly discussed, but such was

the nature of their private cogitations, in which the father apparently had his share; at all events, he tacitly, if not avowedly, encouraged the attachment, and Starofsky, happy and comfortable among them, pressed for no explanation which might by possibility have awakened him from his dream of delight.

But the day at length arrived, when, their duty being executed, the party were recalled from Khoshanloo, and Starofsky, forced to quit his comfortable quarters and his mistress together, returned to his duty at the station; nor was this unpleasant change, and the severer service which he was called upon to perform, the only vexations he was doomed to experience. It was but a day or two after his arrival at Kar Ecclessia, while crossing a corner of the parade-ground before the general's quarters, that he observed, among the crowd of individuals who were moving about upon it, the same officer whose appearance had attracted his attention soon after his first arrival at the station. He wore the same undress uniform—the same fur cap covered his head, and overshadowed his face—the same orders hung at his breast—but his right arm was in a sling. A strange undefinable sensation of dislike arose in the mind of our soldier at the sight of this man; but how was this feeling increased, when, the shadowy cap being thrown back by a sudden motion of the head, he saw glaring on him from beneath it, the fierce eye and ominous scowl of the ruffian whom his arm had struck down at Tefia, whose wicked career he had arrested at Khoshanloo, and from whose unhallowed grasp he had twice torn his dear Shushan! There were the lofty malignant features, and the deep-set evil eye, which had dwelt so long and painfully upon his memory—and on the brow was impressed the red ghastly scar, distorting the left side of his countenance, but usually concealed by his large fur cap.

Starofsky stood stupified with amazement. This robber, then, was a Russian officer. The man who had twice feloniously assaulted a helpless female, was his superior—might one day have him under his direct command. He shuddered at the thought. As he stood rooted to the ground, still gazing on his newly discovered enemy, the latter, throwing on him a withering look of

hatred and exultation, passed him by, and disappeared.

Long did our soldier muse upon this most painful and startling discovery, and anxiously did he debate within himself the course best to be pursued in consequence ;—whether it would be most prudent to inform his superiors of every fact within his knowledge, and thus endeavour to bring a robber and malefactor to justice for his misdeeds ; or to watch his motions silently, and await the fitting moment, when circumstances might tend to support such accusations as he might incline to prefer. At length he resolved upon the latter course ; for he reflected, that however positive he might himself be with regard to the man's identity, there were no other witnesses to prove either that or the facts which must be stated. And how, without such evidence, could he hope to prevail against a superior, however criminal ? Whereas, on the other hand, were he to remain silent, the very dread of what he could disclose might prove a wholesome restraint upon this evil-minded person, while he could put the family at Khoshanloo upon their guard, so as that any possible attempt at further outrage might be baffled by proper caution. Such were his calculations ; but little did he know the man he had to deal with.

Upon enquiry, Starofsky discovered he was, in point of fact, an officer in the Russian service, although by birth the son of a Kabetian chief of some consequence, to conciliate whose friendly offices the government had bestowed upon his son the rank of captain in a corps employed in reducing to obedience some refractory tribes in that and the neighbouring districts. A portion of this corps had been withdrawn, in order to strengthen the force at headquarters, and the young Tch—ky had arrived along with them. He bore the character of being a wild, reckless, unprincipled youth, but bold and daring, and his excesses were overlooked in favour of these useful qualities, as well as on account of his father's political influence. Such information was by no means calculated to calm the mind of our soldier, who discovered in it much cause of apprehension on his own account, as well as on that of his friends ; nor did any long time elapse before the first part of his fore-

bodings was realized, for he felt himself become the victim of a train of petty persecutions, which at first were only levelled at his comfort, but which soon aimed more decidedly at his utter ruin. Snare were laid to entrap him into petty breaches of discipline, while informers were always found upon the watch to make these errors the subjects of complaint, and consequent punishment ; insidious attacks were made upon his character, and, without any cause that he was aware of, he found himself waning in favour with his officers and comrades. It is true, that the frank and manly manner in which he acknowledged his errors, and submitted to their due punishment ; or rebutted such false accusations as were brought against him, had a powerful effect in removing such evil impressions from the minds of those officers with whom he had been a favourite ; but, after all, the Russian soldier is little better than a slave,—with the non-commissioned officers he may be on familiar terms enough, but the distance which subsists between him and his commissioned and aristocratic superiors, leaves but few opportunities for maintaining that kindly intercourse, and mutual confidence, which form the most powerful bond of union between an officer and his men. Thus Starofsky, possessing no adequate means for opposing the insidious attacks of his enemies, felt himself gradually losing the somewhat favourable position he had hitherto occupied in the esteem of his superiors.

That all this evil was to be attributed to the agency of Tch—ky, our soldier saw clearly enough ; but, crafty and circumspect, as well as malicious and unprincipled, that young man had laid his plans too cautiously to expose himself to the danger of detection, and his unfortunate victim could only redouble his attention to all points of duty, and his vigilance over the movements of his enemy. Starofsky's captain alone held out against these unfavourable impressions ; he had observed the young man's behaviour in situations requiring discretion and uprightness, as well as courage, and although occasional slight breaches of military discipline had been laid to his charge, they were not of a description to efface the recollection of persevering good conduct and steadiness

under trying circumstances, or to induce this officer to abandon the cause of his protégé.

It would be tedious to detail the progress of that system of persecution by which the life of Starofsky was rendered miserable, and more than once placed in great jeopardy. His malicious and indefatigable foe had surrounded him with an influence which poisoned the minds of others towards him, and threw a false and evil light upon every thing he did; yet still the intrinsic goodness and steady uprightness of the young soldier were for a long time sufficient to preserve him from the worst effects of the snares that were set in his path. But measures so slow and uncertain in their operation did not suit the designs of his enemy; more powerful engines were required to effect the destruction of his victim, and these were at length employed.

The spring was now advanced, and military operations, which for some months had been discontinued, were now resumed. The strict attention to duty, and general circumspection, which he found it indispensable to practise, in order to secure himself against the designs of his enemies, together with the severity of the weather, had prevented Starofsky from visiting his friends at Khoshanloo for some time past; but at length he had obtained permission to spend a day or two there, and was just on the eve of setting out, when, to his amazement and horror, he was arrested in his barrack by a corporal's guard, who had orders, they said, to carry him instantly before the assembled officers of his regiment, to answer against a charge of the most serious description. Utterly unconscious as the poor fellow was of any just cause for this arrest, which he had no hesitation in attributing to the machinations of his persevering enemy, his heart, wearied out with unceasing persecution, sunk within him at this unexpected blow,—and a feeling of alarm which he could not control agitated him powerfully, as, with arms firmly bound behind his back, they led him to the place where the officers of his regiment, assisted by others of high rank, were assembled to examine him.

The grave solemnity which prevailed in court when he entered, would alone have convinced him that the charge against him must be of the heaviest nature; but his worst anticipations were exceeded, and his horror and amazement rose to their height, when he found himself accused of holding treasonable correspondence with the enemy, and of inviting the advanced troops of the Sirdar* of Erivan to make an attempt upon certain villages and outposts belonging to the Russians, left, as he was stated to have declared, defenceless, the parties and picquets which had occupied them having lately been withdrawn. Starofsky stood thunderstruck.

"Merciful God!" at length he exclaimed, "is it I, Peter Starofsky, who am accused of corresponding with the Persians?—I, who love my country so dearly—who hate its enemies—who have fought with the vile Persians, and would give every drop of my blood to drive them from the face of the earth! It is false! I swear by the Virgin—utterly false! But where are your proofs?—Who are my accusers? Let me see them, that I may answer, and spurn the wicked charge."

"That," said the president, gravely, "you shall have full opportunity to do. Let Captain Tch—ky come forward!"—and the countenance of Starofsky fell, and his face grew pale with alarm and disgust, as his bitter enemy advanced thus publicly against him. This change of countenance did not pass unnoticed by the members of the court-martial, and it obviously created an impression to the disadvantage of the prisoner.

Tch—ky now stated to the court, that being put in command of a detachment, from which picquets and patrols were sent out to observe the Persian outposts, two of his people had fallen in with a man in the Armenian dress, but who was in fact a Persian spy, employed by the Sirdar of Erivan in obtaining intelligence of the Russian movements. This man had resisted, he said, so obstinately, that his people were unable to take him alive; but upon his person, after he was killed, they found letters addressed to the prisoner, obviously re-

* The general commanding the frontier districts of Persia, next to the Russian territories.

plying to others from the latter. These letters were now produced. They bore a seal and superscription, which purported to be that of a Persian officer, commanding a body of troops at Aberaun; and they referred to previous communications, in conformity with which, he, the said officer, agreed to send a party to attack certain posts and villages specified as being without defence. The authenticity of these documents was supported, in the first place, by the production of a scrap of paper, found, as was declared, after his arrest, among the few articles of property which Starofsky possessed, and which appeared to be part of a letter from the same officer, written in the same tone and upon the same subject. Both of these papers made allusion to the rewards which the prisoner was to receive from the prince, so soon as his engagements should be performed, and that he should appear in person to claim them. In the second place, by the evidence of an attendant of Tch—ky's, who being produced, declared that he had seen the prisoner more than once in communication with a person, whose appearance agreed with the description of the spy; that these communications were generally held at night, with every appearance of caution and mystery, which had so strongly awakened his suspicions, that he had informed his master of the circumstance, and received his orders to watch the prisoner closely,—a course which he had accordingly adopted, and which had enabled him to speak confidently on the present occasion.

Several other witnesses were examined upon the part of the accuser; but the substance of the evidence against the prisoner is contained in what has been given above. Starofsky, on his part, taken completely off his guard, had little to reply, beyond a solemn and most earnest denial of the charge in all its parts. He had no evidence to produce in his own favour—he could only appeal to his conduct in general, in corroboration of his innocence. But he conceived it to be but a duty to himself and to others, to show how much cause he had to suspect, nay, openly to charge, his accuser of evil intentions with regard to himself, and atrocious guilt towards his friends. He, therefore, having craved the indulgence of the court,

related every particular of his rencontres with Tch—ky, both at Teflis and at Khoshanloo, solemnly asserting that he was too confident of the identity of the person whom he had twice prevented from destroying the peace of a whole family, with his present accuser, to admit of the most distant chance of a mistake. But when desired to bring forward the proof of all he had stated, as well as to furnish some more conclusive evidence of the alleged identity, he was forced to confess that he possessed no proof beyond his own confident assurance of the fact; but submitted, that the facts he had stated were scarcely of a nature to admit of further proof; that although the old man's daughter had assuredly been twice assaulted by the ruffian, she was on neither occasion in a condition to recognise his person; and that not one of her family had been nigh her at the time, or had witnessed any part of the transaction—thus their evidence, could he have submitted it, would be of no value. The information he had thus laid against his accuser, instead of benefiting his cause, certainly appeared to have done it an injury; for the attempt of thus turning the tables against his opponent and superior by a tale improbable in itself, and unsupported by any sort of proof, created an unfavourable feeling towards him in the mind of his judges. His captain, indeed, with a steadiness of good-will which did him credit, and which called forth the grateful acknowledgments of the unfortunate Starofsky, exerted himself to countenance and support him throughout the whole examination, and even went so far as to declare, that the evidence, however plausible, was insufficient to satisfy his mind of the prisoner's guilt of a crime so totally inconsistent with his former good conduct and known loyalty. He even went so far as to differ in opinion from the court, concerning the degree of credit to be attached to the prisoner's communications concerning Captain Tch—ky, and earnestly solicited some delay in the proceedings of the court, in order to give the prisoner time and opportunity for proving his innocence, and the truth of his story. But his benevolent efforts were in vain. The feeling, and no doubt the conviction, of the other members of the court, were in direct opposition to the opinion of

Captain P——. It was also deemed expedient, at the commencement of a campaign, to make a severe example in a matter of so much consequence, in order to deter others from similar acts of treason. Accordingly, after a long and warm debate, the court found the prisoner guilty of the crime laid to his charge, and sentenced him to be executed on the following day, according to the forms of military justice.

Poor Starofsky listened to this sentence with mingled emotions of astonishment and indignation. His feelings, as an honest soldier and faithful subject, were sorely outraged; and although his native courage, and habits of military submission, disposed him to look without terror upon his approaching fate, he could not reflect upon the signal injustice of which he was to be the victim, and upon all the hopes of happiness which were thus snatched from him, without poignant mortification and distress.

In this condition, with his hands manacled like the vilest of criminals, he was taken to his prison, where, a sentry being stationed over him, he was left to his own meditations for the night—which was to be his last; and it may easily be concluded that these were not of the most pleasing description: for although the image of his dear and lovely Shushan was still uppermost in his mind, the thought that he would no more behold her filled his soul with the bitterest anguish:—then would the recollection of his cruel enemy's successful machinations dart through his brain, and sting him almost to madness. Sleep could not visit him in such a frame of mind; and during the early part of the night he lay ruminating on his approaching fate, disturbed only by the monotonous tread and occasional challenge of the sentinel, as he traversed the allotted space in front of the prison door: This prison was an old guard-house, built of wooden logs, in no very sufficient state of repair, situated on one side of the parade-ground, in full view of the barracks and officers' quarters, and not far from the edge of a small declivity which overlooked the village; a pathway, leading from the latter to the cantonment, passed on one side, within a few yards of the building.

It might have been about an hour before midnight, and after silence had for some time prevailed in the whole

station, when the prisoner heard the sentinel challenge. An answer was given; one question produced, as it seemed, another; the surly tone in which the first queries of the sentry, and his order to keep at a distance, had been given, was now exchanged for a more placid voice, and this soon relaxed into something like a smothered laugh. Other voices now joined in the conversation, among which, although they all spoke in an under-key, Starofsky imagined he could recognise some not unfamiliar to his ear. As he continued to listen with new interest to this dialogue, our soldier was startled by another noise at the back of his prison, subdued, indeed, and low, but which sounded, as he thought, like the cautious and constrained efforts of some one working at the foundations of his prison, and endeavouring to shake its wall, without producing a noise loud enough to attract notice. Whatever the object of such a proceeding might be, Starofsky saw no good reason for interrupting it, by giving the alarm: It was improbable that the intention of those so employed could be inimical to him. Condemned to die upon the morrow, what worse evil could his worst enemy propose to inflict? any change in his condition must be for the better: perhaps a lurking gleam of hope—that light, so ever ready to dawn upon and to beguile the human breast—even then arose in his secret heart, and confirmed his resolution to wait the event in silence.

Nearly an hour had elapsed in this way, when the noise suddenly ceased; in half a minute more, three distinct taps on the wall were given, as if to excite the prisoner's attention, and a voice, proceeding as it seemed from a chink in the wall, pronounced these words in a low clear tone, and in the Armenian tongue:—"Prisoner! sleep not to-night—be cautious and vigilant, and two hours after midnight hope for aid." All was then still; even the voices of the sentry and his companions had ceased. At midnight the guard was relieved; and the new sentry, left alone, commenced his measured pace before the guard-house, humming at the same time one of his country airs. But he was not long left to his solitary meditations. The same voices which had accosted his predecessor, now attracted his own notice. The challenge was given, the voices

replied, the sentry was pacified, and the conversation recommenced in the same manner as it had done on the former occasion; laughing and talking went on in front,—and the same silent but earnest operations in rear of the guard-house. Nor was it long before the effects of that labour became apparent. A log forming the foundation of the wall, was seen by Starofsky to move—a portion of the floor fell in, as if it had been undermined—an arm appeared enlarging the aperture, until it became of size sufficient to admit the body of a man—a head and shoulders now ascended, scarcely visible in the gloom—"Peter!" uttered the same low voice, which Starofsky now recognised as that of Evannes, the son of old Georgeen—"Delay not, Peter; your life is at stake—follow me through this hole, and you are at liberty—be quick! time is precious—a moment may ruin us all!"—"Evannes! is it possible?—have you risked your life?—and for me!"—"Hush!—yes—no words, but follow me."—"Alas, I cannot, I am manacled; besides, how can I desert my colours—my regiment! Better to be shot—to be flogged to death than that!—I cannot go with you."—"Foolish man! what would you do? would you throw away your life and character to boot? Your enemy prevails for the season; the star of your fate is clouded, but the cloud will disperse; if you live, better days may come—if you die like a malefactor to-morrow, life, name, and every thing, are lost, without hope of recovery."—"That is true indeed," said Peter; "I would fain try, methinks, and trust to the future to clear my good name—but these shackles! I am powerless."—"Pasha! never mind them—here, lie down thus—place yourself close to this opening—aid me as much as you are able, and I warrant we get you through—so."—The head and shoulders of Evannes disappeared, and were replaced by those of Peter, who, embarrassed though he was by his manacles, contrived to assume a position above the aperture favourable to the efforts of his friend; and the powerful arms of Evannes, seizing hold of his collar, pulled him downward by main force. The struggle was severe, and more than once, the sufferings of Starofsky forced a smothered groan from his lips, while the other almost despaired of

dragging the fettered body of his friend through the untoward gap. But life or death lay upon their efforts, and perseverance does wonders; the earth by degrees gave way; another log was partially displaced, and Evannes had the satisfaction at length to see the body of Starofsky, half suffocated indeed, and sorely bruised, but without material injury, beyond the walls of his prison.

"Now, for the love of God, exert yourself, my friend, without delay," whispered Evannes earnestly; "here, take a mouthful of this brandy; it will give you strength." The bewildered Starofsky mechanically complied; the fresh air and the spirits together did wonders in reviving him. "I can stand now, I think," said he—"ay, and run too."—"Ah! but there must be no running yet. See you the top of yon height there? We must gain that unnoticed, and place it between us and the range of sentries around the station—we should otherwise draw their fire, and most probably be instantly taken. Follow, and do as you see me do." Laying himself at full length upon the ground, Evannes now moved cautiously forward upon all fours, taking advantage of every inequality in the ground to cover himself from view, like a cat stealing upon its prey. Starofsky attempted to do the same, but his manacled hands were sadly in his way. He grovelled on his breast—half raised, and then threw himself forward, but scarce made any way; and was almost in despair at his slow progress. "I cannot get on this way," whispered he; "I must get upon my feet."—"No, no!" replied Evannes earnestly, but in tones as low; "take courage—see, we have not twenty yards to go. See, throw your arms, manacles and all, over my back, and attend only to your feet—I will drag you along, only keep up your spirits; and in this painful manner did they proceed slowly and with difficulty. Suddenly the voices before the prison became silent, and the sentry's step was heard. The two friends lay flat upon the ground, and held their breath. The sentry challenged—was answered—the clash of arms was heard—"It is the officer of the night going his rounds," whispered Starofsky; "if he enters the cell, we are lost;"—but after a few words another faint clash was heard, and footsteps departing;

after which the sentry resumed his accustomed pace.

A minute or two of further exertion now brought Starofsky and his friend to the lip of the hollow which overlooked a part of the village. "Now follow as fast as you like," said Evannes, rising, and rapidly, but noiselessly and with caution, descending by a path which wound downward to the river bank. But he turned from the regular ford to which it led—"Not here; we cannot cross here," continued Evannes; "we should be seen by the sentries on the bank above—this way—follow me this way,"—and gliding behind an old enclosure, he made his way at the same swift pace along some brushwood on the bank, to a turn of the stream considerably farther down. "This is the place," observed Evannes; "here we may cross without danger, for no one dreams of looking after this deep pool—the fords are all watched. Trust to me—I can upon me—I will convey you safely across." The pool was deep enough, in truth. At the first step Evannes was up to the breast; but he stood firm, and supported the fettered Starofsky, so that the plunge might not be heard. The bottom was rough with shelving rocks, so that it was difficult to preserve their footing; and before they had made three steps, Evannes had to swim, supporting his embarrassed friend. At length, however, they reached the further shore, and scrambled up the bank. "By the blessing of holy Saint Gregory," said Evannes, "I hope we may call ourselves safe. The horses are close by, and we shall need them—feet alone would serve us but little stead now." He led the way to a patch of copsewood at no great distance, where they found a man holding two horses, who seemed impatiently waiting their arrival. "Oh, Evannes, is it you? we thought you must have failed, and were taken perhaps. Thank God, you are come; my father was in an agony, and would stay here no longer; he went to see what had happened—but hold, here he comes." It was indeed old Goorgeen, who arrived in great agitation, and who, upon seeing Starofsky, uttered a fervent ejaculation of thankfulness, and fell upon his neck. "Oh, my son, my son!" cried he, in hurried accents; "thank Heaven and the Virgin, you are restored to us—but this is no time

for delay—quick, quick—the hammer and pincers—take off these vile fetters, and let us be gone—they must soon be alarmed—let us be gone!" Willing hands make short work—Starofsky's manacles were speedily wrenched off at the expense of some small portion of cuticle; he was instantly mounted upon a horse, the old man got upon another, desired Peter to follow him close, and without any further explanation, off they set at speed towards the village, leaving the rest to follow as they might.

Buried in the most secret crypt of old Goorgeen's habitation, which contained more accommodation beneath its roof, than its exterior gave reason to expect, Starofsky, stretched upon a bed of the softest felts, was ministered unto by all the family of his worthy host, and not with least tenderness by his gentle mistress, who had long since learned to conduct herself towards him with the perfect familiarity of a sister. It was here that he became acquainted with the circumstances by which his release had been effected. It appeared that one of Goorgeen's sons, coming to Kar Ecclissia on business, had heard by chance of Starofsky's arrest. The young man lost no time in acquainting his father with the circumstance, who on his part, much alarmed, had immediately hastened with two others of his family to the station, in order to render such assistance to his friend as might lie in his power. His horror may be imagined when he learned that Starofsky had not only been arrested, but tried and condemned to death,—and then lay fettered and imprisoned until the following day, when the execution was intended to take place with all due military form.

But Goorgeen, although amazed and shocked, did not abandon the hope of assisting his friend. Having ascertained that no hopes of pardon remained, his next object was to discover the place of his confinement, after which he held a consultation with his sons and one sure friend in the village, and with their assistance contrived the bold scheme which was to liberate the man who had twice saved his own child. Perfectly acquainted with the fondness of the Russian soldiers for good brandy, a liquor which the Armenians have the art of making in perfection, he dispatched one of his sons along

with a nephew of his friend to divert the sentry's attention from his charge—to enter into conversation, and, by plying him with abundance of this favourite cordial, to confuse his intellects, so that he should not discover the operations carried on in rear of the guard-house for liberating his prisoner. But as it was not to be expected that these operations could be completed within the term of any one sentry's watch, it was agreed that the two young men should withdraw before the relief took place, and return again to play the same game with the succeeding sentinel. The result of these operations has been seen; and to those who have witnessed the negligence too common among the Russian guards, their success will not appear surprising.

With regard to plans for the future, the family were as much at a loss what to propose, as Starofsky himself. To evade the vigilance of the Russian military authorities, in a country entirely under their sway, and pervaded in all quarters by detachments of their troops, appeared a hopeless proposal; nor did a temporary retreat into either the Turkish or the Persian territories afford a much better chance of personal safety, even if our soldier could have consented to a measure which would give a better colour to the false accusations under which he at the moment suffered—for still he cherished a hope that his innocence might yet be established, and that, through the favour of his friendly captain, he might recover his good name and position among his countrymen; nor would he sacrifice this hope to any dubious prospect of personal safety. Nothing, therefore, was decided on at the time, except that he should remain where he was in strict concealment, until pursuit should be past, and afterwards act as circumstances might indicate.

His confinement was not, however, destined to be of long continuance. The day elapsed without any event of consequence; and in the evening, several of the family assembled in Starofsky's hiding-place, to while away the heavy, anxious hours. One by one they had dropped off and retired to their several dormitories, leaving with him Evannes alone; and they two were talking over the past, and trying to paint the future in brighter hues than were warranted by the cloudy aspect

of the present, when a distant sound fixed at once the attention of both—a low, continued, rumbling noise, stealing gradually upon the dead repose of midnight, and increasing every moment in loudness—then came a faint shout—then the yell and bark of dogs. “Good God, what can that be?” exclaimed Evannes. “It is the trampling of horse,” cried Starofsky; “it is the Cossacks come to seek for me.” “Hush, be still—remain quiet where you are, Peter,—they'll never find you here if you are but prudent;—I'll go and hear what they are about, and return soon to tell you.”

But the shrieks and the tumult which now swelled upon the air, convinced Starofsky that there was something on foot more serious than the arrival and search of half-a-dozen Cossacks—nor was he mistaken. Evannes burst into the cell—“The Persians! Oh God, Starofsky, it is the Persians! they are upon us! murdering and seizing on all they can lay hold of!—My mother and sister must be concealed here—God grant the place escape their diabolical search.” Again he rushed out,—but returned in a moment, thrust in his mother and Shushan, exclaimed, “Stay with them, protect them, Peter!”—closed and made fast the door, and rushed from the place.

Starofsky, who, on comprehending the first startling intelligence of the Persian attack, was about to follow Evannes from his hiding-place, paused when he saw the females thus committed to his protection. He caught the trembling Shushan to his arms, caressed and soothed her; spoke such words of hope and comfort as he could to her mother; and when, as the shout and the rattle of fire-arms, and the gallop of horse, approached and raged around the place, all hope seemed lost, he threw his arms around them both, and swore to shed his last drop of blood in their defence. “Oh, it is dreadful—dreadful!” gasped the mother, in smothered accents; “and my poor husband, he will be murdered. But, great God! what is this?” exclaimed she, pointing to some bright lines of light which showed themselves through the chinks of the roof and walls—“the house is on fire!—we shall be burned!”—and Starofsky with horror, and almost with despair, beheld the flashes, and felt the first suffocating fumes of the smoke, curling

through the cell. Without reply he rushed to the door, tore open bolts and bars, and catching up Shushan in his arms, bore her through flames, and smoke, and crackling timber, to an open space before the door. "Oh God! my mother—save her—oh, save her, or I will also perish!" exclaimed the bewildered girl; and Starofsky, scarce casting a look upon the wild figures that fitted about among the circling vapour, dashed back once more through the flames, and succeeded in reaching the almost senseless mother of his mistress. But his retreat became now more painful and uncertain; his eyes, blinded by the smoke, scarcely served to guide his steps, and the roof, partly fallen and burning, had filled the place with flames, and dust, and rubbish, so that more than once he stumbled and nearly fell with his burden among the scorching ruins. But a stout arm and ardent heart bore him through it all; he persevered, and at length hurst into the open air, where, staggering forward a pace or two, his senses reeled, and he fell with her whom he had saved upon the earth.

His consciousness, however, did not quite desert him. The cool fresh air relieved his breast of its suffocating constriction, and he opened his eyes. But what a scene met their first hurried glance! Flames everywhere hursting to the sky—wild mounted figures galloping furiously here and there, like demons in their native hell—men and women shrieking, flying, and falling under the fierce blows of their pursuers. Within a few paces lay the headless trunk of a slaughtered villager, and the black caps and bright scimitars of those who hovered around accounted for the deed; the head had gone, with many others, to represent that of a Russian, to the Shah, upon the next announcement of a victory over his northern enemies.—"Shushan! Great God! Shushan! Where is she?" exclaimed Starofsky; and, turning round, he caught the fluttering of her white garments, as she was borne off by two Persian soldiers, adding her ineffectual shrieks to the hundreds that echoed around her. Heedless of every thing but the horrible fate of his mistress, Starofsky, seizing a fragment of burning timber,

rushed after the retiring group, calling upon them frantically to stop—to abandon their prize. The men did stop, and looked around them, and our soldier prepared for a fierce encounter; when, at that very moment, a party of horsemen, headed by two who bore the look and the dress of chiefs, rode up to the spot, and ordered the soldiers to deliver up their captive. "This is my share of the spoil," exclaimed one of the chiefs; "I claim this female as my own."—"She is yours," replied the other; "you have deserved her well." Starofsky turned towards the first speaker, preparing to dispute his claim; but what was his amazement and indignation, when, in spite of all disguise of dress and equipment, he recognised, in this leader of a Persian marauding party, his implacable and successful enemy, the young Tch—ky! "Infernal, traitorous villain!" exclaimed he, as he flew towards him, brandishing his uncouth club, and aiming at him a furious blow. Sharply curbing back his horse, till its haunches almost touched the ground, Tch—ky avoided the force of the weapon, which, however, grazing and deeply cutting his left cheek, descended with numbing force upon his thigh. "Curses upon thee!—thou again, Starofsky!" muttered he through his set teeth, as he drew a pistol from his saddle-bow—"but my time has come at last—and behold thy mistress in my power, fellow, before I send thee to hell!" He cocked and levelled the deadly weapon at Starofsky's head; but the Persian officer, with a rapid movement, struck up his arm, and the ball whizzed harmlessly in the air.—"Hold! hold! friend," said he; "with this man you have no business. Tough not the Shah's prisoners. You have got your own share of this night's spoil—so be content. I have orders to send every Russian taken alive to Tabreez, where the prince wants Topchees and artizans. Rest satisfied this fellow will never trouble you more." The struggles and entreaties of Starofsky were alike in vain. He was seized, pinioned, and dragged from the village, whilst his shrieking mistress was borne off in another direction.

Wounded, beaten, and scorched in

an hundred places, our luckless soldier, with his arms tied behind him, was driven onwards at a horseman's rein, who urged his beast rapidly up the valley, in company with the greater part of the assailants, now in full retreat, laden with spoil and prisoners, and driving before them a quantity of sheep and cattle. The village itself was reduced to a heap of smoking ruins. More than once did the unfortunate Starofsky, heart-broken and despairing, throwing himself down upon the pathway, refuse to move a step further, and call upon his tormentors to put an end to his suffering; and as often did the blows of clubs, the goading of spears, and forcible tugging at the ropes which bound him, oblige him to rise and resume his painful march, while the torturing thought of his mistress in the power of that ruffian, added poignancy to his misery. Of her, or of her ravisher, he saw no more. Although more than one female captive was borne past, he could not distinguish her whom his eyes were strained to discover.

In spite of the efforts of the retreating Persians, their progress, as they approached the mountains which separated the valley from the Persian frontier, became slow and perplexed, by the bustle and confusion of men and cattle, jammed together in the narrow, and sometimes dangerous path; and now and then, a bullock or cow was jostled over the steep declivity, or a herd or a flock, confounded by the uproar, the shouting of men, and the barking of dogs, would turn, and run madly down the precipice. Every step increased the confusion; and, long before they reached the gorge of the pass, a grey light in the east announced the approach of morning. At this time, as the advance of the marauders, who, to the number of twelve or fifteen, preceded the more tumultuous throng, had rounded a projecting cliff, and were entering a rough patch of scattered brushwood, they were saluted by a loud shout from a rough voice, and a single horseman, followed at a little distance by two others, advanced from the thicket. The appeal was speedily repeated, and the Persians now knew it to be the challenge of a Russian picquet, and started in alarm at the rencounter; but observing the small number of which it appeared to consist, their own

courage returned, and replying with a scornful shout, they dashed forward to annihilate their opponents.

The three Cossacks fired their pistols and retired, but only to the edge of the brushwood cover, above which the assailants could presently discern some twenty or thirty long spears and caps hastening to join their companions; and the desultory assault of the Persians was met by a far more serious and determined charge on the part of the Cossacks, which quickly made the former retire in great confusion, leaving five or six of their number transfixed with the spears, or pierced by the bullets of the Russians. The precipitate retreat of the Persian advance upon the already disordered mass in its rear, completed the utter confusion of the marauders. Ignorant of the real cause of the alarm, they could imagine nothing less than a general attack of the Russians; and the panic, increased by the triumphant shouts of the Cossacks in front, became universal and uncontrollable. The Persians took to flight in all directions; some clambering up the hill side, others dashing downwards into the valley below; all throwing down their loads of booty, and abandoning the prisoners to their own discretion. The cattle, no longer under restraint, galloped here and there, most of them taking the road homewards; so that, in a few minutes, the Cossacks, after laying about them with sword and spear as long as there was any one on whom to deal their blows, remained masters of the field, and such of the prisoners as had not likewise escaped.

Among the latter was Starofsky, who, stunned and bewildered by all that had passed, and having his hands bound behind him, never thought of flight. The Cossacks, who at first were delighted at having rescued a comrade from the durance to which he had been destined, shouted still louder for joy, when they recognised in the prisoner the villain who, as it was understood, had betrayed the village to the Persians, and he was triumphantly carried to their commanding officer. To the taunts and upbraidings of the latter, Starofsky replied but little. "I am innocent," said he. "I was delivered, by little less than a miracle, from the fate which awaited me; and who is there, that, condemned upon false witness as I was, would have re-

mained in his cell to undergo an unworthy death, when the means of escape were in his power? But I entreat you, tell me—have *all* the prisoners been recovered?—have you seen Captain Tch—ky? is *he* taken? and how came you to be so opportunely in this place to-night?”—“Is the fellow mad, or drunk?” returned the Cossack commander;—“what, in the devil’s name, is he prating about Captain Tch—ky? what has he to do in this business?—but, scoundrel! it is no thanks to you that we are here, nor will you have much cause to rejoice at it;—bring him along, comrades—bring him along.” So, directing a part of the rescued prisoners to assist some of their own number in securing the booty and cattle, the party pushed forward to Kar Ecclissia, where they arrived about noon.

Starofsky, sick, wounded, and weary, was at once conveyed to a prison of sufficient security, until the preparations for a strict enquiry into the events of the preceding night should have been made, when, before carrying into execution the sentence under which the prisoner still stood condemned, it was deemed expedient to examine him farther. Before being conveyed to his cell, Starofsky prevailed upon an old comrade, in whom he could confide, to carry to his commanding officer and patron, Captain P——, his humble but earnest request for a few minutes’ interview, upon the plea of having information of consequence to communicate. It was late in the evening before Captain P——, who appeared to be extremely occupied, could comply with the prisoner’s request; he remained with him near an hour, and it was remarked that, as he quitted the prison, his countenance was much agitated; that on returning to his quarters, several Cossacks were dispatched in different directions, and that in the morning the Captain himself took horse and quitted the station.

During the whole of the following day, our soldier awaited the moment which should hear him to his final examination, or to death, with an anxiety inseparable from his painful situation; but hour after hour passed on without a summons, nor was a single footstep heard near his cell, except the measured tread of the sentinel, as he passed and repossessed the door. Towards evening, the sound of drum and

trumpet, and military music, announced some event of more than ordinary importance, and even in his dungeon, Starofsky could distinguish the bustle which it occasioned. It had no relation to him, however, for the murmur subsided by degrees, and the prisoner was left to another anxious night, ignorant not only of his future fate, but of the cause which had protracted it to another day.

The morrow was destined to terminate this uncertainty. The unusual hustle and military music again announced some extraordinary movement, and when, at ten o’clock in the forenoon, a guard conveyed Starofsky to the hall of military justice, he remarked that a larger number of troops than customary were on duty, and that a greater crowd of officers, in their gay uniforms, thronged the quarters of the commandant of the station. The cause of this increased parade soon became known to him. General R——f, an officer of high rank, proceeding from Teflis to assume a considerable command in the approaching campaign, who had been expected for some days, had arrived at the station on the preceding evening; and as the events connected with Starofsky’s condemnation, escape, and re-capture, had excited considerable interest, it had been resolved to defer the final examination of the prisoner until it could be conducted in the presence of that distinguished officer. Accordingly, when Starofsky entered the hall, he observed the general occupying the principal seat among his judges. It was a solemn and impressive scene. A more than common degree of interest contracted every brow; and every eye was bent with earnest scrutiny upon the prisoner, as he entered, heavily fettered, in his undress uniform, all soiled, and torn, and scorched, by the effects of his various adventures.

The first step taken by the court was to order a recapitulation of the substance of the prisoner’s previous trial and condemnation. It was then set forth, that while thus under sentence of military law, he had broken from his prison, fled from justice, and was retaken by a Cossack detachment, under circumstances detailed at large by the commander of that detachment; and he was then called upon to declare by what means he had escaped from confinement; who were aiding

and abetting in this escape; and how he came to be in the situation in which the detachment had found him?

Starofsky cast an anxious glance around—his eye sought for his only friend, Captain P——; but it found him not, and the heart of the prisoner sank. By a powerful effort, however, he rallied his spirits, and, confiding in his innocence alone, he addressed himself to tell his own story, from first to last, in truth and sincerity. In reply to the first part of the interrogatory put by the court, he declared that, although doubtless he had received assistance in effecting his escape, he could not, and would not, declare who had yielded it. "Prisoner," observed one of the members, "beware—remember you already lie under sentence of death—but it is to die the death of a soldier;—it remains with the court to change the manner of that death—and not only additional sufferings, but increased degradation, may await you, in case of obstinacy or contempt."—"Far be contempt or obstinacy from me, your excellency," replied Starofsky; "but I will appeal to the candour of the court, whether it would add to my credit as a man, or my honour as a soldier, were I to betray the friend who risked his life to save mine? Thus much I may and will declare, that no one belonging to this station rendered me the smallest assistance, or knew of the intended rescue. Nay, I swear, that I knew not of it myself, until called upon to choose between liberty and life, or death and disgrace. Who, your excellencies, would have hesitated? Innocent of the charges under which I lay condemned, if I died, I died as a criminal. With lengthened life came the hope of one day proving that innocence; and though I did not dread to meet a soldier's fate, I could not resist seizing on the chance which thus offered itself of proving that I had not merited the death awarded to me. And shall I betray those whose zeal and kindness procured me such a chance?—No! You may add a few hours of torture to a weary life, or throw a little additional ignominy on a name that will soon be forgotten for ever; but I never was a traitor to my country, nor will I be so to my friend."

In the murmur which arose in court as the prisoner concluded these words,

an attentive ear might have caught the suppressed tones of admiration; nor could the observant eye have failed to trace, even in the generally calm unbending faces of the members, decided indications of the tribute which they paid internally to the manly bearing of the condemned criminal before them. A short discussion now took place, which terminated in a resolution to permit the prisoner to proceed with his narrative. In doing this, Starofsky begged permission to remind the court of certain circumstances which he had stated in his former defence, and particularly of the charges he had found it necessary to prefer against Captain Tch—ky. The court stopped him at that point, cautioning him to confine his communications to matters which might concern himself. But upon Starofsky declaring, that much of what he had to tell related to this very officer, he was permitted to proceed; and accordingly entered into a full detail of every circumstance that had occurred, from the time of his reaching the village of Khoshanloo, to the moment of his re-capture by the detachment of Cossacks.

The court listened to every particular of this narrative with unvarying interest—sometimes with evident and powerful emotion. When Starofsky described the appearance of Captain Tch—ky as one of the leaders of the Persian marauders, the sensation created among the members was very great, and some countenances expressed indignation, others merely amazement, while others again looked upon each other with an air of intelligence which did not escape the notice of the narrator. They examined him very strictly upon certain parts of his relation, and questioned and cross-questioned him in particular regarding every point which tended to criminate Tch—ky. The substance of his statement, with the questions put to him, and his replies, were then read out to him, and he was required to declare whether he agreed to every part of it.

Starofsky was now called upon to produce such proof or evidence as he might have of the extraordinary and even improbable facts he had stated. In reply, he shewed the court his fettered hands, and demanded, how a wretched prisoner, restrained from all

communication beyond his dungeon walls, should collect and arrange his proof of facts which had occurred in the heat of conflict?—nay, how, in such circumstances, was he to prepare a defence even in the most ordinary case?—"But," continued he, "I am not without evidence. I have a witness, and that in the person of Captain Tch—ky himself. The blow which I aimed at him as a Persian officer—as the foul ravisher of an innocent female, although it failed of its object, did not entirely miss its mark. The club with which I dealt it, grazed and wounded his left cheek; I saw the blood flow—nor can the scar he yet healed;—yes, he bears the mark my arm has impressed; and if ye profess to seek for truth, and to deal justice between man and man, let that man be sent for and confronted with him he has falsely accused of a crime which he has himself committed."

"Your demand is just," answered the president, "and it shall be complied with; but, prisoner, remember, that even should the guilt of Captain Tch—ky be clearly established, it cannot affect your own position. It may, indeed, affect the credit of that officer as your accuser, but the proof of your crime rests upon evidence which cannot be affected by his character, and has not as yet been impugned in any shape or degree; you stand charged, upon clear evidence, of having held treasonable correspondence with the enemy—his letters have been found in your possession, and for this you have been condemned to die—think, therefore, upon your own situation; if you have aught to adduce in your own favour, or calculated to disprove these facts, the court permits you to declare it now—seize this your last opportunity, or the law must take its course."—"Alas!" replied the prisoner, "what more can I have to say? I positively, and upon oath, deny having ever held such correspondence; the letters produced against me I never saw, never heard of, till so produced—I cannot even read them; they doubtless proceed from the machinations of that enemy who has sought my ruin with such indefatigable perseverance. I have no more to add. My only friend and patron—he on whose benevolent exertions I had grounded all my hopes—is not here to aid me. I submit to my fate;

but I shall die more at ease, if my cruel destroyer shall have been unmasked by my efforts, and prevented from any longer persecuting those whom he has marked for his prey."

A movement at the entrance of the hall now attracted attention; and the name of Captain Tch—ky was announced as appearing to the summons of the court. On him, accordingly, was every eye now turned. He was dressed in uniform, but wore a military cloak, which shrouded all his person, and his head was enveloped in a shawl. He came forward as if suffering from pain, and apologised for his unusual costume upon the plea of illness. The court immediately commenced their interrogations. To their question of, whether he had been at his post at — upon the night in question, he replied, that he had been there for the greater portion of that night, but, towards the latter part of it, had deemed it expedient to accompany a small party of his men upon a reconnoitring expedition. Of how many had this reconnoitring party consisted? Of four besides himself. It was singular that he should have thought of quitting his post at all without orders?—in what direction had this expedition proceeded? He mentioned the direction. At what time had they returned? The hour was stated. Captain Tch—ky appears at present to be in pain? He had been far from well. Had the Captain received any bodily injury? He had been bruised by a fall from his horse. When? Upon the reconnoitring expedition in question. Would the Captain please to uncover his face? He did so, but the left cheek was swelled and bandaged.

The members of the court-martial now held a short consultation together, at the termination of which Captain Tch—ky was ordered to retire for the present, and the president then addressed the prisoner:—"Peter Starofsky, the court have listened to your deposition, and have given you every possible opportunity in their power for proving your innocence of the charge against you; but although they admit, that there may be particulars in your case, which, under circumstances less strongly against you, might have weight in your favour, these cannot affect the positive evidence under which your sentence was pronounced. There

is, therefore, no change in your condition—you must prepare for death—Guard, remove the prisoner." The previous excitement of awakened hope rendered this unexpected confirmation of his sentence doubly painful to the unhappy Starofsky; he gazed wildly upwards for a moment—"Oh, God! thy will be done!" exclaimed he;—then turning to the guard—"I am ready," he said—"lead on."

But the business of the court was not yet at an end. At the entrance of the hall of justice Starofsky was encountered by his friend, Captain P——, covered with dust, and just alighted from a wearied horse. He rapidly enquired what had passed—requested the guard to halt for a few moments, as the presence of their prisoner might even yet be required—and hurried into court. A few minutes' conversation with the president produced a recall of the prisoner—a fresh interest re-animating the faces of the members, and the business was resumed.

The presence of Captain Tch—ky was once more required in court, and Captain P—— now formally charged him with having quitted his post at —, to join a party of Persian troops under an officer of the Sirdar of Erivan; with having traitorously led these to pillage and burn the village of Khoshanloo upon the night of —; and, moreover, with having insidiously and treacherously sought to procure the condemnation and execution of Peter Starofsky, a soldier in the regiment of —, by a false accusation, supported by forged evidence of his having traitorously corresponded with the enemies of his country, and having committed the very crimes of which the said Captain Tch—ky was now rightfully accused.

The gloomy countenance of Tch—ky grew dark as he listened to this terrible impeachment, and his lips were pale as ashes, while, in fierce indignant terms, he hurled the reproachful charge back in his accuser's throat, and defied him to prove one word of the poisonous slander. But when he saw the first witness that was produced by his accuser, his countenance fell at once, and his disorder was distinctly visible to the whole court. It was a man, whose pale check and feeble steps, no less than the bloody bandages upon his head and arm, announced him to be suffering under

severe and recent wounds. He stated himself to be a native of Kahetia, and for many years a follower of the young Tch—ky, to whose licentious and vicious courses he had long ministered. The sum of his evidence was as follows:—That he was one of the men who had accompanied Captain Tch—ky upon the night in question, in the expedition which he chose to term a reconnoitring party, but of which the real destination was to join the advanced troops of the Sirdar of Erivan, stationed at Aberaun, in an attack upon the village of Khoshanloo, according to a project concerted with the commanding officer of that post; his chief object being to gain possession of a young woman, the daughter of an elder in that village, whom he had long pursued, and more than once attempted to carry off by force. That having met the Persian force at a point agreed upon, they had succeeded in surprising the village, and had put to death many of the inhabitants; but had searched in vain for the young woman who had been the innocent cause of the mischief, until at last they saw her carried by a young man from beneath the ruins of a burning house, when she was instantly seized upon by the witness and another attendant of his master. The prisoner, Peter Starofsky, was, he admitted, the young man who had rescued the girl from the flames—the witness had occasion to know and recognise him from other circumstances. That after obtaining possession of the girl, and of much other booty, Tch—ky had separated himself from the Persian troops, and retired in another direction, in order to regain his post before morning, but halted not far from the ruined village, on purpose to arrange the division and disposition of the spoil, among which were one or two other female captives. That while thus employed, an old man with his son had joined them, and earnestly besought them to restore his daughter, one of the females they had taken, offering at the same time a considerable sum as her ransom. That Tch—ky had desired the old man to bring the money, and he should have his daughter; upon which he had instantly departed, promising to return immediately. That, in the meantime, a difference and some sharp altercation had taken place between witness and his master, respecting some rich furs

and one of the female captives, whom witness had set his heart upon. In the meantime, that the old man had returned, producing twenty ducats, which his master had instantly seized, and laughing at him, told him that his daughter would be only too well off—that he was an old fool, bid him go about his business, and be thankful he was permitted to do so with his head upon his shoulders. That further disputes had taken place about the division of this new plunder, which Tch—ky swore was all his own; that witness, in the heat of passion, had uttered some threats, which his master hearing, he had endeavoured to pacify witness by fair promises, which restored peace for the moment. But that very soon after, as they were proceeding homewards, his master, having ordered the rest of the party to push smartly forward to their place of rendezvous near the post, had lingered behind with witness, and suddenly taking his opportunity, had drawn a pistol and shot at witness from behind; that witness, being severely wounded, had instantly fallen, upon which his master, giving him a further cut with his sword, had ridden on, leaving him, as he thought, dead upon the spot. That the old man and his son, in their despair, still following their retreating course, had discovered him in this miserable plight, and, moved by his groans, had raised him up and assisted him; upon which he declared to them, that if they would but carry him to the next village, where he might receive shelter and protection, he would give them such information as would enable them to recover their lost daughter. That the old man and his son had in consequence taken the greatest care of him, until Captain P—, in the course of his enquiries, had discovered and had him carried to Kar Ecclissia.

The foregoing evidence was conclusive enough against Tch—ky; but the part of this man's testimony most important to Starofsky, was his declaration, that the treasonable correspondence of which the court had found our soldier guilty, was entirely a series of forged documents, prepared through the witness's own agency at the instance of Tch—ky, and disposed so artfully, and under such auspicious circumstances, as to leave no room for reasonable doubt of the prisoner having in re-

ality been in communication with the enemy. He confirmed too the testimony of Starofsky, by declaring that he had himself assisted his master in both his attempts to carry Shushan off, at Teflis and at Khoshanloo, which failed through the young soldier's courageous resistance; and that, on the latter occasion, he had seen and marked his person so well, that he had no difficulty in recognising him afterwards.

It is unnecessary to extend the account of this trial, already perhaps too tedious, by detailing the efforts which Tch—ky made to discredit or explain away the testimony of this witness; he was effectually silenced by the concurring declarations of old Goorgeen and his son Evannes, whom Starofsky had believed to have fallen under the Persian scimitars, but who, to his great delight, now came forward to confound his malicious accuser. But what was his further transport, when, at a signal from Captain P—, a veiled female was introduced, whose voice proclaimed her to be his own lovely Shushan, released from the power of her villainous persecutor, and safe in honour as in person! Scarcely could he restrain his emotion, as in a low and troubled voice she added her testimony to the identity of the ruffian who twice had attempted her ruin.

The proof, not only of Tch—ky's guilt, but of Starofsky's innocence, was now complete. The former, in spite of his name and rank, was condemned to the death of a traitor in its most painful and ignominious shape—a fate which he avoided by destroying himself by poison next night in prison. And, while acquitting the latter, the court took occasion to notice, in terms of the highest approbation, his steady and persevering good conduct under a system of persecution which might have made many a good soldier swerve from his duty,—and of recommending him, in the strongest manner, to the favour and consideration of his commanding officer. "For favour or promotion," said General R—y, rising from his seat, "he shall not require to depend upon the contingences of the service. Although I well know that Colonel — is not the man to suffer merit like his to continue long unrewarded, I shall in this instance beg to act as his substitute.—Starofsky, you henceforth belong to me—trust to me for the reward due to your patience

and good behaviour ; and hark, let me hint to you, that, having some skill in medicine, certain symptoms of a peculiar malady under which you appear to labour have not escaped my notice. Your case, my friend, shall be considered, and we shall see whether my skill enables me to apply a suitable remedy."

It is not my intention to explain the means which were adopted by the worthy general to remove our soldier's

disease, nor those by which the latter gradually rose to comfortable independence ; but this I can declare, that some years afterwards he was a happy fellow, with a very handsome wife and several pretty children, in the city of Teflis ; and that, strange to say, in spite of the usually very efficacious remedy applied by the general, symptoms of his original malady are still thought to exist.

FIRST AND LAST.

No. III.

THE FIRST AND LAST APPEARANCE.

MR HENRY AUGUSTUS CONSTANTINE STUBBS.

MR HENRY AUGUSTUS CONSTANTINE STUBBS was the son of Mr Jonathan Stubbs ; and Mr Jonathan Stubbs was the husband of Angelina Stubbs, who was daughter and heiress of Benjamin Grogam, Esq. of Kerseymere Hall, a Grecian villa in the vale of Forest Hill, bordering on Peckham Rye Common. Miss Angelina Grogam had trod the flowery path of seven and twenty springs, not indeed

" Abjuring
For ever the society of men ;"

but, in spite of their society, " living a barren sister," and " chanting faint hymns to the cold, fruitless moon." Neither did she exult in the thought, that she had been able to " master so her blood," as to " undergo such maiden pilgrimage ;" while, in proportion as she drew nearer and nearer to the half-way house of life's journey, she became more and more convinced, that

" *Earthlier* happy is the rose distill'd,
Than that which, withering on the virgin
thorn,
Grows, lives, and dies in single blessed-
ness."

It was under the influence of this conviction that she listened, with something like impatient complacency, to the tender protestations of Mr Jonathan Stubbs, a young man of four and twenty, well to do in the world as a drysalter in Threadneedle Street, with a pair of black eyes, straight legs, ruddy cheeks, and a comely person. Her father ap-

proved of her choice ; she approved of her father's approbation ; Mr Stubbs approved of his good fortune—(for, as already said, Angelina was an heiress)—and in less than six months after the first ogle, *she* became Mrs Stubbs, and *he* received three thousand pounds for the use of his name, besides the expectancy of as much more whenever his beloved father-in-law should exchange Kerseymere Hall for the " tomb of all the Grogams."

I have never *seen* one of those silver spoons which are said to be found in the mouths of certain little cheruhs when they are born ; but I as devoutly believe in their existence as I do in that of a multitude of other things whereof I have had no ocular demonstration. I believe, for example, that a lawyer loves honesty better than money ; that a Jew may be a gentleman ; that a minister may desert his principles, and not betray his country ; that a Whig may become a convert to the orthodoxy of Toryism, and his conversion have nothing to do with place, patronage, and pelf ; that a poor rector may travel to a rich deanery, without going along dirty roads ; that the rogues who are found out, are the only rogues ; that the green-room of a theatre is the modern temple of Diana ; and that a common-council-man understands politics better than he does gherkins and pickled cabbage. I can believe all these things, though I have never witnessed them ; and, *a fortiori*, I can believe in the manufacture of those silver spoons, which are

known to be so decisive of a man's prosperity in this world; because, albeit I have never seen the spoons themselves, I have seen numberless instances of their auspicious influence, in persons whose success could be rationally accounted for in no other way.

I do not find it any way so recorded, but I affirm that Jonathan Stubbs came into the world with *his* silver spoon. Every thing prospered with him. His business went on well. That, it may be said, was owing to his own prudent management. But he was burnt out three times in seven years, and each time he gained by the calamity, thanks to the fair-dealing and solvency of the office in which he was insured. The last time this misfortune happened to him, there appeared some injurious comments in the newspapers. He brought actions for a libel against four of the principal ones; recovered L.500 damages from two; compromised with the other two for the same sum, by which they saved the expenses of going to trial; and accepted a hundred pounds each from three others, which had incautiously copied the comments. He was overthrown in a Clapham stage, and broke his arm; but received L.200 at the hands of an intelligent jury, as a compensation for the injury he had sustained. Three years after his marriage, his father-in-law died, and the bulk of the Grogam property, amounting to nearly four thousand pounds, became his by virtue of his wife. Even when his wife's virtue was out of the question, he still continued to feather his nest; for Mrs Angelina Stubbs soon after committed a *faux pas* with an eminent carcass butcher in Leadenhall-market, and Mr Jonathan Stubbs, instead of throwing him into the Surrey canal, or demanding permission to make a target of Mr Joseph Cleaver's carcass, (which might have been refused,) instituted criminal proceedings against the wholesale dealer in horned cattle. He wept his last tear over the wreck of his conjugal happiness, as he invested the fifteen hundred pounds which the Lothario of Leadenhall-market had to pay, (for it was really an aggravated case,) in the three per cents, at the very lowest price they had touched during the preceding twelve months. Now, take these occurrences as fair average samples of Mr Stubbs's way of doing business, and I

maintain, that if he had been born like other children, with nothing but his tongue in his mouth, they never could have happened.

Be that as it may, however, it is certain he retired from business long before he reached his grand climacteric, to his country house at Newington Butts, with the solid dignity of at least half a plum. What length of years might have been in store for him, if he had regularly taken Dr James's analeptic pills, it is impossible to say; but not doing so, he had occasion to send the coachman one night for an ounce of Epsom salts. They proved to be oxalic acid; and stomach-pumps not being then in existence, there was an inevitable termination to the existence of Mr Stubbs. An "extraordinary sensation," as the newspapers have it, was produced in Newington Butts by this dreadful catastrophe; and every body wondered whether young Mr Henry Augustus Constantine Stubbs would continue to live at Cinnamon House.

Mr Henry Augustus Constantine Stubbs (or, as he now distinguished himself on his new visiting cards, H. A. C. Stubbs) soon put an end to these very natural conjectures; for, before three months had elapsed, Cinnamon House was sold, and he had taken up his abode in one of the demi-fashionable squares, among judges, physicians, barristers, and merchants, at the north side of the metropolis. Being the only lawfully begotten issue of his father, when the frail Angelina made it impossible he should have any brothers and sisters, he succeeded, by will, to three-fourths of the late Mr Jonathan Stubbs's property, and, by oxalic acid, to the remaining fourth; the affair being too sudden to permit of any further testamentary dispositions, or of any of those benevolent codicils, which sometimes have the effect of tapering down primary bequests, like Prior's Emma, "fine by degrees and beautifully less." Upon a fair computation, after a few trifling legacies were paid, and all debts satisfied, young Mr Stubbs might calculate his inheritance, in India stock, Bank stock, houses, canal shares, and exchequer bills, at nearly eighty thousand pounds.

His education had not been neglected; that is to say, his father sent him, at nine years old, to one of those sub-

urban seminaries for "young gentlemen," usually kept by elderly gentlemen, who know what it is to have been deprived of similar advantages in their own youth. They feel, therefore, a laudable gratification in enabling the rising generation to pluck some of that fruit from the tree of knowledge which they themselves never tasted at all. Here he remained till he was nearly seventeen; and here he acquired a little French, a little Greek, a little Latin, a little mathematics, a little logic, and a little geography, "with the use of the globes." In short, he brought away with him a little learning, for the obtaining of which his father had not paid a little money. He subsequently enlarged his Lilliputian stock of idess, by assiduously prosecuting his studies at home, three days a-week, and three hours a-day, when he was attended by masters in elocution, Italian, boxing, fencing, and the other sciences. This eager cultivation of his mind he pursued till he was two and twenty, and then took his station in about the third degree of fashionable society, as a scholar and a man of taste. His father had determined he should be a gentleman, and therefore very properly guarded against the "anachronism," as he used to call it, of giving him a profession.

It is believed, (at least it has been inculcated,) that there exists, in every human mind, a master, or ruling passion—a predominating inclination towards some particular object or pursuit. Find out what that ruling passion or principle is, says our great ethic bard, and

"Comets are regular, and Wharton plain."

In other words, get hold of it, and it is like the key to a cipher, or the secret of a modern Katterfelto,—all mystery is at an end, all difficulties vanish, and all wonders cease. Mr Henry Augustus Constantine Stubbs was, in this respect, as well as in many others, like the rest of his species. He had his ruling passion, and, but that his father had made him a GENTLEMAN, he was sure nature had intended him for the Rocius of his age. From his earliest childhood, when he used to recite, during the Christmas holidays, "*Pity the sorrows of a poor old man*," and astonish his father's porter (who had a turn that way himself) with his knowing, *all by heart*, "*My name is*

Norval, on the Grampian hills,"—to his more matured efforts of, "Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors," or, "My liege, I did deny no prisoners,"—the idea of being an actor had constantly fascinated his imagination.

Often, when he was at home, during this period, he would steal down into the kitchen, and, with the jack-towel for a robe, the rolling-pin for a truncheon, and the dripping-pan for a shield, delight its population by a display of his histrionic powers. Sometimes, he would *do a bit* of Bajazet, and rattle the jack-chain for his fetters; at others, the crook'd-back tyrant, and brandish a lark-spit for his sword, while he ran round the kitchen, calling out, "A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!" Sometimes he was the love-sick Romeo; and then the fat cook was made to stand behind the meat screen for Juliet in the balcony: while at others, the coachman had half the contents of the flour-tub rubbed over his face for the Ghost in Hamlet, while our hero apostrophized him as the "Royal Dane." Whenever it chanced that he could get all the servants together, he would seat the whole of them at the large table—cook, coachman, house-maid, footman, errand-boy, and scullion—as representatives of the assembled Venetian senate, and recount, with such moving pathos, how he won the love of Desdemona, that the house-maid has been known to sob, and declare, that "any man, even though he was a blackamoor, might make love in that way." These were his juvenile exploits; but as he grew up to man's estate, his ambition took a wider range. When he was only sixteen, he played *Hotspur* at a private theatre, and distinguished himself in *Achmet*, in *Barbarossa*, *Prince Hal*, *Romco*, and *Young Norval*. As he advanced in years, he advanced in fame; and, by the time he was twenty, there was at least one person in his Majesty's dominions who entertained no doubt that all the separate excellencies which had distinguished Garrick, Betterton, Henderson, Quin, &c. down to John Kemble and Mrs Siddons, were concentrated in that most extraordinarily gifted young gentleman, Mr Henry Augustus Constantine Stubbs. The same person was also of opinion, that it amounted almost to a national calamity, that, *being a gentleman*, the dis-

play of his unrivalled genius was confined to occasional amateur exhibitions, instead of delighting assembled thousands every night. At such moments, however, he was sometimes wont to derive consolation from the reflection, that the actor's fame was pre-eminently of a perishable quality, and that it lived after him, literally, a *vox et præterea nihil*; while he would often repeat, with a sigh, the melancholy truths contained in the following lines:—

"Think, hapless artist, though thy skill
can raise

The bursting peal of universal praise;
Though, at thy beck, applause delighted
stands,

And lifts, Bricæus-like, her hundred hands;
Yet fame awards thee but a partial breath;
Not all thy talents brave the stroke of death!
The pliant muscles of the various face,
The mien that gave each sentence strength
and grace,

The tuneful voice, the eye that spoke the
mind,

Are gone, nor leave a single trace behind!"

It was a natural consequence of this theatrical ardour, that Mr Stubbs eagerly cultivated the acquaintance of tragedians, comedians, managers, and dramatic writers. It was his supreme delight to have them at his table; and as he kept a good table, gave good wines, and excelled in his *cuisine*, it was a delight he could command whenever he chose. He had the *entré*, also, of the green-room at both theatres, and acquired an intimate knowledge of all the feuds, rivalries, managerial oppressions, intrigues, burlesque dignity, and solemn plausibilities, of that mimic world. Living thus in an atmosphere electrical, as it were, with excitement, it is no wonder that, by degrees, he became less and less sensitive with regard to that ambiguous difficulty which had hitherto impeded the gratification nearest his heart. He was still a GENTLEMAN; but why should that mere worldly distinction be insuperable? It was true, the mingled blood of the Grograms and the Stubbses flowed in his veins; but it was no less true, that the patrician blood of the Stanleys, the Thurlows, and the Cravens, had mingled with the theatrical blood of a Farren, a Bolton, and a Brunton; to say nothing of the blood-royal itself, which had mingled with that of a Jordan. Besides, though he, Henry Augustus

Constantine Stubbs, was a "gentleman," he could not forget that he had a cousin, who was only a pork-butcher in the Minorities, and an uncle, whom he had heard of, who was a dealer in marine stores in Little Britain.

When a man once begins to reason with himself upon the absurdity of not following his inclinations, he is very near the discovery of a good reason why he *should* follow them. So it was with Mr Stubbs. His family scruples oozed away, day by day, and hour by hour. At last, the happy thought suggested itself one night, as he was extinguishing his candle just before he stepped into bed, that there would be something like fame and distinction in the bare circumstance of a "gentleman" forsaking the elegant retirement of polished life, to tread the stage. He lay awake nearly half an hour, ruminating upon this new-born fancy. Other visions of renown came streaming into his mind. He warmed with the idea of receiving no salary, at least not for his own benefit, but of appropriating the thousands he should realise to the Theatrical Fund, or to the encouragement of less prosperous talents than his own; and he anticipated the honour that would gather round his name as the grateful reward of such unexampled munificence. In the midst of these reflections, he fell asleep. Happy Stubbs! He dreamed of nothing but overflowing houses—three rounds of applause every three minutes—electrified audiences—intoxicating criticisms—and a *Stubbs fever*, produced by the suffocating heat of crowded theatres in the dog-days.

It happened—(such things do sometimes happen once in a man's life, like a first child after marriage, which also sometimes happens, *once*, to come at five or six months)—it happened, I say, the very next morning, while Mr Stubbs was sipping his chocolate and reading, in the Morning Post, a criticism upon a new tragedy which had been most righteously damned the night before, that his intimate friend Mr Peaess, the manager of — theatre, dropped in. After the usual salutations were exchanged, and Mr Peaess had remarked that it was a fine morning, and Mr Stubbs had added that it was a windy one, Mr Stubbs fell into a brown study. His mind laboured with a gigantic purpose. It was a moment on which hung in-

describable consequences.—Shall I? Will he? Yes!—yes!—And he did! He imparted to his friend, the manager, his resolution to make his **FIRST APPEARANCE**.

Mr Peacess affected to doubt the sincerity of the communication; but Mr Stubbs affirmed, upon his honour "as a gentleman," that he was serious, and all Mr Peacess's doubts "melted into thin air." It was settled he should dine that day with Stubbs, to discuss the matter further over a quiet glass of wine. The evening came. The dinner, as usual, was excellent; the wine, as usual, was superb; the manager, as usual, was complaisant; and Mr Henry Augustus Constantine Stubbs, as usual, was perfectly satisfied with himself. At first, Mr Peacess entered into the project in the sober way of business; but at last, and as he shook him by the hand at parting, he swore "by G—d, he was a noble fellow, and, his theatre should be thrown open for the display of his talents." Happy Stubbs! *Thrice* happy Stubbs! The incessant cravings of a more than twenty years' ambition were now to be satisfied; the circumscribed glories of a private theatre were now to be exchanged for the widespread renown of an admiring empire; the un eclipsed dignity of the "gentleman" was now to blend its lustre with the dazzling splendour of another Garrick, rising above the theatrical horizon!

One only point remained to be settled. In what character should he burst upon the astonished town? Should he drown the house in tears with the sorrows of *Lear*? Or win admiration from sparkling eyes in *Romeo*? Or appal the stoutest hearts by the maddening passions of *Othello*? Or thrill the shrinking mind with the guilty terrors of the ambitious Thane? Or "snarl, and bite, and play the dog" in *Richard*? His perplexity arose, not from balancing between doubtful qualifications, but from the difficulty of choosing where there was no preponderating one. He could play them all. He could play any thing. He could play every thing. He was like Bottom, in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, who felt himself equal to *Pyramus*, *Thisbe*, and the *Lion*, at one and the same time. At length he fixed upon *Hamlet*, chiefly because the character was so admirably diversified

by Shakspeare, that it presented opportunities for the display of an equal diversity of talent in its representative.

He made no secret of his intention among his friends, and one, in particular, was privy to his whole course of preparation. This was Mr M'Crab, a pungent little personage, whose occasional petulance and acrimony, however they might rankle and fester in more sensitive natures, were never known to curdle the bland consciousness of self-esteem which dwelt, like a perpetual spring, upon the mind of Mr Stubbs. Mr M'Crab was himself an amateur actor; he had also written a tolerably successful comedy, as well as an unsuccessful tragedy; and he was, besides, a formidable critic, whose scalping strictures, in a weekly journal, were the terror of all authors and actors who were either unable or unwilling to dispense turtle and champagne.

Mr Stubbs, it should be mentioned, considered himself a profound reader of Shakspeare, and believed he had discovered many hitherto concealed beauties in the wonderful productions of that writer. He prided himself, too, upon the critical acumen and philosophical penetration with which he had elicited various qualities intended by the poet to belong to his characters; and he had often said, if he had been an actor he should have established quite a new method of playing several of them. He was now about to become an actor, and he resolved, in his very first essay, to introduce one of his novelties, or new readings. What this was, will be best explained in the following conversation, which took place between himself and Mr M'Crab upon the subject.

"Depend upon it, my dear M'Crab," said Stubbs, taking down a volume of Shakspeare from his shelves, "depend upon it, I am borne out in my opinion, novel as it is, by the text of the immortal author himself; and I shall *stuff* the character when I play it. I maintain that *Hamlet* ought to be"—

"A Falstaff in little, I suppose," interrupted M'Crab.

"No," rejoined Stubbs, "he should not be exactly corpulent—but rather *embonpoint*, as the saying is—sleek—plumpish—in good condition as it were."

"You talk of the text of Shakspeare as your authority," replied M'Crab,—
 "I will appeal to the text too—and I will take the description of Hamlet by Ophelia, after her interview with him. What is her language?"

'Oh what a noble mind is here o'er thrown!

The expectancy and rose of the fair state;
 The glass of fashion, and the mould of form,
 The observed of all observers.'

This eulogium paints in distinct colours what should be the personation of Hamlet on the stage. It demands, not a little fellow, five feet five, by three feet four, as you will be, if you *stuff* the character as you call it, but rather what Hamlet himself describes his father to have been, 'A combination, and a form indeed, Where every god did seem to set his seal, To give the world assurance of a man.'

"Never mind my height," said Stubbs, elevating his head, and raising his chin an inch or two out of his neckcloth.—"Garriek, you know, was none so tall; and yet I fancy he was considered a tolerably good actor in his day. But you remember the lines of Charles Churchill,—

'There are, who think the stature all in all,
 Nor like a hero if he is not tall.
 The feeling sense all other wants supplies;
 I rate no actor's merit from his size.
 Superior height requires superior grace,
 And what's a giant with a vacant face?'"

"Very true," answered M'Crab, "and, to follow up your theory, were I asked, what is an actor? I should answer,

'Tis he who gives my breast a thousand pains;
 Can make me *feel* each passion that he *feigns*;
 Enrage, compose, with more than magic art,—

With pity and with horror tear my heart.'
 But, come; let me hear your reasons for believing that Hamlet ought to be a portly gentleman. I see you are ready with them."

"I am," said Stubbs, "and I'll bet the receipts of the house, on my first appearance, against those of your next comedy, that I convince you I am right before I have done. Now, mark—or, as Horatio says,

'Season your admiration for a while,
 With an attent ear, till I may deliver,
 Upon the witness of these same pages,
 This marvel to you.'

Ha! ha! that is apt," continued Mr Stubbs, with a simper.

"For God's love, let me hear," added M'Crab—"I hope that's apt too."

"If," said Mr Stubbs, looking extremely grave, "if, I say, we take the very first soliloquy of Hamlet—almost the first words he utters—we shall find a striking allusion to his habit of body; and not only shall we be struck by the allusion, but, I contend, the whole force and meaning of the passage are lost, unless the speaker can lay his hands upon a goodly paunch, as he exclaims,

'Oh! that this too too solid flesh would melt,
 Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew.'

We are not to suppose Hamlet speaks metaphorically, but physically; and his corporeal appearance should be an illustration of his words. He is already weary of the world—he wishes to die—but 'the Everlasting has fixed his canon against *self*-slaughter,' and, therefore, he prays for natural dissolution, by any wasting disease, which may 'thaw' and dissolve his 'too too solid flesh.' This, perhaps, you will consider merely conjectural criticism: plausible, but not demonstrative. I own it has a higher character in my eyes; and, unless I am greatly mistaken, even the ghost of his own father glances at his adipose tendency, when he says,

'I find thee apt,
 But duller shouldst thou be than the fat weed

That roots itself in ease on Lethe's wharf,
 Wouldst thou not stir in this.'

That is, according to my reading, 'fat as thou art, thou wouldst be duller than the fat weed of Lethe if you did not bestir yourself in this business.' Observe, too, with what propriety Shakspeare has here employed the word 'stir,' it being a well-known fact that corpulent persons have a strong disinclination to locomotion. And Hamlet himself, (in his interview with *Rosencrantz* and *Guildestern*,) makes a pointed allusion to the indolence and lethargy which so commonly accompany obesity. 'I have of late,' he says, 'but wherefore I know not, *lost all my mirth*, foregone all custom of exercises, and, indeed, it goes so heavily with my disposition,' &c. &c. Now what is this, I would fain know, if it be not the natural complaint of a man suffering under

the oppression of too much flesh? or, as he afterwards expresses it, with another allusion to his fatness, 'to *grunt and sweat*, under a weary life?' You have quoted the language of Ophelia in support of the common notions with regard to the personation of this character; but you forget the remarkable expression she uses when describing to her father the unexpected visit of 'Lord Hamlet,' while she was 'sewing in her closet.'

At last, a little shaking of mine arm,
And thrice his head thus waving up and down,

He raised a sigh so piteous and profound,
As it did seem to shatter all his bulk,
And end his being.'

What say you to this?—*His bulk!* The sigh was so profound, that it seemed to shatter even *his bulk!* I fancy I might rest my case here, and win my wager, eh? But I am too skilful a general to throw away my strength at the beginning of a battle. If I have not already beaten you from your last stronghold—from your last defence—I have a *corps de reserve*, which will at once decide the victory. You remember the concluding scene, I suppose—the fencing bout between Hamlet and Laertes? What do you think of the following little bit of dialogue?

'*Laertes*.—A touch—a touch,—I do confess.

King.—Our son shall win.

Queen.—HE'S FAT AND SCANT OF BREATH. Here,

Hamlet, take my napkin—rub thy brows
' * * * Come, let me WIPE THY FACE!'

Do you not imagine you see the pursy Prince, puffing and blowing and sweating with the exertion he had made, and 'larding the lean earth,' like another Falstaff almost? Nay, the very words, 'Come, let me wipe thy face,' are addressed by Doll Tear-sheet to Falstaff, when he was heated by his pursuit of Pistol:—'Alas, poor ape, how thou sweatest! Come, let me wipe thy face.' Hem!" (quoth Mr Henry Augustus Constantine Stubbs) "I have done—and pause for a reply."

"You'll be horribly laughed at," said M'Crab, "if you do make Hamlet a fat little fellow."

"Shall I?" exclaimed Stubbs, with a contented chuckle, and rubbing his

hands—"shall I be horribly laughed at?"

"Ay," replied M'Crab, "and gloriously gibbeted the next day, in all the papers, for your Sancho Panza exhibition."

"Pooh!" ejaculated Stubbs, "pooh! pooh! what care I for the rascally papers? Don't I know what sort of critics they are who guide the public taste, and fulminate their mighty wa in the columns of a newspaper?"

"Why, to be sure," answered M'Crab, "when it is recollected that nine-tenths of the gentlemen of the press are only competent to write down the ideas of others, never having tried to do so with their own, it is an absurdity to value 'at a pin's fee' their trashy slip-slop; but the misfortune is, that however much you or I may despise, with equal scorn, their censure and their praise, there are those—and they not a few—who hold for gospel whatever they read in the newspapers."

"I know what I'll do," exclaimed Stubbs;—"I'll prepare the public mind for my proposed innovation—or rather, innovations—for I intend introducing several new readings in the part, quite as original as the one I have now propounded to you. I'll address two or three letters to the Morning Post, and say a little about the 'gentleman' of independent fortune who is shortly to appear in Hamlet, and his original study of the character. That will be an excellent *ruse de guerre*, eh?"

"Do no such thing," replied M'Crab, with a malicious gravity. "Take the town by surprise. It is the only way, if it is to be taken at all. But what are your other new readings?"

"It would weary you," answered Mr Stubbs, "to go through the whole. I'll mention one, however. I intend to let Ophelia see,

'That I essentially am not in madness,
But mad in craft.'

So, after bidding her 'go to a nunnery,' before I quit the stage I will take her hand, kiss it tenderly, look in her face with a silent expression of doting fondness, and sigh desperately as I slowly retire from her presence."

"It may be new," said M'Crab, "but it will be a gross violation of the author's text."

"How so, friend M'Crab?" replied Stuhbs.

"How so!" answered M'Crab. "You forget that Polonius and the King conceal themselves as 'lawful espials,' behind the arras, watching this interview, in the hope of thus discovering whether the madness of Hamlet springs from love or not; and that immediately after Hamlet quits the stage, they enter, the King exclaiming, 'Love! his affections do not that way tend.' But surely Shakespeare would not have put such a sentence into the King's mouth, if Hamlet were intended to shew, by the very concluding act of his interview, that love was the predominant passion of his soul at that moment."

"Never mind," said Stuhbs, a little disconcerted,—“I do not think I am quite so strong here as upon my fat point; but an impassioned kiss of the hand, as if to atone, by that silent though eloquent language of love, for his harshness, will produce an effect, depend upon it. It will elicit monstrous applause.”

"It should do so," replied M'Crab, "for it will be monstrously ridiculous."

"*N'importe!*" exclaimed Stubbs, gaily; "there are more admirers, in this world, of the ridiculous than of the true, that let me tell you. But I must to my studies, for the night approaches. Next Monday—and this is Thursday—and I am by no means au fait yet in my part. So good morning—let me see you soon again—and meanwhile adieu! adieu! remember me!"

Mr M'Crab departed; and Mr Henry Augustus Constantine tubbs prepared to go through the soliloquy of "To be—or not to be," before a mirror which reflected the whole of his person.

Monday came, and oh! with what a flutter of delight Mr Stuhbs cast his eyes upon that part of the paper, where the play for the evening was announced, and where he read, "*This evening will be acted the tragedy of Hamlet: the part of Hamlet by a Gentleman, his first appearance on any stage.*" But this was not enough for the eager appetite of his supremely blest ambition. He rang for his boots; he put on his hat and gloves; he walked forth; he traversed more than fifty streets; stopped at all the green-grocers'

shops, biscuit-bakers, butchers, and fishmongers, where the bill of the day was invitingly bung out, or leaned its rubric face against the railing; read, again and again, "The part of Hamlet by a GENTLEMAN, his first appearance on any stage:" wondered the managers did not send a bill to every shop in the metropolis; thought the cobbler's stalls ought not to be without them; sauntered past the stage door of — theatre, and carelessly mingled with a group of five or six men and boys in fustian jackets, who were spelling the bill of the play; admired the increasing taste for dramatic exhibitions among the lower orders; and returned home delightfully fatigued with his perambulation. He had attended the last rehearsal on the preceding Saturday, and so had nothing to interrupt his meditations for the rest of the day; and in order that they might not be interrupted, he gave strict injunctions that "he was at home to nobody." He dined alone; off a roast chicken and a pint of Madeira; and on one side of his plate was the "tragedy of Hamlet, by W. Shakespeare," and on the other, a small house bill, as it is called, spread out, with the decanter placed upon one corner of it, to prevent it blowing away whenever the servant opened the door.

Thus he sat, feeding on walnuts and glorious fancies, till he heard the five o'clock bell of the general postman, when he started up, and prepared to go to the theatre. His carriage was at the door—and he told the coachman to drive down — street, that he might see, in passing along, whether the crowd at the pit and gallery doors, would obstruct his progress. It was not quite so large as to stretch across the carriage road; but he was sure there were some hundreds, though so early, and he thought they must have heard who the "gentleman" was, that was then rolling by: He would not be positive, too; but he could almost swear he heard an huzza, as he passed along. There were above a dozen persons collected round the stage door; and he plainly perceived that they drew back with respectful admiration, as the new Hamlet stepped out of his carriage.

He hastened to his dressing-room, where he found his friend, the manager, Mr Peass, who shook him cor-

dially by the hand, as he informed him that they had an excellent box-book. Stubbs smiled graciously; and the manager left him with his dresser, to attire himself in his "customary suit of solemn black." Mr Stubbs had kept his intention of stuffing the character a profound secret, fearful lest any mere technical objections should be made by Mr Peaess, and desirous also of making the first impression in the green-room. When he entered it, therefore, in the likeness of a chubby undertaker, ready for a funeral, rather than in that of the "unmatched form and feature of blown youth"—in short, the very type and image of poor Tokely in *Peter Pastoral*,—his eyes and ears were on the alert to catch the look of surprise, and buzz of admiration, which he very naturally anticipated. He was a little daunted by a suppressed titter which ran round the room; but he was utterly confounded when his best and dearest friend, Mr Peaess himself, coming up to him, exclaimed,—“Why, zounds! Mr Stubbs, what have you been doing? By G—d, the audience will never stand this.”

“Stand what?” replied Henry Augustus Constantine Stubbs.

“What?” echoed the manager; “why this pot-belly, and those cherub cheeks.”

“Pooh! pooh!” replied Stubbs, “it’s Shakspeare’s, and I can! prove it.”

“You may pooh! pooh! as much as you like, Mr Stubbs,” rejoined the manager; “but, by G—d, you’ve made a mere apple-dumpling of yourself.”

“Do you think so?” exclaimed Stubbs, glancing in one of the mirrors.—“Well; I do assure you it is Shakspeare, and I’ll prove it. But what shall I do?” and he looked imploringly round upon the broad, grinning countenances of the other performers.

“Do?” ejaculated Mr Peaess; “you can do nothing now—the curtain has been up these ten minutes; Horatio and Marcellus are coming off, and you must go on.”

At this moment the ghost of Hamlet’s father entered the room, but before he had time to look upon his son, the call-boy’s summons was heard for the King, Queen, Hamlet, Polonius, Laertes, &c., to be ready, and forth sallied poor Mr Henry Augustus Constantine Stubbs, to prove, if he could,

to the audience, that his rotundity was perfectly Shaksperian.

The awful flourish of drum and trumpet was sounded;—their majesties of Denmark, attended by their train of courtiers, walked on. There is a pause! All eyes are bent in eager gaze to catch the first glimpse of the new Hamlet—all hands are ready to applaud. He appears—boxes, pit, and gallery, join in the generous welcome of the unknown candidate. He revives—hastens to the foot-lights—bows—another round of applause—bows again—and again—and then falls back, to let the business of the scene proceed. He looks round, meanwhile, with the swelling consciousness that he is that moment “the observed of all observers,” and tries to rally his agitated spirits; but just as he is beginning to do so, his wandering eye rests upon the ill-omened face of Mr Crab, seated in the front-row of the stage-box, who is gazing at him with a grotesque smile, which awakens an overwhelming recollection of his own prediction, that he “would be horribly laughed at, if he did make Hamlet a fat little fellow,” as well as a bewildering reminiscence of the manager’s, that, “by G—d, the audience would not stand it.”

It was soon evident they would not, or rather that they could not, stand it. But it was not alone his new reading in what regarded the person of Hamlet, that excited astonishment. Mr Stubbs had so many other new readings, that before he got to the end of his first speech, beginning with, “Seems, madam! nay, it is,” they were satisfied of what was to follow. When, however, Mr Stubbs stood alone upon the stage, in the full perfection of his figure, and concentrated upon himself the undivided attention of the house—when he gathered up his face into an indescribable aspect of woe—but, above all, when, placing his two hands upon his little round belly, he exclaimed, while looking sorrowfully at it,

“Oh, that this too too solid flesh would melt,

(Pat, went the right hand,)

Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew,”

(Pat, went the left hand,)

the effect was irresistible. One roar of laughter shook the theatre, from the back row of the shilling gallery to

the first row of the pit, mingled with cries of *bravo ! bravo ! go on, my little fellow—you shall have fair play—silence—bravo ! silence !*—Stubbs, meanwhile, looked as if he were really wondering what they were all laughing at ; and when at length silence was partially restored, he continued his soliloquy. His delivery of the lines,

" Fye on't, oh fie ! 'tis an unweeded garden

That grows to seed : things rank and gross in nature," &c.

was one of his new readings—for holding up his finger, and looking towards the audience with a severe expression of countenance, it appeared as though he were chiding their ill manners in laughing at him, when he said, " Fye on't—oh, fye !"

He was allowed to proceed, however, with such interruptions only as his own original conceptions of the part provoked from time to time ; or when any thing he had to say was obviously susceptible of an application to himself. Thus, for example, in the scene with Horatio and Marcellus, after his interview with the ghost :—

Ham. And now, good friends, As you are friends, scholars, and soldiers, Give me one poor request.

Hor. What is it, my lord ? We will.

Ham. Never make known what you have seen to-night."

" Let him, if he likes," exclaimed a voice from the pit—" he'll never see such a sight again."—Then, in his instructions to the players, his delivery of them was accompanied by something like the following running commentary :

" Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, (*that is impossible !*) trippingly on the tongue : but if you mouth it, as many of our players do, (*laughter,*) I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. * * *—Oh, it offends me to the soul, to hear a robustious, periwig-pated fellow (*like yourself*) tear a passion to tatters, &c.—I would have such a fellow whipped (*give it him, he deserves it*) for o'erdoing Termagant. * * * Oh, there be players that I have seen play, (*no, we see him,*) and heard others praise, and that highly, (*oh ! oh ! oh !*) not

to speak it profanely, that, having neither the accent of Christians, (*ha ! ha ! ha !*) nor the gait of Christian, Pagan, nor man, have so strutted (*bravo ! little 'un !*) and bellowed, (*hit him again !*) that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men, (*who made you ?*) and not made them well, (*no, you are a bad fit,*) they imitated humanity so abominably." (*Roars of laughter.*)

It was thus Mr Henry Augustus Constantine Stubbs enacted Hamlet ; and it was not till the end of the fourth act that he suffered a single observation to escape him, which indicated he thought any thing was amiss. Then, indeed, while sitting in the green-room, and as if the idea had just struck him, he said to Mr Peases, " Do you know, I begin to think I have some enemies in the house, for when, in the scene with Ophelia, I said, ' What should such fellows as I do crawling between earth and heaven?' somebody called out, loud enough for me to hear him, ' Aye ! what, indeed ?' It's very odd. Did you notice it, ma'am ?" he continued, addressing the lady who performed Ophelia. " I can't say I did," replied the lady, biting her lips most unmercifully, to preserve her gravity of countenance.

This was the only remark made by the inimitable Mr Stubbs during the whole evening, and he went through the fifth act with unshated self-confidence. His dying scene was honoured with thunders of applause, and loud cries of *encore*. Stubbs raised his head, and looking at Horatio, who was bending over him, enquired, " Do you think they mean it ?"

" Lie still, for God's sake !" exclaimed Horatio, and the curtain slowly descended amid deafening roars of laughter, and shouts of hurrah ! hurrah !

The next morning, at breakfast, Stubbs found all the daily papers on his table, pursuant to his directions. He took up one, and read, in large letters—" THEATRE. FIRST AND LAST APPEARANCE OF MR HENRY AUGUSTUS CONSTANTINE STUBBS, IN HAMLET."

He read no more. The paper dropped from his hands ; and Mr Stubbs remained nothing but a GENTLEMAN all the rest of his life.

M.

SKETCHES ON THE ROAD IN IRELAND.

No. I.

IT was on a bright beautiful morning in the latter end of the month of April, that Edward O'Neill shut up the windows and locked the door of his chambers in Trinity College, Dublin, and, calling a porter to attend him with his portmanteau, set off to take his place upon the public coach which passed through the village of F——, in the county of Wicklow. The man is not to be envied who is too proud, or too ill-humoured, to enjoy the outside of a post-coach on a fine morning, when the sky is clear, the breeze fresh, the trees covered with young leaves, and thousands of birds singing in the hedges. We make a special exception, however, in favour of the unlucky wight whose morning's drive is hut the end of his night's journey, when, after a long contest with cold, and sleep, and the danger of tumbling off, he nods in drowsy weariness, unable to lift his aching eyelids to the reviving sun. This is most horrible, and second only to sea-sickness; but let a man mount to his seat after a good night's sleep, and, resolved to be in good-humour even with Bagmen, let him thank God with a merry heart for the blessed sunshine and this "age of improvement," when coaches travel some nine miles an hour, and his spirits will rise, and his enthusiasm about breakfast wax greater and greater as he dashes along. This, at least, ought to be the case, if the traveller be sound, wind and limb, and have no special occasion of love, or grief, or debt, to trouble him. In Ireland, the carriage of men's animal spirits is set upon much lighter and more elastic springs than in England, and, therefore, the outside of a coach, in a fine morning, is there generally a sociable merry place, the leader of the sport being, for the most part, the driver of the horses, who, however tight a rein he may keep over his steeds, never thinks it necessary to bridle his own mirth, and uses the lash of his wit much oftener than that of his whip.

Mr O'Neill, whom it is to be hoped this little digression about morning coach-travelling has not caused to be quite forgotten, mounted the coach-

box, and was soon joined by the "Jehu," whose appearance, to be understood by the English reader, must be described, as well negatively as affirmatively. He was *not*, then, a heavy, slow, ale-swollen man, with neck involved in huge convolutions of cotton shawls, with body guarded by a seven-fold shield of coats, and hands enveloped in gloves, thick as the hide of a buffalo, and who seldom opens his lips, except to talk to, or of, his horses; but he was an active-looking, middle-aged man, with a ruddy face and a quick merry eye, and with nothing *professional* in his dress beyond a box-coat, and a hat with a brim of rather more than ordinary dimensions.

"I'm proud to see your honour this fine mornin'," said he to O'Neill, as he took the reins with one hand, and touched his hat with the other. "Go in' down to the Vale, sir, I suppose?"

"Yes, Jerry," replied the young gentleman, "and a pleasant drive I hope we shall have."

"Plaze God, sir," said Jerry, as he laid his whip across the horses; and away they dashed through the magnificent square of Stephen's Green, and proceeded out of town by the direct south road, which passes along by the sea-shore, sometimes hidden from it by the intervening houses and gardens, but more frequently commanding a view of the beautiful bay, with the promontory of Howth standing out into the wide sea, its rugged cliffs looking, in the distance, soft and blue as the sky above them, and the sea stretching out far beyond, with vessels becoming visible on the verge of the horizon, or, in these modern times, a dark speck of cloud, indicating the distant smoke of a steamer. O'Neill, who had an eye and a taste for scenic beauty, was too fully occupied with the view before him to take much notice of Jerry's familiar salutations to all the common people he met upon the road, whether acquaintances or not; and as an Irish coachman, no more than other men, likes to throw away his joke, except when there is some one to enjoy and applaud his humour, Jerry contented himself with a

"God speed you, neighbour," and whistled his favourite air of "Planxty Connor."

As soon, however, as our student desisted from studying the beautiful and turned to the picturesque, Jerry began to seek materials for his jokes, as well for his own entertainment as that of his company; and the first thing which hit his fancy was a lean and sorry cow, driven along the road by an old man, whose appearance in a more fastidious country than poor old Ireland would have excited some surprise. He was an old man, and tall, with a spare, healthy-looking face, which bore manifest indication of having encountered every variety of weather; his loose uncombed grey hair escaped from beneath a head-piece of felt, with half a rim, which had, perhaps some twenty years before, been a black hat, but was now of undefinable shape and colour. His body was enveloped in a long loose threadbare brown great-coat, or jock, secured round his waist by a small hay rope; his breeches were open at the knees, and the old grey worsted stockings, of which the foot parts were utterly worn away, were wrinkled down, leaving the upper part of his legs bare; and on his feet were old, but still unbroken hrogues, which were partly filled with hay, to serve the office of the stocking feet, which had melted away. Thus dressed, the figure moved along, with a strong black-thorn stick in his hand, in a slow swinging trot, something between a walk and a lazy run, and occasionally talked to his cow, in a language which, doubtless, the quadruped and himself understood very well, but which, not being a written language, we cannot present to our readers.

"God save you, Pat," shouted the coachman, with a strength of voice which shewed that his lungs had not suffered from his life of hardship on the road.—"God save you kindly," rejoined the Cow-compeller.

"Where did you stale (steal) that cow?" said Jerry. "Divil a use in tellin' you," said the man; "for such a born rogue as you are, wouldn't be let within a mile of the place."

"Faith, an iv it was goin' to stale a baste I was," said Jerry, with a good-

humoured grin, "it's not the likes of that I'd be afther takin'. How much would you ax for her skin? an' be me sowl! you might sell the rest of her for ould bones."

"Mayhe," rejoined the man, "if I was bred up to thievin' an' stalein, like you, I'd have been 'cute enough to take the best; but it's well to get any thing these hard times."

"Well, Pat," said Jerry, "you're always a hearty ould fellow, at any rate. How is the woman that owns you?"

This last question was one of mere politeness, for before there was time to answer it, Jerry whipped on his horses, which he had suffered to walk while he held his colloquy with the man of the cow.

There sat behind O'Neill, upon the top of the coach, a stout Englishman, with a greasy face, who was taking down some patterns of Sheffield ware to make sales in Wexford, and this being his first journey in Ireland, he listened with surprise and apparent horror to the conversation we have just related. "Is not this a dreadful country, sir?" said he, turning to a man who sat beside him, with the lower part of his face sunk within his ample neckcloth—"Is not this a dreadful country, where such a conversation as that which we have just heard passes as nothing extraordinary?" The man whom he addressed happened to be fast asleep, and therefore made no reply; but giving a somnolent nod at the time, which buried his nose yet deeper within his neckcloth, and caused a simultaneous snort, the Englishman received this as a sign of concurrence of opinion, and proceeded.—"That the man was a thief, any one would have suspected from merely looking at him; but to have the effrontery to admit, or, at all events, not to deny, that he had stolen the animal, shews such a contempt of all law and propriety, as, bad as the country is, I could not have expected. I should really like to give information to some magistrate, but I suppose if I did, some of this fellow's companions would shoot me from behind a hedge."—"It's true for you," said the speaker, suddenly awaking with a jerk of the coach, and perceiving that his compa-

nion had been addressing him, but without having the least notion of what he had been saying.

The coachman turned round to the Englishman, with a look in which contempt and humour were curiously blended, and then addressed O'Neill in a low voice—"Be my sowl, sir, there's the best joke of all; the English gentleman behind us thinks it's in earnest we wor. I wish your honour 'id help me to take a proper *rise** out of him."

"I would be a bad assistant, Jerry," said O'Neill; "I must leave him entirely in your hands; and if any one can make fun of him, you will."—"To be sure, your honour, I love a bit of sport as well as another," said Jerry; "but sure, sir, you could just say Yes, or No, as if it was talking to you I was."—"Well, well," replied our student, whose failing was that he did not know how to refuse,—"I'll assist so far, if that will do." Nothing could delight Jerry more than an opportunity to shew his dexterity in taking a "*rise*," as he called it, out of the serious Englishman, and he lost no time in carrying his plan into execution.

"Your honour didn't hear," he continued, raising his voice, so that those behind could distinctly hear him, "of what happened to the two English gentlemen that came down this way last week?"—"No," said O'Neill, taking up his subordinate part, "but I suppose you mean to tell me."—"O thin, it won't take long to tell," resumed Jerry. "It was takin' a bit of a walk they wor, outside the town of Wexford, and some one axed them, would they go and look at a private still; an' fools they wor, to be sure, to go; but whin they did, and they got thim down below where the still was, they brought a tub of whisky behind, and steeped the skirts of the gentlemen's coats in it, while they were lookin' on; an' thin, what did they do but set fire to them, an', be me sowl, a purty pair they made of them. Before the coats was off, their backs was as brown an' as crisp as the outside of a piece of roast pork."

"Monstrous savages!" muttered the Englishman to himself, half in

wrath, and half in fear; while Jerry fidgeted in his seat in ecstasy to perceive that his story had not failed of the intended effect.

"Aud what was the consequence?" said O'Neill, smiling at the tale the man had invented in a moment.

"Faith, sir, the Englishmen couldn't perceive the joke, but thought it was in earnest they wor; so they wint an' complained to a justice, an' Jem Sullivan's still was tuk (taken), an' they wor goin' to take himself, only he escaped. The wickedest divil in all the country the same Jem Sullivan is; an' he swears if he ketches an Englishman comin' into this country agin, he'll surely take revinge on him."

Here the coach stopped to change horses; and Jerry, as he drank his glass of whisky inside the window of the public-house where they stopped, almost shook himself to pieces with laughter when he saw the Englishman quietly unstrap his portmanteau, which was on the top of the coach, and taking therefrom a small pair of pistols, deposit them in the pockets of his great-coat.

"Why, Jerry," said O'Neill, as he entered the room where the coachman was, "your story will frighten that poor man out of his wits; I should not be surprised if he were to turn about and go home, without transacting his business. You had better tell him it was all a humbug."

"Is it me, sir?" said Jerry. "Q no faith; an' if I did, it's himself that wouldnt b'lieve me, but think I wanted to deceive him into some harm. If he does go back sure, the devil set his fut after him! some one that is'n't so great a fool 'ill come after him an' get his custom. Christ Jasus, sir! only think of him travellin' wid pistols, on the top of a coach in the open daylight."

"Perhaps," rejoined O'Neill, "you are not the first who has amused himself with taking 'a *rise*' out of the man, and if he takes all jokes as much in earnest as he takes yours, it is no wonder that he should feel alarmed."

"I wouldnt be an Englishman for the world, sir," said Jerry, as he laid down his glass; "divil a word they spake, but it's as exact as if they wor readin' it out of a book, an' as sarious

* "*Rise*,"—hoax, or banter.

as if they wor afore the priest. I'd die in a month, sir, if I was'n't to have a bit of fun sometimes."

"Ay," said O'Neill, "we have the advantage of them in mirth, but they have the advantage of us in steadiness—And now the horses are out, Jerry, we had better mount again. I see they've got a troublesome leader there, that will give you something else to do for the next stage than invent comical lies;—but was that all a lie, from beginning to end, that you told about the private still?"

"Half and half, sir," said Jerry, "like sailor's grog. There was a private still found, sure enough, an' a bit of a row; an' Jem Sullivan gave the informer a tip of his shillelagh over the head, that bothered him a little, so Jem was obleeged to cut an' run."

"Did he hurt the man seriously?" asked O'Neill.

"By my sowl," said Jerry, "you may take your oath, sir, he made him feel that 'twasn't ticklin' him wid a feather he was—but he was only kilt, as many a better man was before;—he'll be well enough come Donnybrook fair."

They now mounted the box again, while the Englishman sharply expressed his anger at the delay, and the unnecessary time they had wasted in changing horses.

"Never mind, sir," said the coachman, "there's a leader will bring us in, in good time, whether we will or no, barrin' she upsets the coach, the wicked divil, bad luck to her!"

"No danger of that, I hope?" said the Englishman, with an alarmed look.

"Plaze God," rejoined Jerry, drily; "but we can't tell always what's before us, sir, as the blind man said when he walked over his mother."

They now drove rapidly and silently along for some time, Jerry's attention being sufficiently engaged by his troublesome horse, in the management of which he shewed no small *professional* skill. As they reached the corner of a private road leading off to the right, on the man of the deep cravat, laying his hand upon Jerry's shoulder, but without speaking a word, the horses were drawn up, and the man descended from the coach. He nodded his head to the coachman, indicating by the gesture the direction in which he was about to proceed, and

was replied to by a "God speed you" from Jerry; and then the man, who had till now appeared a heavy, stupid, sleepy person, seemed suddenly to acquire a wonderful activity. A five-barred gate was placed across the little road into which he turned; laying one hand upon the upper rail of this, he vaulted over it without the least apparent difficulty, and proceeded rapidly towards the acclivity of a mountain path which lay before him.

"Do you know who that man is?" said O'Neill. "I thought till now he was some lazy Wexford shopkeeper, who had been up in Dublin making purchases; but he seems to have recovered his activity very suddenly." Jerry evaded a direct reply, and said he supposed he was some of the "mountain people."—"I rather think," said O'Neil, "that it was his object to keep himself concealed as we came along, for he contrived to keep his face so buried in his cravat, that I did not see the whole of it during our journey, and I doubt whether I should know him again, were I to meet him with his face uncovered."

"Maybe he's in some trouble," said Jerry, significantly.

They travelled along without further remark, until they reached the inn where the coach halted for breakfast, and the travellers found a board set out with those substantial comforts which a morning's drive makes so agreeable. Not that an Irish breakfast can boast of the variety of a Scotch one, or the niceness of arrangement of an English one; but there was a cold round of beef, of formidable dimensions, and there *would be* mustard, when it was made. Eggs there were innumerable, and abundance of milk, and the promise of tea when the kettle boiled. "It's *just* bilin', sir," said the waiter, the plain English of which phrase is, that there are some grounds for the expectation that it will boil within the next quarter of an hour. The Englishman awaited the advent of the boiling water in sullen silence, making all the while deliberate assaults upon the symmetry of the beef, while the rest of the company talked, laughed, swore, and took revenge upon the eggs. Tea was, however, provided, and breakfast, like all other things, came to an end. Purcses were now put in requisition, and the Englishman, after paying his coin, and

placing his hand upon his side-pocket as if to ascertain that something he expected to find there was all safe, grew suddenly pale, and ran out of the room with more alacrity than he had hitherto displayed. He soon returned in a state of agitation which it was impossible to behold without being deeply affected. The alarm and distress which make an Irishman stamp, and rave, and exhaust himself in physical exertion, do not perhaps awaken sympathy so much, because they are not really so dangerous to the individual, as the deep and silent struggles of a calmer temperament. The face of the Englishman, when he returned to the parlour of the inn, was colourless as the visage of a dead man, a cold perspiration trickled from his forehead, and a slight tremor shook his frame from head to foot. He stated, however, distinctly and intelligibly, that he had been robbed of his pocket-book, containing a large sum of money.

"Robbed!" said O'Neill, "how do you mean?"

"My pocket-book has been taken from me," said the man, "and," added he, in a faltering tone, which shewed how distressful was the struggle between his alarm and habitual firmness, "it contained a thousand pounds in Bank of England post-bills. Good God!" he continued, "what had I best do?"

"Tell me what are the circumstances," said O'Neill, partaking of the agitation which a natural sympathy excites on such occasions; "I am astonished at what you say, and do not understand you."

"I had large accounts to collect in Dublin," said the man, "my business was not finished yesterday evening until it was too late for the post, and I put the bills in my pocket-book, with the intention of dispatching them from Wexford or Waterford, where I am going, to one of our partners who is at Bristol. My pocket-book I put in my portmanteau, which was strapped upon the coach almost under my own arm, but overhearing a conversation between you and the coachman, from which I inferred there was personal danger to be apprehended by an Englishman travelling in this part of the country, I opened my portmanteau at the last stage, and took out my pistols, and I think my pocket-book also. I

know I intended to do so, but being a little alarmed at the time, I cannot positively recollect whether I did or not. But it is gone—I have it not—it is not in the portmanteau. Good God!" he exclaimed again, violently striking his pale forehead, "what ought I to do? The property is not my own, sir, but that of my employers," he continued, "of which it was my duty to have taken better care—I can never repay it, and—I have a wife and children. I and they are utterly ruined!"

It seemed as if the man's brain would have burst from the intensity of his emotion, but the mention of his children saved him; the tears spouted from his eyes, and he became calm. O'Neill now bitterly repented him of even the slight share which he had had in the fiction which had alarmed this poor Englishman, and thrown him off his guard. His heart smote him as he recollected, that, if instead of joining in and enjoying the joke played off upon the man, he had given him some rational information about the country in which he was travelling, his portmanteau would in all probability not have been opened, and all this loss and misery would not have occurred. Anxious, however, to do every thing possible, to repair a misfortune in which he could not help accusing himself of having had some share, he carefully enquired into the circumstances of the disappearance of the pocket-book, respecting which the poor man who had lost it still gave the same account, and still persisted in his belief that it was stolen.

"Are you quite certain you brought it from Dublin?" said O'Neill.

"Quite certain," replied the man; "and that it was the first thing I saw in my portmanteau when I opened it at the last stage."

"Could it then have been taken from your portmanteau while you were at breakfast?"

"No," he replied; "I am every thing but quite certain, that I took it out of my portmanteau and put it into my pocket. If I had not been under that impression, I would have brought my portmanteau with me into the room. As it was, the coach was drawn up before the windows, opposite to which I sat at breakfast, and I would have seen if any one had opened the portmanteau then."

"How then could the pocket-book have gone?—Who could have stolen it from you?"

"I know not," said the man; "but I know it is gone," he continued, relapsing into his former miserable tone—"There was a man sat by me on the coach, who left us suddenly."

"Ay, so there was," said O'Neill. "I should have thought of that; and there was something suspicious about him too."

"Coach ready, gentlemin," said Jerry, putting his head half in at the door.

"We cannot go on, Jerry," said O'Neill,—"nor you neither. You must get some one to drive the coach the rest of the way, and remain with us. This gentleman has lost his pocket-book, with a large sum of money in it, and we shall perhaps require your assistance to investigate the matter."

Jerry at first hesitated about giving up the care of his coach to another; but on the assurance of O'Neill, whose father was a man of some consequence in the country, that he would bear him harmless, another man was got to assume the reins, and Jerry was summoned to the parlour. He was closely interrogated by O'Neill respecting the man who had departed from the coach on the road, but either could or would give no information about him; but he always evaded a direct ay or no answer to the questions put to him.

"Have you got any county magistrates in this kingdom," said the Englishman, "as we have in England? We ought to take the regular course, if there are such persons."

"Yes," said O'Neill;—"Mr Roberts, a particular friend of my father's, and with whom I am acquainted, is a magistrate of the county, and lives within a mile of this; and if you approve of it, we will go before him."

But it was evident this regular method of proceeding did not meet with the approbation of Jerry.—"Pon my sowl, gentlemin," said he, "not in the laste doubtin' but you know best; but the divil a use I see in your goin' afore a magistrate about a pocket-book that's lost, an' that himself can know no more about than one of the horses in the stable without—heggin' his honor's worship's pardon, for comparin' him to a brute haste."

"The gentlemin" were, however,

of a different opinion; and to the magistrate they went, taking Jerry along with them. They were received with much politeness by Mr Roberts, who sympathised in the distress of the poor man who had lost the money, with much more warmth of feeling than an English magistrate would have probably expressed, whatever he might have felt. O'Neill told him the story of the man who had come down with them from Dublin, and of his having left them just about the time that it appeared most probable the pocket-book had been lost.

"What does your coachman say about him?" said the magistrate. "These kind of people generally know something of one another."

O'Neill said they had already interrogated him unsuccessfully.

"I am a more practised hand at this kind of examination than you, my young friend," said the magistrate. "We will have your coachman in, if you please, and see what he has to say."

Jerry was ushered in, making his best bow, yet with an uneasy air, as if he would have been much better pleased to have been left out in the enquiry.

"Your name, my good friend," said the magistrate.

"Jerry Kavanagh, your honor."

"Who was that friend of yours, that you drove down to Fox's-gate this morning?"

"How should I know, your honor," said Jerry, "more than I know any other strange passenger?"

"Answer me my questions first," said the magistrate, "and I will answer you any questions with great pleasure afterwards; but one is enough to ask questions at a time, Jerry."

"It's true for your honor," said Jerry, looking a little disconcerted.

"As this is a serious business, I must put you on your oath," said the magistrate; and the oath, truly to answer to such questions as should be asked him, was duly administered to Jerry Kavanagh.

"Now tell me ay or no," continued the magistrate, "whether you know who the man was who left you this morning at Fox's-gate?"

"I do not," said Jerry.

"Nor where he was going, when he left you?"

"No."

"And you know nothing about this gentleman's pocket-book?"

"By the virtue of my oath," said Jerry, kissing the book, which he still held in his hand, "no more than the child unhorn."

"I am very much afraid, sir," said the magistrate, addressing the Englishman, "that we can make nothing of this business at present; but I shall institute every enquiry that I possibly can to recover your property, if it has been stolen, or lost, which indeed I must say I think more probable; and, in the meantime, you will take the precaution of writing to the person from whom you purchased your post-bills, to ascertain, if possible, the numbers, and have them stopped.—And now, Kavanagh," he continued, addressing the coachman, "as I have you here, I want your assistance in another matter. You know Sullivan, whose private still was discovered the other day in Wexford, and who got off, after committing a serious assault?"

"O yes, to be sure, your honor, I know," said Jerry—"that is, I mean to say, your honor, I've heard of him often and often."

"Well, but his person—you know his person, do you not?"

"I cannot say that I do," replied Jerry.

"You may know him then," said the magistrate, "by a tremendous scar on his lower left jaw. I have had information within a day or two that he was in Dublin, and about to come down this way again. If you should fall in with him in your travels, let me know, and give a hint to Byrne, the constable.—He's on the look-out for him at the inn that you just now came from."

"It's myself that will, your honor," said Jerry, but muttered to himself, as he left the room,—*"The devil recave the same Tim Ryan's sowl. If ever I tip him a hint, it's wid the butt-end of a black-thorn stick I'll do it."*

Mr Roberts pressed O'Neill to stay with him, but he was now too much interested in the affairs of the unhappy Englishman to leave him, while there was any chance of doing any thing for him. He was not quite satisfied, either, about the strange man, of whom Jerry had denied all know-

ledge; and he therefore declined the magistrate's invitation, and sought out Jerry, that he might have a private explanation of his doubts.

"Jerry," he said, "I tell you plainly, I am not satisfied that you have told the truth about the stranger who quitted us so quietly, and jumped over the gate. I thought by your manner in the morning, that you knew something about him which you did not choose to tell; and though I saw you take your oath, and declare that you did not know him, I watched you closely, and perceived a reluctance in your manner that you *must* explain to me."

"Why, then," said Jerry, "if it was any thing that concerned you, Masther Ned, sure I'd be long sorry not to tell you every thing, as if it was my own child I was talking to; but sure it can't signify to you, here or there, who the poor man was, that you never saw before, and won't, maybe, ever see again."

"I tell you it does signify to me, Jerry, and if you know any thing of him, you must tell me."

"Well, then, I'll tell you," said Jerry, "it was Sullivan, the very man we wor tellin' the story about, an' that Mr Roberts, a while ago, was biddin' me look after, as if I was goin' to make a spy of myself."

"Good heavens! and how could you deny so solemnly that you knew any thing about him?"

"Deny!—D'y'e think, sir, I was goin' to turn informer?"

"But, my God! your oath—the oath that you took before the magistrate?—Is it nothing to perjure yourself?"

"I committed no parjury, Masther Edward," said Jerry. "We can be cute enough for the magistrate sometimes in that way, an' it wasn't for nothing I spent three months in Wexford jail, when I helped my cousin to carry off Biddy Reilly—bad luck to them both, that left me in the lurch—I larned there how to hamboozle the magistrate about an oath, when I didn't want to tell what he wanted to know; and so to-day I took no oath, till I was axed about the pocket-book, and that I swore about true enough."

"What do you mean, sir?" said O'Neill, angrily. "Did I not see you take the oath at the commencement?"

"Don't be angry, Masther Edwsrd," said Jerry; "I didn't kiss the book at all at all the first time—I only kissed the cuff of my coat, when they thought I kissed the book."

"Jerry, you are a scoundrel!" said O'Neill, "and I shall this instant go to the magistrate, and have you punished for this villainy."

The man betrayed no symptom of anger at this rebuke, but his eye grew moist, and his voice softened to a tone almost of tenderness, as he answered the young gentleman.

"Masther Edward," he said, "my mother nursed your father afore I was born, an' it isn't you that 'id bring your father's foster-brother to disgrace, and break the heart of his ould mother. More than that, I've tould you what I needn't have tould you, unless I liked; an' though I'm no gentlemn, I know what honor manes too well to think that you'd take advantage of what I said myself, against myself. I did nothing but what I couldn't help doin', unless I turned informer; and that I'll never do, while my name's Jerry Kavanagh."

There is an earnestness about the lower Irish—a throwing of their heart into the matter, and an emphatic expression of language, and voice, and gesture, which, even when exerted in the wrong, it is difficult to resist. The purpose of O'Neill was changed, and he contented himself with a strong reprobation of the man's pernicious notion, that he incurred any disgrace by telling the truth, when legally called upon to do so.

"It's true for you, sir," said Jerry, when O'Neill had finished his harangue; "an' in the regard of the quality,* there's no denyin' what you say. But sure, sir, the poor people must stand by one another, or they couldnt live at all. Every one hates an informer, an' wouldnt go either to his wake or his berrin."

Jerry's mind was made up upon this point, and O'Neill's arguments were of no avail.

He now turned his attention once more to the recovery of the Englishman's money, and stated to Kavanagh the probability that Sullivan had contrived, by some means, to steal it, and

the necessity that therefore existed, for having him taken up.

"The devil a bit of it he stole, no more than I did," said Jerry, emphatically; "an' I'll make bould to say, no more than yourself did. I know him well, an' he's not the man for such a turn. I'll tell you what, sir, if the Englishman has lost the money at all,—an' though they say the English mostly tell truth,—I wouldn't like to swar he has lost; you may be sure it wasn't stole, but dropped some way, or shook out of his little walisie."

"I am inclined to think so myself," said O'Neill; "but tell me where is this Sullivan to be found. I promise you not to give him into the hands of the officers of justice; but I shall leave no means untried to get this man's pocket-book and its contents back for him, if it be possible; and as Sullivan was beside him when he opened his portmanteau, there is a chance that it may have fallen into his hands."

Jerry protested once more, that if it had, Sullivan would have given it out of his hands forthwith to the right owner; but to satisfy O'Neill, he accurately described to him the situation of Sullivan's present dwelling, which the young gentleman the more easily understood, as his grousing expeditions had made him familiar with all the mountain district of the neighbourhood.

The day was spent in fruitless enquiries—no tidings of the lost property could be obtained. O'Neill, whose conscience still reproached him as being in some sort accessory to the misfortune, and whose goodness of heart made him participate deeply in the extreme distress of the poor Englishman, still remained with him, and after he went to rest in the inn where they had stopped in the morning, the impression grew upon him stronger and stronger, that some good would result from seeing Sullivan, who had been the only companion of the Englishman upon his part of the coach.

Even a few hours' sleep did not banish this impression from his mind; and shortly after dawn, he dressed himself, and actually set forth alone,

* "The quality," are words used by the lower orders of the Irish, to denote the gentry, or upper orders.

to seek this man in his dwelling amongst the mountains. The spot described to him was only about eight miles distant from the inn, and it was still early when he began to ascend from the bottom of a deep glen towards a cleft about half-way up the mountain's side, where the habitation he sought had been described to be. The morning was remarkably fresh and clear, and the small thatched cabins, very thinly scattered upon the mountain's side, seemed almost so near, that a strong arm might have cast a stone to them; yet their extreme minuteness of size, and the smoothness of their outlines, shewed that they must still be at a great distance from the eye. Round lumps of granite beld up their storm-beaten fronts above the heath and fern which encompassed their base; and here and there were little patches of herbage, that were nibbled at by little wild solitary mountain-sheep, which, as they heard the approaching step of O'Neill, scampered higher up the ascent, and at safe distance looked down with curious eye upon the stranger.

And now O'Neill entered the cleft, which seemed to have been made in times long past, by some huge mountain torrent, that had worked for itself a deep and rocky channel, at the bottom of which there still flowed a little mountain river of the clearest water. The stream was driven into ten thousand irregularities by the lumps of rough granite scattered in its channel, through which the water toiled its way with ceaseless murmur.

Here it dropped down like an infant waterfall, between two tall pieces of rock, with just a crevice to let it pass—there, it wheeled and foamed round a broad flat stone; and in some places the blocks of granite were so placed as to form a little basin, in which the crystal water was collected, and from which it gushed away like a living thing, delighted to escape to play. In some places, the sides of this narrow ravine displayed nothing but the bare rock, and in others, the rock was concealed by old bramble bushes, about whose roots the falling leaves of many winters had made a little soil; and here the bright green blades of grass, and the yellow primrose peeping through it, glinted in the morning sun.

After walking about a mile up this

cleft, there appeared on one side a sudden break in the line of granite rock; and an opening of smooth sward, growing wider as it receded from the stream, led to the cabin of which O'Neill was in search.

It was what is called in Ireland, "a comfortable cabin;" it had a whole roof, of thatch, and a chimney formed by an old cask, with the ends driven out, fastened into the roof by a cement of mud. The walls of the habitation were also of mud, mixed with straw, straight, and well-made, a kind of building, by the by, in which the Irish do much delight, and which gives rise to a particular trade amongst them, called that of a "mud-wall weaver." The only stone used in the edifice was in two rude piles, broad at the base and narrow at the top, which formed the "door-cheeks;" and directly in front of this, shutting out completely from the dwelling the view of the pretty little slope leading to the stream, was a large pile of peats—Hibernicé, "a clump of turf."

It was not until O'Neill had almost reached the door, and began to consider what he was to do and say, that the hopelessness of his expedition occurred to his mind, and the extreme improbability that any benefit could arise from it. He even had thoughts of turning about and retracing his steps, but this idea he gave up as soon as formed, and determined that as he had come so far, he would endeavour to see Sullivan, however small the chance that he was to gain any thing by the interview.

He found the door, as is usual in Irish cabins, open; this is partly from an old traditional habit of hospitality, and partly, because in default of windows, it is the chief inlet to the light of day. When the rushlight is lighted in the evening, the door is put upon the latch. As O'Neill entered, he saw two young children playing on the floor, while a cradle held another—a stout girl, with a blowzy face, was washing a huge basket of potatoes in a corner—and a handsome young woman, with a cast of melancholy in her countenance, was sitting opposite the door carding wool. She started up with a frightened air at the appearance of the stranger; and to his enquiries whether Sullivan were at home, she gave an embarrassed and hesitating reply in the negative. O'Neill was

about to ask some other questions, when he heard a loud and rough, but kindly voice, from a kind of cock-loft at the end of the house, formed by the space between the thatch and a rude ceiling of boards, which graced a part of the room, and left the loft open at one end. "Yes, I am at home, Mary," said the unseen speaker; "sure, I know that young gentleman—an' he's not the one to mane any harm."

Sullivan's wife, for so the woman was who had spoken to O'Neill, at once changed her anxious and embarrassed air, to one of gladness and welcome, and wiping a stool with her apron, entreated O'Neill to sit down for a minute, "Till Jem would put on him,* and come down to his honour." In very little more than the time mentioned, the man did descend by a short ladder from his bed-room and hiding-place; and but that O'Neill's heart was not very liable to fear, he might have felt some alarm at finding himself alone in this wild place, with a man who now had all the appearance of a stout and reckless outlaw. Had he felt any apprehension, however, he must have been reassured, by the kind and merry tone of the man, who declared how glad he was to see him up the mountains, and by way of laughing off the circumstance of his having been denied, he said, casting a glance around,—“That though this was rather a mane-lookin' place, yet he had as much gentility left, as not to be at home to every body.”

“You seem to know me,” said O'Neill. “I should not have known you, though I believe I saw you once before, and that not long ago.”

“I know you well, sir,” replied Sullivan; “and knew your father before you—an' if others did not know you as well as me, you could'nt have got here so quietly.”

After some farther colloquy, O'Neill entered upon the business which had brought him to Sullivan's dwelling—reminded him of his journey from Dublin the morning before, and the Englishman who sat beside him—told him of the loss of the man's treasure, and as he felt that if Sullivan knew any thing about it, he might be wrought upon by pity more successfully than by threats, to make a dis-

closure, he described, in the most emphatic terms of which he was capable, the misery of the poor Englishman, and the irretrievable ruin to him which must attend the loss.

“I'd have stopped you, sir,” said Sullivan, “only that I know it is not polite to interrupt a gentleman when he is spakein, and it was a delight to myself, and to Mary too,” he added, turning towards his wife, “to hear you talkin'; your father's son every inch of you, and like him, the friend of one in distress. But though I hardly took the least notice of the man on the coach, and knew no more than my bould gran'mother that's dead—God rest her sowl—that he had a pocket-book at all, yet I can tell where it is, for I'm sure it's the same, and you may get it, an' take it home with you, just by walkin' another mile or two; an' I'll shew you the way.”

“Indeed!” said O'Neill, very much delighted, “how is this?”

“Why then, that's just what I'm goin' to tell you,” said Sullivan. “There was a sister's son of mine on the look-out for me yesterday morning, at the place we changed horses, a little before I got down. I had a raison for not wishin' him to join me till I got into the fields, so I made him a sign to wait a little, and then follow me; and it was when he was crossin' the road, a few minutes after I left the coach, that he found a black pocket-book lyin' upon it, an' shewed it to me when he overtook me; but I had never seen notes before, like them that was in it, an' we didn't know what to make of them, for we don't read. I advised him to take the book to the priest that lives at the chapel about a couple of miles down here below, and so he's gone to him this mornin', for he was out on a station yesterday, and wasn't at home the whole day.”

In less than an hour, O'Neill, guided by Sullivan, was at the house of the priest, a good-tempered old man, whose manner to Sullivan was that of condescending despotism, and to O'Neill, when he learned who he was, that of extreme deference and politeness. He readily placed the pocket-book in his hands, commenting on the honesty of the finder and of Sullivan, and their good conduct in bringing it

* Dress himself.

to him, and hinting at the reward to which they were entitled, which O'Neill promised should not be forgotten.

It was an hour or two past noon, when O'Neill, after a repast of potatoes, and milk, and eggs, in Sullivan's cabin, was joyfully preparing to turn back towards the village he had left in the morning, when the danger occurred to him of travelling along so lonely a road with so much money in his pocket, and he asked Sullivan whether he thought it would be quite safe.

"Sure you needn't go over the mountain at all," said Sullivan. "If you keep along the glen, it isn't more than a quarter of a mile longer, and it'll bring you out on the high road."

"Yes," said O'Neill, "but is the glen less dangerous than the mountain?"

"There's not one in the glen would lay a finger on you, more than on his own brother," said Sullivan emphatically, "if you only tell them who you are, and most o' them will know it without tellin'."

"I cannot tell why it is, Sullivan," said O'Neill, "that you speak of me and my family so kindly, and seem to think your neighbours would do the same. I know my father has some mountain property in this quarter, but I had hardly thought he was known here."

"Indeed, but he is, sir," said Sullivan, "and I'll tell you how; it's about ten years ago, when you were a young boy, that an uncle of mine, an ould man with a large family, that

lives on your father's piece of mountain, had a quarrel with a great gentleman who came to shoot on the ground, and trampled down his little garden, that he went into after the birds. Well, sir, it was only the next year that the ground was out of lase, and the gentleman bore such a spite to my poor ould uncle, that he wanted to bid over him, to take the ground from him, and offered to build a shoot-in' lodge upon it; but your father, like a raal gentleman, wouldn't desert the poor man, but renewed his lase, and the ould man lives there still, with his childer settled about him, instead of bein' driven off, an' scattered about the wide world. May God bless your father for it, an' his son that comes afther him."

"Thank you, Sullivan, thank you," said O'Neill; and, with tears in his eyes, he shook hands with him at parting, though, had he reflected for a moment, he might have recollected that the man was at the time a fugitive from the vengeance of the laws which he had violated.

Thank Heaven, one does not *always* reflect.

O'Neill that evening restored to the Englishman his money and peace of mind, and succeeded in convincing him that he had not been robbed.

By means of his father's interest, he succeeded also in getting Sullivan out of his trouble, and became a frequent visitor to the wild district where he lived; and at this day, the influence of O'Neill in the glen is second only to that of the priest, and much greater than that of the law.

CHAPTERS ON CHURCHYARDS.

CHAP. XIX.

The Grave of the Broken Heart—Continued.

A FEW days after Doctor Hartop's memorable after-dinner communication, Lady Octavia signified to Vernon her intention of calling that morning at Sea Vale Cottage, which condescending attention on her part had been hitherto delayed by his report of Miss Aboyne's increased indisposition, and her inability to receive visits. That cause of exclusion having ceased to exist, however, he could no longer decline for Millicent the proffered courtesy. His own private reasons for wishing it could be altogether avoided he did not perhaps analyse very curiously; or rather he assured himself, that solely for Millicent's sake, who would in truth gladly have dispensed with the visit, he was thus considerably reluctant.

But now Lady Octavia was predestined; she would go that morning—she would go directly—and Mr Vernon must escort and introduce her. And before he had well got through two or three not very neatly-turned sentences expressive of his sense of her Ladyship's kindness, and so on, he found himself with his noble and lovely charge at the entrance of Millicent's little cottage. In another minute, Nora (who, to Vernon's horror and dismay, presented herself with a brown coarse wrapper, tucked up sleeves, and blue corded arms evidently fresh from the suds) had thrown open the door of the small parlour where Millicent was sitting at work; and Vernon's ruffled feelings were not smoothed to complacency by his quick nervous glance at the nature of her occupation, which was that of dividing, and folding with neat arrangement, certain lengths and squares of coarse dark household napery. Colouring and confusedly, without raising his eyes to the countenances of either of the fair ladies, he hurried through the ceremony of introduction; but the calm sweet tone of Millicent's voice encouraged him to look up, and when the natural grace and lady-like self-possession with which she received her beautiful visitor, relieved him in part from the uncomfortable feel-

ings which Lady Octavia's courteous ease and amiable *prévenance* also contributed to dispel, he found himself in a few minutes conversing with his fair companions with tolerable composure. Still his restless eyes glanced ever and anon at the coarse unhemmed towels, and then at the direction of Lady Octavia's eyes—and from her to Millicent, and again from Millicent to the titled beauty. Beautiful indeed the latter was at all times, but strikingly so at that moment. Lady Octavia had too much good taste, and too much confidence in the unassisted effect of her own charms, ever to overload them with fashionable frippery. Her costume that morning was a plain white muslin robe, setting off to the best advantage the perfect symmetry of a figure, about which a large India shawl had been carelessly wrapped, and was now suffered to fall in picturesque drapery off one shoulder. A large straw hat, tied loosely with a broad green ribbon, also, fell back as she seated herself, so as to leave nearly uncovered a bright profusion of auburn hair, beautifully disarranged by the fresh morning wind, which had also communicated a richer glow to the peach bloom of her young cheek, and a more sparkling vivacity to her laughing eyes. Vernon saw that Miss Aboyne's eyes were riveted admiringly on her lovely guest. His, but the moment before, had been drawing an involuntary comparison between the youthful beauty and his own sweet Millicent; and if, on one hand, he was too forcibly struck with the contrast of the opening and the waning-rose—of the sheltered blossom, and the storm-beat flower—he observed also, with affectionate pride, that the interesting and intellectual loveliness of Miss Aboyne, her simple dignity and natural elegance, lost nothing by the closest comparison with the brilliant graces and perfect finish of the Lady Octavia.

With what extraordinary celerity will thoughts, deductions, conclusions, and endless trains of ideas and images succeed each other on the ma-

gic lantern of the mind! Vernon's mental mirror still reflected a confused and misty portraiture; that of the Lady Octavia presented far more definite and well-arranged conceptions. On her way to the cottage, she had been weighing interiorly the comparative amusement to be derived from patronizing Miss Aboyne, or breaking her heart—but her judgment rather inclined from the scale of patronage. In London, or in a full and fashionable neighbourhood, it might have been played off *à merveille*, with high credit to the protecting power; but what could be done in that way at Sea Vale? It would be more in character with that sweet seclusion to get up the other entertainment, which, with good management, might be wrought into a very pretty romance of real life, and last out the whole term of exile, leaving the catastrophe to follow—for Lady Octavia's feelings were modelled much after the dramatic taste of our Gallic neighbours, which interdicts murder on the stage. "However," resolved the candid schemer, "I will see this Miss Aboyne before I make up my mind." And the brief test of a few minutes' intercourse with the unsuspecting Millicent, sufficed to settle her Ladyship's plan of operations. She felt, almost at the first introduction, that Miss Aboyne *would not* be patronized—so set herself to work, with a clear conscience, on the other experiment.

"What a sweet cottage you live in, Miss Aboyne!" observed Lady Octavia, after a little desultory conversation, during which she had been taking a critical survey through her glass of the little parlour and all within it. "What a sweet cottage!" she exclaimed, rising to complete her examination. "So neat! and so small and pretty! Do you know, Mr Vernon," turning to Horace, "I quite adore it, it puts me so in mind of dear Falkland;—it's so like our poultry woman's cottage in the park!" Vernon coloured and fidgeted; but Millicent said, smilingly, that she was indeed partial to her little home, and gratified that its unpretending prettiness had excited a pleasing association in Lady Octavia's mind. "But do you really live here all alone, with only that old woman?" inquired her Ladyship, with a sweet expression of condoling interest, just sufficing to make

it doubtful whether her impertinence were intentional, or artlessly indiscreet. "How very odd!—that is, I mean, how very delightful!—and I dare say you have always something to do—some useful work or other—so superior to fashionable, trifling occupations! Do, pray, go on with that you was about when we came in, my dear Miss Aboyne. I would not interrupt you for the world—and it would really amuse me; do go on—it's delightful to see people so clever and notable. I should like to learn," and running to the table, Lady Octavia drew a chair close to it, and set herself to as grave and curious an inspection of the coarse manufacture Millicent had been employed in, as if each towel had been an ancient manuscript, and every stitch a hieroglyphic or a Greek character. "Your Ladyship will scarcely find any thing in my homely work worthy the condescending attention you are pleased to bestow on it," quietly remarked Miss Aboyne, in whose character want of penetration was by no means the concomitant of simplicity, and whose sense of the ludicrous was keen enough to have excited a laugh at the solemn absurdity of her fair visitor's caprice, if good manners had not restricted to a smile the outward indication of her feelings.

"Ah! now I know what this is—I remember all about it," triumphantly exclaimed Lady Octavia, looking up from the object of her examination, on which, however, one rosy palm remained emphatically outspread. "This is hackaback, or shackaback, or some such thing—the same sort of stuff mamma gives for pinafores to our school at Falkland. I wish I was half so clever and industrious as you are, Miss Aboyne, but I am afraid Mr Vernon could tell you I am a sad trifling creature."

"Miss Aboyne's general avocations differ less from your Ladyship's than those she has selected for this morning's amusement," said Vernon, with an ill-concealed irritability that tingled to his very finger-ends; and nervously starting from his chair, he went towards Millicent's music-stand; and partly to prove his petulant assertion, as well as to withdraw Lady Octavia's attention from the hated work-table, he requested her to look over some manuscript Italian music which he hurriedly extracted from the pile.

His request drew forth an exclamation of surprise from her Ladyship, as, approaching the music stand, and taking the offered sheet, she cried, "Italian!—you sing Italian, then, Miss Aboyne? I suppose Mr Vernon has been your teacher." Millicent looked towards Horace with arch meaning in her eyes; but taking the reply to himself, and speaking with generous warmth, and a countenance glowing with grateful acknowledgment, he said, "No, indeed!—your Ladyship does me too much honour; I am indebted to Miss Aboyne, and to one who was equally beloved and respected by her and by myself, for all my knowledge of Italian—for every acquisition I most value—for more than I ever can repay." There was a general pause. Lady Octavia wished she could have retracted a question which had excited feelings of a very different nature from those she designed to insinuate, and had drawn from Vernon so spirited an avowal of them. But the slight inadvertence led, at least, to one satisfactory conclusion.

Vernon's honourable warmth and affectionate allusion to her beloved father, touched the spring of deepest emotion in Millicent's bosom, and subverted in a moment the outwork of calm self-possession, which had maintained itself so successfully, and, in truth, so easily, against the oblique aim of Lady Octavia's puny missiles; and the deep flush that now mantled her before-colourless cheek, and the tears that swam in her dovelike eyes, were evidence unquestionable that Miss Aboyne *had a heart*, and one not altogether organized of "impenetrable stuff."

To do Lady Octavia Falkland justice, however, she did not meditate actual murder, on or off the stage, or any thing, indeed, but a little harmless temporary sport with the happiness of the two persons so long and solemnly contracted. She merely designed to assert the omnipotence of her own charms, by convincing Miss Aboyne that she had it in her power to make Vernon faithless to his early vows; and, with regard to Vernon himself, she only intended to give him a clear insight of the disadvantages which must attend his union with Miss Aboyne, and a despairing glimpse of the superlative felicity in store for the fortunate mortal who should awa-

ken an interest in her own fair bosom. With guarded caution, also, she charitably inclined to indulge him with an experimental taste of *la belle passion*, such as it might be between sympathetic souls of a superior order; and then, having so far generously enlightened him as to the capabilities of his own heart, to leave him and his betrothed to complete their stupid union in their own dull way, and be "as happy as possible ever afterwards."

Millicent did not again see Vernon till late in the morning which succeeded that of Lady Octavia's visit; but she received him then with looks that beamed a welcome even more affectionate than that with which they were ever wont to greet him. His warm tribute to her dear father's memory, so spontaneously uttered the preceding day, in reply to Lady Octavia's uncivil observation, had been balm to her heart, and her grateful feelings were ready to overflow at his appearance. But he approached and greeted her with an unusual degree of coldness and constraint, and there was a cloud upon his brow, and an abstractedness in his manner, that quickly and effectually repressed the expression of a sensibility too tender and profound not to be keenly susceptible of the slightest repulse.

For some time few words passed between them. Vernon seated himself beside Millicent at the table where she was finishing some pencil sketches, and usefully employed himself in cutting up her pencils into shavings, and her Indian-rubber into minute fractions. At last—"Milly," said he, abruptly, "what can induce you to waste your time about such abominable work as you were employed in when Lady Octavia called yesterday?—and to have it all spread out in your sitting-room too!—such vile, hideous litter!"

"My dear Horace!" mildly replied Millicent, looking up from her sketch with an expression of surprise, not unmingled with a more painful feeling—"my dear Horace! do you forget that, circumstanced as we are, my time is much more wasted in such an occupation as this, than it was in the homely task you found me engaged in yesterday? You know, Horace," she added, half smiling as she bent again over her drawing, "that Nora and I are very busy now provi-

ding for our future household comforts? But I will allow, such work as mine was yesterday is not ornamental to a sitting-room; you shall not find the little parlour so disgraced again, dear Horace."

The sweetness of the answer was irresistible; but though it made Vernon heartily ashamed of the weakness which laid him open to such paltry annoyance as that he had just made cause of complaint to Millicent, it could not immediately tranquillize his irritable mood, or charm him into forgetfulness of those tormenting thoughts and comparisons Lady Octavia had been too successful in exciting. Yet was he so sensible of their unworthiness, that he hated himself for the involuntary and unsuspected treason, and his heart smote him more sharply, when, a few minutes afterwards, Millicent spoke of Lady Octavia's beauty with such unaffected admiration, as testified, had such proof been wanting, how incapable was the genuine humility and nobleness of her nature of envious self-comparison with the youthful loveliness of another. "I never saw such hair as Lady Octavia's!—such beautiful hair!" she observed, proceeding with her drawing and her eulogium. "But *I have*, Milly, and much *more* beautiful," asserted Vernon, edging his chair nearer to hers; and in a twinkling, before her inquiring look had met the tender meaning in his eyes, he had dexterously removed her close mourning cap, and plucked out the comb that fastened up a profusion of the finest hair in the world, black and glossy as the raven's wing, which, thus released from confinement, fell in redundant masses over her neck and shoulders, waving downward almost to the ground as she sat, and, half ahrouding her face and figure in its cloud-like beauty, invested with somewhat of celestial character the touching loveliness of a complexion pure and transparent, and almost colourless as alabaster, and eyes of the dark violet's own hue, ("the dim brooding violets of the dell,") now upraised to Vernon with an expression of innocent surprise and *not* offended feeling.

"What a sin it is to hide such hair as this, Milly!" continued her lover, lifting aside one of its heavy tresses from her now smiling and

blushing face, on which he gazed with a sudden and almost surprised conviction, that his own Millicent was a thousand times lovelier than Lady Octavia; and the evidently admiring fondness with which his looks were fixed upon her, did not lessen the suffusion of her cheek, though it quickly brought tears into her modest eyes, as they fell bashfully under their long black lashes. There is no such cosmetic as happiness; no such beautifier as the consciousness of pleasing, when we wish to please; and never was woman's heart indifferent to the gratification of being even *personally* pleasing to the object of her affections, whatever some superior-minded disagreeables may pretend to the contrary. Of late, some half-defined idea had possessed itself (she scarce knew how) of Millicent's humble heart, that though she was still dear to Horace, not only for her own sake, but for her father's, and the remembrance of "auld lang syne," she had no longer any personal attractions for him; and she *HAD FELT* the contrast between herself and Lady Octavia, though, in her simple integrity, drawing from it no conclusion more painful or uneasy than that Horace *must* feel it also. But that sudden action,—those few words,—and, more than all, that look of his, conveyed blissful assurance that she was still beloved as in days gone by—still beheld with eyes as fondly partial. Vernon was quite right. His own Millicent was, at that moment, a thousand times more beautiful than the youthful and brilliant Lady Octavia.

It would extend this little history far beyond its prescribed limits, to continue a minute detail of those progressive circumstances which more immediately influenced the happiness and interests of Horace and Millicent, during the remainder of Dr Hartop and Lady Octavia's sojourn at Sea Vale. The leading incidents must suffice to keep unbroken the thread of the narration. Miss Aboyne failed not (however disinclined) to return Lady Octavia Falkland's visit, within a few days after that honour had been conferred on her; neither did Lady Octavia fail, during their *tête à tête* in her luxurious boudoir, to call Millicent's attention to sundry objects, affording indubitable proof—in the shape of copied music, verses, and

sketches for albums, &c. &c.—that the whole of those long mornings, during which she saw little, and occasionally nothing, of Horace, were not devoted to the serious duties which she had been fain to persuade herself occupied at least the greater part of them. Had any lingering doubt still clung about her heart, Lady Octavia's considerate assurance (as the visitor rose to retire) was intended to remove it effectually. "I assure you I am quite shocked, Miss Aboyne," she said, with the sweetest deprecating manner in the world, "at monopolizing so much of Mr Vernon's time; but he is so kind and obliging!—and then, you know, those men are such lounging creatures of habit; when he is once comfortably established on that *ottoman*," pointing to one at the foot of her harp, "there's no driving him away, though I often tell him"—— With what arguments her ladyship so conscientiously essayed to "drive" Vernon to his duty, Miss Aboyne gave her no time to explain; for even Millicent's gentle spirit was moved by the obvious malice and intentional impertinence of the insinuation; and rather haughtily interrupting Lady Octavia with an assurance, that she arrogated to herself no right whatever over Mr Vernon's disposal of his time, which must be well employed in her ladyship's service, she made her farewell curtsy, and returned to her own solitary home. Lady Octavia's eye followed her to the door, with an expression that said, "So—let the stricken deer go weep:" and that shrewd meaning implied something very near the truth. The arrow had struck home.

From that morning, Miss Aboyne considered herself absolved from the duty of returning any other of Lady Octavia's visits—who, on her part, becoming sensible that they did not co-operate, as she had expected, with her amiable purpose, soon discontinued them altogether. But the worthy Doctor, desirous of testifying, in the most flattering manner, his gracious approbation of Vernon's choice, made a magnanimous effort to honour the object of it, by paying his personal respects to her at her own dwelling; it is more than probable, with the benevolent intention of bestowing on her a few of those valuable hints on domestic economy, and the rearing up

of a large family, with which, at all convenient seasons, he was wont to favour his fortunate and grateful curate. But adverse circumstances diverted from Millicent the good fortune intended for her; the anticipation of which (for Horace had prepared her for the visit) had in truth grievously disquieted her. Carefully enveloped in a warm roquelaure, (for though the noonday sun was scorching, the morning had been showery,) escorted by Mr Vernon on one side, and his own valet, with a *parapluie*, on the other, the Doctor (having previously fortified himself with a basin of vermicelli soup) was wheeled in his Bath chair through the village of Sea Vale to Miss Aboyne's cottage—or, more properly speaking, to the garden gate leading to the little dwelling, and there his further progress was arrested by an unforeseen and insurmountable obstacle. The humble gateway was not wide enough, by at least a foot, to admit the Doctor's equipage; (it would scarcely have afforded ingress to his own portly person;) and the little gravel walk, still flooded by recent showers, was impassable to the rheumatic gouty feet that trode "delicately" even on Brussels carpets. Moreover, on casting his eyes despairingly towards the cottage door, at which stood Miss Aboyne, (who, on perceiving the dilemma of her honourable and reverend visitor, had come forward thus courteously,) he conceived a well-founded suspicion, that even arrived at that inner portal, he should fail in effecting an entrance; wherefore, like a true philosopher, accommodating himself to circumstances, he gave two or three prelude *hems*; with a view of complimenting the future bride (even from that inconvenient distance) with the speech he had conned in readiness. Already, to Vernon's horror and Millicent's dismay, he had begun, "My dear Madam! it is with infinite satisfaction that I do myself the honour"——when a heavy cloud, which, unobserved by the pre-occupied divine, had been gathering over head, began to discharge its liquid stores so suddenly, that the faithful valet, who waited not his master's commands to face about, gave the necessary word to the officiating footman, and the Bath chair, with its reverend contents, under shelter of the *parapluie*, was safely wheeled into the

Rectory hall, before Millicent had well recovered her alarm in the uninvaded sanctuary of her little parlour.

Two months and more than half a third had passed away, since that May morning (almost the latest of the month), a few days prior to the strangers' arrival at the Rectory, when Vernon had won from Millicent her unreluctant promise to be indissolubly united to him that day three months. What changes had taken place since then—not in the fortunes and apparent prospects of the affianced pair, but in their feelings, habits, and relative circumstances! Vernon had gradually absented himself more and more from the cottage; for some time excusing himself to Millicent, and to his own heart, on various pretences, which, however, he felt would not bear the test of investigation. By little and little he discontinued even those poor unsatisfactory apologies—and Millicent was hest content that it should be so; for even her blindness (the wilful blindness of affection) was dispelled at last, and she felt within herself, and knew to a certainty in her own heart, that she should never be the wife of Horace Vernon. Yet did she not, for one single moment, suspect the sincerity of his intentions; nor doubt, that when the illusion was dispersed (she knew it to be an illusion) which now warped him from his *better self*, he would return to *himself* and to her, with bitter self-upbraiding, and passionate avowals of his own culpable weakness, and honourable anxiety to fulfil his engagements with her. Nay, she doubted not that she was still dear to him—she *scarcely* doubted that the heat affections of his heart were still hers, however appearances might have led to a different conclusion—but she *more than* doubted, whether Horace Vernon and Millicent Aboyne could ever be again as they had been to each other; therefore she felt in her heart that it was better they should not be united. Yet, for all this, there was no change in her manner to Vernon—scarcely any perceptible change—only, perhaps, in lieu of the sweet familiar cheerfulness with which she had been wont to carry herself towards him, there was a shade of deeper seriousness, of more affecting tenderness, in her deportment, such as might have betokened, to a curious eye and a keen observer, something of

those feelings with which the heart of one bound in secret on some far journey, may he supposed, on the eve of departure, to yearn towards a beloved friend, still unsuspecting of the approaching separation. Millicent's generous confidence in Vernon's honour (in his *honourable intentions* at least) was not misplaced. Never, for a moment, had he harboured a thought of violating his engagements with her; and his heart, as she had been fain to believe, still turned to her as towards its real home, at every lucid interval (the term is not inappropriate) of his spell-bound infatuation; and on more than one late occasion, when some accidental circumstance, or thought suggested by his good angel, had aroused his slumbering conscience and better feelings, he had almost deceived the poor Millicent into reviving hope and trust by an overflowing tenderness of manner, more apparently impassioned than in the early days of their youthful attachment. In some such mood of mind he took his way towards the cottage about the period last mentioned, about a fortnight before the first of September, the day he and Millicent had long anticipated as that which was to unite them indissolubly. For some time past, however, it had been mutually understood, rather than arranged, between them, that their marriage should not take place till after the departure of the strangers, whose stay at the Rectory was not likely to be prolonged beyond the first week in September. That period now drew near—and Vernon remembered that it did, with a strange mixture of discordant feelings. He felt like one who has been long living, as in a dream, under the influence of some strange illusion, which was about to break away and leave him to the sober realities of his appointed lot. That morning, one of those trivial occurrences which often lead to important results in human affairs, tended very materially to hasten the dispersion of his airy visions. He had been present—for the time forgotten—when the letter-bag was brought in to Doctor Harthrop, who delivered out from its contents, one from Falkland Park to Lady Octavia; it was from one of her sisters, and the matter so interesting, so redolent of present pleasures, and teeming in preparation, of noble and fashionable guests arrived and expected, (fa-

shionable men more especially, some of whom were alluded to in slang terms of familiarity, sanctioned by the modern *manière d'être* of high-bred, rather than well-bred, young ladies,) that the fair reader for once gave way to the fulness of her heart, (seldom was her ladyship guilty of such vulgar unreserve,) and poured out its feelings into the somewhat unsympathising ear of her reverend uncle, reading to him, as she proceeded with her letter, detached portions of Lady Jane's tantalizing communications, which so stimulated her impatient longings, that she ended with, "And now you are so well, dear uncle, why need we stay a minute longer at this horrid place? I could not survive another mouth of it."

What might have been the Doctor's reply to this very energetic appeal was known only to the fair appellant; for Vernon, taking advantage of the open door, and being entirely overlooked, had slept quietly away; and with Lady Octavia's words still tingling in his ears, was in two minutes on his way to the cottage, and to Millicent. In a strange tumult of feeling he bent his steps thither—of surprise and mortification, and bitter self-humiliation and reproach; other thoughts by degrees stole in, like oil upon the troubled waves—thoughts still composed of mingled elements—painful and humbling, yet healing withal—of Millicent and all she had been to him—faithful, patient, uncomplaining, where there had been so great cause to excite an accusing spirit—nobly unsuspecting of wrong—incapable of envy—inaccessible to mean jealousy, though not insensible—O no, he felt she was not—of neglect, which to look back upon, wrung him to the soul; and still, still, ill as he deserved it of her, his own—his loving Millicent—his better angel—his future wife—and well should the devotion of all his life to come strive to compensate for his temporary dereliction! Then came across him a shuddering recollection of the increased languor and feebleness, which, on two or three late occasions, he had observed and spoken of to herself; but she had made light of his question, and he had not dared have recourse to Nora. Nora and he had, indeed, by tacit consent, for some time avoided speaking to each other; and if they chanced to encounter, Vernon

had hurried past, without raising his eyes to a face where he would have been sure to read searching accusation.

All these thoughts were busy in his heart as he pursued his way to the cottage, and—for they had melted him to a tenderness of which he wished to subdue the outward indication—by the longest road—that which ran along the back of the village street and the cottage garden—the very lane where, close by the honeysuckle arbour, in that very garden he had been arrested the first evening of his arrival at Sea Vale, by the sweet sounds of Millicent's voice, mingled with the manly tones of her father's. And there again Vernon's heart smote him; his parting promise to his departing friend!—how had it been fulfilled? "But it is not too late, thank God!" he exclaimed aloud; and starting onward, he quickened his step towards the orphan's dwelling, as if to hasten the ratification of his vows, and take her to his heart then and for ever. But, at the turning of the green lane, he was overtaken by his old medical friend, Mr Henderson, who, without slackening the pace of his ambling pony, merely said in passing—"Good-morrow, Mr Vernon! you are on your way to the cottage, I see; you will find Miss Aboyne better to-day."—"Better! has Miss Aboyne been ill? Pray, sir!—Mr Henderson!"—and Vernon, starting forward, caught the pony's bridle-rein in the eagerness of his alarm.

The good apothecary looked at him with grave surprise, as he answered, with some severity of tone, "Is it possible you can be ignorant of the very precarious state of Miss Aboyne's health, Mr Vernon? But seeing her, as of course you do, daily, you may not have been struck with the great personal change which has been for some time perceptible to me." Alas! many days had passed of late, during which Vernon had found no leisure hour for Millicent, and this was now the third day since he had seen her. How the fact, as if he were then first aware of it, struck home to his conscience!—and with what miserable apprehension he questioned and cross-questioned the apothecary!—and drew from him an explicit avowal, that although he did not consider Miss Aboyne's case by any means hopeless,

it was so critical, that her life hung as it were by a single thread, of which the slightest agitation, the most trifling imprudence, or any untoward circumstance, might dis sever the frail tenure. "And to be free with you, Mr Vernon," the old man continued, laying his hand on Vernon's shoulder as he spoke with glistening eyes, and a more unsteady voice—for he had known Millicent from her childhood, and felt for her an almost paternal interest, which had not been diminished by certain lately held conferences with the indignant Nora, whose tale, however exaggerated, tallied but too well with his own preconceived suspicions—"to be free with you, I will add, that I fear, I greatly fear Miss Aboyne's present malady proceeds as much from moral as physical causes, and that you will do well to shield her, with the most watchful tenderness, from every disquietude it may be in your power to avert. That gentle spirit of hers, and that tender frame, were not made to 'bide all blasts,' Mr Vernon! Take care of her; she is well worth keeping;" and so saying, the old man extricated the rein from Vernon's hold, by quickly spurring on his pony, and was soon

beyond the reach of further questioning, leaving the questioner still rooted to the spot, with food enough for bitter reflection to keep him there—How long he knew not—before he recovered himself sufficiently to enter the cottage.

The porch door stood open, as did that of the little parlour; but the room was empty. Millicent had been recently there, however, for her handkerchief lay on the table beside a portfolio and some loose sheets of music. Throwing himself into the chair she had occupied, Vernon sat for some moments, his eyes fixed with unconscious gaze on the objects before him, till, half rousing himself from that abstraction, he began listlessly to turn them over, and at last his attention was arrested by a half-torn sheet that lay apart, with Millicent's handkerchief. The paper was wet. More than one drop—from what source he too well divined—had recently fallen on the words of a song which he well remembered having formerly given to Millicent, with a laughing injunction to make herself perfect in the old ditty against her day should come. The words ran thus—a quaint "auld-wa'ld" conceit.

"Unhappy lady! lay aside
Thy myrtle crown, thy robes of pride;
A Cypress stole befits thee now,
A willow garland for thy brow.

For thou art changed, and changed is he,
Who pledged thee love's first fealty;
A lover's pledge! a lover's vow!
And where is he? and what art thou?

At younger beauty's feet, with sighs
And silken oaths, thy false love lies;
A thing for-aken!—that thou art,
With faded form, and broken heart.

And now, poor heart! be wise, and crave
Of earth no guerdon but a grave—
And hark! 'ding! dong!' that timely bell,
(*Their wedding peal*) shall ring thy knell,

And lay thee by the church-path side,
When forth he leads his bonny bride:
And then, perhaps, he'll cry—'Adieu,
My fond first love!—so passing true!'"

Other drops had mingled with those yet glistening on the lines of that old song before (Vernon still holding the paper) let fall his arm upon the table, and bowing down his head, concealed

his face within them. He had continued thus for some time, and so deep was his abstraction, that he was perfectly unconscious of an approaching footstep, or that he was no longer alone,

till a soft hand touched his, and looking up, he met the dewy eyes of his wronged Millicent fixed upon him with an expression of angelic pity. That look set wide at once the floodgates of his before almost uncontrollable emotion, and starting up, he caught her to his bosom with a passionate suddenness, that, accompanied by half-intelligible words of love and self-reproach, almost overpowered her gentle and timid spirit. But soon recovering from the momentary agitation, she mildly soothed him to composure; and said, half smiling, as she softly drew the old song from his unconscious hand—"Dear Horace! I never doubted your heart—I never feared desertion."—"Bless you for that! Millicent, my beloved! my only love!—but can you—can you forgive?"—"That you have sometimes forgotten me of late, Horace?"—"No, not forgotten—not forgotten, as Heaven shall judge me, Millicent!—but—I have been bewildered—infatuated—mad—I know not what; and yet my heart was here; nay, nay, look not incredulous, Milly!—here—here only, as I hope for—and did you not say you never doubted *that*?—Repeat it, my beloved!—tell me again you never doubted me, my generous, noble-minded love!"—"I never doubted your affection for me, Horace!" repeated Millicent, with tender seriousness;—"but now, dear friend! sit down beside me, and let us both be calm, and talk together quietly and unreservedly, as it befits friends to"—"Friends! no more than friends, Milly?—is it come to that," vehemently exclaimed Horace, with a reproachful look. "And what name more sacred, more endearing?" she rejoined, in tones less flustering than before. "Friends here, and hereafter, and for ever in that better place, where, sooner or later, whatever is reserved for us here, I trust we shall meet again, and be as the angels in heaven."—"And here—here, Millicent! are we to be no more than friends?—Have you forgotten, that within two little weeks you would have been my wife, if those fatal strangers!—but they will be gone before three weeks are over, and then"—"And then, dear Horace! it will be time enough to talk of—of"—our marriage day, she would have added, but her voice suddenly failed,

and with a quivering lip she turned her face away from him, till the momentary weakness was overcome. It was soon mastered; and then, once more raising to his her not unmoistened eyes, she continued, "I have been wishing, earnestly wishing, for such an opportunity—such an opening as this, dear Horace!—to pour out my whole heart to you—to reconcile you to your own, in case of an event, for which, I fear—I think you may be entirely unprepared, and which I know you would feel too painfully, if now, while we have time, we did not exchange mutual confidence and forgiveness for any wrongs fancied or"—But she was passionately interrupted—"Now!—while we have time!—an event for which I am unprepared!"—"Millicent! Millicent! what mean you?—But I deserve this torture"—and grasping both her hands in his with convulsive violence, he gazed in her face with such a look of fearful enquiry, as wellnigh unnerved the poor Millicent, and rendered her incapable of reply. But making a strong effort for composure, she spoke again—at first only a few soothing and affectionate words to still the agitation that excited her tenderest compassion, and then, impressed with the seriousness and solemnity of the task she had imposed upon herself, she went on with quiet firmness to tell him of what had been so long upon her heart, though, till that moment, she had not found courage to impart it to him—*time or opportunity*, she might have said—but that would have sounded accusingly, and Millicent lived only to bless and to console.—"My dear Horace!" she continued, "hear me patiently—hear me calmly—for my sake do so. For some time past, I have felt a conviction that I should not live to be your wife—nay, nay—start not so fearfully at these words—look not so shocked, so self-accusing, Horace!—But for you—but for your care and kindness, I should long ago have followed my dear father. But you kept me here; and I thought then it was God's will that I should live and become the companion of your life. That thought was very sweet to me, dear Horace! too sweet perhaps, for it made life too dear to me. But since—of late, as I have told you, I have had reason to believe that such was not God's

pleasure—nay, let me—let me speak on now, Horace!—now that I am strengthened for the trial—and do not—do not think, dearest!—for I interpret that look—that he has stricken me by the hand I loved; I was not made for duration, Horace!—you know my mother died early of consumption—I was not well before my father's death; and that great shock!—so sudden!—and—"—" And I have done the rest!—I—wretch that I am!—Tell me so, Milly!—tell me so at once, rather than stab me with such mockery of comfort;" and no longer able to restrain himself, even for her sake, he started from her side, and paced the room in agitation, that she wisely suffered to subside before she attempted to resume her affecting subject. "But it is not too late; Millicent! angel! thou wilt yet be spared that I may repay with life-long tenderness thy matchless excellence;" and then, melted to softer feelings, he flung himself beside her, and clasping her to his bosom, gave way to a passion of womanish tears. When both had in some measure recovered composure, Vernon was the first to speak again, though in an agitated whisper:—"Tell me, my beloved! Oh tell me, you will try to live for my sake! I know—I see how blind I have been—how madly blind to your increased indisposition; fool! idiot! that I was—I heard of it for the first time this morning from Mr Henderson—but he told me—he said—indeed, indeed, Milly! our good friend thinks that with care and watchfulness all will go well again—and such care!—such watchfulness as I shall take now!—Oh God! Oh God!"—And now their tears mingled; for Millicent's rolled fast down her pale cheeks, and it was many minutes before she again found utterance, and that her secret prayer for strength was answered, and she was able to speak to him words of peace and comfort. "I know—I know," she faltered out at last, "that I may yet recover, if such be God's pleasure, my Horace!—for in His hands are life and death—but, my beloved! if you would endeavour to reconcile yourself to a contrary event, I should be well content to go, for methinks the bitterness of death is past—and do not call it unkind, Horace! I doubt whether I could ever again, under any cir-

cumstances, be so happy in this world as I have been. I feel as if the capabilities of earthly happiness and usefulness were dead within me; as if I had already left my youth and prime of days at an immeasurable distance—and such a companion would ill suit you, Horace!—would ill assort with your buoyant spirit and unsubdued energies. But God's will be done! He will order all as is best for us; and if I live, and you continue to wish I should become your wife!"—"If I continue to wish it!—Oh, Millicent!"—"Then, then, dear Horace! I would only say—May God bless our union!—but if it is not to be, I do not tell you to remember me; I know you will do that; but I would bid you, for my sake, torture not your own heart with self-upbraiding. Assign all—the ordering of all—as indeed is only fitting, to the will of Providence;—and—and—if my poor Nora should be unjust and unreasonable in her grief, bear with her, dear Horace, and be kind to her still, for my sake. This little dwelling!—I have taken some order about it, and her. The long-expected living will be yours at last;—and thus I have so arranged it—you will not disapprove it, Horace?—that this cottage may be let or sold, and so furnish a provision for my faithful Nora. Forgive me, that I pain you thus, dear friend!—and yet, a few words more. Oh, my dear Horace! be watchful of yourself. We have all much need to pray against the deceitfulness of our own hearts. The world and its ways would cheat you, Horace! for I know your heart. Oh, I have longed thus to pour out the fulness of mine—my whole spirit, if it might be—in one appeal to yours." And, elevated by the solemnity of that appeal, and by the fervour of her enthusiasm, Millicent's voice became full and firm, though its tones were deep as if sent up from the bosom's inmost sanctuary, and her countenance was irradiated by more than earthly beauty, as, clasping her pale thin hands together, she looked up in Vernon's face, and slowly articulated, "Above all, my father's friend! mine own dear friend! so run the race that is yet before you, that, though mine is first finished, we may meet at last in the land where there shall be no more separation." The awful pathos of that affecting prayer, though it thrilled

through the heart of Vernon, subdued his impatient spirit and agitated nerves to solemn stillness. He attempted no audible answer—words would have been powerless to express his feelings; but Millicent felt and understood all the assurance she desired to receive, in the tears that moistened her clasped hands, as, taking them between his, he bent his face upon them in the long and profound silence that succeeded to his violent emotion.

Horace Vernon laid his head that night upon the pillow by many degrees “a sadder and a wiser man” than he had arisen from it in the morning. But sleep came not to his eyelids, nor rest to his spirit, till utter exhaustion procured him towards morning a short interval of troubled slumber. Lady Octavia was not long in perceiving the decline, or rather cessation, of her influence over Vernon. But attributing his defection to resentment at the unguarded sentence which had escaped her in his presence on the perusal of Lady Jane’s letter, she only read in it the indication of a more profound passion than she had yet felt certain of having inspired him with. But after a few days of condescending sweetness, fruitlessly expended in manœuvres to lure back the startled quarry, she began to suspect that whatever was the cause of Vernon’s *brusque* retreat from her boudoir, and of his subsequent *refroidissement*, he was now detained from her by a return to his first allegiance, of which her ladyship had by no means calculated the possibility, while the light of her attractions still blazed in competition with the pale star of Millicent.

Piqued at this discovery, Lady Octavia’s heart was forthwith vehemently set on what would otherwise (in the near prospect of departure from Sea Vale) have been a matter of comparative indifference to her—the recovery of her former ascendancy; and nothing daunted by first failures, she worked at her purpose with all the energies of those great co-operating powers—woman’s will and woman’s wit, supported by woman’s perseverance. But even those combined forces had wellnigh experienced signal defeat, so entirely had Vernon’s revived affection and reawakened fears for Millicent, and his bitterly compunctious feelings, engrossed every faculty of his soul, since that notable morning when

the trifling incident of Lady Octavia’s momentary incaution had been so influential in arousing him from his long illusion. Influential as it had been, however, in the first instance, by sending him forth in that mood of mortified and bitter feeling, which, rather than any worthier cause, had impelled his first hasty steps towards the long-deserted cottage; the better thoughts that, in his way thither, had gradually superseded his previous irritation—his short but startling conference with the good apothecary—and last, and above all, that affecting interview with Millicent, had so effaced all recollection of the paltry annoyance which had originally disturbed him, that it was first called to his recollection by the almost deprecating tenderness of Lady Octavia’s voice and looks, when she found an opportunity of addressing him unobserved; and that was not very speedily obtained, for, except at the dinner hour, and some short portion of the after-evening conceded to Dr Hartop’s claims, Horace scarcely absented himself from the cottage for many days, after that which had so effectually aroused him from his long and culpable infatuation. Before the little casement of Millicent’s chamber was unclosed, he was looking up towards it as he paced the walk beneath with nervous impatience; and even his conscience-struck reluctance to confront Nora, was overcome by his anxiety to obtain from her the first and most exact report of her gentle mistress. A painful surprise awaited Vernon the first morning he was thus early at the cottage. Long after the little casement above had been partly opened, and he had seen Nora pass and repass before it, as if preparing to assist Millicent at her toilet, he had awaited for some time in the garden—in the dear old arbour, and, lastly, in the little sitting-room, in expectation of Miss Aboyne coming down to breakfast. But finding, at length, that there were not even any symptoms of preparation for the morning meal, he was driven to enquire the reason of such unusual delay, and then learnt, with a pang that wrung him to the heart’s core, (for Nora spared not to speak home,) that, for some time past, Millicent had been too much enfeebled to rise at her accustomed hour, and now habitually took her breakfast in bed. The emotion with which Vernon listened to this startling corrobora-

ration of his fears, still trembled in the tone of his voice as he hurriedly remarked, "Why, Nora! surely it was not so long ago, that when I breakfasted here last!"—"Oh, no! Mr Horace; not so long, to be sure," interrupted the faithful servant, with a look that spoke, and was meant to speak, keenest reproach; "not more than a fortnight maybe, or perhaps three weeks—no time at all—only people may be dead and buried, and forgotten too, you know, Mr Horace, in less than that. The last time you were to have breakfasted here, you were so thoughtful as to tell Miss Aboyne over night that you would come next morning; so the dear child would rise, and make me dress her to be ready for you—she was too ill then to dress herself, poor heart!—though I told her it was ill spending her precious life upon one that little deserved it of her."—"Little indeed!" groaned Horace, as he turned abruptly from Nora and the cottage, to breakfast where and with what appetite he might.

But Horace Vernon's versatile feelings and unstable nature, characteristics often leading to results as fatal as those consequent on the indulgence of violent and evil passions, were as easily elated as depressed; and, in truth, his mind was not so constituted as to be long capable of enduring or retaining a deeply painful impression. By degrees he deluded himself into the belief that he had been too seriously alarmed, though not too soon awakened. And indeed his now tenderly unremitting watchfulness of the drooping Millicent was soon rewarded by such a reviving brightness of spirit in her, as in a manner reflected itself outwardly on the fair and fragile frame, which at all times sympathised but too faithfully with the fine essence it enshrined. It is true, Millicent herself replied only by a grateful smile, or an evasive word—not always uttered with a steady voice—to Vernon's fond entreaties that she would acknowledge herself to be regaining strength—that she would bless him with some assurance that might confirm his sanguine hopes. But Mr Henderson's manner and replies were more decidedly encouraging. Even Nora began to look less coldly, and by degrees more cheerfully, when he encountered her in his frequent

visits; and at last, one evening as he was leaving the cottage, she not only vouchsafed to resume her old office of opening the garden gate for him, but said, in a half cordial tone, as he was passing, "Good night, Mr Horace! Keep a good heart, and all may end well yet."—"Bless you! thank you! thank you! dear, dear, sweet, lovely Nora!" was Vernon's rapturous exclamation, as, dashing back the closing gate, so as almost to upset his old friend, he hugged her round the neck with such schoolboy vehemence of delight, as left her wellnigh breathless and half indignant, though not quite unaccustomed in former days to such ebullitions of his volatile spirits.

Her rebuke (if she uttered one) was, however, quite lost on the offender. Before she had time to set her cap straight, or smooth down her ruffled neck-kerchief, he was already half way to the Rectory, which he re-entered that night in a frame of mind so overflowing with happiness, security, self-reconciliation, and universal benevolence; as reflected its own hues on all surrounding objects, animate and inanimate. Dr Hartop was agreeable—Lady Octavia enchanting—all but her charms and obligingness forgotten or forgiven—(what was any woman's heart to him but Millicent's?)—her harp and voice in exquisite tone—his own vocal powers and his flute in the happiest unison with both; Dr Hartop gradually sank to balmy slumbers; music was discontinued in consideration for his repose; conversation succeeded—"the feast of reason and the flow of soul"—of course restricted, on the Doctor's account, to the low key and subdued tones that sound so sweetly confidential; and when, on his awakening, bed-candles were lighted, and Lady Octavia, taking hers from Vernon, and gracefully paying her parting salutation to Dr Hartop and himself, withdrew to her own apartment, she just turned her head on entering it to glance down the passage, at the end of which Vernon was still unconsciously holding open the drawing-room door, as he gazed after her receding form, and softly said to herself, with a quiet inward laugh, a curled lip, and an eye of infinite meaning, "Ab, ha! je te rattrape, fine mouche! Salue toi si tu pourras."

Q.

To be concluded in next Number.

LINES WRITTEN AT WARWICK CASTLE.

By CHARLES BADHAM, M.D. F.R.S.

Professor of Medicine in the University of Glasgow.

Καλεπὸν γὰρ τὸ μετρίως ἔπειν ἢ ἢ μολίς καὶ ἡ δίκαιος τῆς ἀληθείας βεβαίονται
 ὅτι γὰρ ξυνιδὼς καὶ τοὺς ἀκροάτης, ταχὺ ἂν τι ἐνδοσιτικῶς πρὸς αὐτὸν βούλειται τι
 καὶ ἐπιστάται νομίσαι δηλονότι, ὅτι ἄπειρος, ἔστιν αὐτὸ καὶ πλωτάζονται.

PERICLES *apud* Thucyd. Lib. II.

— Rura quæ Liris quietâ
 Mordet aquâ, tacturnus amnis.

Hon.

I.

I leave thee, Warwick, and thy precincts grey,
 Amidst a thousand winters still the same,
 Ere tempests rend thy last sad leaves away,
 And from thy bowers the native rock reclaim;
 Crisp dews now glitter on the joyless field,
 The Sun's red disk now sheds no parting rays,
 And through thy trophied hall the burnish'd shield
 Disperses wide the swiftly mounting blaze.

II.

Thy pious paladins from Jordan's shore
 And all thy steel-clad barons are at rest;
 Thy turrets sound to warder's tread no more;
 Beneath their brow the dove hath hung her nest;
 High on thy beams the harmless falchion shines;
 No stormy trumpet wakes thy deep repose;
 Past are the days that, on the scried lines
 Around thy walls, saw the portcullis close.

III.

The bitter feud was quell'd, the culverin
 No longer flash'd its blighting mischief round,
 But many an age was on those ivies green
 Ere Taste's calm eye had scann'd the gifted ground;
 Bade the fair path o'er glade or woodland stray,
 Bade Avon's swans through new Rialtos glide,
 Forc'd through the rock its deeply channell'd way,
 And threw, to Arts of peace, the portals wide.

IV.

But most to Her, whose light and daring hand
 Can swiftly follow Fancy's wildest dream!
 All times and nations in whose presence stand,
 All that creation owns, her boundless theme!
 And with her came the maid of Attic stole,
 Untaught of dazzling schools the gauds to prize,
 Who breathes in purest forms her calm control,
 Heroic strength, and grace that never dies!

V.

Ye that have linger'd o'er each form divine,
 Beneath the vault of Rome's unsullied sky,
 Or where Bologna's cloistered walls enshrine
 Her martyr Saint—her mystic Rosary—
 Of Arragon the hapless daughter view!
 Scan, for ye may, that fine enamel near!

Such Catherine was, thus Leonardo drew—
Discern ye not the "Jove of painters" here?

VI.

Discern ye not the mighty master's power
In yon devoted Saint's uplifted eye?
That clouds the brow and bids already lour
O'er the First Charles the shades of sorrows nigh?
That now on furrow'd front of Rembrandt gleams,
Now breathes the rose of life and beauty there,
In the soft eye of Henrietta dreams,
And fills with fire the glance of Gondomar?

VII.

Here to Salvator's solemn pencil true,
Huge oaks swing rudely in the mountain blast;
Here grave Poussin on gloomy canvass threw
The lights that steal from clouds of tempest past,
And see! from Canaletti's glassy wave,
Like Eastern mosques, patrician Venice rise;
Or marble moles that rippling waters lave,
Where Claude's warm sunsets tinge Italian skies!

VIII.

Nor let the critic frown such themes arraign,
Here sleep the mellow lyre's enchanting keys;
Here the wrought table's darkly polish'd plain,
Proffers light lore to much-enduring ease;
Enamelled clocks here strike the silver bell;
Here Persia spreads the web of many dies;
Around, on silken couch, soft cushions swell,
That Stambol's viziers proud might not despise.

IX.

The golden lamp here sheds its pearly light,
Within the cedar'd panels, dusky pale;
No mirror'd walls the wandering glance invite,
No gauzy curtains drop the misty veil.
And there the vista leads of lessening doors,
And there the summer sunset's golden gleam
Along the line of darkling portrait pours,
And warms the polish'd oak or ponderous beam.

X.

Hark! from the depths beneath that proud saloon
The water's moan comes fitful and subdued,
Where in mild glory yon triumphant moon
Smiles on the arch that nobly spans the flood—
And here have kings and hoary statesmen gazed,
When spring with garlands deck'd the vale below,
Or when the waning year had lightly razed
The banks where Avon's lingering fountains flow.

XI.

And did no minstrel greet the courtly throng?
Did no fair flower of English loveliness
On timid lute sustain some artless song,
Her meek brow bound with smooth unbraided tress?—
For Music knew not yet the stately guise,
Content with simplest notes to touch the soul,
Not from her choirs as when loud anthems rise,
Or when she bids orchestral thunders roll!

XII.

Here too the deep and fervent orison
 Hath matron whisper'd for her absent lord,
 Peril'd in civil wars, that shook the throne,
 When every hand in England clench'd the sword :—
 And here, as tales and chronicles agree,
 If tales and chronicles be deem'd sincere,
 Fair Warwick's heiress smiled at many a plea
 Of puissant thane, or Norman cavalier.

XIII.

Or dost thou sigh for theme of classic lore
 Midst arms and moats, and battlements and towers ?
 Behold the Vase ! that, erst on Anio's shore,
 Hath found a splendid home in Warwick's bowers :
 To British meads ere yet the Saxon came,
 The pomp of senates swept its pedestal,
 And kings of many an Oriental name
 Have seen its shadow, and are perish'd all !

XIV.

Haply it stood on that illustrious ground
 Where circling columns once, in sculptured pride,
 With fine volute or wreath'd acanthus crown'd,
 Rear'd some light roof by Anio's plunging tide ;
 There, in the brightness of the votive fane
 To rural or to vintage gods address,
 Those vine-clad symbols of Pan's peaceful reign
 Amidst dark pines their sacred seats possess'd.

XV.

Or, did it break with soft and silvery shower
 The silence of some marble solitude,
 Where Adrian, at the fire-fly's glittering hour,
 Of rumour'd worlds to come the doubts review'd ?
 Go mark his tomb !—in that sepulchral mole
 Scowls the fell bandit !—from its towering height
 Old Tiber's flood reflects the girandole,
 Midst bells, and shouts, and rockets' arrowy flight !

XVI.

Warwick, farewell ! Long may thy fortunes stand,
 And sires of sires hold rule within thy walls,
 Thy streaming banners to the breeze expand,
 And the heart's griefs pass lightly o'er thy halls !
 May happier bards, on Avon's sedgy shore,
 Sustain on nobler lyre thy poet's vow,
 And all thy future lords, (what can they more ?)
 Wear the green laurels of thy fame, as now !

NOTES.

One of the towers of Warwick Castle is complimented with the name of Guy's Tower; certain ponderous armour and utensils preserved in the lodge are also attributed to Guy; nobody, in short, thinks of Guy without Warwick, or of Warwick without Guy; "Arms and the Man," ought to have been emblazoned on the castle banner; and why should I hesitate to say, that one of the most amiable of children perpetuates the heroic name within its walls? Had this renowned adventurer been ambitious of patriarchal honours, his descendants might have extended the ancestral renown, and have furnished many a ballad of those good old times; but when the Saxon Ulysses had returned from his pilgrimage to Jerusalem, and made an end of Colbrand and the Dun Cow, his fancy was to take alms in disguise from his own fair lady, at his own castle gate, and then retire (*tous les goûts sont respectables*) to a certain hole or cave called Guy's Cliff, where he amused himself (in the intervals of

rheumatism) for the rest of his natural life in counting his beads and ruminating on his sins, which, as he was a great traveller and a hero, might have been considerable.

If the reader is desirous of further notice concerning Guy of Warwick, he has only to turn to the beautiful pages of Dugdale, where he will find the more authentic parts of his history related with a pathetic and almost biblical simplicity.

First, we are introduced to the sad plight of the good old King Athelstan, occasioned by the insolence of the Danes, then in England, till the old expedient occurs of a champion on either side. Now there were giants in those days, and a great Goliath of this kind called Colbrand (who would have had bets to any amount in his favour) seems to assure an easy victory to the northern invaders—all the great captains of Athelstan being absent on pilgrimage, or other necessary business.

We are next conducted to the gate of the ancient city of Winchester, where the afflicted Sovereign (in consequence of a vision bidding him expect a champion in disguise) has repaired at sunrise with his bishops to see certain pilgrims, lately arrived from Palestine, enter the city walls from the neighbouring monastery of St Cross. Here he soon espies a stout palmer, with bare feet, and a chaplet of roses on his head; him the King salutes; and without further ceremony requests his services, in full reliance on the authority of the vision. The palmer, nothing daunted, most loyally devotes himself to the cause. Proper restoratives are administered to him in that capital of the West Saxon kingdom, for three entire weeks, and then, after three masses duly said in its cathedral, he goes forth into one of the green meadows of the Utchin, to meet Colbrand. That considerate personage has sent before him a very comfortable provision of axes, steel bars, clubs, and all manner of mischief, down to grappling irons, portions of which, as circumstances shall require, he proposes to exercise on the head and flanks of the unfortunate palmer, who, from every appearance, has gathered his last palms in this world.

The combat was certainly of tiresome length for a spectator, as it continued from sunrise to sunset. In the issue, according to all the laws of epic, the giant falls, and in conformity to those of mathematics, with a force in the combined ratio of his bulk and altitude,

δύναμις δὲ πτωχῶν, ἀράβησι δὲ τυγχῖν ἐκ' αὐτῶ.

A third passage in this veracious history, which, if not absolutely true, *merite bien de l'être*, represents the grateful sovereign walking in a retired spot out of the town, (I presume on the Southampton road,) with his deliverer, hitherto obstinate in concealment; at last, on arriving at a stone cross by the road-side, he yields to the king's solemn adjuration and continued importunity, discovers himself to be no other than the very Guy, for whose presence his vows had been, as he thought, vainly offered: they part in tears: the hero returns to do penance for his sins in the cave of an hermit, where, after several years, he dies.

Nor would one consent that even the legend of his exploit with the dun cow be altogether consigned to the realms of fable. Certain it is, that huge bones of a very formidable quadruped exist, or did exist lately, at Coventry, one or more of them at Warwick itself. These bones have been always connected by tradition with the story of Guy; wherefore despise in this instance that "*vetus et constans opinio*," which we respect in other cases? doubtless this was a stray Mammoth or Bonasus! Let not even the Dragon of Wantley (whose fossil remains may turn up one of these days) be any longer treated with indecent derision!

A learned friend informs me, that the late Mr Greathead, of Guy's Cliff, made a large collection of documents, ballads, and traditional tales, illustrative of the history of Guy. I am sorry I could not avail myself of them.

STANZA II.

Militis in galeâ nidum fecere columbæ;
Apparet Marti quàm sit amica Venus.

By whatever instinct allured to the refuge of this place of arms, the number of doves is remarkable.

STANZA III.

The following interesting passage is copied from a book of ordinary occurrence, in which it is cited without stating the authority. It is more than doubtful if any other nobleman in the kingdom, at that time or since, has projected or executed so much on his own property as the late Earl of Warwick.

"I purchased a magnificent collection of pictures by Vandyke, Rubens, &c. The

marbles are not equalled perhaps in the kingdom. I made a noble approach to the castle through a solid rock, built a porter's lodge, and founded a library full of books, some valuable and scarce, all well chosen. I made an armoury, and built walls round the court and pleasure gardens. I built a noble green-house, and filled it with beautiful plants. I placed in it a vase, considered the finest remain of Grecian art, for its size and beauty. I made a noble lake, from 3 to 600 feet broad, and a mile long. I planted trees now worth £1,00,000, besides 100 acres of ash. I built a stone bridge of 103 feet in span; every stone from 2000 to 3800 lbs. weight. The weight of the first tier on the centre was estimated at 1000 tons. I gave the bridge to the town with no toll on it. I will not enumerate a great many other things done by me. Let Warwick Castle speak for itself."

Line 8.

Arts of peace; fine arts: belle arti; les beaux arts. The ancients, who invented these, or at least the best of these arts, had no name for them collectively. It would not be easy to make a definition which should exclude anomalous claimants; to oppose them to the useful arts, would exclude architecture. Being a friend to philosophical accuracy, I must own the pleasure I have derived in reading a very happy dissertation in a late number of *Blackwood*, on "*Murder, considered as one of the Fine Arts.*" I should be delighted to know the author; but whether future critics will altogether be inclined to adopt the pretensions of that result of advanced society, I am in doubt. At any rate, that modification called duelling, may perhaps be admitted (this the author has forgotten to suggest) into the brilliant coterie; in which case, Fighting Fitzgerald, who bullied the whole club at Brookes's, must be accounted the William Tell of an art as much cultivated as dancing, and with as much advantage to society.

Concerning *driving*, I should have long hesitated, till I acquired some knowledge of its intimate doctrines from a delightful enthusiast in the *Sporting Magazine*. No dilettante ever spake with more unaffected pleasure of the Niobe; indeed I sometimes suspect those dilettanti; but hear *him*, and say if the crowned victor at an Olympic stadium could be celebrated with greater animation than the coachman who drives the York Express from Bugden to Welwyn and back. "The moment he has got his seat and made his start, you are struck at once with the perfect mastership of his art. The hand just over his left thigh, the arm without constraint, steady, and with a holding command that keeps his horses like clock-work; yet to a superficial observer quite with loose reins; so firm and compact he is, that you seldom observe any shifting, only to take a shorter purchase for a run down hill; his right hand and whip are beautifully in unison; the crop, if not in a direct line with the box, over the near wheel, raised gracefully up as it were to reward the near side horse; the thong—the thong after three twists which appears in his hand to have been placed by the maker never to be altered or improved and if the off-side horse becomes slack, to see the turn of his arm to reduce a twist, or to reverse, if necessary, is exquisite: after being placed under the rib, or upon the shoulder point, up comes the arm, and with it the thong returns to the elegant position upon the crop! I say elegant! the stick, highly polished yew—rather light—not too taper—yet elastic; a thong in clean order, pliable. All done without effort—merely a turn of the wrist!"

STANZA IV.

It is a pity that there is no pretty story, like that of the Corinthian girl who traces her lover's shadow on the wall, to account for the invention of Sculpture, the most ancient of arts, and the most universal. There is no country, "*à Gadibus usque Auroram et Gangem.*" that has not made attempts at sculpture, and as the propensity has been so universal, it is surprising that in one situation only in the whole world it has ever greatly prospered. All the reasons I have heard or read for the excellence of the Greeks in the imitative arts, are unequal to the case. Their happy climate was not peculiar to them; they were not rich, so as to encourage artists; nor luxurious, so as to require them: the fine arts ought to have flourished in Asia Minor. It is further curious to observe how limited they seem to have been in relation to time as well as to place. After the age of Adrian, the declension of this art was most rapid and unaccountable, so that by the time of Constantine it had almost ceased to exist: the same evidence being afforded by the inspection of gems, medals, statues, and ornamental architecture. Long familiarity with fine medals had rendered the Athenian, in the age of Pericles, a man of intuitive taste in sculpture, as the modern Roman is in music, to an extent of which we can have no idea. Of the finer works of that age, the greater number by far are perished; but the writings

of the Greeks sufficiently prove the universality of a taste for them, and a presumption of their general excellence. When, at the sacrifice of Polyxena, the attendants rend the garment of the virgin from the shoulder downward, her exposed form is said to be as beautiful as a statue.

λαβουσα πτελους εχ' ουκ ες ιπαιμους,
 ιερητι λαγονος εις μεσση παρ' ομφαλου,
 μαστους τ' εδωκε, στήνη δ' εις ΑΓΑΛΜΑΤΟΣ
 καλλιστη. Eurip. *Hecuba*.

In the *Alcestis* of the same poet, Admetus is made to express himself in terms of which the following is not an unfaithful paraphrase, the two last lines expressing what is fairly implied in the beautiful original,

την φιλην εν αγκυλαις
 δεξμ' ηναικα καιπιε ουκ εχον εχον.

Sculptured by skilful hands, thy lovely form,
 In purest marble's pale similitude,
 Within the chamber of our loves shall lie:
 In grief's abandonment I'll get me there,
 Clasp the cold bust, unanswer'd call thee still,
 Till, maddening at the echo of thy name,
 I feel the heaving bosom swell to mine,
 And hear the life-pulse throbbing as before.

STANZA V.

It is almost superfluous to mention the incomparable Domenichinos in that fine collection, the Martyrdom of St Agnes, and the Seven Mysteries of the Rosary, two of the finest pictures in the world. They were preserved, when I was first in Italy, in the chapel of a dissolved convent; but of late years, together with numberless other pictures of the highest rank, they form part of a museum or gallery, not inferior, *en fait de tableaux*, to the Vatican itself.

Il Gioro dei Pittori! there he hangs in the gallery at Florence, in the room destined for the portraits of artists, with a beard like the Moses of Michael Angelo, remarkably fine regular features, and the eye of a hawk!

Grammaticus, rhetor, geometra, pictor, aliptes,
 omnia novit.

Painting a Madonna one day, constructing an aqueduct the next! From his particular skill in preparing his own colours and mixing his own oils, he seems to have a sort of pretension to the only ambiguous epithet in the line of the satirist,—unless any body can construe "*aliptes*" better. His works are not indeed of Homeric rank, it must be confessed, but they are all that beauty can make them; and Leonardo da Vinci gave a momentum to the fine arts which they have never lost. The picture here of Catharine of Arragon, the first wife of Henry VIII.—that Blue Beard not fabulous—is "a fine specimen of the master," as the catalogues say. All the details so precise, the small taper-fingers, and even the rings upon them, the minutely painted hair and eyebrows, it looks, as all his pictures look, a magnified miniature or enamel; yet his peculiarities were on the verge of defects, no doubt, and put one now and then rather too much in mind of the Celestial Empire.

STANZA VI.

IGNATIUS LOYOLA. (*Rubens*.) The famous Captain-general of the Jesuits, who was certainly a hero in his way, and to whom I can have no reason to refuse the title of a saint, is here represented by Rubens in one of those happier exertions of his pencil, in which he gets beyond common nature, and becomes the painter of sentiment. The countenance is expressive of great earnestness and solemnity; his eye, one of the finest and brightest specimens of that organ, is turned upward towards a glory which illuminates an open book, on which is written "*ad maiorem Dei gloriam quicunque hunc Christi militie nomen dederit.*" His right hand is extended, and with a salient effect that renders it one of the miracles of art.

CHARLES I. (*Vandyke*.) Of the many extant portraits of Charles (an admirable subject for the painter) by the hand of Vandyke, this is one of the finest. He is invested with the robes of the garter, his right hand rests on a table, and his gloves are negligently held in the other. The Castle also possesses a duplicate of that magnificent picture in the Louvre, in which the monarch is represented on horseback with the Duke d'Epemon bearing his helmet, standing by his side. The horse

is advancing upon the spectator in all the stateliness of an animal that has received a military education. Every one knows that horse—nobody could steal him, even now, without detection!

GONDOMAR, (*Polasquez*.) This Gondomar was one of the most designing of men, and the most successful in his designs, under seeming simplicity and development of character. He was ambassador from Spain in 1612, and became very unpopular in this country for his supposed endeavour to bring about the Spanish match, which was superseded by the union of Charles I. to Henrietta Maria. He was all things to all men, a great proficient in that art which the Greeks so happily called *amphoterising*; he spoke Latin with James I., drank deeply with the King of Denmark, and, what is more memorable, was an overmatch for him, though the native of a southern region, where the Scythian vice of intoxication is unknown. There is a portrait of this "*gentis Hispaniæ decus*" in Hampton Court, and mention is made of two others in Granger. His historical character, which agrees with his counterfeit presentment in this extraordinary picture, may be collected from Hume, Clarendon, and Harris's Lives.

Line 7. Were there no other evidence that Henrietta was a lovely woman, and Vandyke a great painter, here it is! The eyes are the deep hazel eyes of a French beauty, which is saying every thing; the mouth is small, and the general expression extremely captivating, a term which, designating nothing, means every thing. But she is not the only beauty in the conservatory of Warwick. She has a powerful rival, not perhaps in the Countess of Carlisle (Vandyke), who presides in the great drawing-room, yet surely in the portrait called "*Duchess of Orleans with her son*;" to say nothing of the Duchess of Parma, attributed in some book to Paolo Veronese, but intuitively, one would say, a Titian.

Of warriors there is no lack in any collection; but here they constitute a very formidable society. There is Prince Rupert and the Duke of Alba by Vandyke; there is the red-haired and the black-haired Montrose, by Rubens, both certainly of the first order of portraits, especially the latter, in which the relief, drawing, and colouring, and accessories, are all eminent. The breakfast parlour has a curious, rather than fine portrait of Sir Philip Sydney and of Lord Brooke, killed at the siege of Lichfield. There is a Burgomaster of coarse expression, but marvellous execution, by Rembrandt. All these worthies, including the finest pair of Lions (Rubens) in existence, not excepting, or perhaps only excepting, those in St Peter's, by Canova, must forgive my inability to do them any justice; I shall not forget them.

STANZA VII.

There are several fine Salvators in the Castle, though not of large size. One of them exhibits the effect of wind in a wonderful manner. There are two or three fine Poussins, an artist whom people appear to praise without sufficient cordiality; examination and enquiry being laborious, and acquiescence easy. To see that a thing is fine is not difficult; but it takes a long time and a good deal of attention to receive that pleasure from the fine arts which they really are capable of affording.

"*Mais, dit Candide, n'y a-t-il pas du plaisir à tout critiquer? a sentir des défauts ou les autres hommes croient voir des beautés? C'est à dire, reprit Martin, qu'il y a du plaisir à n'avoir pas du plaisir!*" This is the common sort of criticism; the criticism of reviewers; feliciter vortat! it is a much more enviable endowment to have the organs of perception alive to beauty of every kind, and to cultivate those of judgment in investigating the sources of excellence.

Lord Warwick's *Canaletti* is unique. That artist, if I recollect right, actually painted it in the castle. Its subject a Venetian carnival.

STANZA X.

There is a *feeling of respect* inspired by ancient buildings of importance. Such a castle as Warwick, which has lodged a succession of generations of the most opposite characters—at one time the "*dulcis et quieti animi vir, et qui, congruo suis moribus studio, vitam egit et clausit*;" at another by the assassin of Piers de Gaveston the king's favourite, "*whose head he cut off upon Blacklow hill, and gave the friars preachers the charge of his body, inasmuch as he had called the said earl the Black Dog of Arderne*;"—is not to be approached as one visits a handsome stone house of Palladian architecture!—such a house we know can never have been the scene either of council or conspiracy; within such walls there can never have been "*latens odium inter regem et proceres, et præcipue inter comitem de Warwick et adherentes ejusdem*."

As to the river and its swans, I have learned from the bard to whom it has been long since consecrated, (although he may not have had the right of fishing in it when alive,) that "discretion is the better part of valour."

If I were to describe the walks, I should only say that they were contrived, as all walks ought to be, to let in the sun or to shut him out by turns. Here you rejoice in the fulness of his meridian strength, and here in the shadows of various depth and intensity, which a well disposed and happily contrasted sylvan population knows how to effect. The senatorial oak, the spreading sycamore, the beautiful plane (which I never see without recollecting the channel of the Asopus and the woody sides of Æta,) the aristocratic pine running up in solitary stateliness till it equal the castle turrets, all these, and many more, are admirably intermingled and contrasted, in plantations which establish, as every thing in and about the castle does, the consummate taste of the late earl, although it must be admitted he had the finest subjects to work upon, from the happy disposition of the ground. I shall never forget the first time I walked over them; a pheasant occasionally shifting his quarters at my intrusion, and making his noisy way through an ether so clear, so pure, so motionless, that the broad leaves subsided, rather than fell to the ground, without the least disturbance; the tall grey chimneys just breathing their smoke upon the blue element, which they scarcely stained; every green thing was beginning to wear the colour of decay, and many a tint of yellow, deepening into orange, made me sensible that "there be tongues in trees," if not "good in every thing." But Montaigne says nothing is useless, *not even inutility itself*.

STANZA XII.

Of the little domestic secrets here alluded to, history might be thought sufficiently to establish the one, and analogy the other. But there is, in fact, if any body be so unreasonable as to require it, evidence for both. I myself prefer tradition, or probability, in these matters; for Aristotle saith, men lie, but circumstances do not; —the true may not be always the probable, but the probable is almost always the true.

In the reign of King John, a precept is addressed to the Archbishop of Canterbury, and a certain *John de Cantalupe*, (whether he takes his name from the melon, or the melon from him, no industry of mine has been able to detect,) in which it is first premised, that, "whereas the great ladies of this realm have been long disposed to match themselves in conformity to their own inclination without the king's consent," his majesty requires the reverend and learned person's above named to take possession of Warwick Castle, being a castle extraordinarily strong, and situated towards the marches, as a pledge that its young countess, "as it would be most *perilous* for her to take to husband any person she liked," should not marry *any man living* without his royal license.

This is a bad groundwork for a romance! however, as all other wooing was suspended, she made the best of necessity, and married in the course of the year a Norman favourite, *John de Plessets*, whose name, as Dugdale spells it, was certainly not one of his agreeable qualities. I should guess *du Plessis*, or *du Plessitis*, a name that occurs in ancient record. "But," continues the historian, "as there were extraordinary means used about wooing and winning this great lady, so there was not wanting suspicion (there never is!) that she had been strongly solicited by some, and that possibly, by reason of the frailty of her sex, she might have been wrought upon to contract herself to another."

STANZA XIII.

This superb work of antiquity must indeed be seen, to be sufficiently estimated; the great failure of that branch of the fine arts which is employed to represent all the rest, is in the inadequate idea of size which it must necessarily give where the objects to be represented are large. If the happy and fruitful genius of the ancients is any where most remarkable, it is in the endless and beautiful variety in the form of their vessels, of whatever material composed; a variety to which the moderns have been able to add positively nothing.

The marble vases now extant are, of course, comparatively few in number, and this is perhaps, excepting the Medicean, the finest of them all. The best representations of it are those in Piranesi, three in number. One great and conspicuous beauty of this vase, consists in the elegantly formed handles, and in the artful insertion of the extreme branches of the vine-stems which compose them, into its margin, where they throw off a rich embroidery of leaves and fruit. A lion's skin, with

the head and claws attached, form a sort of drapery, and the introduction of the thyrsus, the lituus, and three bacchanalian masks on each side, complete the embellishments. The capacity of this vase is 163 gallons; its diameter 9 feet; its pedestal of course modern. It was discovered in 1770, in the draining of a mephitic lake within the enclosure of the Villa Adriana called *Laga di Pantanello*. Lord Warwick had reason to be proud of his vase, which had this peculiarity, that, whereas almost every other object of art in the kingdom has been catalogued and sold over and over again, this vase passed (after a sufficiently long parenthesis of time) *immediately from the gardens of Adrian to his own!*

The Cawdor Vase was found in the same place, and was once the ornament of the Villa Lanti, as it now probably is of Woburn, having been purchased by the Duke of Bedford for 700 guineas. Pius VI. threatened the exporters of this vase, but only threatened them, with the castle of St Angelo. The law of the Papal States is very properly despotic on the subject of sending any *important* antiquity out of the country: the only evasion of it (it is indeed a very memorable one) in my time, was in the case of the Barberini Faun, one of the very finest pieces of antique sculpture. This Marble stood in the Vatican in the summer of 1814, having been reclaimed by the government, after its purchase by the Crown Prince of Bavaria. They gave it up afterwards: it disappeared one fine morning, and is now in Munich. I also recollect the Aldobrandini Marriage for sale; the Government interfered and became the purchaser.

As reste, Adrian lived A. D. 76; Constantine about 270; Honorius about 430. The Romans had not quitted Britain finally till this latter date; and "the groans of the Britons" addressed to that emperor were yet anterior to any Saxon settlement in the island. Compared to its vase, Warwick castle itself is a thing of yesterday.

STANZA XV.

Adrian was not merely Emperor, but statesman, philosopher, and *savant*; he spoke excellent Greek at fifteen, an accomplishment esteemed exactly as French and Italian now are.

— Sermo linguâ concinnus utraq;
Suavior, ut Chio nota si communis Falerni est.—HOR.

This consideration explains the "*Canusini more bilinguis*" of the same poet. Canusium must have been full of Greek visitors, as Barletta, close by, is at this day.

When Adrian, the Pericles of the Roman empire, came to the throne, he burnt the bonds of obligation from cities and individuals to the imperial treasury, to the amount of several millions! and is accordingly represented on a medal with a torch in his hand. He instituted schools, supported his poor nobility, and, down to the time of the Popes and the *Medici*, was the greatest patron of art on record. As he travelled much, he became liberal, and a man of taste,—*subtilis veterum judex*.—He probably built the exquisite temple at Nismes called *Maison quarré* (what a name for that beautiful Corinthian!) He passed a winter at Athens, and then went over to Sicily to see the sun rise on the top of *Ætna*; he rebuilt three great cities in Asia overthrown by earthquakes; and after many other acts of magnificence he died of the dropsy at Baize, was burnt at Puteoli, and his urn was placed in the immense mausoleum on the margin of the Tiber, which has always borne his name. He excelled in all the learning, practised all the arts and accomplishments, and was addicted to all the luxuries, and most of the vices, of his time; which were the vices of all times. His apprehensions of a future state are evident in the well-known lines translated by Prior, and Byron: "*Animula vagula*," &c.

Is society aware of its immense obligations to Physicians, in reference to arts and learning? The illustrious family which gave those sovereigns to Tuscany, under whose auspices the world assumed a new character, did not disdain to bear a name which indicated the original profession of their house; although an injudicious flatterer endeavoured to make out of the six salutary pills, borne as their device, six mischievous balls. What does not Oxford, what does not England, owe to *Linacre*? Has a nobler use of wealth and influence ever been made, than by *Mead*, by *Ratcliffe*? Was *Askew* of the many? But pray read the *Gold-headed Cane*, of which the author, having taken counsel of Tasso and Lucretius, has practised the pious fraud of making you swallow unconsciously a good deal of physic, by applying honey to the lips of the cup which contains it.

As to the cane itself, that *Caduceus* which has conducted so many happy ghosts to the Elysian fields, it deserves a shrine!

Tu piâs lætis animas reponis
Sedibus, utraq; levem coarctas
Aured turbam, superis decuram
Gratus et imis.

SONGS OF THE AFFECTIONS.

I.

THE RECALL.

Alas ! the kind, the playful, and the gay,
They who have gladden'd their domestic board,
And cheer'd the winter hearth—do they return ?

JOANNA BAILLIE.

Come home !—there is a sorrowing breath
In music since ye went ;
And the early flower-scents wander by,
With mournful memories blent :
The sounds of every household voice
Are grown more sad and deep,
And the sweet word—*Brother*—wakes a wish
To turn aside and weep.

O ye beloved, come home !—the hour
Of many a greeting tone,
The time of hearth-light and of song
Returns—and ye are gone !
And darkly, heavily it falls
On the forsaken room,
Burdening the heart with tenderness,
That deepens midst the gloom.

Where finds it *you*, our wandering ones ?
With all your boyhood's glee
Untamed, beneath the desert's palm,
Or on the lone mid-sea ?
'Mid stormy hills of battles old,
Or where dark rivers foam ?
Oh ! Life is dim where ye are not—
Back, ye beloved ! come home !

Come with the leaves and winds of spring,
And swift birds o'er the main !
Our love is grown too sorrowful,
Bring us its youth again !
Bring the glad tones to music back—
—Still, still your home is fair ;
The spirit of your sunny life
Alone is waiting there !

F. II.

II.

THE INDIAN WITH HIS DEAD CHILD.*

Then the hunter turn'd away from that scene,
Where the home of his fathers once had been,
And burning thoughts flash'd o'er his mind,
Of the white man's faith and love unkind.

BRYANT.

In the silence of the midnight,
I journey with the dead :

* " A striking display of Indian character occurred some years since in a town in Maine. An Indian of the Kennebeck tribe, remarkable for his good conduct, received a grant of land from the state, and fixed himself in a new township, where a number of families were settled. Though not ill treated, yet the common prejudice against Indians prevented any sympathy with him. This was shewn on the death of his only child, when none of the people came near him. Shortly after, he gave up his farm, dug up the body of his child, and carried it with him two hundred miles through the forest, to join the Canadian Indians."—TUDOR'S *Letters on the Eastern States of America*.

In the darkness of the forest boughs,
A lonely path I tread.

But my heart is high and fearless,
As by mighty wings upborne ;
The mountain-eagle hath not plumes
So strong as love and scorn.

I have raised thee from the grave-sod,
By the white man's path defiled ;
On to th' ancestral wilderness
I bear thy dust, my child !

I have ask'd the ancient deserts
To give my dead a place,
Where the stately footsteps of the free
Alone should leave a trace :

And the rocking pines made answer—
Go, bring us back thine own !
And the streams from all the hunter's hills,
Rush'd with an echoing tone.

Thou shalt rest by sounding waters,
That yet untamed may roll ;
The voices of those chainless ones
With joy shall fill thy soul.

In the silence of the midnight
I journey with the dead,
Where the arrows of my father's bow
Their falcon-flight have sped.

I have left the spoilers' dwellings
For evermore behind ;
Unmingled with their household sounds,
For me shall sweep the wind.

Alone, amidst their hearth-fires,
I watch'd my child's decay ;
Uncheer'd I saw the spirit-light
From his young eyes fade away.

When his head sank on my bosom,
When the death-sleep o'er him fell,
Was there one to say—"A friend is near?"
There was none !—Pale race, farewell !

To the forests, to the cedars,
To the warrior and his bow,
Back, back ! I bore thee laughing thence,
—I bear thee slumbering now !

I bear him unto burial
With the mighty hunters gone ;—
I shall hear thee in the forest-breeze,—
Thou wilt speak of joy, my son !

In the silence of the midnight
I journey with the dead ;
But my heart is strong, my step is fleet,
My father's path I tread.

III.

THE TWO HOMES.

Oh ! if the soul immortal be,
Is not its love immortal too !

SEEST thou my home?—'Tis where yon woods are waving
In their dark richness, to the sunny air ;
Where yon blue stream, a thousand flower-banks laving,
Leads down the hills a vein of light—'tis there !

Midst these green haunts how many a spring lies gleaming,
Fringed with the violet, colour'd with the skies,
My boyhood's haunt, through days of summer dreaming,
Under young leaves that shook with melodies !

My home!—the spirit of its love is breathing
In every wind that plays across my track,
From its white walls the very tendrils wreathing
Seem with soft links to draw the wanderer back.

There am I loved—there pray'd for!—there my mother
Sits by the hearth with meekly thoughtful eye,
There my young sisters watch to greet their brother ;
Soon their glad footsteps down the path will fly !

There, in sweet strains of kindred music blending,
All the home-voices meet at day's decline ;
One are those tones, as from one heart ascending—
—There laughs my home. Sad stranger ! where is thine ?

—Ask'st thou of mine?—In solemn peace 'tis lying,
Far o'er the deserts and the tombs away ;
'Tis where I too am loved, with love undying,
And fond hearts wait my step—But where are they ?

Ask where the earth's departed have their dwelling,
Ask of the clouds, the stars, the trackless air !—
I know it not—yet trust the whisper, telling
My lonely heart, that love unchanged is there.

And what is home, and where, but with the loving ?
Happy *thou* art, that so canst gaze on thine !
My spirit feels but, in its weary roving,
That with the dead, where'er they be, is mine.

Go to thy home, rejoicing son and brother !
Bear in fresh gladness to the household scene !
For me, too, watch the sister and the mother,
I will believe—but dark seas roll between.

F. H.

VERNAL INVOCATION.

BY DELTA.

1.

COME hither, come hither, and view the face
Of nature, enroll'd in her vernal grace :—
By the hedge-row wayside flowers are springing ;
On the budded elms the birds are singing ;
And up—up—up to the gates of Heaven,
Mounts the lark on the wings of her rapture driven :
The voice of the streamlet is fresh and loud ;
On the sky there is not a speck of cloud ;—
Come hither, come hither, and join with me,
In the season's delightful jubilee !

II.

Haste out of doors—from the pastoral mount
 The isles of ocean thine eye may count—
 From coast to coast, and from town to town,
 You can see the white sails gleaming down,
 Like monstrous water-birds, which fling
 The golden light from each snowy wing;
 And the chimney'd steam-boat tossing high
 Its volumed smoke to the waste of sky;
 While you note, in foam, on the yellow beach,
 The tiny billows each chasing each,
 Meeting, and mixing, and melting away,
 Like happy things in the light of day,
 As rack dissolves in the soft blue sky,
 Or Time in the sea of Eternity!

III.

Why tarry at home?—the swarms of air
 Are about—and o'erhead—and every where—
 The little moth opens its silken wings,
 And from right to left like a blossom flings,
 And from side to side, like a thistle-seed,
 Uplifted by winds from September mead;
 The midge and the fly, from their long, dull sleep,
 Venture again on the light to peep,
 Over land and lake abroad they flee,
 Filling air with their murmurous ecstasy;
 The hare leaps up from his brushwood bed,
 And limps, and turns his timid head;
 The partridge whirrs from the glade; the mole
 Pops out from the earth of its wintry hole;
 And the perking squirrel's small nose you see
 From the fungous nook of its own beech-tree.

IV.

Come hasten, come hither, and you shall see
 The beams of that same sun on tower and tree,
 That shone over Adam in Eden's bowers,
 And drank up the dew of his garden flowers;
 Come hither, and look on the same blue sky,
 Whose arching cloudlessness blest the eye
 Of sapient Solomon, when he sung,
 With fluttering heart, and raptured tongue,
 "The rain is over and gone—and lo!
 The winter is past, and the young flowers blow;
 The turtle coos; the green figs swell;
 And the tender grapes have a pleasant smell;
 The birds are singing to greet the day;
 Arise, my fair one, and come away!"

V.

Come hasten ye out—the reviving year
 As in a glass makes the past appear;
 And, afar from care, and free from strife,
 We bask in the sunshine of morning life—
 The days, when Hope, from her seraph wings,
 Rich rainbow hues over earth did fling;
 And lo! the blithe throng of the green play-ground—
 The cricketers cheer, and the balls rebound—
 The marble is shot at the ring—the air
 Re-echoes the noises of hounds and hare—
 The perish'd and past—the things of yore—
 Come back in the loveliest looks they wore,
 And faces, long hid in Oblivion's night,
 Start from the darkness, and smile in light!

VI.

Come hasten ye hither—our garden bowers
 Are green with the promise of budding flowers—
 The crocus, and spring's first messenger,
 The fairy snowdrop, are blooming here ;
 The taper-leaf'd tulip is sprouting up ;
 The hyacinth speaks of its purple cup ;
 The jonquil boasteth, " Ere few weeks run,
 My golden circlet I'll shew the sun ;"
 The gilly-flower raises its stem on high,
 And peeps on heaven with its pinky eye ;
 Primroses, an iris-hued multitude,
 Woo the bland airs, and in turn are wooed ;
 While the wall-flower threatens, with bursting bud,
 To darken its blossoms with winter's blood.

VII.

Come here, come hither, and mark how swell
 The fruit-buds of the jargonelle ;
 On its yet but leaflet greening boughs
 The apricot open its blossom throws ;
 The delicate peach-tree's branches run
 O'er the warm wall, glad to feel the sun ;
 And the cherry proclaims a cloudless weather,
 When its fruit and the blackbirds will toy together ;
 See, the gooseberry-bushes their riches show ;
 And the currant-bunch hangs its leaves below ;
 And the damp-loving rasp saith, " I'll win your praise
 With my grateful coolness on harvest days."
 Come along, come along, and guess with me
 How fair and how fruitful the year shall be !

VIII.

Look into the pasture grounds o'er the pale,
 And behold the foal with its switching tail,
 About and abroad in its mirth it flies,
 With its long black forelocks about its eyes,
 Or bends its neck down, with a stretch,
 The daisy's earliest flower to reach.
 See, as on by the hawthorn fence we pass,
 How the sheep are nibbling the tender grass,
 Or holding their heads to the sunny ray,
 As if their hearts, like its smile, were gay ;
 While the chattering sparrows, in and out,
 Fly, the shrubs, and trees, and roofs about ;
 And sooty rooks, loudly cawing, roam
 With sticks and straws to their woodland home.

IX.

Out upon in-door cares ! Rejoice
 In the thrill of Nature's bewitching voice !
 The finger of God hath touch'd the sky,
 And the clouds, like a vanquish'd army, fly,
 Leaving a rich, wide, azure bow,
 O'erspanning the works of his hand below :—
 The finger of God hath touch'd the earth,
 And it starts from slumber in smiling mirth ;
 Behold it awake in the bird and bee,
 In the springing flower, and the sprouting tree,
 And the leaping trout, and the lapsing stream,
 And the south-wind soft, and the warm sunbeam :—
 From the sward beneath, and the boughs above,
 Come the scent of flowers, and the sounds of love ;
 Then haste thee hither, and join thy voice
 With a world's, which shouts, " Rejoice, rejoice !"

THE "BREAKING IN UPON THE CONSTITUTION OF 1688."

BEFORE the opening of the Session, the country was earnestly exhorted, not only by the supporters of the Catholic claims, but by many who pretended to be hostile to them, to remain passive, and rely implicitly on the Duke of Wellington. They continued their exhortations until the measure of Ministers was placed before Parliament. According to their representations, the Duke would deliver himself of some emancipation-scheme, wholly different from any which had previously seen the light; and which would abound in valid securities. Securities—yes, the most ample securities, will be given! was their unanimous cry. The Duke himself laboured zealously to spread the delusion. He protested that his securities would satisfy "the reasonable men of all parties;" and would add mightily to the safety of Protestantism.

The scheme of his Grace is now before the world; and what are its securities? Neither more nor less than "unconditional emancipation." It rejects various securities which emancipators like Mr Canning, Lord Plunkett, &c. thought necessary, and it offers nothing deserving of the name. What more could be expected from him, who wrote the celebrated letter to Dr Curtis? The country can now judge how far the Duke of Wellington and his assertions are worthy of being relied on.

We will preface our remarks on the reasons used in support of this scheme with an examination of the conduct of its parents. The Duke of Wellington said in substance very recently, that character in these days was every thing to public men: and this must abundantly justify us, in the opinion of his Grace, for scrutinizing the pretensions of himself and his colleagues to character. To the country the examination is essential for enabling it to judge correctly of the scheme itself.

Mr Peel, the Minister, who is now commonly entitled The Apostate, was, for what may be called a long public life, inflexibly opposed to the Catholic claims. He was the acknowledged leader in opposing them. He yearly declared, in the most solemn manner, before his God and country, that his annual reconsideration and increase of

knowledge only rendered his conviction the more clear, that it was his sacred duty to oppose them. He declared this in the last Session; and at the present moment the grounds on which he stood are more powerful than they ever were. This same Mr Peel is now a leader in attempting to concede these claims. He is exhibiting the most outrageous reversal of deliberately-formed and carefully-revised conviction that was ever ventured on by a public man; and yet he is so far from offering any plausible reason in excuse of it, that he declares his conviction to be unaltered!

The laws of society hold, that consistency is one of the indispensable characteristics of the honest man; and that gross, shameless, undefended inconsistency can never be found in the gentleman. This contributes to the outline of Mr Peel's character. We thank the Duke for giving the test by which public men ought to be judged of.

A powerful party of high-minded members of the legislature had made this same Mr Peel their leader in the cause of Protestantism. They had fought his personal battles, carried him through every difficulty, and made him the Minister he is, solely on the belief that his professions in favour of the cause were sincere. He was bound by every obligation comprehended in the terms honour and honesty, to communicate to them his resolution of abandonment at the moment when he took it. What did he do? He not only scrupulously concealed it from them, but, in reply to their letters questioning him on the very matter, deliberately led them to believe that his principles were wholly unchanged. He did this purposely that he might disarm them, and ensure their defeat; and, while he was doing it, he was privately straining every nerve to ruin their cause by other means.

According to the laws of society, Mr Peel is here convicted of insincerity, treachery, and deception—of betraying the friends to whom, as a public man, he owed every thing; and of not only deserting his cause, but labouring to ruin it in the most cowardly and disgraceful manner. We again thank the Duke for his test.

His country had made this same Mr Peel her leader, and placed him over her hosts; he was therefore solemnly bound, by every thing which distinguishes the patriot from the traitor, to make an open, manly resignation of his trust, on the instant when he decided on changing his colours. Did he do so? No. He ostentatiously paraded through different parts, and received public honours, which were offered him solely from the conviction that he was still the honest opponent of the Catholic claims. At that very time he had secretly advised his colleagues to grant these claims; and yet he not only accepted the honours, with a perfect knowledge that they were offered from the conviction we have named, but his words to those who tendered them were calculated to produce the belief that he was the opponent of the Catholics he had been!

What he is here convicted of, we will not say; his country knows it. Once more we thank the Duke for his test.

We are not assigning motives, or dealing in vague declamation; we are stating plain facts, to the truth of which his own lips have testified. Here is such a display of all that can stain and degrade, as was never before made by any Minister. What does he plead in palliation? His "sense of duty," forsooth! Was it his duty to write letters to his friends, calculated to produce a belief the reverse of fact? Was he compelled by duty to accept the invitations from Manchester and other places? Does England make it the duty of her Ministers to arrive at ends without any regard to means? Does she make it their duty to trample on sincerity, truth, and honour; and betray their friends, their party, and herself? The country which gave birth to the Profligate, disavows and abhors his "sense of duty"; she reserves the largest measure of her scorn for the sneaking traitorous hypocrite. It is her pride to have men for Ministers who will be faithful to their friends and herself—men noble in spirit and spotless in conscience; and it is her pride to impose no other duties than such men can discharge.

The Duke of Wellington has made a similar display; the only difference is, his guilt is a few tints lighter than that of Mr Peel. We again thank the Duke for his test.

Let us now look at their object.

They know and admit that this object is a vital change in the constitution—a gigantic alteration in the fundamental laws of the realm. Mr Peel has always, up to this moment, maintained, that it would place in jeopardy every thing dear to the empire, and would be powerless as the remedy it was intended to be: and he now declares that he retains his former opinions. If, therefore, truth have not utterly forsaken his lips, he still believes that this object, at the very least, is not only such a change of constitution and law as we have stated, but is pregnant in the highest degree with danger to all the best interests of the country. He knows his opinion, that it will operate as he and his colleagues predict, is nothing better than mere opinion—it cannot, in the nature of things, be better. And he knows that this opinion is flatly at variance, not only with that which he deliberately held for great part of twenty years, but also with the opinion of very many men whose ability and personal knowledge of Irish society far surpass his own.

An object like this, if carried at all, ought to be carried with the full consent of the country, and through the fair, just, and equitable working of the constitution. This cannot be denied by the Duke of Wellington and Mr Peel, unless they have lost all remembrance of honesty.

How, then, are these Ministers attempting to carry it? They know, in their hearts, that the country is conscientiously and vehemently opposed to it. They know, in their hearts, that two of the estates of the realm are, if suffered to follow their own conviction, strongly opposed to it. And they know, in their hearts, that it could not possibly be carried by the just and proper working of the constitution—and that they are labouring to carry it, by practically destroying the constitution for the moment.

The Duke and Mr Peel obtained office on these conditions—the Cabinet was to be neutral and divided on the Catholic claims, and the latter were to be zealously opposed by them both, as well as by certain of their colleagues. On these conditions, solemnly subscribed to by themselves, the country nominated them, by clothing them with the requisite portion of party power, and the Crown appointed them. They could not pos-

sibly have obtained office in any other manner. Had they advocated concession, and wished to make it a Cabinet question, the country unanimously, with the Crown, would have supported the Goderich Ministry against them.

Upon these conditions alone they obtained office, and then, in shameless violation of every thing which honourable men hold sacred, they trampled them under their feet. Almost immediately, both these Ministers deserted to the Catholics. What did they do then? Did they, like upright men, inform their Royal Master, and the country, that they could not adhere to the conditions, and therefore they felt bound to resign what they had obtained from pledging themselves to them—did they do this, and thereby enable the Crown and the country to form a Ministry they could confide in? No, they set to work to make the whole Ministry share in their apostasy. Did they previously obtain the King's consent for reversing the principle and nature of the Cabinet? They did not; and in this they were guilty of a heinous abuse of trust. By seduction and threats, they gained the whole Ministry, with one or two exceptions. Men who had joined it on the express condition that they should be allowed to vote according to conscience on the Catholic question, were now compelled, under the penalty of losing office, to vote according to the orders of the Premier. The Ministry was placed under martial law by the military despot at its head. Every member of it who would not reverse his principles at the command of this despot, was doomed, in respect of his official existence, to be shot, without the intervention of a court-martial.

Never before was England polluted with such monstrous proceedings.

And, alas! what have they produced? We see before us a host of men who entered office, bound by every thing which is held to be binding on human integrity to a vital system of national policy, and who now

in a body blushlessly proclaim that they have bound themselves to a directly opposite one. Speak of principle—of consistency—of honour! Let the degraded and branded slaves never soil the sacred words with their breath, or presume to call themselves Englishmen.*

When the Duke and Mr Peel had gained the rest of the Ministry, they did their utmost to gain as many as possible of the influential members of the party hostile to the Catholic claims. All means which could be safely resorted to, were employed to spread the apostasy through the Church and Aristocracy. In so far as they were successful in this, they owed their success entirely to their possessing the power and patronage of office: without these, they could scarcely have made a convert in the Ministry or out of it.

These two Ministers, then, obtained the power and patronage of office on a solemn compact with their King and country that they would employ them against the Catholic claims. They almost immediately made use of them to establish an unexampled and horrible system of compulsory wholesale apostasy—an atrocious system for ostentatiously banishing conscience, principle, consistency, and public virtue from the whole Ministry, and also from the whole nation. They used them in this manner to carry the Catholic claims—to accomplish that, which they had received them to oppose. They used them to render it utterly impossible for the Crown to form a Ministry either hostile to or neutral on the claims, and to render it equally impossible for the country to meet them with effectual opposition. While they were doing it, they pretended to be still the leaders of the party opposed to the Catholics; they not only carefully concealed their proceedings from this party, but they laboured to make it believe them wholly unchanged at the very moment when they were doing every thing in their power to ruin it.

These Ministers temporized with

* In saying this, we must do justice to Mr G. Banks, who, like a high-minded English gentleman, at once threw up his office in disgust when the leaders of the Ministry revealed their apostasy. We must likewise do justice to the honourable consistency of Lord Lowther, Sir J. Beckett, and Sir C. Wetherall. With hands pure and foreheads unstained, what a noble contrast do these upright men form to the Wellingtons, Peels, and Goulburns!

the Crown until all this was effected—until they had converted the whole Ministry, spread apostacy as far as possible in the Church and Legislature, and reached the moment for opening the Session,—and then they placed it in circumstances which merely allowed it to submit to their dictation—to their commands. In acting thus they practically deposed their Sovereign.

Too often, alas! has the British Cabinet been stained with profligacy, but never before was it stained so deeply: former Ministerial profligates never durst attempt to reach what we have described. Speak of fraud! if there be none here, it is a thing which cannot be committed. Revile Rowland Stephenson! he was a comparatively guiltless man; if he betrayed and robbed his friends, he did not employ his spoils to destroy them. Conduct such as we have detailed exhibits all the essentials of base conspiracy. The consent of the Crown was obtained by what amounted to a wicked conspiracy of its Servants against it. We insist that for these Servants, in violation of their pledges to it, to concert and combine to reverse the principle and nature of the Cabinet, deprive it of the power of choice, and degrade it into their puppet, was nothing short of such conspiracy. Consent so obtained was obtained by tyranny; it might as well have been extorted at the point of the bayonet.

We have not to learn that Ministers are responsible for the acts of the Crown, and that they have a right to resign if it will not follow their advice. But is there no difference between a Minister's tendering his resignation on his reversal of principle, and thereby enabling the Crown to exercise its prerogative—between this, and his using his official power to seduce and compel his colleagues to apostatize, and combine with him in placing the Crown in such circumstances, that it cannot accept their resignation, and must submit to their commands? On the immense difference, we need not expatiate. In the one case, the Minister merely does his duty; he advises, and gives the Crown its constitutional option. In the other, he not only advises, but compels it in violation of the constitution to adopt his advice; he makes himself its tyrant. It matters not whether compulsion flow from

brute force, or any other means,—it is still compulsion. Nothing can be named which more vitally affects national rights and liberties. If Ministers, instead of resigning in an honourable and constitutional manner, compel the Crown, by apostacy, official influence, and intrigue, to obey them, they destroy prerogative, and render all that is dear to the country defenceless. They do what ought to be punished with impeachment.

And how have these Ministers employed the power and patronage of office since the opening of the Session? They have employed their tremendous potency throughout the United Kingdom, in corrupting and intimidating the opponents of the Catholic claims into apostacy or neutrality. They have employed them to bribe and coerce as far as possible the whole population into the abandonment of principle, honour, and patriotism. If our cheeks did not burn with shame as we record it, we should indeed be a disgrace to our native England.

In all this they have rendered themselves tyrants, not only over the Sovereign, but also over the country. They have robbed the former of his constitutional right to change his servants, in so far as concerns the Catholic question; and they have thereby robbed the latter of its constitutional voice and vote in the Cabinet and Legislature.

Will the Duke of Wellington and Mr Peel venture to say that they could have obtained office in any other manner than through the solemn compact with their King and country we have named? They dare not. Will they venture to say, that if they had not been in office, and had not apostatized, conspired, and acted as we have stated, they could have gained the consent of the Crown and the sanction of the Peers? They dare not. Will they venture to say, that the great majority of the country does not, according to the constitution, form the country, and is not decidedly opposed to the Catholic claims? They dare not. Will they venture to say, that their fraudulent obtaining of office, apostacy, and conspiracy, have not wholly excluded the country from representation and vote in the Cabinet, so far as regards the Catholic question? They dare not. Will they venture to say, that they have not in the House of Commons

carried over with them very many members who obtained their seats on the express and voluntary pledge that they would zealously oppose concession to the Catholics? They dare not. Will they venture to say, that the constituents of such members are not at this moment strongly opposed to such concession, and are not practically robbed of their right of parliamentary representation? They dare not. Will they venture to say, that they have not, to a very large extent, and by the most unwarrantable means, robbed the country of its votes and influence in the House of Commons? They dare not.

The case then is this. In regard to the carrying of their measure, these Ministers have set aside the constitution. They are making a gigantic and perilous change in the constitution, by what amounts to fraud, conspiracy, and tyranny. They are attempting to make it by practically dethroning the Sovereign, destroying the Upper House of Parliament, and placing the majority of the country—that is, the country—under the despotism of the contemptible and profligate minority. They are endeavouring to make it by the most factious means; and they and their supporters are performing the part of an unprincipled and traitorous faction. The country has raised its voice unequivocally against them; it has done every thing to resist them short of appealing to the sword; and were they to force this change upon it at the point of the bayonet, they would act as innocently as they are now acting. Speak of a free constitution! how can this country possess such a constitution, if a tyrannical faction can at its will make two of the estates of the realm its menials? Speak of national freedom! how can this nation possess such freedom, if a tyrannical faction can despise its voice, and force upon it a momentous change of law and institution at pleasure? England at this moment possesses neither a free constitution, nor freedom; in regard to both, her situation is no better than it would be, should the Duke of Wellington be forcing this change upon her at the head of the army.

If it were not too late, we should address this to the House of Commons. If the definitions and commands of the constitution—we should speak more properly in saying the *late* constitution—are worthy of the least

notice, there is not at present a House of Commons in existence. Of that uncouth and frightful thing which exists instead, we will not, for obvious reasons, give any description. But we earnestly entreat the attention of the Peers to what we have stated. If there be one honest Englishman among them who is supporting the Ministry without having duly reflected on these momentous matters, we conjure him, by the blood which fills his veins, and the hallowed memory of his fathers, to separate himself at once from the iniquity. Let him stand forth, in the majesty of old English honour and independence, and declare—I AM A CONSCIENTIOUS SUPPORTER OF THE CATHOLIC CLAIMS; BUT IF THEY CAN ONLY BE CARRIED BY FRAUD AND CONSPIRACY, BY THE PLACING OF MY SOVEREIGN AND COUNTRY IN SLAVERY, BY TRAMPLING UPON AND SETTING ASIDE THE CONSTITUTION, BY THE MOST FACTIOUS PROCEEDINGS, BY THE FOUL ABANDONMENT OF PLEDGE, PRINCIPLE, TRUTH, AND HONOUR, AND BY THE FORCING OF A VITAL CHANGE UPON THE GREAT MASS OF MY COUNTRYMEN WHICH THEY ABHOR—IF THESE CLAIMS CAN ONLY BE THUS CARRIED, I WASH MY HANDS OF THE CRIME AND INFAMY OF SUPPORTING THEM FARTHER.

We will now proceed from the conduct of Ministers to the defence of it made by Mr Peel, when he disclosed their emancipation scheme to the House of Commons. His speech was worthy of the man and his cause. Elaborated to an extreme, and interminable in length, it did not contain a tittle of what could properly be called argumentation. There never was a speech uttered by any man of pretensions, which was so destitute of apposite fact and logical deduction, or which abounded so much with stale fallacies, baseless assumptions, inconsistent conclusions, and improbable, ragged, repulsive sophistry. Poor Mr Peel! if this be one of his best specimens, he must be content to take a much lower rank as an orator than he aspires to. He may, however, console himself with reflecting, that eloquence is but little called for in a hear-garden.

This fallen and degraded Minister urges that he was not duly supported by the House of Commons previously to his apostacy. The conduct of this House on the Catholic question may

be principally ascribed to these two causes—the preponderance of ability and eloquence on the side of the Catholics, and the division of the Ministry. Mr Peel, as an orator, was far inferior to the most eminent of his opponents, and he had no speakers of much power to support him. The question arises, how did it happen that the advocates of the Constitution were so greatly inferior in talent to their antagonists?

For a long course of years, half the Ministry, and the more influential half, possessed the patronage and other means for bringing forward young men of ability holding Mr Peel's opinions. He himself, for the larger part of twenty years, possessed every requisite, in respect of office, for gathering around him a host of talent and eloquence. Could no such young men be discovered? Was it because all Mr Peel's efforts to create such a host were fruitless, that up to the last not a single master mind was introduced by him into Parliament? Was it because he and his Anti-Catholic colleagues sought in vain, that they did not provide themselves with gifted coadjutors and successors? We need only say in reply, that the great majority of all ranks held their principles.

Mr Pitt did not trust to chance for sending him talent to support him. His dependence was not on the precarious results of a general election, or the aid which accident might provide in the scions and dependents of great families. Whenever talent met his notice, he invited it to him, cherished it, and brought it into the field at his side. In this manner he gathered around him his Scotts and Cannings, created the means of victory, and gave his country Ministers worthy of succeeding him. In this manner must every Minister, or leading public man, act, who wishes to escape being driven out of the House of Commons. It was a system like his which brought into, or retained in, this House, the Burkes, Sheridans, and most of the splendid names which adorn the history of Parliament.

What was the conduct of Mr Peel and his Anti-Catholic colleagues? They not only did not make any effort to bring forward talent to support him, but they studiously avoided it. For several years past, no young man could do any thing more effectual for de-

stroying his hope of being taken into the service of his country, than to declare himself decidedly against the Catholic claims. One part of the Ministry denounced him as an enemy, and the other set its face against him as an Ultra, and the whole jealously excluded him from patronage. On the other hand, young men who were in favour of the Catholic claims, were eagerly taken by the hand, even by both sides of the Cabinet. Mr Peel and his Anti-Catholic colleagues seemed to be as anxious as the Canning party, that they should rear no statesmen of their own persuasion, and that the rising Ministers should all be advocates of emancipation.

In addition to this, the great Anti-Catholic families carefully reserved their patronage for their relatives and dependents. From them, "the young Burkes who were struggling with virtuous poverty and obscurity to gain a name and adorn their country," had nothing to hope for. Never did any other great party exhibit so much mercenary selfishness and suicidal disregard for its own existence, as the Anti-Catholic one. It went on cramming its brainless connexions into its borough seats, spurning from it ability and eloquence, and imagining that it wanted nothing beyond mere numbers of speechless votes. Men like Mr Peel and Mr Goulburn were not only its best, but almost its sole orators; they apostatized, and lo! it was practically kicked out of the House of Commons. Such must ever be the fate of any party which acts as it has done. Party contests must be decided in the House of Commons; and if a party will not send into it a sufficiency of talent and eloquence to cope with the enemy, mere numbers, either in the House or out of it, will not secure it from destruction.

The opposite party spared no effort to gain rising ability. The liberal Tories, who formed the only part of the Tory body which affected to patronise genius, threw around the latter their seductions. The Whigs—to their honour we record it—were always liberal in bestowing on it notice and patronage; and they are now reaping their reward. In respect of the community at large, they have constantly formed the minority, and in late years they have formed a most petty minority. Yet from the mere circum-

stance of nurturing and bringing forward ability in the House of Commons, they have been enabled to beat to the dust their opponents. Through this circumstance alone, they are at this moment the real rulers of the empire; the Tory Ministers are their passive tools, and the overwhelming majority of the community is placed under the despotism of the contemptible and profligate minority. Here is a lesson for those who will trouble themselves to study it.

When rising ability found that it had nothing to expect from Mr Peel and his party, save neglect and hostility, and when it was caressed and tempted by their opponents, it very naturally ranged itself against them. Young men, on beginning the world, have not perhaps their opinions strongly formed on particular state questions, and they are pretty sure to take the side pointed out by ambition. Mr Peel's complaint, that he had not speakers to support him, formed the most severe condemnation of himself he could have uttered. Nothing could tell more bitterly against his head, or heart, or both, than the fact, that after having been for so many years in high office, his paltry party of friends does not contain a single individual who rises above mediocrity.

The division of the Cabinet necessarily placed him in the minority touching oratory. Half the eloquence of the Ministry, and the whole of that of the Opposition, were unavoidably against him. This had its effect in seducing rising talent.

The operation of all this upon the press must not be overlooked. The division of the Ministry silenced some of the leading Tory publications on the Catholic question, and it gave certain of the others to the Catholics. The Whig press had every incitement to unanimity and exertion. The Quarterly Review was neutral, while the Edinburgh and Westminster Reviews carried on war with the utmost fury. In the last years of the Liverpool Ministry, Mr Canning contrived to get nearly all the more powerful part of the Tory press under his influence. By personal obligations of one kind or another, he gained one part of the writers, and bound the other part to silent inaction. This was not all. The portion of the Liverpool Ministry favourable to the Catholic

claims employed the most base and dastardly means for crushing the works and writers it could not seduce or intimidate. To all this the anti-Catholic Ministers were consenting parties. Without making a single effort, they suffered works of great influence to be taken from them which they might easily have retained; while their colleagues did every thing possible to monopolize writers, they did not stir a finger to prevent it; and while these colleagues laboured to put down the writers on their side by the acts of the bravo, they sanctioned it. They seemed to think that their cause could triumph, not only without a press, but against the whole press of the country. Never did men fight a battle—a battle, too, which involved every thing dear to the empire—in a way so admirably calculated to ensure defeat, as they fought theirs. Their own conduct, and that which they tolerated in the other Ministers, rendered the advocacy of the cause, to the conductors and writers of the works which espoused it, heartless, painful, and perplexing beyond description. It is not surprising that the majority of writers were either neutral or opposed to them, but it is very surprising that every writer of spirit and ability was not driven from the cause by disgust and indignation.

Here, then, was the whole of the Whig and Radical, and a part of the Tory press, on the side of the Catholics; the rest of the Tory press was, to a considerable extent, neutral. The Pro-Catholic publications had boundless incitement and license; the Anti-Catholic ones had to encounter every discouragement and difficulty, and some of the more servile of them were under restrictions which made them do the cause about as much injury as service. All this necessarily had very powerful operation against the side of Mr Peel in the House of Commons.

These were leading causes; they gave birth to several secondary ones which we need not point out to our readers. We have not entered into this long detail for the sake of uttering reproach or shewing the extent of Mr Peel's incapacity and treachery; our motive is, the instruction it contains. If there be any friends of the country left in Parliament, let them, for the sake of the future, ponder well upon the causes which have involved them

in ruin, and rendered their opponents omnipotent.

But what is the real value of Mr Peel's complaint, that in late years the "young men of promise" who entered Parliament generally took the field against him? What were these young men? Third-rate poets and novelists, superficial retailers of jingling antithesis and flowery commonplace. Has any one of them ever made a tolerably able speech on any intricate subject, or proved by his orations that he understands the Catholic question? No. They have given no indications of political genius. They are mere political dandies, padded into rickety symmetry, and garbed in tinselled finery by the fashionable tailors of party, but destitute of natural bone and muscle. Not one of them is likely to reach eminence as an orator, or rise much above mediocrity as a statesman. The fact that "young men of promise" like these took the field against him, will not convince any one, save Mr Peel himself, that his cause was untenable.

The truth is, it is universally admitted that never before, in the memory of the present generation, was the House of Commons so deplorably destitute of talent and ability as it is at this moment. This applies to both the mature members and the young ones. Of the former, Mr Brougham is the only one who is a first-rate orator—who is reasonably powerful in argument and mighty in sarcasm and invective. Yet his pernicious principles, furious, malignant temper, and rash, infirm judgment, cause him to rank far below a first-rate statesman. In reality, a more erring and incapable one never lived, if any attention is to be paid to the effect which experience has had on his principles and predictions. Take him out of the House, and it is left without a single great speaker. There is not a man in it who can make what is worthy of being called an approach to him, or even the late Mr Canning. Mr Tierney is politically defunct, and the rest of the leading Whigs are shallow one-eyed prozers and praters, whom even the extreme of puffing could never push more than an inch above the line of respectable mediocrity. As to the leading men on the Ministerial side, they are, in point of eloquence, a disgrace to the country. It is enough to say of Mr Peel that, as an orator, he ranks immeasurably

below Mr Canning, saying nothing of Mr Brougham. His passionless, passive, submissive speeches can never tell on a popular assembly. Cold in blood beyond credibility, he can be vexed into scolding and calling vulgar names, but nothing can fire him into eloquence. Remove him, and the sight of the remaining Ministers is sufficient to make an Englishman cover his face from shame. As to the Huskissons and Grants, where did they rank when Mr Canning was in existence? In regard to the young members, we have already spoken of them; there is not one on either side who has acquired any distinction in general business, or given promise of rising to eminence.

Master spirits have been removed from the House of Commons, and in consequence men of third and fourth rate capacity have been exalted into leaders. Individuals who could not have been listened to after such speakers as Pitt, Burke, Fox, and Canning, are now lauded and followed as men of talent and eloquence. In the absence of great men, all the members of the mediocrity family, hoary and beardless, are proclaiming themselves great men. While the present House of Commons boasts eternally, in the most loathsome manner, of its own perfections, it is, in respect of solid and shining ability, the most disgraceful and contemptible one that the empire was ever scourged with. These are the natural consequences. The commonplace leaders, having in them no originality, are acting as such people always act;—they are servilely adopting the schemes of quacks and traitors, and plunging the country into every variety of ruin. The most destructive of all rulers are your bustling, shallow, short-sighted, half-informed, clever people. They must be continually at work; their limited powers will not enable them to judge correctly, therefore they fancy they can mightily improve every thing within their reach; and they must be incessantly producing frightful mischief, while ignorant and incapable rulers would content themselves with doing nothing.

Mr Peel fell before the Pro-Catholics, not because they had a mighty mass of great ability, but because he had none to oppose them with. They brought against him a host of moderately able men, and he was defence-

less. How far this was owing to himself and his party, we have already stated. With all the means in his hands for creating the instruments of war, and bound by his duty to his country to use his patronage in creating them, he made not the least effort; and now he defends his submission and apostacy by pleading that he had no such instruments!

As the index of public feeling, Mr Peel holds the petitions to be nothing, and the House of Commons to be every thing. The doctrine is worthy of the Minister who is so audaciously trampling on the rights and liberties of his country. Why was the House of Commons instituted?—To represent to the utmost point possible the sentiments of the people, particularly respecting great changes of law and constitution. In so far as it fails of doing this, it ought not, according to the intention of its founders, to be attended to: in so far as it acts against such sentiments, it is, according to such intention, guilty of breach of trust and treason. In conformity therewith, it has always been a sacred maxim with every honest Ministry and House of Commons, never to make any great change of law, no matter what the feeling of the House might be, if the sense of the country were opposed to it. In regard to such a change, it has always been held, that the sense of the House of Commons was worthless when opposed to that of the country; and that, to the strongly expressed opinion of the latter, both the Legislative and Executive ought invariably to bow. This has hitherto ranked amidst the fundamental principles of the constitution, and the present despots of the Cabinet and House of Commons are the first rulers who in modern times have da-

red to violate it. Mr Canning spurned from him the foul guilt, anxious as he was to carry the Catholic question. He declared he would never attempt to force the measure, in defiance of the national will. Assuming Mr Peel's doctrine to be true, it irresistibly follows, that if an unprincipled House of Commons, bought by an unprincipled Ministry, should vote itself indissoluble, or should decide that the existing form of government ought to be destroyed in favour of some military tyrant, it ought to be obeyed, in despite of the unanimous opinion of the country.

The fact, that a Minister could have the effrontery to broach any such doctrine in the House of Commons, is one of the portentous signs of the times. But while we thus speak of his turpitude, let us not forget that of those who applauded him. Doubtless, that champion of the people, Sir F. Burdett,* and that stern republican, Mr Brougham, and the other Whigs and Radicals who have so often called the House "a sink of corruption," and "a den of thieves," who have so enthusiastically toasted "the sovereignty of the people," and who have so fiercely insisted on the right of the populace to dictate to Parliament in every thing, started from their seats in tumultuous indignation, and denounced him as the enemy of his country? No! they received the doctrine with thunders of applause! In addition, they at every opportunity ridiculed and vilified the petitions. Men of England, let the flashes of your scorn for ever scathe them as aliens and traitors!

In the nature of things, the petitions must represent the sentiments of the country infinitely more accurately than the House of Commons. The

* The praise which this individual has bestowed on military rulers and their present most arbitrary proceedings, has, we trust, been observed by our fellow subjects. This is the "patriot" who, a few years ago, was inflaming his mobs to the utmost against the House of Commons, because it would not obey their petitions. Demagogues are always at heart the greatest of all tyrants.

The manner in which the petitions have been treated in the House of Commons, is wholly unexampled. The House appears to imagine that it is wholly irresponsible, and that its powers have no limit, save its own will. Those who are specially appointed by the constitution to be a balance to it, and to restrain it from abuse of trust and usurpation, are incurring a most awful responsibility. If any assembly of men possess the power to make any change they please in the constitution and laws, in despite of the opposition of the community at large, such power is tyranny, or tyranny can have no real existence.

members of this House are in reality elected by the highest classes and the lowest. In counties, the great land-owners decide who shall be put in nomination, and very many of the farmers, and more respectable inhabitants of both villages and country towns have no vote. In the cities and boroughs, the great majority of the voters consists of working artisans, mechanics, &c., who now give their votes independently; a very large part of the respectable housekeepers and rich inhabitants have no vote, and scarcely any influence. Many populous places have no members. But the petitions can be signed by the inhabitants, without distinction, of every place; they prove, in the most unquestionable manner, what the sentiments of the whole community really are at the present time.

The petitions incontestably establish that the sense of the vast majority of the community, which, according to the constitution, forms the country, is decidedly opposed to that of the House of Commons; and, in consequence, we insist that the sense of the House is utterly unworthy of being attended to. We insist, that when this House acts as it is now acting, it exceeds its powers, violates its duties, and is not recognised or tolerated by the constitution. We insist, that when it places itself in such violent opposition to the country on a vital question, it is the imperative duty of the Crown to dissolve it at once, and that the Ministers who will not advise this deserve to be impeached. We are in this only maintaining some of the clearest principles of the constitution. If we are in error, national rights, privileges, and freedom, are worthless names.

The advocates of the Catholics, in and out of Parliament, are compelled to acknowledge that the voice of the country is against them; but they assert that it ought not to be regarded. Why? Because they say the lower classes of petitioners are ignorant, and the upper ones are destitute of intellect. Really, when we look at the Lord Kings, Darnleys, and Hollands, or at the Goulburns, Sebrights, Humes, Nugents, Ebringtons, Waithmans, &c. &c., we can discover no indications of extraordinary knowledge and talent. We can only find abundant evidence that the best of them are men of very ordinary powers and acquirements, and that by far the greater portion are exceedingly ignorant, shallow dunces. When we look into the files of such papers as the Times and Morning Chronicle, we find a profusion of ruffianly, blackguardism, vulgar stupidity, and threadbare error—we find overwhelming testimony that they have always been on the false side of every question, and supported the most destructive principles and measures; that they rank amidst the most profligate, ignorant, and erring teachers that ever pretended to dispense opinion,—but we can find nothing of a contrary character. The abuse which these parliamentary and newspaper libellers shower upon the country, forms a very decisive proof that they are utterly incapacitated, by want of information and intellect, for sitting in judgment on it. But if the scurrilities of these contemptible people were as true as they are false—if the petitioners were even as blind and brainless as these traducers represent—this would not impeach what we have maintained. The petitioners would still form the country;* and the coun-

* Mr S. Wortley, according to the public prints, said in the House of Commons, touching the population generally, that the inhabitants of country places were opposed to Catholic emancipation, but those of towns were nearly balanced respecting it. This is incorrect. While the inhabitants of villages and country towns have, with unanimity wholly unexampled, petitioned against the measure, those of large manufacturing towns and seaports, like Manchester, Birmingham, Sheffield, Hull, Bristol, Newcastle, &c. &c. have petitioned against it in the proportion of two, three, and four, to one. It may be very safely assumed, that as many efforts would be made to gain signatures to the petitions in favour of the measure as to those against it. If the whole population of England were polled on it, the results would be like these. A great majority of the upper classes, nearly the whole clergy, a very large portion of the dissenters, nine-tenths of the middle classes, and the great mass of the lower ones, would be against it. It would be vehemently opposed by full four-fifths of the whole population. Could any thing be more atrocious, than for the Ministry to persist in forcing the measure, in the teeth of a demonstrated fact like this?

try's rights are not to be destroyed by its rulers, on the pretext that it lacks intelligence and talent. The constitution gives it rights without any reference to such matters. What monstrous principle that assembly which bears the name of the House of Commons will put forth next, we cannot tell; but we know it cannot put forth any more monstrous than the one it is now maintaining and acting on, that the country has no right to have voice and influence in the management of its own affairs, because an unprincipled faction asserts itself to be the monopolist of intelligence and ability. This principle contains the essence of tyranny. It would as fully justify an individual, as a faction, for tyrannising in this manner over the great body of the community. By it, the Duke of Wellington would be sanctioned in making himself the absolute despot of the empire, on the plea that he alone possessed intelligence and talent, and the whole population beside was destitute of both.

Mr Peel argues, that the House of Commons represents the sense of the country, because, at the last election, the country was alive to the danger that the Catholic question might be carried. If we grant his premises, what does his argument amount to? Simply this—the opinion entertained by the country some years ago ought to be followed, and its present opinion ought to be despised. But his premises are groundless, therefore his inference is of no value. The upper and middle classes did not believe, at the last election, that there was any danger such as we have named. They knew that the King was pledged against concession, that a large majority of the Peers was against it, and that it had frequently passed the House of Commons without being able to get farther; and, alas! alas! they believed him and his brethren to be incapable of acting as they have done. Notwithstanding all this, if the members who were elected on the pledge that they would vote against emancipation had all adhered to their pledge, and the Irish members had been chosen according to the constitution, instead of being elected by the gang of demagogues, there would have been a considerable majority in the House of Commons against the Catholics.

Having decided that the country is nothing, and the House of Commons is every thing, Mr Peel cites the past votes of the members for counties and certain large places, to prove that public feeling is not against him. Never was there a more unfortunate argument resorted to. He speaks first of the members for Yorkshire. With regard to the population of Yorkshire, five-sixths of it are strongly opposed to emancipation. At the last election, it was confidently believed that the Anti-Catholic party would return all the four members, and the friends of Mr Wilson and Mr Duncombe were called on to nominate four, of their principles. If that which is now taking place had been then foreseen, four such would have been nominated and returned. Let Yorkshire be now appealed to, and it will do its duty as the first county; it will triumphantly elect four Anti-Catholic members. A county differs very widely from a borough. No candidate will offer himself for one, without the sanction and support of one of the great parties of its leading men, and they will not encourage a contest except on grave grounds. The Whigs, as a party, act on the principle of endeavouring to return one of the members for every county; and in various counties, the great Whig and Tory families, for the sake of peace, return, by compact, a Whig member and a Tory one, when perhaps the large majority of the freeholders are Tories. At the last election, the Whigs and Tories were in general politics one party; therefore no inducement existed for causing the leading men to contest counties for the sake of party strength. The clearest proof is furnished by the petitions, that the county members do not represent the sentiments of their constituents.

With regard to the city of London, only two of the candidates, at the last election, were Anti-Catholics. Alderman Thompson represented himself to be a vehement and unchangeable opponent of the Catholic claims—yes, the turncoat did—and, in consequence, he was decidedly the favourite. The Anti-Catholic party made no effort to bring forward more candidates of its own principles. The respectable part of the inhabitants of Westminster very properly never encourage a contest,

except on weighty reasons; and at the last election, they made no effort to bring forward an opponent to Sir F. Burdett and Mr Hobhouse. There was, therefore, no contest. We speak what no one will venture to deny, when we say, that the Anti-Catholics of both London and Westminster felt confident that the Catholic question could not be carried, and that it was not necessary for them to make any decided effort for returning members of their own principles.

In consequence of such feeling, six of the eight members elected for London, Westminster, and Southwark, were Pro-Catholics. Let an election take place at this moment, and the case will be reversed; six of the eight members will be Anti-Catholics. Looking at these places in connexion with Yorkshire, eight of the twelve members at the last election were Pro-Catholics. Let Parliament now be dissolved, and ten of the twelve members will be Anti-Catholics. This would make a difference of twelve votes in favour of the good cause, on a division in the House of Commons.

We will glance at some other places. In the contest for the county of Northumberland, three of the four candidates were Pro-Catholics. The county of Middlesex had not, we think, the offer of a contest. At Hull, as far as we remember, two of the three candidates were Pro-Catholics; the case was the same at the city of York. We believe that no opponent offered himself to the members for Newcastle.

At the places we have named, the Anti-Catholics returned all the candidates of their own principles who offered themselves. This occurred at various other places. The more wealthy inhabitants of cities and boroughs have naturally a great dislike to contested elections, and they elect such candidates as offer themselves, except in cases of emergency. In these cases, they combine to seek, solicit, and support candidates of their own creed. They did not do this at the last election, because they did not feel it to be requisite.

We have said sufficient to prove, that the inference which Mr Peel draws touching public sentiment from the members returned at the last election, is not entitled to the least notice. Form an Anti-Catholic Ministry, dis-

solve Parliament, and let it be known that the existence of this Ministry must depend on the issue of the general election. This will make the elections turn mainly on the Catholic question; it will bring the two divisions of the community into a zealous, hearty trial of strength; it will induce the Anti-Catholics to bring forward as many candidates as they can elect; and it will cause the House of Commons to represent faithfully the sentiments of the country. If this be done, it will make in the House a very gigantic alteration. If it should return forty or fifty additional Anti-Catholic members—we have no doubt that at the least it would do so—this would make a difference of eighty or one hundred in favour of the good cause, on the division in the House of Commons. Granting that some loss might be sustained in Ireland, the gain in England and in the votes of Ministers would greatly counterbalance it. After making every allowance, our deliberate conviction is, that there would be a majority of from fifty to one hundred in favour of the Anti-Catholics. It must be remembered, that many of the Pro-Catholic members are not very anxious for the carrying of the question; if they knew that the Ministry would be broken up, if left in a minority, they would not vote, or they would vote with it. The united Ministry would have sufficient influence to gain many of the loose votes, or render them neutral.

What Mr Peel says of the necessity or expediency which existed in former periods for making the Ministry a divided one on the Catholic question, is, in the nature of things, of no validity, because circumstances were then so different from what they now are. The question was treated as a minor one; it was not much pressed; the Pro-Catholic Ministers, save for a moment, thought the time for carrying it had not arrived, and the Ministry scarcely felt its division to be an evil. Such was the case then; what is it now, according to Mr Peel? The Ministry can be no longer divided; it must be united against the Catholic question, or in its favour. The grounds, therefore, on which a divided Ministry was formerly established, are not now in existence. Every one knows, that if the alternative of the present time had been that of the periods referred to by

Mr Peel, the Ministry would have been made a united one against emancipation.

If the Ministry must of necessity be a united one on one side or the other, why cannot it be Anti-Catholic? Mr Peel gives no satisfactory answer; with him, it cannot be so, because it cannot. We will examine the momentous matter in detail.

The office of Premier does not of necessity require any great share of knowledge and capacity. It was occasionally filled, in some of the brightest parts of our history, with those who confessedly possessed little of either, and were only men of straw. Our belief is, that the present Premier possesses no great knowledge touching domestic politics; the little he has said on the currency, financial matters, the corn laws, &c. has displayed a remarkable lack of it. A Premier possessing sufficient qualifications could be found without difficulty.

Could no one be found to equal Mr Peel as Home Secretary—Lord Aberdeen as Foreign Secretary—Mr Goulburn as Chancellor of the Exchequer—and Mr V. Fitzgerald and Mr Courtenay as President and Vice-President of the Board of Trade? Could not Sir G. Murray be equalled as Colonial Secretary? Could not the Admiralty offices be as ably filled as they now are? Could not the equals be found of Lord Lyndhurst, Lord Bathurst, Lord Ellenborough, Sir H. Hardinge, &c. &c.?

We do not ask with the view of disparaging the individuals we have named or alluded to; but, giving them credit for all they can fairly claim, we say that, as a whole, they might be replaced with successors of equal ability. No small portion of them are new in their offices, and have gained but little reputation; some of them are far from being popular.

Men of great experience might be found to give assistance and advice, if they could not fill the more important offices. We are pretty sure that Lord Bexley knows far more of financial matters than any member of the Ministry. Lords Eldon, Westmoreland, Colchester, and Sidmouth, have spent long lives in office, and they have filled it in the most trying times. Such men could give invaluable aid to young Ministers possessed of every requisite save experience. The main difficulty would

be in finding a leader for the House of Commons.

We say that, if the Eldons, Newcastles, and Winchilseas, would exert themselves in the manner called for by the crisis, if they would act as well as speak, if they would zealously look through society, they might form a more able and eloquent Ministry than the present one. In the first moment, the new Ministry would have much to encounter. It would be inexperienced, and the enemy would spare no effort to overpower it: but if its members should possess ability and energy, they would triumph. From the first moment, the opposition to them in Parliament would decline; they would become stronger, and their assailants weaker; and, before the second session, they would acquire experience and strength which would render them secure.

Public affairs are in a peculiarly favourable condition; they are free from difficulties. We are aware that the country is in bitter distress, but if the present Ministry remain in office, what will it do to relieve it? Nothing. An Anti-Catholic Ministry would possess ample means for rendering itself highly popular. The causes of its formation would give it great popularity. A return to the late currency law would be highly popular throughout the country. Relief to the distressed interests would make it highly popular with them. The bubble of free trade has burst, and the whole population would joyfully sanction any measures calculated to remove its horrible sufferings. The great cause which rendered the Duke of Wellington so popular when he was made the Premier was, the conviction that he would return to the old system. Such a Ministry might confer the most signal benefits on Ireland. It might benefit largely the Colonies. It might make a radical and comprehensive change in the system of taxation, which would be alike popular with the landed, the manufacturing, and the commercial interests.

The new Ministry would have a considerable majority on the Catholic question: and this majority would warmly support it generally. A few months of determined exertion would place it on a rock.

The state of the newspapers must be looked at. The more influential ones of the country, and those of Lon-

don, are directly opposed to each other. The leading provincial papers are sound in principle, and in respect of talent, they put to shame many of the London ones. The more influential London morning papers advocate the worst principles; and this has contributed very largely to place the empire in its present appalling situation. In addition, the latter papers have had better sources of information than their opponents. Why the London morning papers on the right side have not exerted themselves more than they have done, we cannot tell. Their leading articles are ably, and sometimes very ably written; but they appear to be nearly all from one hand, and in these times this will not do. It is impossible for any one individual to give the requisite variety to his leading articles; he cannot do justice to the various topics which they ought to discuss. They are profuse in expense on secondary matters, but they overlook that grand essential—a *proper variety of powerful leading articles written by different men*. We hope this hint will not be disregarded. There is one London morning paper which might soon make itself the equal of the Times in sale and influence, if it would only use the proper means.

The new Ministry, then, would have the country press in its favour; the more influential London papers would be against it; but what there is of evil here might be soon remedied. The balance would be much in its favour in regard to the periodicals.

Looking at the population, the vast majority would be in favour of such a Ministry. It would have with it the Church and the Aristocracy.

When the difficulties are fairly looked in the face, they shrink almost into insignificance. The truth is, the third and fourth-rate people, who call themselves liberals, have boasted and bullied their opponents into something like submission, and a belief that they are the sole possessors of intelligence and talent. By mere dint of outrageous swaggering and unscrupulous swearing, a faction, which scarcely possesses a single mind of the first class, and which is distinguished almost beyond example by shallowness, blindness, ignorance, mediocrity, prejudice, and bigotry—a faction which comprehends all the visionaries, dolts, and profligates, of which the last half

century has been so frightfully prolific—has produced a kind of impression that it is the monopolist of intellect and knowledge. Let old English common sense and intrepidity take its members by the beard, handle them as such persons were wont to be handled, and they will in a moment sink into their proper dimensions. Nothing more is wanted.

We have been compelled to look at the matter in the most unfavourable circumstances. Before the Duke of Wellington and Mr Peel apostatized, they might with the greatest ease have formed an Anti-Catholic Ministry, which would have been far more able, powerful, and popular, than the existing one.

But then, says Mr Peel, what is to be done with Ireland? In reply, let us ask, what has placed Ireland in its present circumstances? Not long ago, O'Connell and Shiel publicly asserted, that before the Catholic Association commenced its abominable proceedings, the great mass of the Catholics regarded the disabilities with apathy; and that these proceedings alone had made them so disaffected and ungovernable and were essential for preventing them from relapsing into their former indifference. Here is the declaration of the leaders, that if the Association were wholly suppressed, the body of the Catholics would disregard the disabilities, and be peaceable. This declaration has been amply confirmed from other quarters.

If, then, an end be put to the Association and its misdeeds, the Catholics will be tranquil: cannot this be accomplished? Let the answer be found in the disgusting revelations which have recently been made by official men. The Marquis of Anglesea avows that he could have put down the Association without difficulty, but he received no instructions to do so; in his letter to Dr Curtis, he encouraged it to persevere. Sir G. Murray gives testimony to the same effect; and Lord Flunkett admits that the Irish Government had no wish to interfere with it. Let England remember, that the most libellous speech delivered in the House of Lords by this furious fanatic, was the speech of an Irish Judge, and of an Irishman, who, without being suspected by any one of having ever done any thing worthy of the very lowest public re-

ward, was raised by Mr Canning to the dignity of an English Peer.

Here, therefore, is conclusive evidence, 1. That no attempt was made to put down the Association; 2. That by at least a portion of the Government it was encouraged; and, 3. That the Government, in its own opinion, could have put it down, even without a new law. Let this be contrasted with the description given of its fearful omnipotence by Mr Dawson at the Derry dinner; and with a somewhat similar description given by Mr Peel since the opening of the Session. Speak of public servants! In the name of common honesty, why do they exist and pocket the public money? All the strife, the outrages, the convulsion—all the things which virtually abolished law, and dissolved the very bonds of society, were, it appears, intentionally tolerated by the rulers of Ireland, even when these rulers believed they could remove them. And what motive prompted the toleration? The Association was purposely suffered to do what it did, that it might place the empire in its present appalling circumstances—that it might constitute itself the tyrant over England, and destroy the constitution. It was purposely suffered to do what it did, until its crimes reached the proper height; and now the Government which gave all the sufferance, pleads these crimes as a sufficient reason for demolishing a part of the constitution, and destroying the foundations of the whole. Here is the maxim in perfection—the end sanctifies the means. Yet rulers like these—rulers who, for incapacity and violation of duty, were never equalled—represent that none but themselves and their supporters are capable of holding the reins of government.

Thus the evidence of the late rulers of Ireland proves, that it can be kept in peace and order without much difficulty. It is sufficient.

We must say a word touching danger. Mr Peel, in his first speech, pleaded, that he consented to produce the dangers attendant on removing the disabilities, to avert greater ones. The Duke of Wellington soon afterwards asserted, that these greater ones had no existence. We would as soon believe Mr Peel's assertions as the Duke's. The former, however, after the Premier had thus annihilated the "great-

er dangers," admitted there were none. In the speech before us, he again speaks of vague dangers—dangers which, according to his previous testimony, never had being. A few months ago, no man could have believed it possible for an English Minister to subject himself, by matters like these, to animalversion. We notice them, because certain renegade Tories, and, among them, some Clergymen, who, as they pretend to the fulness of Gospel purity, ought to pay some regard to truth, have justified their apostasy, by declaring, that if the disabilities be not removed, there will be an Irish rebellion. This is wholly baseless. On the authority of the Duke of Wellington and Mr Peel, the continuance of the disabilities will not be attended with any dangers.

But Mr Peel asserts that emancipation will produce harmony between Protestants and Catholics. Has equality of rights been the parent of constant harmony between the Whigs and Tories, or other political parties? Has such equality been the source of harmony between the Church and the Dissenters, or one dissenting body and another? Surely every man can answer the questions from his own experience. At all opportunities, there is bitter strife between political parties for ascendancy. Two or three of the dissenting sects in England are, and have always been, as anxious for the destruction of the Church, as the Catholics; they wage incessant war against it, and their feebleness and scattered state form the reason why this war has so few bad consequences. The Methodists, and certain other sects, constantly entertain fierce animosity against each other. If the English people were principally divided into two great parties, the one of them Churchmen, and the other Independents, or Unitarians, there would be as much animosity and strife between them, as there are between Protestants and Catholics in Ireland. At elections, and in Parliament, the contests would be between the Churchmen and the Dissenters; every political question would be debated with reference to the religious interests of the parties,—they would constantly maintain a furious conflict for ascendancy. The reason why England has been so free from religious strife, is this, the Dissenters are divided against

each other—each sect is dispersed, and has no elective power of moment, and they have no men of their own creeds to elect as Members of Parliament. Like the Catholics, they are all compelled, at elections, to vote for Churchmen. It follows, that religious divisions and strife are kept out of the legislature, and are prevented from entering, in any material degree, into political contention.

The doctrine that equality of rights will produce harmony between two hostile religious sects is proved to be utterly false by the nature of things, as well as by the whole of experience. If the creed and interests of one sect be directly opposed to those of another, this must produce between the two sects continual animosity and contention. It is as certain that such a cause must produce such an effect, as it is that the shining of the sun must diffuse light. We are not advancing mere opinion; it is matter of unassailable demonstration. It relates to all sects and parties, as well as to Protestants and Catholics. The swaggerers who state themselves to be the exclusive possessors of intellect and knowledge, assert the reverse of this self-evident truth. They maintain, that mere equality of political rights will make two religious sects, the creeds and interests of which are in fierce opposition, united and harmonious—will make them act together in politics and the general concerns of life with brotherly concord, and without being influenced in the least by their difference of religion. Is not this single fact sufficient to place these swaggerers on a level with the beasts of the field in intellect, and with the most barbarous savage in knowledge? Philosophers! statesmen! Alas, for our poor country! alas, for the human race! when men like these usurp the titles, and are suffered to wear them!

Here is conclusive evidence that emancipation will not produce harmony between the Protestants and Catholics. We will add other evidence. The Duke of Wellington has admitted in Parliament, that the leaders of the Association spoke the sentiments and feelings of the great mass of the Irish Catholics; it is a notorious fact that they did so. We now put these questions.

Have not many of these leaders carried on the trade of "agitation" for

personal profit, and have they not been supported by their Priests principally from hostility to the Church and Protestantism? Yes!

Have not these leaders declared up to the last, that they will constantly do their utmost to despoil the Church, if the disabilities be removed? Yes!

Have not these leaders declared up to the last, that they will never cease their efforts until they obtain a repeal of the Union and a separate Parliament for Ireland; and is it not obvious that the independence of Ireland is the ultimate object of many of them? Yes!

Are not these leaders furious advocates of the worst scheme of Parliamentary Reform? Yes!

When the great mass of the Catholics are identified in sentiment and feeling with these leaders, is it not morally certain, that if the disabilities be removed, the difference of religion, the annual meetings and petitions to promote the repeal of the Union, the robbery of the Church, Reform, &c. &c., and the inflammatory speeches of their O'Connells in Parliament, will keep their party fury, turbulence, and animosity towards the Protestants, from diminution? Yes!

And is it not morally certain, that the admission of a large number of Catholics into the House of Commons will increase their party fury on the one hand, and render it more difficult for the Government to keep them in order on the other? Yes!

If still more evidence be necessary, let it be found in this—Mr Peel himself, on former occasions, declared the doctrine that emancipation would produce harmony, to be worthless.

What he says touching the opposition between the two Houses of Parliament, is disposed of by what we have advanced respecting an Anti-Catholic Ministry, and a new House of Commons.

Having done with Mr Peel's pleas of necessity, we will make a brief recapitulation respecting them. In the first place, he was not duly supported in the House of Commons. This was in a great measure caused by himself; it forms no excuse for his apostasy, and it created no necessity for the removal of the disabilities. In the second place, the divided government could not go on. It was very practicable to form one wholly Anti-Catholic. In

the third place, the House of Commons was opposed to him and the House of Lords on the Catholic question. It was very possible to remedy this by a general election. In the fourth place, the Irish Catholics were turbulent and ungovernable. They were so because no steps were taken to render them otherwise, and their rulers confess they could have been kept in order without difficulty. In the fifth place, there were dangers. There were none. In the sixth place, peace and harmony could only be established by the removal of the disabilities. It is utterly impossible, in the nature of things, for such a cause to have such an effect.

Nothing, therefore, bearing the semblance of necessity, exists for the gigantic change—a change which Mr Peel himself at present admits is fraught with the greatest dangers, and which he and his colleagues are labouring to accomplish in so abominable a manner. The constitution is to be broken in upon, and every thing dear to the empire is to be placed in jeopardy from mere choice, for the personal convenience and benefit of Ministers.

We will now glance at the securities. With regard to the oath, let our readers observe how far oaths are at present held to be binding by public men. They are regarded as mere formalities, and they are so construed, that they are made to sanction any thing. Mr Hume, Mr Brougham, and other conscientious people, swear they will not attempt to subvert the Church. Well, they then perhaps speak and move in Parliament to the effect that the Church shall in Ireland be plundered of half its possessions. Do they do so to subvert it? Oh, no; their object, they protest, is to give it increased stability. The Duke of Wellington, Mr Peel, and other zealous Churchmen, swear the same. Well, they then perhaps labour to place the Church under Catholic ministers and legislators. Do they do so to subvert it? Oh, no; their sole motive, they vow, is to give it additional protection. A man who by some means or other has been made an English Bishop, represented in the last Session that the Church would flourish though it should cease to be the national one; a man like this, with Mr O'Connell the Catholic, Mr W. Smith the Uni-

tarian, and other pious dissenters, swears the same. Well, they then perhaps endeavour to strip the Church of all its temporalities, and dissolve its union with the State. Do they do so to subvert it? Oh, no; they merely wish to make it more flourishing. Every attack that has been made in late years upon the Church, has been made on the pretence of benefiting it. An oath carefully separated from all definition of perjury and all penalty, is a national insult, and not a security.

When we look at the origin of the Coronation Oath, at its terms, and at the meaning which these terms were intended to convey, we assert, without hesitation, that if the King can consent to the Bill now before Parliament without violating this oath, it is utterly impossible for any oath to be violated.

Then the Lord Chancellor of England, and the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, are not to be Catholics; and Catholics are not to be permitted to hold Church patronage. Now, we ask how the rulers of this country have disposed of Church preferment since the political death of Lord Liverpool? They have given it principally, in both England and Ireland, to men favourable to the Catholic claims, or believed by them to be the least zealous in opposing, on behalf of the Church, invasion and concession. Clergymen who advocated the repeal of the Corporation and Test Acts, and who avowed a belief that the Catholic question could be "settled"—such clergymen have been the favourite objects of promotion with the Wellington Ministry. Saying nothing of the Catholic Bill, the Duke of Wellington has done deadly injury to the Church, by involving the clergy in political strife with each other, touching the preservation or sacrifice of its possessions. What more than this, under the existing law, could be done by a Catholic Ministry? Could an English Chancellor, or an Irish Lord Lieutenant, go against the rules for bestowing Church preferment laid down by his Catholic colleagues, or would he wish to do so? No, it would be his personal interest to obey them. The bestowal of Church patronage, in its general principle, is the act of the Ministry, and not of the individual Minister. Who appoints the Archbishops and Bishops? Let these be such

men as a Catholic Minister would wish; and the inferior clergy will soon be the same.

Of course, no security can be found here. What we said several months ago must be remembered, that these exceptions, and the oath, can at any time be swept away by a majority in Parliament.

We now arrive at the substitution of ten-pound freeholders for the forty-shilling ones. Mr Peel, a very few years ago, was inclined to believe that this change would diminish the political power of the Protestants more than that of the Catholics. O'Connell then said it would do so; and some of the Catholic demagogues declare, at this moment, that it will strengthen the Catholics. But, says Mr Peel, it will create a yeomanry, and respectable, intelligent electors. The man who occupies two or three acres of land and a wretched hovel—who is the greatest part of his time without employment—and who, according to evidence given before the House of Commons, a few years ago, is in more wretched circumstances than an English pauper—such a man, in Mr Peel's eyes, is a "yeoman," and a respectable, intelligent elector! This is indeed the age in which delirium alone is held to be sober reason.

This measure, then, will increase the political power of the Catholics; and it will not have any effect worthy of notice in rendering the voters more intelligent, or less the slaves of their priests. Instead of being a security, it is, according to the confession of the Catholics, the reverse.

As to the suppression of the establishments of the Jesuits, let the Catholics and their allies obtain a majority in the House of Commons, and the security here will at once vanish. Let the Jesuits be liberal in buying boroughs, paying election expenses, and making loans to needy profligates, and they will soon have such a majority. Let them remember, that, in these illuminated days, there are no principle and consistency to conquer amidst public men.

Nothing remains for us to notice worthy the name of security. Is any attempt made to prevent the priests from exercising their spiritual despotism at elections? No. Is any attempt made to prevent the priests and demagogues from electing every Ca-

tholic Member of Parliament, and binding him to the most pernicious conduct? No. When the priests and demagogues boast that they have the Church and the Aristocracy completely under their feet, is any attempt made to release the latter from the chains of their tyrants? No. Is any attempt made to restore to the Protestants that legitimate influence of which they have been robbed? Not the least. All the Catholics demand is to be granted, and all they have usurped, they are to retain. Here is no *status quo* treaty—here is no mutual concession—to the triumphant O'Connells, the empire surrenders at discretion.

We are very sure that every intelligent man, when he looks at the history of Ireland for the last few years, will admit that the Wellington Ministry is now making such a sacrifice of national right, benefit, and security, as was never before made by the most imbecile and profligate Ministry known to history.

We will now offer a few remarks on what, if the nature of things be unchanged, must be the natural working of this "unconditional emancipation."

One of Mr Peel's reasons is, the Commons and Lords, on the Catholic question, are opposed to each other; how far is his measure calculated to place them in harmony? It, as every one knows, must make a vital change in the composition of the House of Commons. Eighty or one hundred, or, as some say, one hundred and fifty, Catholic members will be substituted for Protestant ones. Nearly the whole of them will be chosen by one vast combination; they will be elected in reality by the priests and demagogues; they will be bound to the same creed; and in the House they will form one indivisible party. What other parties will it combine with? Will it act with the Church and Tory party—with the opponents of Church-robbery and Radical Reform? This is utterly impossible. It must, in the nature of things, combine itself with the Whigs and Radicals.

Mr Peel confesses that the Liberals have now the ascendancy in the House of Commons: his measure must of necessity mightily strengthen them in almost every place in England which sends members to Parliament. Catholics are

already numerous, and their number is greatly on the increase in every place of any magnitude. In almost every city and borough, and in some counties, they will, at elections, form powerful auxiliaries to the Independents, Unitarians, Infidels, and Anti-Churchmen of all descriptions: they will form a very potent *new* body of electors hostile to the Church. In places where scot and lot voters are the electors, they will control the majority. In many places, the number of Tory votes is nearly equalled by that of their opponents; and it may be easily foreseen how the creation of a number of new hostile votes will operate. It must not be forgotten, that in England the great mass of the middle classes have neither vote nor influence at elections.

In one most important point, the Catholics differ wholly from the Protestant dissenting sects. The latter have no funds with which to buy political power; they can barely raise sufficient money to defray the expenses of maintaining their religion. The Catholics are rich; they have the immense wealth of all Catholic Europe to support them. If the Jesuits think good to advance the money, they may, by purchase, soon introduce a large number of Catholic freemen into every borough; a number sufficient to turn every election, divided against each other as the Protestants are and farther will be. If the Jesuits think good to advance the purchase-money, they may constantly themselves elect both the members for sundry small boroughs; and if the Jesuits will only pay the expenses, they may return half the members in the shape of "Third Men," of many large boroughs.

Those who are acquainted with election matters in England will testify to the truth of this. We do not know what the Society of Jesuits will do, but we know what it will be in its power to do. If it will, on the average, expend annually £100,000 in buying freedoms and boroughs, paying election costs, and administering to the needs of mercenary, profligate, bankrupt, no-religion-legislators, it may always effectually govern the majority in the House of Commons. A sum like this would be nothing to the Society, aided as it unquestionably would be by the general church in Spain, Italy,

&c. &c., and also by foreign governments. Doubtlessly at its instigation, the devout Catholics of the Continent would, on the approach of an election, subscribe to aid their brethren in England.

We are morally certain that the Catholic Church of the Continent could, by such means, easily govern the majority in the House of Commons; and, when we look at its insatiable political ambition, its intense anxiety to recover what it once possessed in England, and the deep interest which foreign governments, putting out of sight religion, would have in assisting it in the business, we are morally certain that it would do so. We are morally certain that it would always have, in the House of Commons, a powerful party in its pay, and ready to obey its commands in every thing. In regard to foreign governments, let it be remembered that a mighty part of the Irish Catholics evidently wish to make Ireland independent.

But Mr Peel says, if the Catholics attempt to gain the ascendancy, the Protestants can combine against them; and he sees ample security in the present petitions. For vulgar, drivelling, baseless generalities like this, are notorious fact and common-sense disregarded. Where has Mr Peel lived, that he is so deplorably ignorant of the nature and working of the political system of his country? Where was the union of the Protestants, when the Corporation and Test Acts were repealed? Where is now their union against the Catholics? Will this "detested measure" permanently unite the Whigs and Tories, in Parliament, and all who are not Catholics, out of it? The measures of the Catholics for injuring and overthrowing the Church will always be zealously supported by an immense portion of those who are either Dissenters, or men of no religion. Will there be any union of the Protestants to prevent the Jesuits from doing what we have stated? There will not. Will there be any union of the Protestants to prevent the Catholics from holding the balance, in the next House of Commons? There will not. If they do this, will there be any union of the Protestants to prevent them from becoming Members of the Ministry? There will not. And if a Ministry, composed partly of Catholics, intro-

duce into Parliament bills to despoil the Church, abridge Protestant privileges, give additional power and advantages to the Catholics, &c. &c. WHAT WILL SUCH A UNION OF THE PROTESTANTS AS THE PRESENT PETITIONS EXHIBIT, BE ABLE TO ACCOMPLISH AGAINST IT? We put the question to that degraded Minister, who, at this moment, IN DEFIANCE OF A UNION OF THE PROTESTANTS WHOLLY UNEXAMPLED, IS FORCING A LAW THROUGH PARLIAMENT TO STRIP THE PROTESTANTS OF AN IMMENSE PORTION OF THEIR POWER, AND GIVE GIGANTIC AND EXCLUSIVE ADVANTAGES TO THE CATHOLICS.

In the next House of Commons, the Catholics, and their Whig and other allies, will form the majority. If this take place—and take place it will—the two Houses of Parliament will be opposed to each other constantly. Such will be Mr Peel's harmony.

Such a majority must of necessity fill the Cabinet with Catholics, Whigs, &c.; the majority of the House of Commons and the Ministry must, of course, consist of the same materials. There will then be a huge quantity more of harmony-manufacturing. We have no doubt that the Duke of Wellington and Mr Peel will be the members of such a Ministry, if the Catholics, &c., will condescend to permit them. They will be compelled to coerce the Crown into their views, and to create new Peers—many of them Catholic ones—to put the two Houses in general concord. In our deliberate conviction, the House of Lords must of necessity be Catholic, in the same proportion as the House of Commons. We need not say how anxious the Catholics will be to create Peers of their own religion.

The influence of the Aristocracy in the House of Commons is even now nearly destroyed; and, in consequence, its influence in legislating for the empire is nearly destroyed likewise. We speak what is notoriously true, and what is receiving terrible demonstration from the events of the moment. It naturally follows that the Crown is reduced to a shadow, and has no longer, so far as concerns principles, any power of choice touching its servants; the maxims and practice of the constitution are abandoned; and the country finds itself under arbitrary

power which it cannot restrain. In the next House of Commons, the majority will consist of Catholics and Liberals, the Ministry will of necessity consist of the same, and the Catholics will be the ruling part of both. Then the destruction of the political influence of the Aristocracy will be completed.

To the Peers severally we say, Do you not now find it almost impossible to act with effect on the defensive for either yourselves or your country? When your interests and privileges are attacked in the Legislature, are you not always compelled to sacrifice a part that you may with difficulty save the remainder? What, then, can you expect when the great majority of the House of Commons shall be decidedly against you—shall be entirely above your influence—shall be above the influence of the democracy—and shall be, in creed, object, and master, a foreign despotism? What would it avail you to obtain a portion of your influence at elections, if the overpowering weight of the House of Commons and the Crown should be constantly opposed to you? The Catholics at present boast that they have the Aristocracy and the Church completely under their feet in Ireland; and when they obtain the control of the House of Commons, they will have the Aristocracy and the Church completely under their feet in England.

To the Church and the Peers we say, what have you to expect if the Ministry and the ruling part of the Commons be composed of those who, in the slang of the day, are called Liberals? Look at the doctrines and schemes the latter have so long advocated touching yourselves, and then enquire how you will be able to defend what you possess when you become the powerless minority. These men are already predicting, that the "detested measure" will be your destruction in both power and existence. By this measure you are called upon to decide whether you will, or will not, cast from you your last weapon and your last hope—whether you will, or will not, commit, in respect of yourselves, the guilt of political suicide, and in respect of your country, THE TREASON OF DESTROYING ITS CHURCH AND UPPER HOUSE OF PARLIAMENT.

If the Ministry and ruling part of

the Commons be composed of Catholics and Liberals, what will become of the safeguards which bind the crown to Protestantism? The Sovereign will have Catholic Ministers, &c. continually around him; and he will be eternally assailed by the proselytising skill and intrigue, for which the Papal Church is so notorious. It is only on the personal character of such kings as George the Third that any reliance can be placed; and alas! alas! they form the few exceptions. A few short months ago, it was held to be as impossible for his present Majesty to sanction a measure like the one before Parliament, as it was for him to embrace the Catholic religion. If this country should ever have a Monarch amidst whose confidants no Englishman could be found—a Monarch partial to gaiety, and largely addicted to the fair sex; would not his faith be endangered by the foreign females, &c. which his Catholic Ministers and their ghostly allies would be sure to place around him? If this country should ever have a king of tyrannical principles, violent temper, and most weak understanding, could his adherence to Protestantism be relied on? If this country should ever find in the person of its Sovereign an infant female, or a gay, ignorant, thoughtless, giddy girl in her teens, would her religion be secure from the wiles of the Catholics? We put cases which are far removed from every thing bearing the shape of impossibility; and deeply—deeply ought they to be pondered on by our fellow-subjects.

But granting that the Sovereign could not be made a convert, and could only be dragged to a perfect indifference to all religions; or granting even that he might remain faithful to his Church, he would still be the servile tool of the Ministry. Such a Ministry, particularly if he should privately embrace the Catholic religion, would naturally be anxious to abolish the safeguards; and what would exist to prevent it? Let the answer be found in the conduct of the present Ministry. Speak of a union of the Protestants! that it would, without appealing to the sword, be utterly powerless against any thing the Ministry might attempt, is a matter which is receiving at this moment most ample demonstration. A union of the people can only be effected

when the laws and precepts of the constitution are obeyed. We care not for names; whatever may remain of them, the free constitution remains no longer, and the country is under an arbitrary dictatorship of the worst description. Could a more conclusive proof of it be necessary, than this fact—*all the means which the community is allowed to employ, are wholly unavailing against the despotic will of its rulers?*

If, therefore, the "detested measure" be successful, our government of checks and balances will be in essentials wholly destroyed. The Catholics, with their Anti-Church, Anti-English allies, will hold the House of Commons and the Cabinet; the Crown and the House of Lords will be their passive instruments, and their power will be absolute. They will in their own favour abolish law after law in utter defiance of the country, precisely as the present Ministers are now doing. Religious apostacy will be as prevalent among public men, as political apostacy is at present. One robbery upon another will be heaped on the Church—one wrong upon another will be heaped on the Protestants—one destruction upon another will be heaped on Protestant rights,—until at last the day of long-suffering will end in CIVIL WAR.

The country has been earnestly and most properly in his name called on to rally round its Sovereign. How nobly, in contempt of the apostacy and opposition of its degenerate Aristocracy—in disregard of the claims of party, or the bonds of blood and friendship—in prodigality of every kind of chivalrous sacrifice,—it has obeyed the call, is a matter too well known to need description. Now is the time, then, for it to make a call, and in its name we call on THE SOVEREIGN TO DO HIS DUTY TO HIS COUNTRY. Tell us not of compulsion, for he can shake it from him in a moment! Let him speak with the honest boldness and lofty independence of the English gentleman, and the swords will leap from the scabbards which will save the constitution! If the call be fruitless, let the country to the last preserve itself from the imputation, and keep itself pure in the eyes of posterity from the suspicion of being a sharer in guilt. Let it not give its enemies a pretext for saying that the

King would have been faithful, but he was not supported by the country. If his Majesty will do the deed, let him at least stand in history respecting it, sketched by the unerring pencil of severe truth. We therefore recommend our countrymen to meet and prepare petitions to the King while the bill is in progress through the Upper House, and to be particularly careful to have their petitions in readiness to be presented to his Majesty, if need be, before the Royal assent can, through any scandalous haste, be obtained. They will then be able to leave this testimony to their posterity—*We spared no sacrifice; we exhausted efforts; we met and petitioned; we supplicated alike the Commons, the Lords, and the Sovereign; every thing that the constitution and laws would permit, we employed for the preservation of our religion and liberties; and if we at last submitted to our despotic rulers, it was because we could not resist them farther without bathing our worshipped country in the blood of its own children.*

Shall we conclude without a word to the Duke of Wellington? No. We ask the Hero of Waterloo, what part of the community it was which, in the early part of his career in the Peninsula, defended his fame from his slanderers—which bled at every pore in his battles—which was as prodigal of its treasure as of its blood to give him the means of victory—which, by its lavish sacrifices and dauntless he-

roism, carried him on from triumph to triumph over his foreign enemies, and crushed his domestic ones at the same moment—and which, after having thus enabled him to reach the pinnacle of military fame, extracted from its impoverished resources and privations wherewith to cover him with wealth and dignities? We ask him, what part of the community it was which, when he fell from office on the dissolution of the Liverpool Ministry, rallied round him, removed the foul calumny from his honour, dispersed his foes, and placed him at the head of the Cabinet? And we ask him, what part of the community it is which he has betrayed and enslaved;—which finds in him the violator of its rights, and the traitorous destroyer of its cause? **THEY ARE ONE AND THE SAME!** We ask the Hero of Waterloo, what country that was which, by its boundless confidence, sacrifices, and generosity, raised him from the untitled Arthur Wellesley, to the Duke of Wellington and Prime Minister he is? And we ask him, what country that is, of which he is mutilating the constitution, doing violence to the religion, despising the prayers, and trampling upon the rights and privileges by such tyranny as the present generation never witnessed? **THEY ARE ONE AND THE SAME.** Never did human ingratitude reach its overflow until this moment! Speak of "a soldier's honour!" No, no—that is a thing never to be mentioned again for ever!

Noctes Ambrosianæ.

No. XLII.

XPΗ Δ'ΕΝ ΣΥΜΠΟΣΙΩ ΚΤΑΙΚΩΝ ΠΕΡΙΝΙΣΣΟΜΕΝΑΩΝ
ΗΔΕΑ ΚΩΤΙΛΛΟΝΤΑ ΚΑΘΗΜΕΝΟΝ ΟΙΝΟΠΟΤΑΖΕΙΝ.

Σ.

PHOC. *ap Ath.*

[*This is a distich by wise old Phocylides,
An ancient who wrote crabbed Greek in no silly days ;
Meaning, " 'TIS RIGHT FOR GOOD WINEBIBBING PEOPLE,
NOT TO LET THE JUG PACE ROUND THE BOARD LIKE A CRIPPLE ;
BUT GAILY TO CHAT WHILE DISCUSSING THEIR TIFPLE."*
*An excellent rule of the hearty old cock 'tis—
And a very fit motto to put to our Noctes.*]

C. N. *ap. Ambr.*

SCENE I.

SCENE—*The Snuggery.—Time—Eight O'Clock.—The Union-Table, with Tea and Caffre-Pots, and the O'Doherty China-set—Cold Round—Pies—Oysters—Rizzars—Pickled Salmon, &c. &c. &c. A How-Towdie whirling before the fire over a large basin of mashed Potatoes. The Boiler on. A Bachelor's Kitchen on the small Oval. A Dumb Waiter at each end of the Union.*

NORTH—SHEPHERD.

SHEPHERD.

THIS I ca' comfort, sir. Every thing within oursell—nae need to ring a bell the leevelang night—nae openin' o' cheepin', nae shuttin' o' clashin' doors—nae trampin' o' waiters across the carpet wi' creakin' shoon—or stumblin', clumsy coofs—to the great spillin' o' gravy—but a' things, eatable and uneatable, either hushed into a cozy calm, or—

NORTH.

Now light, James, the lamp of the Bachelor's Kitchen with Tickler's card, and in a quarter of an hour, minus five minutes, you shall scent and see such steaks!

SHEPHERD.

Only look at the towdy, sir, how she swings sae granly roun' by my garters, after the fashion o' a planet. It's a beautiful example o' centrifugal attraction. See till the fat dreep-dreepin' until the sset o' mshed potawtoes, oilifying the crusted brown until a mair delicious richness o' mixed vegetable and animal maiter! As she swings slowly twirling roun', I really canna say, sir, for I dinna ken, whether baney back or fleshy brier be the mair temptin'! Sappy baith!

NORTH.

Right, James—baste her—baste her—don't spare the flour. Nothing tells like the dredge-box.

SHEPHERD.

You're a capital man-cook, sir.

NORTH.

For plain roast and boil, I yield to no mortal man. Nor am I inconsiderable shakes at stews. What a beautiful blue magical light glimmers from that wonder-working lamp, beneath whose necromancy you already hear the sweet low bubble and squeak of the maturing steak! Off with the lid, James.

(*The SHEPHERD doffs the lid of the Bachelor's Kitchen.*)

SHEPHERD.

What a pabblin' ! A' hotchin', like the sea in a squall, or a patfu' o' boil-in' parritch ! What a sweet savour ! Is 't na like honeysuckle, sir, or sweet-hrier, or broom, or whuns, or thyme, or roses, or carnations ? Or rather like the scent o' these a' conglomerated thegither in the dewy mornin' air, when, as sune as you open the window, the haill house is overflowing wi' fragrance, and a body's amaisit sick wi' the sweet, warm, thick air, that slowly wins its way, like palpable balm, arm in arm wi' the licht that waukens the yellow-billed blackbird in her nest amang the cottage creepers, or re-opens the watchful een o' her neighbour, the honny spotted mavis ! Let's pree't.

(SHEPHERD tastes.)

NORTH.

Ay—I could have told you so. Rash man, to swallow liquid and solid fire ! But no more spluttering. Cool your tongue with a caulker.

SHEPHERD.

That lamp's no canny. It intensifies hetness intil an atrocity abune natur. Is the skin ftyed aff my tongue, sir ?

(SHEPHERD shows tongue.)

NORTH.

Let me put on my spectacles. A slight incipient inflammation not worth mentioning.

SHEPHERD.

I houp an incipient inflammation's no a dangerous sort ?

NORTH.

Is that indeed the tongue, my dear James, that trills so sweetly and so simply those wild Doric strains ? How deeply, darkly, beautifully red ! Just like a rag of scarlet. No scurf—say rather no haze around the lambent light. A rod of fire—an arrow of flame. A tongue of ten thousand, prophesying an eagle or raven-life.

SHEPHERD.

I aye like, sir, to keep a gude tongue in my head, ever since I wrote the Chaldee mannyscripp.

NORTH.

Humph !—No more infallible mark of a man of genius, James, than the shape of his tongue. It is uniformly long, so that he can shoot it out, with an easy grace, to the tip of his nose.

SHEPHERD.

This way ?

NORTH.

Precisely so. Fine all round the edge, from root to tip—underneath very veinous—surface in colour near as may be to that of a crimson curtain shining in setting sunlight. But the tip—James—the tip——

SHEPHERD.

Like that o' the serpent's that deceived Eve, sir—curlin' up and down like the musical leaf o' some magical tree——

NORTH.

It is a singular fact with regard to the tongue, that if you cut off the half ot it, the proprietor of the contingent remainder can only mumble—but cut it off wholly, and he speaks fully better than before——

SHEPHERD.

That's a hang'd lee.

NORTH.

As true a word as ever I spoke, James.

SHEPHERD.

Perhaps it may, sir, but it's a hang'd lee, nevertheless.

NORTH.

Dish the steaks, my dear James, and I shall cut down the how-towdie.

(NORTH and the SHEPHERD furnish up the Ambrosial tables, and sit down to serious devouring.)

NORTH.

Now, James, acknowledge it—don't you admire a miscellaneous meal ?

SHEPHERD.

I do. Breakfast, noonny, denner, four-hours, and sooper, a' in anc. A ma-

terial emblem o' that spiritual substance, Blackwood's Magazine! Can it possibly be, sir, that we are twa gluttons?

NORTH.

Gluttons we most assuredly are not; hut each of us is a man of good appetite. What is gluttony?

SHEPHERD.

Some mair stakes, sir?

NORTH.

Very few, my dear James, very few.

SHEPHERD.

What's gluttony?

NORTH.

Some eggs?

SHEPHERD.

Ae spoonfu'. What a layer she wad hae been! O but she's a prolific creature, Mr North, your how-towdie! It's necessary to kill beaps o' yearocks, or the haill kintra wud be a-cackle frae John o' Groat's House to St Michael's Mount.

NORTH.

Sometimes I eat merely as an amusement or pastime—sometimes for recreation of my animal spirits—sometimes on the philosophical principle of sustenance—sometimes for the mere sensual, but scarcely sinful, pleasure of eating, or, in common language, gormandizing—and occasionally, once a-month or so, for all these several purposes unite, as at this present blessed moment; so a few flakes, my dear Shepherd, of that Westmoreland ham—lay the knife on it, and its own weight will sink it down through the soft sweet sappiness of fat and lean, undistinguishably blended as the colours of the rainbow, and out of all sight incomparably more beautiful.

SHEPHERD.

As for me, I care nae mair about what I eat, than I do what kind o' bed I sleep upon, sir. I hate ony thing stinkin' or mooldy at board—or ony thing damp or musty in bed. But let the vivres be but fresh and wholesome—and if it's but scones and milk, I shut my een, say a grace, fa' to, and am thankful;—let the bed be dry, and whether saft or hard, feathers, hair, caff, straw, or heather, I'm fast in ten minutes, and my sowl waverin' awa like a butterfly intil the land o' dreams.

NORTH.

Not a more abstemious man than old Kit North in his Majesty's dominions, on which the sun never sets. I have the most accommodating of palates.

SHEPHERD.

Yes—it's an universal genius. I ken naething like it, sir, but your stamack.—“Sure such a pair were never seen!” Had ye never the colic?

NORTH.

Never, James, never. I confess that I have been guilty of many crimes, but never of a capital crime,—never of colic.

SHEPHERD.

There's muckle confusion o' ideas in the brains of the blockheads who accuse us o' gluttony, Mr North. Gluttony may be defined “an immoral and unintellectual abandonment o' the sowl o' man to his gustative natur.” I defy a brute animal to be a glutton. A swine's no a glutton. Nae cretur but man can be a glutton. A' the rest are prevented by the definition.

NORTH.

Is there any test of gluttony, James?

SHEPHERD.

Watch twa man eatin'. As lang's there's a power or capacity o' smilin' on their cheeks, and in and about their een,—as lang's they keep lookin' at you, and round about the table, attendin' to or joinin' in the taik, or the speakin' cawm,—as lang's they every noo an' than lay doon their knife and fork, to ca' for yill, or ask a young ledy to tak wine, or tell an anecdote,—as lang's they keep frequently ca'in' on the servant lad or lass for a clean plate,—as lang's they glower on the framed picturs or prents on the wa', and keep askin' if the tane's originals and the tither proofs,—as lang's they offer to

carve the tongue or turkey—depend on't they're no in a state o' gluttony, but are devourin' their soup, fish, fiesb, and fowl, like men and Christians. But as sune's their chin gets creeshy—their cheeks lank, sallow, and clunk-clunky—their nostrils wide—their een fixed—their faces close to their trencher—and themaeels dumbies—then you may see a specimen "o' the immoral and unintellectual abandonment o' the sowl o' man to his gustative natur;" then is the fast, foul, fat feeder a glutton, the maist disgustfuest cretur that sits—and far aneath the level o' them that feed, on a' fowers, out o' trochs on garbage.

NORTH.

Sensuality is the most shocking of all sins, and its name is Legion.

SHEPHERD.

Ay, there may be as muckle gluttony on sowens ss on turtle soup. A ploughman may be as greedy and as gutsy as an alderman. The sin lies not in the sense but in the sowl. Sir—a red-herring?

NORTH.

Thank ye, James.

SHEPHERD.

Are you drinkin' coffee?—Let me toast you a shave o' bread, and butter fit for you on baith sides, sir?

(*The SHEPHERD kneels on the Tiger, and stretches out the Trident to Vulcan.*)

NORTH.

Heaven will reward ye, James, for your piety to the old man.

SHEPHERD.

Dinna think, sir, that I care about your last wull and testament. I'm nae legacy-hunter—nae Post-obit. But hae ye added the codicil?

NORTH.

The man who has not made his will at forty is worse than a fool—almost a knave.

SHEPHERD.

I ken nae better test o' wisdom—wisdom in its highest sense—than a just last wull and testament. It blesseth generations yet unborn. It guardeth and strengtheneth domestic peace—and maketh brethren to dwell together in unity. Being dead, the wise testator yet liveth—his spirit abideth invisible, but felt ower the roof-tree, and delighteth, morning and evening, in the thanksgiving Psalm.

NORTH.

One would think it were easy to act well in that matter.

SHEPHERD.

One would think it were easy to act weel, sir, in a' matters. Yet hoo difficult! The sowl seems, somehow or ither, to lose her simplicity; and instead o' lookin' wi' her twa natural een straucht forrits along the great, wide, smooth royal road o' truth and integrity, to keep restlessly glourin' round and round about wi' a thousan' artificial ogles upon a' the cross and by-paths leadin' nae single body kens whither, unless it be into brakes, and thickets, and quagmires, and wildernesses o' moss—where ane may wander wearily and drearily up and down for years, and never recover the richt road again, till death touches him on the shouther, and doon he fa's amang them that were, leavin' a' that lucked up to him for his effects in doubt and dismay and desolation, wi' sore and bitter hearts, uncertain whether to gie vent to their feelings in blessings or in curses, in execration or prayer.

NORTH.

Of all the vices of old age, may gracious Heaven, my dearest James, for ever shield me from avarice!

SHEPHERD.

Nae fear o' that. There's either just ae enjoyment o' siller, or five hunder thousan' million. The rich maun either spend it thick and fast, as a nightingale scatters her notes on the happy air—or sit upon his guineas, like a clockin' hen on a heap o' yellow addled eggs amang the nettles.

NORTH.

Picturesquely true.

SHEPHERD.

Oh, sir! what delight to a wise rich man in being lavish—in being prodigal! For thae twa words only carry blame alang wi' them according to the character o' the giver or the receiver. Wha mair lavish—wha mair prodigal than the Sun? Yet let him shower his beams for ever and ever all ower the Planetary System, frae Venus wi' her cestus to Saturn wi' his ring, and nane the poorer, either in light or in heat, is he—and nane the poorer will he ever be, till the Hand that hung him on high shall cut the golden cord by which he liveth in the sky, and he falls, his duty done, into the bosom of Chaos and Old Night!

NORTH.

My dear Shepherd!

SHEPHERD.

But the Sun he shineth wi' unborrowed light. There's the bonnie Moon, God bless her mildest face, that loveth still to cheer the pensive nicht wi' a lustre lent her by the joyful day—to give to earth a' she receives frae heaven. Puir, senseless, ungratefu' creturs we! Eyeing her frae our ain narrow vales, we ca' her changefu' and inconstant! But is na she, sweet satellite, for ever journeying on her gracious round, and why will we grudge her smiles to them far frae us, seein' we are a' children o' ae Maker, and, according to his perfect laws, a' partakers in the same impartial bounty?—Here's a nice brown shave for you, sir.

(The SHEPHERD rises from his knees on the rug—takes the bread from the prongs of the Trident, and fresh butters it on both sides for Mr NORTH, who receives it with a benign bow.)

NORTH.

Uncommonly yellow this butter, James, for the season. The grass must be growing—

SHEPHERD.

Ay, you may hear't growin'. What years for vegetation the last beautiful and glorious Three! The ongoings o' natur are in the lang run regular and steady;—but noo and then the mighty mother seems to obey some uncontrollable impulse, far within her fair large bosom, and “wantons as in her prime,” outdoing her very self in beneficence to earth, and that mysterious concave we ca' heaven.

NORTH.

In spite of gout, rheumatism, lumbago, corns, and chilblains, into the Forest shall I wend my way, James, before midsummer.

SHEPHERD.

And young and auld will be but ower happy to see you, sir, frae the lanely Douglas Tower to those o' Newark. Would ye believ't, an auld ash stallion in the garden hedge of Mount Bengier shot out six scions last year, the langest o' them nine, and the shortest seven feet lang? That was growin' for you, sir.

NORTH.

There has been much planting of trees lately in the Forest, James?

SHEPHERD.

To my taste, to tell the truth, rather ower muckle—especially o' nurses.

NORTH.

Nurses! wet or dry nurses, James?

SHEPHERD.

Baith. Larches and Scotch firs; or you may ca' them schoolmasters, that teach the young idea how to shoot. But thinnins in the Forest never can pay, I suspect; and except on bleakly knows, the hard-wood wad grow better, in my opinion, left to themselfs, without either nurses or schoolmasters. The nurses are apt to overlay their weans, and the schoolmasters to forget, or what's waur, to flog their pupils; and thus the rising is a stunted generation.

NORTH.

Forty-five years ago, my dear James, when you were too young to remember much, I loved the Forest for its solitary single trees, ancient yew or sycamore, black in the distance, but when near how gloriously green! Tail, deli-

cately-feathered ash, whose limbs were still visible in latest summer's leafiness—birch, in early spring, weeping and whispering in its pensive happiness by the perpetual din of its own waterfall—oak, yellow in the sun of June—

SHEPHERD.

"The grace of forest wood decayed,
And pastoral melancholy!"

NORTH.

What lovely lines! Who writes like Wordsworth!

SHEPHERD.

'Tis! Me ower young to remember muckle fourty-five years ago! You're speakin' bavers. I was then twal—and I remember every thing I ever heard or saw sin' I was three year auld. I recolleck the mornin' I was pitten intil breeks as distinctly as if it were this verra day. They hurt me sair atween the fork and the inside o' the knees—but oh! I waa a prood man—and the lamb that I chased all the way frae my father's hut to Ettrick Manse, round about the kirk, till I caught it on a gowany grave, and lay doon wi't in my arms on the sunny heap, had nae need to be ashamed o' itsel', for I hunted it like a colley—although, when I grupp'd it at last, I held it to my beatin' bosom as tenderly as ever I hae since done wee Jamie, when pitten the dear creetur intil the crib that stauns at the side o' his mother's bed, after e'enin' prayers.

NORTH.

I feel not undelightfully, my dear James, that I must be waxing old—very old—for of the last ten years of my life I remember almost nothing except by an effort—whereas the first ten—commencing with that bright, clear, undying light that borders the edge of the oblivion of infancy—have been lately becoming more intensely distinct—so that often the past is with me as it were the present—and the sad grey-haired ancient is again a blest golden-headed boy, singing a chorus with the breezes, the birds, and the streams. Alas! and alack a day!

SHEPHERD.

'Tis only sae that we ever renew our youth. Oh, sir! I hinna forgotten the colour o' the plumage o' ae single dove that ever sat cooin' o' old on the growin' turf-riggin' o' my father's but! Ae great muckle, big, beautifu' ane in particular, blue as if it had dropt down frae the sky—I see the noo, a' neck and bosom, cooin' and cooin' deep as distant thunder, round and round his mate, wha was whiter than the white sea-faem, makin' love to the snawy creture—wha cowered doon in fear afore ber imperious and impassioned lord—yet in love stronger than fear—shewing boo in a' leeving natur passions seemingly the maist remote frae ane anither, coalesce into mysterious union by means o' ae pervading and interfusing speerit, that quickens the pulses o' that inscrutable secret—life!

NORTH.

All linnets have died, James—that race of loveliest lilters is extinct.

SHEPHERD.

No thae. Broom and bracken are tenanted by the glad, meek creturs still—but the chords o' music in our hearts are sair unstrung—the harp o' our heart has lost its melody. But come out to the Forest, my dear, my bonoured sir, and fear not then when we twa are walking thegither without speakin' among the hills, you

"Will feel the airs that from them blow,
A momentary bliss bestow,"

and the wild, uncertain, waverin' music o' the Eolian harp that natur plays upon in the solitude, will again eccho far far awa' amang the recesses o' your heart, and the linty will sing as sweetly as ever frae amang the blossoms o' the milk-white thorn. Or, if you canna be brocht to feel sae, you'll hae but to look in my wee Jamie's face, and his glistening een will convince you that Scotia's nighbtingale still singeth as sweetly as of yore!—But let us sit into the fire, sir.

NORTH.

Thank you, Shephcrd—thank you, James.

SHEPHERD, (*wheeling his father's chair to the ingle-corner, and singing the while.*)

"THERE'S CRISTOPHER NORTH, THAT WONS IN YON GLEN,
HE'S THE KING O' GUDE FALLOW, AND WALE O' AULD MEN!"

NORTH.

I cannot bear, James, to receive such attention paid to my bodily weakness—I had almost said, my decrepitude—by any living soul but yourself.—How is that, my dear Shepherd?

SHEPHERD.

Because I treat you wi' tenderness, but no wi' pity—wi' sympathy, but no wi' compassion——

NORTH.

My dear James, ye must give us a book on synonymes. What delicacy of distinction!

SHEPHERD.

I suspeck, sir, that mother wut and mother feelin' hae mair to do wi' the truth o' metaphysical etymology and grammar, than either lair or labour. Ken the meanin', by self experience, o' a' the nicest shades o' thoughts and feelings, and devil the fears but you'll ken the meanin's o' the nicest shades o' syllables and words.

NORTH.

Good, James. Language flows from two great sources—the head and the heart. Each feeds ten thousand rills——

SHEPHERD.

Reflectin' different imagery—but no sae very different either—for—you see——

NORTH.

I see nothing, James, little or nothing, till you b'low away the intervening mist by the breath of genius, and then the whole world outshines, like a panorama with a central sun.

SHEPHERD.

Ah! sir, you had seen the hale world afore ever I kent you—a perfect wandering Ulysses.

NORTH.

Yes, James, I have circumnavigated the globe, and intersected it through all its zones, and, by Jupiter, there is not a climate comparable to that of Scotland.

SHEPHERD.

I believ't. Blessed be Providence, for having saved my life frae the curse o' a stagnant sky—a monotonous heaven. On flat land, and aneath an ever blue lift, I should sune hae been a perfeck idiwit.

NORTH.

What a comical chap, James, you would have been, had you been born a negro!

SHEPHERD.

Aye—I think I see you, sir, wi' great big blubber lips, a mouthfu' o' muckle white horse's teeth, and a head o' hair like the woo atween a ram's horns when he's grown ancient amang the mountains. What Desdemona could hae stood out against sic an Othello?

NORTH.

Are negroes, gentlemen, to sit in both Houses of Parliament?

SHEPHERD.

Nae politics the nicht—nae politics. I'm sick o' politics. Let's speak about the weather. This has been a fine day, sirs.

NORTH.

A first-rate day, indeed, James. Commend me to a day who does not stand shilly-shallying during the whole morning and forenoon, with hands in his breeches pockets, or biting his nails, and scratching his head, unable to make

up his mind in what fancy character he is to appear from meridian to sunset—but who—

SHEPHERD.

Breaks out o' the arms o' the dark-haired bricht-ee'd nicht, wi' the power and pomp o' a Titan, and frightenin' that bit puir timid lassie the Dawn out o' her seven senses, in thunder and lightning a' at ance storms the sky, till creation is drenched in flood, bathed in fire, and rocked by earthquake. 'That's the day for a poet, sirs—that's a pictur for the ee, and that's music for the lug o' imagination, sirs, till ane's verra speerit cums to creawte the war it trummles at, and to be composed o' the self-same yellements, gloomin' and boomin', blackenin' and brichtenin', pourin' and roarin', and awsomey confusin' and confoundin' heaven and earth, and this life and the life that is to come, and a' the passions that loup up at sights and sounds, joy, hope, fear, terror, exultation, and that mysterious up-risin' and down fa' in o' our mortal hearts connected some hoo or ither wi' the fleecin cluds, and the tossin trees, and the red rivers in spate, and the sullen looks o' black bits o' sky like faces, together wi' ane and a' o' thae restless shows o' uneasy natur appertainin', God knows hoo, but maist certain sure it is so, to the region, the rueful region o' man's entailed inheritance—the grave!

NORTH.

James, you are very pale—very white about the gills—are you well enough? Turn up your little finger. Pale! nay, now they are more of the colour of my hat—as if

“In the scowl of heaven, his face
Grew black as he was speaking.”

The shadow of the thunder-cloud threatening the eyes of his imagination, has absolutely darkened his face of clay. He seems at a funeral, James!

SHEPHERD.

Whare's the moral? What's the use of thunder, except in a free country? There's nae grandeur in the terror o' slaves flingin' themsells doon on their faces among the sugar-canes, in a tornawdo. But the low quick beatin' at the heart o' a freeman, a bauld-faced son o' liberty, when simultawneous flash and crash rends Natur to her core, why that flutter, sir, that does homage to a Power aboon us, exalts the dreadful magnificence o' the instruments that Power employs to subjugate our souls to his sway, and makes thunder and lichtnin', in sic a country as England and Scotland, sublime.

NORTH.

The short and the long of the matter seems to be, James, that when it thunders you funk.

SHEPHERD.

Yes, sir, thunder frightens me *into* my senses.

NORTH.

Well said, James—well said.

SHEPHERD.

Heaven forgive me—but ten out o' the eighteen wakin' hours, I am an atheist.

NORTH.

And I.

SHEPHERD.

And a' men. Puir, pitifu', ungratefu', and meesarable wretches that we are—waur than worms. An atheist's a godless man. Sweep a' thoughts o' his Maker out o' ony man's heurt—and what better is he, as lang's the floor o' his being continues bare, than an atheist?

NORTH.

Little better indeed.

SHEPHERD.

I envy—I honour—I venerate—I love—I bless the man, who, like the patriarchs of old, e'er sin drowned the world, ever walks with God.

NORTH.

James, here we must not get too solemn—

SHEPHERD.

That's true; and let me hope that I'm no sae forgetfu' as I fear. In this season o' the year, especially when the flowers are a' seen again in lauchin' flocks ower the braes, like children returnin' to school after a lang enaw, I can wi' truth avoo, that the sicht o' a primrose is to me like the soun' o' a prayer, and that I seldom walk alone by mysell for half a mile, without thochts sae calm and sae serene, and sae humble and sae gratefu', that I houp I'm no deceivin' mysell noo when I venture to ca' them—religious.

NORTH.

No, James, you are not self-deceived—Poetry melts into Religion.

SHEPHERD.

It is Religion, sir; for what is Religion but a clear—often a sudden—insicht, accompanied wi' emotion, into the dependence o' a' beauty and a' glory on the Divine Mind? A wee bit dew-wat gowany, as it maks a scarcely perceptible sound and stir, which it often does, among the grass that loves to shelter but not hide the bonnie earth-born star, gliutin' up sae kindly wi' its face into mine, while by good fortune my feet touched it not, has hundreds o' times affected me as profoundly as ever did the Sun himsell setting in a' his glory—as profoundly—and, oh! far mair tenderly, for a thing that grows and grows, and becomes every hour mair and mair beautifu', and then hangs fixed for a season in the perfection o' its lovely delight, and then—wae is me—begins to be a little dim—and then dimmer and dimmer, till we feel that it is indeed—in very truth, there's nae denyin't—fading—fading—gone—dead—buried—Oh! sir, sic an existence as that has an overwhelmin' analogy to our ain life—and that I hae felt—nor doubt I that you, my dear sir, hae felt it too—when on some saft, sweet, silcent incense-breathing morning o' spring—far awa', perhaps, frae the smoke o' ony human dwellin', and walkin' ye cared na, kent na whither—sae early that the ground-bees were but beginnin' to hum out o' their bikes—when, I say, some flower suddenly attracted the licht within your ee, wi' a power like that o' the loadstone, and though, perhaps, the commonest o' the flowers that beautify the braes o' Scotland—only, as I said, a bit ordinary gowan—yet, what a sudden rush o' thochts and feelings overflowed your soul at the simple sight! while a' nature becam for a moment overspread wi' a tender haze belongin' not to hersell, for there was naething there to bedim her brightness, but existin' only in your ain twa silly een, shed-din' in the solitude a few holy tears!

NORTH.

James, I will trouble you for the red-herrings.

SHEPHERD.

There. Mr North, I could write twuntty vollumms about the weather. Wad they sell?

NORTH.

I fear they might be deficient in incident.

SHEPHERD.

Nothing I write's ever deficient in incident. Between us three, what think ye o' my Shephcrd's Calendar?

NORTH.

Admirable, my dear James—admirable. To tell you the truth, I never read it in the Magazine; but I was told the papers were universally liked there—and now, as Vols., they are beyond—above—all praise.

SHEPHERD.

But wull you say that in black and white in the Magazine? What's the use o' ronzin' a body to their face, and abusin' them abint their backs? Settin' them upon a pedestal in private, and in public layin' them a' their length on the floor? You're jealous o' me, sir, that's the real truth,—and you wush that I was dead.

NORTH.

Pardon me, James, I merely wish that you never had been born.

SHEPHERD.

That's far mair wicked. Oh! but jealousy and envy's twa delusive passions, and they pu' you down frae your aerial altitude, sir, like twa ravens ruggin' an eagle frae the sky.

NORTH.

From literary jealousy, James, even of you, my soul is free as the stone-shaded well in your garden from the ditch water that flows around it, on a rainy day. I but flirt with the Muses, and when they are faithless, I whistle the haggards down the wind, and puff all care away with a cigar. But I have felt the jealousy, James, and of all passions it alone springs from seed wafted into the human heart from the Upas Tree of Hell.

SHEPHERD.

Wheesht! Wheesht.

NORTH.

Shakspeare has but feebly painted that passion in Othello. A complete failure. I never was married, that I recollect—neither am I a black man,—therefore, I do not pretend to be a judge of Othello's conduct and character. But, in the first place, Shakspeare ought to have been above taking an anomalous case of jealousy. How could a black husband escape being jealous of a white wife? There was a cause of jealousy given in his very fate.

SHEPHERD.

Eh? What? What? Eh? Faith there's something in that observation.

NORTH.

Besides, had Desdemona lived, she would have produced a mulatto. Could she have seen their "visages in their minds?" Othello and she going to church, with a brood of tawnies—

SHEPHERD.

I dinna like to hear you speakin' that way. Dinna profane poetry.

NORTH.

Let not poetry profane nature. I am serious, James. That which in real life would be fulsome, cannot breathe sweetly in fiction; for fiction is still a reflection of truth, and truth is sacred.

SHEPHERD.

I agree wi' you sae far, that the Passion o' Jealousy in Luvie can only be painted wi' perfect natur in a man that stands towards a woman in a perfectly natural relation. Otherwise, the picture may be well painted, but it is still but a picture of a particular and singular exhibition o' the passion—in short, as you say, o' an anomaly. I like a word I dinna weel understand.

NORTH.

Mr Wordsworth calls Desdemona, "the gentle lady married to the Moor," and the line has been often quoted and admired. It simply asserts two facts—that she was a gentle lady, and that she was married to the Moor. What then?

SHEPHERD.

I forgie her—I pity her—but I can wi' difficulty respeek her—I confess. It was a curious kind o' hankerin' after an opposite colour.

NORTH.

Change the character and condition of the parties—Can you imagine a white hero falling in love wi' a black heroine, in a country where there were plenty of white women? Marrying and murdering her in an agony of rage and love?

SHEPHERD.

I can only answer for mysell—I never could bring mysell to marry a Black-amoor.

NORTH.

Yet they are often sweet, gentle, affectionate, meek, mild, humble, and devoted creatures—Desdemonas.

SHEPHERD.

But men and women, sir, I verily believe, are different in many things respecting the passion o' luvie. I've kent bonnie, young, bloomin' lassies fa' in luvie wi' auld, wizen'd, yellow, disgustin' fallows—I hae indeed, sir. It was their fancy. But I never heard tell o' a young, handsome, healthy chiel gettin' impassioned on an auld, wrunkled, skranky hag, without a tocher. Now, sir, Othello was—

NORTH

Well—well—let it pass—

SHEPHERD.

Ay—that's the way o' you—the instant you begin to see the argument gaen against you, you turn the conversation, either by main force, or by a quirk or a sophism, and sae escape frae the net that was about to be flung ower you, and like a bird, awa' up into the air—or invisible ower the edge of the horizon.

NORTH.

Well, then, James, what say you to Iago?

SHEPHERD.

What about him?

NORTH.

Is his character in nature?

SHEPHERD.

I dinna ken. But what for no?

NORTH.

What was his motive? Pure love of mischief?

SHEPHERD.

Aiblins.

NORTH.

Pride in power, and in skill to work mischief?

SHEPHERD.

Aiblins.

NORTH.

Did he hate the Moor even to the death?

SHEPHERD.

Aiblins.

NORTH.

Did he resolve to work his ruin, let the consequences to himself be what they might?

SHEPHERD.

It would seem sae.

NORTH.

Did he know that his own ruin—his own death, must follow the success of this scheme?

SHEPHERD.

Hoo can I tell that?

NORTH.

Was he blinded utterly to such result by his wickedness directed against Othello?

SHEPHERD.

Perhaps he was. Hoo can I tell?

NORTH.

Or did he foresee his own doom—and still go on unappalled?

SHEPHERD.

It might be sae, for any thing I ken to the contrary. He was owre cool and calculatin' to be blinded.

NORTH.

Is he then an intelligible or an unintelligible character?

SHEPHERD.

An unintelligible.

NORTH.

Therefore not a natural character. I say, James, that his conduct from first to last, cannot be accounted for by any view that can be taken of his character. The whole is a riddle—of which Shakspeare has not given the solution. Now, all human nature is full of riddles; but it is the business of dramatic poets to solve them, and this one Shakspeare has left unsolved. But having himself proposed it, he was bound either to have solved it, or to have set such a riddle as the wit of man could have solved in two centuries. Therefore—

SHEPHERD.

Othello is a bad play?

NORTH.

Not bad, but not good—that is, not greatly good—not in the first order of harmonious and mysterious creations—not a work worthy of Shakspeare.

SHEPHERD.

Confound me if I can tell whether you're speakin' sense or nonsense—truth or havers; or whether you be serious, or only playin' aff upon me some o' your Mephistophiles tricks. I aften think you're an evil speerit in disguise, and that your greatest delight is in confounding truth and falsehood.

NORTH.

My dear James, every word I have now uttered may be mere nonsense. I cannot tell. But do you see my drift?

SHEPHERD.

Na. I see you like a veshel tryin' to beat up against a strong wund and a strong tide, and driftin' awa to leeward, till it's close in upon the shore, and about to gang stern foremost in amang the rocks and the breakers. Sae far I see your drift, and nae farther. You'll soon fa' ower on your beam ends, and become a total wreck.

NORTH.

Well, then, mark my drift, James. We idolize Genius, to the neglect of the worship of Virtue. To our thoughts, Genius is all in all—Virtue absolutely nothing. Human nature seems to be glorified in Shakspeare, because his intellect was various and vast, and because it comprehended a knowledge of all the workings, perhaps, of human being. But if there be truth in that faith to which the Christian world is bound, how dare we, on that ground, to look on Shakspeare as almost greater and better than Man? Why, to criticise one of his works poorly, or badly, or insolently, is it held to be blasphemy? Why? Is Genius so sacred, so holy a thing, *per se*, and apart from Virtue? Folly all! One truly good action performed is worth all that ever Shakspeare wrote. Who is the Swan of Avon in comparison to the humblest being that ever purified his spirit in the waters of eternal life?

SHEPHERD.

Speak awa! I'll no interrupt you—but whether I agree wi' you or no's anither question.

NORTH.

Only listen, James, to our eulogies on genius. How virtue must veil her radiant forehead before that idol! How the whole world speaks out her ceaseless sympathy with the woes of Genius! How silent as frost, when Virtue pines! Let a young poet poison himself in wrathful despair—and all the muses weep over his unhallowed bier. Let a young Christian die under the visitation of God, who weeps? No eye but his mother's. We know that such deaths are every day—every hour—but the thought affects us not—we have no thought—and heap after heap is added, unbewailed, to city or country churchyard. But let a poet, forsooth, die in youth—pay the debt of nature early—and nature herself, throughout her elements, must in her turn pay tribute to his shade.

SHEPHERD.

Dinna mak me unhappy, sir—dinna mak me sae very unhappy, sir, I beseech you—try and explain awa what you hae said, to the satisfaction o' our hearts and understandins.

NORTH.

Impossible. We are base idolaters. 'Tis infatuation—not religion. Is it Genius, or is it Virtue, that shall send a soul to heaven?

SHEPHERD.

Virtue—there's nae denying that;—virtue, sir—virtue.

NORTH.

Let us then feel, think, speak, and act, as if we so believed. Is Poetry necessary to our salvation? Is Paradise Lost better than the New Testament?

SHEPHERD.

Oh! dinna mak me unhappy. Say again that Poetry is religion.

NORTH.

Religion has in it the finest and truest spirit of poetry, and the finest and truest spirit of poetry has in it the spirit of religion. But—

SHEPHERD.

Say nae mair—say nae mair. I'm satisfied wi' that——

NORTH.

Oh! James, it makes my very soul sick within me to hear the puny whinnings poured by philosophical sentimentalists over the failings—the errors—the vices of genius! There has been, I fear, too much of that traitorous dereliction of the only true faith, even in some eloquent eulogies on the dead, which I have been the means of giving to the world. Have you not often felt that, when reading what has been said about our own immortal Burns?

SHEPHERD.

I have in my calmer moments.

NORTH.

While the hypocritical and the base exaggerated all that illustrious man's aberrations from the right path, nor had the heart to acknowledge the manifold temptations strewed around his feet,—the enthusiastic and the generous ran into the other extreme, and weakly—I must not say wickedly—strove to extenuate them into mere trifles—in too many instances to deny them altogether; and when too flagrant to be denied, dared to declare that we were bound to forget and forgive them on the score of the poet's genius—as if genius, the guardian of virtue, could ever be regarded as the pandar to vice, and the slave of sin. Thus they were willing to sacrifice morality, rather than that the idol set up before their imagination should be degraded; and did far worse injury, and offered far worse insult, to Virtue and Religion, by thus slurring over the offences of Burns against both, than ever was done by those offences themselves; for Burns bitterly repented what they almost canonized; and the evil practice of one man can never do so much injury to society, as the evil theory of a thousand. Burns erred greatly and grievously; and since the world knows that he did, as well from friends as from foes, let us be lenient and merciful to him, whose worth was great; but just and faithful to that law of right, which must on no consideration be violated by our judgments, but which must maintain and exercise its severe and sovereign power over all transgressions, and more especially over the transgressions of those to whom nature has granted endowments that might have been, had their possessors nobly willed it, the ministers of unmingled good to themselves and the whole human race.

SHEPHERD.

You've written better about Burns yourself, sir, nor any body else breathin'. That you hae—baith better and aftener—and a' friends of the poet ought to be grateful to Christopher North.

NORTH.

That is true praise coming from my Shepherd. But I have fallen into the error I now reprehended.

SHEPHERD.

There's a set o' sumphs that say periodical literature has degraded the hail literature o' the age. They refer us to the standard warks o' the auld school.

NORTH.

There is intolerable impertinence in such opinions—and disgusting ignorance. Where is the body of philosophical criticism of which these prigs keep prating, to be found? Aristotle's *Poetics* is an admirable manual—as far as it goes—but no more than a manual—outlines for a philosophical lecturer to fill up into a theory. Quintilian is fuller—but often false and oftener feeble—and too formal by far. Longinus was a man of fine enthusiasm, and wrote from an awakened spirit. But he was not a master of principles—though to a writer so eloquent I shall not deny the glory of deserving that famous panegyric,

“And is himself the Great Sublime he draws.”

There is nothing else left us from antiquity deserving the name of philosophical criticism. Of the French school of philosophical criticism, I need say nothing—La Harpe is clear and sparkling enough, but very common-place and very shallow. The names of twenty others prior to him I might recollect if I chose—but I choose at present to forget them all—as the rest of the world has done.

As to the English school, Dryden and Dennis—forgive the junction, James—both wrote acute criticism; but the name of Dennis but for Pope would now have been in oblivion, as all his writings are—and “glorious John” had never gained that epithet—excellent as they are—by his prose prefaces. What other English critic flourished before the present age? Addison. His *Essays* on the Imagination may be advantageously read by young ladies, before they paper their hair with such flimsy lucubrations.

SHEPHERD.

I'll no alloo ye to say a word against the author o' the *Vision o' Mirza*. As for the Spectators, I never could thole them—no even Sir Roger Coventrey. What was Sir Roger Coventrey to Christopher North?

NORTH.

But, James, it is not fair to compare a fictitious with a real character.

SHEPHERD.

No fair, perhaps, to the real character; but mair than fair to the fictitious ane.

NORTH.

As for the German critics—Lessing and Wieland are the best of them—and I allow they are stars. But as for the Schlegels, they are too often like men in a mist, imagining that they are among mountains by the side of a loch or river, while in good truth they are walking along a flat by the side of a canal.

SHEPHERD.

Maist unindurable quacks baith o' them, I'll swear. Fine soundin' words and lang sentences—and a theory to account for every thing—for every man, woman, and child, that ever shewed genius in ony age or kintra! as if there was ony need to account for a production o' natur under the laws o' Natur's God. O' a' reading the maist entirely useless, waur than useless, stupifyin', is “cause and effect.” Do the thing—and be done wi't—whether it be a poem, or a statue, or a picture, or an oration,—but, for the love o' Heaven, nae botheration about the cause o' its origin in the climate or constitution o' the kintra that gied it birth—nae—

NORTH.

Why, James, you are for putting an end to all philosophy.

SHEPHERD.

Philosophy? Havers.

NORTH.

Mr Wordsworth, nettled by the *Edinburgh Review*, speaks, in a note to a *Lyrical Ballad*, of “Adam Smith as the worst critic, David Hume excepted, that Scotland, a soil favourable to that species of weed, ever produced.” Now Adam Smith was perhaps the greatest political economist the world has yet produced, Ricardo excepted, and one of the greatest moralists,—I do not know whom to except. Witness his *Wealth of Nations*, and *Theory of Moral Sentiments*. But he was not a critic at all, nor pretended to be one, James, and therefore Mr Wordsworth had no right to include him in that class. He may have occasionally uttered sentiments about poetry, (where authentically recorded?) with which Mr Wordsworth may not sympathize; and I am most willing to allow that Mr Wordsworth, being himself a great poet, knows far more about it than Father Adam. But 'tis childish and contemptible, in a great man like Mr Wordsworth, to give vent to his spleen towards a man, in many things as much his superior as in others he was his inferior; and erroneous as some of Adam Smith's vaguely and inaccurately reported opinions on poetry may be, not one of them, I will venture to say, was ever half so silly and so senseless as this splenetic note of the Great Laker.

SHEPHERD.

Wordsworth canna thole ony thing Scotch—no even me and the Queen's Wake.

NORTH.

He's greatly to be pitied for his narrow and anti-poetical prejudices against “braid,” and poetical Scotland, “and stately Edinborough, throned on crags!” Why, James, we have the highest authority, you know, for calling ourselves a nation of gentlemen.

SHEPHERD.

We didna need a king to speak nonsense about us, to mak us proud. Pride and Poverty are twuna.

NORTH.

Ay, James, many of our gentlemen are poor gentlemen indeed. But what right had Mr Wordsworth to join with Adam Smith the name of David Hume in one expression of contempt for the critical character? Let Mr Wordsworth write such Essays as Hume wrote—such a History,—I speak now merely of style—and then, and not till then, may he venture, unassailed by universal laughter, to call David Hume “a weed.” He was “a bright consummate flower,” James, and though perhaps he did not think it,—also immortal in heaven as on earth.

SHEPHERD.

I hate—I abhor to hear great men abusin', and pretendin', for it's a' pretence, mean and base pretence, to despise ane anither. I blush for them—I hang doon my head—I'm forced to—replenish my jug—to forget their frailties and their follies; and thus ye see, sir, how good springs out o' evil. Tak anither jug.

NORTH.

To-night I confine myself to Turkish coffee.

SHEPHERD.

Weel then, gee't a dash o' Glenlivet.

NORTH.

Not a bad idea—let me try.

(NORTH fills up his cup of coffee with Glenlivet.)

SHEPHERD.

Speak awa, sir—but will you forgie me for sayin' that in layin' about you richt and left, you aiblins are subjectin' yoursell to the same censure I hae been passin' just now on ither great men—

NORTH.

But, James, this is a private party—a privileged place. Besides, the cases are not parallel—I am in the right—they are in the wrong—that makes all the difference in the world—crush my opinions first, and then censure their utterance.

SHEPHERD.

There's plenty to censure you without me. The hail periodical press censures you—but I maun confess they dinna crush your opinions.

NORTH.

Hume and Smith formed their taste on the classical models—ancient and modern—therefore Mr Wordsworth should have considered—

SHEPHERD.

Tuts—Tuts—

NORTH.

As to our Scotch critics of a former age, there are Gerard, and Beattie, and Campbell, and Kames, and Blair—all writers of great merit. Gerard, copious, clear, and acute,—though not a man of originality, a man of reflection. His volumes on Taste and on Genius contain many excellent views and many good illustrations. But I daresay, Mr Wordsworth never heard of the Aberdonian Professor. Beattie was a delightful poet—that Mr Wordsworth well knows—and, Mr Allison excepted, the best writer on Literature and the Fine Arts Britain ever produced—full of feeling and full of genius. Kames was “gleg as ony wumme,” and considering his multifarious studies, the author of the Elements of Criticism is not to be sneezed at—he was no weed—a real rough Bur-Thistle, and that is not a weed, but a fine bold national flower. As to Dr Blair, his sermons—full of truth, and most elegantly, simply, and beautifully written—will live thousands of years after much of our present pompous preaching is dead, and buried, and forgotten—and though his Lectures on the Belles Lettres are a compilation, they are informed by a spirit of his own—pure and graceful—and though the purity and the grace are greater than the power and the originality—he who thinks them stupid must be an ass—and let him bray against the Doctor “till he stretch his leathern coat almost to bursting.”

SHEPHERD.

I never read a single word o' ane o' thae books you've been speakin' about—and what the better wad I hae been, tell me, if I had written abstracts o' them a', and committed the contents to memory?

NORTH.

Your education, James, has been a very good one—and well suited, I verily believe, to your native genius. But you will allow that other people may have been the better of them, and of other books on various subjects?

SHEPHERD.

Ou ay—Ou ay! I'm verra liberal. I hae nae objections to let other folk read a' thro' the Advocates' Library—but, for my ain pairt, I read nane—

NORTH.

And yet, James, you are extremely well informed on most subjects. Indeed, out of pure science, I do not know one on which you are ignorant.—How is that?

SHEPHERD.

I canna say. I only ken I reads amaisht nane—no even the Magazine, except my ain articles—and noo and then a Noctes, which I'm entitled to consider my ain articles; for without the Shepherd, Gurney, would na ye be aff to Norwich—would na ye, Gurney?

MR GURNEY (*with stentorian lungs.*)

YES! LIKE A SHOT.

NORTH.

As my admirable friend, Mr Campbell, says—

“Without the laugh from partial shepherd won,
O what were we? a world without a sun!”

SHEPHERD.

I hate to hear leevin' folk, that never wrote books, or did ony thing else remarkable, gossiped about, and a' their stupid clishmaclaver, by way o' wut, retailed by their puny adherents, mair childish if possible than themselves—a common nuisance in Embro society—especially amang advocats and writers—but I love to hear about the dead—famous authors in their day—even although I ken but the soun' o' their bare names—and cud na spell them, alblins, in writin' them doon on paper. Say on.

NORTH.

I forgot old Sam—a jewel rough set, yet shining like a star; and though sand-blind by nature, and bigoted by education, one of the truly great men of England, and “her men are of men the chief,” alike in the dominions of the understanding, the reason, the passions, and the imagination. No prig shall ever persuade me that Rasselas is not a noble performance,—in design and in execution. Never were the expenses of a mother's funeral more gloriously defrayed by son, than the funeral of Samuel Johnson's mother by the price of Rasselas, written for the pious purpose of laying her head decently and honourably in the dust.

SHEPHERD.

Ay, that was pitten literature and genius to a glorious purpose indeed; and therefore, nature and religion smiled on the wark, and have stamped it with immortality.

NORTH.

Samuel was seventy years old when he wrote the Lives of the Poets.

SHEPHERD.

What a fine auld buck! No unlike yoursell.

NORTH.

Would it were so! He had his prejudices, and his partialities, and his bigotries, and his blindnesses,—but on the same fruit-tree you see shrivelled pears or apples on the same branch with jargonelles or golden pippins worthy of paradise. Which would ye shew to the Horticultural Society as a fair specimen of the tree?

(*Mimicking the old man's voice and manner.*)

SHEPHERD.

Good, Kit, good—philosophically picturesque.

NORTH.

Shew me the critique that beats his on Pope, and on Dryden, nay even on Milton; and hang me if you may not read his Essay on Shakspeare even after having read Charles Lamb, or heard Coleridge, with increased admiration of the powers of all three, and of their insight, through different avenues, and as it might seem almost with different bodily and mental organs, into Shakspeare's "old exhausted," and his "new imagined worlds." He was a critic and a moralist who would have been wholly wise, had he not been partly—constitutionally insane. For there is blood in the brain, James—even in the organ—the vital principle of all our "eagle-winged raptures;"—and there was a taint of the black drop of melancholy in his—

SHEPHERD.

Whcesht—wheesht—let us keep aff that subject. All men ever I knew are mad; and but for that law o' natur, never, never in this world had there been a Noctes Ambrosianæ!

NORTH.

Oh, dear! oh, dear!—I have forgot Edmund Burke—and Sir Joshua—par Nobile Fratrum. The Treatise on the Sublime and Beautiful—though written when Ned was a mere boy—shews a noble mind, clutching at all times at the truth, and often grasping it for a moment, though, like celestial quicksilver, it vanishes out of hand. Of voluptuous animal beauty, the illustrious Irishman had that passionate sense—nor unprofound—with which nature has gifted the spirit of all his race. And he had a soul that could rise up from languishment on Beauty's lap, and aspire to the brows of the sublime. His juvenile Essay contains some splendid—some magnificent passages; and with all its imperfections, defects, and failures, may be placed among the highest attempts made by the human mind to cross the debateable land that lies between the kingdoms of Feeling and of Thought, of Sense and Imagination.

SHEPHERD.

That's gaen misty, and wudna be easy got aff by heart.

NORTH.

As for Sir Joshua, with pen and pencil he was equally a great man.

SHEPHERD.

A great man?

NORTH.

Yes. What bnt genius as original as exquisite could have flung a robe of grace over even a vulgar form, as if the hand of nature had drawn the aerial charm over the attitudes and motions thus magically elevated into ideal beauty? Still retaining, by some finest skill, the similitude of all the lineaments, what easy flowing outlines adorned the canvass, deceiving the cheated sitter or walker into the pardonable delusion that she was one of the Graces—or Muses, at the least—nay, Venus herself looking out for Mars on the distant horizon, or awaiting Anchises on the hill.

SHEPHERD.

Even I, sir, a shepherd—

NORTH.

The Shepherd, my dear James.

SHEPHERD.

Even I, sir, *The Shepherd*—though mair impressible by beauty than by grace, know what grace is, ever since the first time that I saw a wild swan comin' floatin' wi' uplifted wings down afore the wind through among the rippled water-lilies that stretch frae baith shores far intil ae pairt o' St Mary's Loch, leavin' but a narrow dark-blue channel for the gracefu' naiaid to come glidin' through, wi' her lang, smooth, white neck bendin' back atween her snaw-white sails, and her full breast seemin', as it ploughed the sma' sunny waves, whiter and whiter still—noo smooth—smooth—and noo slightly ruffled, as the foam half dashed against and half flew awa', without tuchin' it, frae the beautifu' protrusion o' that depth o' down!

NORTH.

Verra weel—nae mair, Jamie. Then as to Sir Joshua's writings, their spi-

rit is all in delightful keeping with his pictures. One of the few painters he—such as Leonardo Da Vinci, Michael Angelo, and so on—our own Barry, Opie, Fuseli, and so on—who could express by the pen the principles which guide the pencil. 'Tis the only work on art which, to men not artists, is entirely intelligible—

SHEPHERD.

The less painters in general write the better, I suspect.

NORTH.

But what led to our conversation about philosophical criticism? Oh! I have it. Well then, James, compare with this slight sketch of the doings of the men of former generations, from the beginning of time down to nearly the French Revolution, those of our present race of critics—in Britain—and how great our superiority! Dugald Stewart has just left us,—and though his poetical was not so good as his philosophical education,—and though his eye had scarcely got accustomed to the present bright flush of Poetry, yet his delightful volume of Miscellaneous Essays proves that he stood—and for ever will stand—in the First Order of critics,—generous, enthusiastic, and even impassioned, far beyond the hair-splitting spirit of the mere metaphysician. And there is our own Alison, still left, and long may he be left to us, whose work on Taste and the Association of Ideas, ought to be in the hands of every poet, and of every lover of poetry,—so clear in its statement, so rich in its illustration of Principles.

SHEPHERD.

This seems to me to be the only age of the world, sir, in which poetry and creetishism ever gaed, like sisters, hand in hand, encircled wi' a wreath o' flowers.

NORTH.

Now—all our philosophical criticism—or nearly all—is periodical; and fortunate that it is so both for taste and genius. It is poured daily, weekly, monthly, quarterly, into the veins of the people, mixing with their very heart-blood. Nay, it is like the very air they breathe.

SHEPHERD.

Do you mean to say, "if they have it not, they die?"

NORTH.

Were it withheld from them now, their souls would die or become stultified. Formerly, when such disquisitions were confined to quarto or octavo volumes, in which there was nothing else, the author made one great effort, and died in book-birth—his offspring sharing often the doom of its unhappy parent. If it lived, it was forthwith immured in a prison called a library—an uncirculating library—and was heard no more of in this world, but by certain worms.

SHEPHERD.

A' the warld's hotchin' wi' authors noo, like a pond wi' pow-heads. Out sallies Cristopher North frae amng the reeds, like a pike, and crunches them in thousands.

NORTH.

Our current periodical literature teems with thought and feeling, James,—with passion and imagination. There was Gifford, and there are Jeffrey, and Southey, and Campbell, and Moore, and Bowles, and Sir Walter, and Lockhart, and Lamb, and Wilson, and De Quincy, and the four Coleridges, S. T. C., John Hartley, and Derwent, and Croly, and Maginn, and Mackintosh, and Cunningham, and Kennedy, and Stebbings, and St Ledger, and Knight, and Præd, and Lord Dudley and Ward, and Lord L. Gower, and Charles Grant, and Hobhouse, and Blunt, and Milman, and Carlyle, and Macauley, and the two Moirs, and Jerdan, and Talfour, and Bowring, and North, and Hogg, and Tickler, and twenty—forty—fifty—other crack contributors to the Reviews, Magazines, and Gazettes, who have said more tender, and true, and fine, and deep things in the way of criticism, than ever was said before since the reign of Cadmus, ten thousand times over,—not in long, dull, heavy, formal, prosy theories,—but flung off hand, out of the glowing mint—a coinage of the purest ore—and stamped with the ineffaceable impress of genius. Who

so elevated in intellectual rank as to be entitled to despise such a Periodical Literature?

SHEPHERD.

Nae leevin' man—nor yet dead ane.

NORTH.

The whole surface of society, James, is thus irrigated by a thousand streams; some deep—some shallow——

SHEPHERD.

And the shallow are sufficient for the purpose o' irrigation. Water three inches deep, skilfully and timeously conducted owre a flat o' fifty or a hunder acres, wull change arid sterility, on which half-a-score sheep would be starved in a month intil skeletons, intil a flush o' flowery herbage that will feed and fatten a haill score o' kye. You'll see a proof o' this when you come out to Mount Benger. But no to dwell on ae image—let me say that millions are thus pleased and instructed, who otherwise would go dull and ignorant to their graves.

NORTH.

Every month adds to the number of these admirable works; and from the conflict of parties, political, poetical, and philosophical, emerges in all her brightness the form of Truth. Why, there, James, lies *THE SPECTATOR*, a new weekly paper, of some half-year's standing, or so, of the highest merit, and I wish I had some way of strenuously recommending it to the Reading Public. The editor, indeed, is Whiggish and a Pro-Catholic—but moderate, steady, and consistent in his politics. Let us have no turncoats. His *precis* of passing politics is always admirable; his mercantile information—that I know on the authority of as good a judge as lives—is correct and comprehensive; miscellaneous news are collected judiciously and amusingly from all quarters; the literary department is equal, on the whole, to that of any other weekly periodical, such as *The Literary Gazette*, (which, however, has the great advantage of being altogether literary and scientific, and stands, beyond dispute, at the head of its own class,) *Weekly Review*, *Athenæum*, *Sphinx*, *Atlas*, or others—I nowhere see better criticism on poetry—and nowhere nearly so good criticism on theatricals. Some critiques there have been, in that department, superior, in exquisite truth of tact, to any thing I remember—worthy of Elia himself, though not apparently from Elia; and in accounts of foreign literature, especially French, and above all, of French politics, a subject on which I need to be enlightened, I have seen no periodical at all equal to the *Spectator*.

SHEPHERD.

The numbers you sent out by deserved a' that ye say o' them. It's a maist enterteenin' and instructive—a maist miscellanweous Miscellany.

NORTH.

And without being wishy-washy—

SHEPHERD.

Or wersh—

NORTH.

The *Spectator* is impartial. It is a fair, open, honest, and manly periodical.

SHEPHERD.

Wheesht! I hear a rustlin' in the letter-box.

NORTH.

John will have brought up my newspapers from the Lodge, expecting that I am not to be at home to dinner.

SHEPHERD.

Denner! its near the daw'in'!

(*The SHEPHERD opens the letter-box in the door, and lays down nearly a dozen Newspapers on the table.*)

NORTH.

Ay, there they are, the *Herald*, the *Morning Post*, the *Morning Journal*, the *Courier*, the *Globe*, the *Standard*, and "the Rest." Let me take a look into the *Standard*, as able, argumentative, and eloquent a Paper, as ever supported civil and religious liberty—that is, Protestantism in Church and State.—No disparagement to its stanch brother the *Morning Journal*, or its excellent

cousin the Morning Post. Two strong, steady, well-bred wheelers—and a Leader that shews blood at all points—and covers his ground like the Phenomenon.—No superior set-out to an—Unicorn.

(*NORTH unfolds the Standard.*)

SHEPHERD.

I never read prent after twal. And as for newspapers, I care na if they should be a month auld. It's pitifu' to see some folk—nae fules neither—unhappy if their paper misses comin' ony nicht by the post. For my ain part, I like best to receive a great heap o' them a' at ance in a parshel by the carrier. Ony news, North?

NORTH.

Eh?

SHEPHERD.

Ony news? Are you deaf? or only absent?

NORTH.

Eh?

SHEPHERD.

There's mainners—the mainners o' a gentleman—o' the auld school too.—Ony news?

NORTH.

Hem—hem—

SHEPHERD.

His mind's weaken'd. Millions o' reasonable creatures at this hour perhaps—na—no at this hour—but a' this evenin'—readin' newspapers! And that's the philosophy o' human life! London sendin' out, as frae a great reservoir, rivers o' reports, spates o' speculations to inundate, to droon, to deluge the haill island! I hear the torrents roarin', but the soun' fe's on my ear without stunnin' my heart. There comes a drought, and they are a' dry. Catholic Emancipation! Stern slides of the old Covenanters, methinks I hear your voices on the moors and the mountains! But weep not, wail not—though a black cloud seems to be hanging over all the land! Still will the daisy, "wee modest crimson-tipped flower," bloom sweetly on the greensward that of yore was red-dened wi' your patriot, your martyr blood. Still will the foxglove, as the silent ground-bee bends down the lovely hanging bells, shake the pure tears of heaven over your hallowed graves! Though annual fires run along the bonnie bloomie' heather, yet the shepherds ne'er miss the balm and brightness still left at mornin' to meet them on the solitary hills. The sound of Psalms rises not now, as they sublimely did in those troubled times, from a tabernacle not built with hands, whose side-walls were the rocks and cliffs, its floor the spacious sward, and its roof the eternal heavens. But from beneath many a lowly roof of house, and hut, and hovel, and shielin', and sylvan cozey beild ascend the humble, holy orisons of poor and happy men, who, when comes the hour of sickness or of death, desire no other pillow for their swimming brain than that Bible, which to them is the Book of everlasting life, even as the Sun is the Orb of the transitory day. And to maintain that faith is now, alas! bigotry and superstition! The Bible is to take care of itself. If it cannot, let it perish! Let innocence and virtue, and truth and knowledge and freedom all take care of themselves, and let all their enemies seek, as they will, insidiously to seduce, openly to outrage;—for if they cannot stand fast against all the powers of evil, they deserve to die! And this it seems is—Christian doctrine! It may be held sae in great cities, where sin sits in high places, where the weak soon become worthless, and the worthless wicked, and the wicked blind; but never, never will it be the creed of the dwellers on the gracious bosom of nature! Of those who, whether amang spacious tree-sprinkled plains made beautifu' and solemn wi' a hundred church towers and cathedrals, at work or in pastime lift up a gaze, bold before man, but meek before God, to the blue marbled skies of merry and magnificent England! Of those who, beneath mist and cloud, wanderin' through lonely regions whose silence hears but the eagle's cry or the torrent's roar, as they pass by the little kirk on the knowe let their softened een follow up the spire, till from its sun-light point momentarily glancin' through the gloom, they muse on the storm-driftin' heavens through which shines as brightly as in the fairest clime the eye o' the all-seeing God.—But where am I? In the

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Noctes Ambrosianae.

No. XLII.

ΧΡΗ Δ'ΕΝ ΣΥΜΠΟΣΙΩ ΚΥΛΙΚΩΝ ΠΕΡΙΝΙΣΣΟΜΕΝΑΩΝ
ΗΔΕΑ ΚΩΤΙΛΛΟΝΤΑ ΚΑΘΗΜΕΝΟΝ ΟΙΝΟΠΟΤΑΖΕΙΝ.

Σ.

PHOC. *ap Ath.*

[*This is a distich by wise old Phocylides,
An ancient who wrote crabbed Greek in no silly days ;
Meaning, " 'TIS RIGHT FOR GOOD WINEBIBBING PEOPLE,
NOT TO LET THE JUG FACE ROUND THE BOARD LIKE A CRIPPLE ;
BUT GAILY TO OHAT WHILE DISCUSSING THEIR TIFFLE."*
*An excellent rule of the hearty old cock 'tis—
And a very fit motto to put to our Noctes.*]

C. N. *ap. Amb.*

SCENE I.

SCENE—*Buchanan Lodge.—The Virgin's Bower Arbour.—Time—Four in the Afternoon.—NORTH and the SHEPHERD partaking of a Cold Collation.*

SHEPHERD.

Let's hae just ae single hour's twa-haun'd crack, afore we gang into the Lodge to dress for the Tea-party.

NORTH.

There is something interesting, my dear James, nay impressive, almost melancholy, in the first cold Dinner of the year.

SHEPHERD.

Come—come, sir—nae sentimentality ;—besides, a cauld denner's no muckle amiss, provided there only be an ashet o' het mealy potatoes.

NORTH.

Spring is with me the happiest season of the year. How tempting the young esculents, as they spring up in their virginity along the weedless garden-beds ! Then the little fattening twin-lambs, James, racing on the sunny braes, how pleasing to the poetical palate !

SHEPHERD.

Though I tauld you no to be sentimental, I didna bid you be sensual.

NORTH.

I sit corrected. Lo, winter is over and gone.

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SHEPHERD.

Na—

Wunter lingerin' chills the lap o' May.

But May is a merry month, and I ken na whether the smiles or the frowns on her face be the mair beautifu'—just like a haughty damsel, in the pride o' her teens, sometimes flingin' a scornfu' look to you ower her shouter, as if she despised a' mankind; and then a' at ance, as if touched by gentle thochts, relaxin' intil a burst o' smiles, like the sun on a half-stormy day, comin' out suddenly frae among the breakin' clouds, and changing at ance earth into heaven. O, sir, but the Lodge is a bonny place noo!

NORTH.

I love suburban retirement, James, even more than the remotest rural solitude. In old age, one needs to have the neighbourhood of human beings to lean upon—and in the stillness of awakening morn or hushing eve, my spirit yearns towards the hum of the city, and finds a relief from all o'er-mastering thoughts, in its fellowship with the busy multitudes sailing along the many streams of life, too near to be wholly forgotten, and yet far enough off not to harass or disturb. In my most world-sick dreams, I never longed to be a hermit in his cave. Mine eyes have still loved the smoke of human dwellings—and when my infirmities keep me from church, sitting here in this arbour, with Jeremy Taylor's Holy Living and Dying, perhaps, on the table before me, how solemn, how sublime, the sound of the Sabbath-bells! Whether the towers and spires of the houses of worship are shining in the sunlight, or heard each in its own region of the consecrated city, through a softening weight of mist or clouds from the windy sea!

SHEPHERD.

For my ain pairt, Mr North, though I loe the lochs, and moors, and mountains, as well as do the wild swans, the whawps, and the red-deer; yet could I, were there a necessity for't, be every bit as happy in a flat in ony timmer tenement in the darkest lane o' Auld Reekie, as in Mount-Benger itsell, that blinks sae bonnily on its ain green knowe on the broad bosom o' natur. Wherever duty ca's him, and binds him down, there may a man be happy—ay, even at the bottom o' a coal-pit, sir, that rins a mile aneath the sea, wi' waves and ships roarin' and rowin' a thousan' fathom ower the shaft.

NORTH.

The Philosophy of Human Life.

SHEPHERD.

Better still—it's Religion. Wo for us were there not great happiness and great virtue in toons and cities! Let but the faculties o' the mind be occupied for sake o' the affections o' the heart, and your ee may shine as cheerfully on a smoky dead brick wa', within three yards o' your nose, as on a ledge o' livin' rock formin' an amphitheatre roun' a loch or an arm o' the sea. Wad I loe my wife and my weans the less in the Grassmarket than in the Forest? Wad I be affected itherwise by burying ane o' them—should it so please God—in Yarrow kirkyard than in the Greyfriars? If my sons and my daughters turn out weel in life, what matters it to me if they leeve by the silver streams or the dry Nor-loch? Vice and misery as readily—as inevitably—befa' mortal creturs in the sprinkled domiciles, that frae the green earth look up through amang trees to the blue heavens, as in the dungeon-like dwellings, crooded ane aboon anither, in closes where it's aye a sort o' glimmering nicht. And Death visits them a' alike wi' as sure a foot and as pitiless an ee. And whenever, and wherever, he comes, there's an end o' a' distinctions—o' a' differences o' outward and material things. Then we maun a' alike look for comfort to æ source—and that's no the skies theirsells, beautifu' though they may be, canopyin' the dewy earth wi' a curtain wrought into endless figures, a' bricht wi' the rainbow hues, or amaisht hidden by houses frae the sight o' them that are weepin' amang the dim city-lanes—for what is't in either case but a mere congregation o' vapours? But the mourner maun be able, wi' the eyes o' Faith, to pierce through it a', or else of his mournin' there will be no end—nay, nay, sir, the mair beautifu' may be the tent in which he tabernacles, the mair hideous the hell within his heart! The contrast atween

the strife o' his ain distracted spirit, and the cawm o' the peacefu' earth, may itherwise drive him mad, or, if not, make him curse the hour when he was born into a warld in vain so beautifu'.

NORTH.

I love to hear you discourse, James,

"On man and nature, and on human life,
Musing in solitude."

Methinks that Poetry, of late years, has dwelt too much on external nature. The worship of poets, if not idolatry, has been idolatrous——

SHEPHERD.

What's the difference?

NORTH.

Nay, ask the Bishop of Oxford.

SHEPHERD.

Whew!—Not so with the poetry of Burns, and other great peasants. They pored not perpetually, sir, into streams and lochs that they might see there their ain reflection. Believe me, sir, that Narcissus was nae poet.—Preserve me, what a sight! Chucky—chucky—chucky! Oh, sir! but that's a bonny clockin' hen! An' what'n a cleckin' she's gotten! Nearer a score nor a dizen, and a' white as snaw!

NORTH.

Yes, James—Lancashire Ladylegs.

SHEPHERD.

Mufties too, I declare; are they ggem?

NORTH.

You shall see.—Ralpho!

*(Flings a piece of meat towards the brood. The raven hops out of the
arbour to seize it, and is instantly attacked by Ladylegs.)*

SHEPHERD.

That beats cock-fechtin'! O instinck! instinck! but for thy mysterious fever hoo cauldride the haill warld o' life!

NORTH.

'Tis but a mere pullet, James—her first family——

SHEPHERD.

See hoo she cuffs Sooty's chafts, till the feathers flee frae him like stour! Lend me your crutch, sir, that I may separate them, or faith she'll tear him intil pieces.

*(The SHEPHERD endeavours to separate the combatants—when Ladylegs
turns against him, and drives him into the arbour.)*

NORTH.

Mark how beautifully—how gracefully she shall soon subside into a calm!

SHEPHERD.

For a pullet she has fearfu' lang spurs. Ay—yon's bonny—bonny! See till them—the bit chickenies—ane after anither, comin' rinnin' out frae various pairs of the shrubbery—just like sae mony white mice—and dartin' in aneath her extended wings, as she sits on the sunny gravel, beautifu' as an outlandish bird frae some Polar region, her braid breast expandin' in delight as she feels a' her brood hotchin' aneath her, and her lang upright neck, flexible as that o' a serpent's, turnin' her red-crested head hither and thither in a' directions, mair in pride than in fear, noo that she hears Ralpho croakin' at a distance, and the wee panthers beginnin' again to twitter among the feathers, lookin' out noos and thens wi' their bit heads frae that cozezy bield——

NORTH.

Here is a little bit bookie, which pray put into your pocket for wee Jamie—James. "The Library of Entertaining Knowledge," vol. i. part i. entitled "The Menageries." "Quadrupeds described and drawn from living subjects."

SHEPHERD.

Thank ye, sir. He's just perfectly mad about a' mainner o' birds and

beasts—and weel I like to look at him lookin' at a new picture! Methinks I see the vera sowle growin' within him as he glowers! The studdy o' natural history, maist assuredly, should be begun when you're a bairn, and when you're a man, you'll be hand and glove wi' a' the beasts o' the field, and birds o' the air—their various names familiar to you as household words—their habits as weel kent, or aiblins better, than your ain—sae that you hae acquaintances, and companions, and friens in the maist solitary places—and need never weary for want o' thochts and feelings even in a desert, if but ae feathery or filmy wing cross between you and the horizon.

NORTH.

There is in London, as perhaps you know, a Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, which has published, very widely, many admirable treatises—chiefly on Physical, though their plan comprehends Moral—subjects. For all the enlightened labours of that Society have I always prayed for success; for I desire that all men may live in the light of liberty and truth.

SHEPHERD.

That's the redeemin' trait in your character, sir. O, but you're a glorious auld Tory, Mr North. Your love for the past neither deadens your joy in the present, nor inspires you wi' fear for the future. You venerate the weather-stains on the trunk o' the tree o' knowledge, yet you rejoice to see its branches every year flinging a wider shadow.

NORTH.

Why, my dear James, the Magazine, with all its faults, which have been neither few nor small—

SHEPHERD.

And wha ever saw either a book or a man worth praisin' that was na as weel worth abusin'? In a' great gifts there's a mixtur o' gude and evil—

NORTH.

Has spread knowledge among the people of Britain. In Theology, Philosophy, Politics, Literature, Life and Manners, Maga has, on the whole, been sound, and she has been consistent. She may be said to be in herself a Library of Useful and Entertaining Knowledge.

SHEPHERD.

But what for ca' they this bookie the Menagerie, sir?

NORTH.

A well-chosen name, James. There, as in a Menagerie, you behold—

SHEPHERD.

I see, I see—The wood-cuts are capital—but hoo's the letter-press, sir?

NORTH.

Why, there you have upwards of two hundred closely printed pages, fine paper and type, with nearly a score of admirable representations of animals, for a couple of shillings! The cheapest thing I ever saw—and so far from being a catch-penny—it is got up, in all its departments, by men of real talent; and knowledge of the subject.

SHEPHERD.

It's incredibly cheap; and I fear maun be a losing concern.

NORTH.

No, James, it will be a gaining concern. The conductors of the Library of Entertaining Knowledge have resolved that it shall be sold at the lowest possible rate, and are little anxious about profit. But let them go on as they have begun, and I do not doubt that the sale of their monthly parts may soon reach twenty—thirty—why not forty thousand?

SHEPHERD.

Na—na. It can never do that. Maga does na sell that.

NORTH.

Doesn't she? That shews how little you know of Maga. By the by, James, I have not seen Maga for some months—not since Christmas. I thought her rather dull last time we had a *tête à tête*. I was absolutely so very ungallant as to fall asleep with her in my arms. The wick of the candle got about a foot long—the tail of her gown took fire—and Buchanan Lodge was within an ace of being reduced to ashes.

SHEPHERD.

You would hae broken out o' the conflagration in the shape o' a phoenix, sir, "the secular bird of ages." But wha's the vecce-y-ditor?

NORTH.

She edits herself, James. She reminds me of an orange-tree in a conservatory—blossom and fruit beautifully blended at all times among the radiant ever-green. The sun forgets her not—and an hour now and then of open window bathes her in morning or evening dew; so gaze on her when you will, and she is bright and balmy in immortal youth.

SHEPHERD.

You assuredly are, sir, the idlest auld sinner in a' this world, yet you never seem weary o' life; and your face aye wears an expression as if some new thocht were visitin' your mind, and passin' aff in smiles or frowns, rather than words,—the aboriginal and only universal language, o' which a body never forgets the grammar, and o' which the construction, though simple, is comprehensive, and capable o' ten thousand interpretations, according to the spirit in which it is read—mair copious either than the Hebrew or the Greek, though the roots are but few; but oh! the compound epithets, countless as the notes i' the sun o' a simmer mornin'! I weel believe, sir, that a' your life lang you were never a single moment idle.

NORTH.

Idle! No—James—not even in sleep. Yet, do you know, that my sleeping seems to have no kindred with my waking soul. Seldom, I may say never, do I dream of this waking world. I have every night a new set of friends in sleep, whom I know and love. They pass away with the morning light, and never more return. Sometimes they seem as if they were phantoms I had been familiar with in youth—in boyhood—in infancy—but I know not their names, nor can recal the memory of the times or places where we had met in joy—only I feel that they are lovely, loving, and beloved! We talk of strange and delightful things, and walk overshadowed by bliss divine,—but—

SHEPHERD.

I never met a man before that had dreams o' that kind besides mysel—

NORTH.

I never, my dear James, saw your face in a dream—yet my dreams are often perfectly happy—nor do I remember to have once dreamt of any book, or—

SHEPHERD.

Did you never dream of bein' married, sir?

NORTH.

Oh dear! Oh dear! Oh dear!

SHEPHERD.

What! You're no gaun to greet?

NORTH.

What large dewy orbs divine, angelical eyes in angelical faces, have fixed themselves upon mine, overcharged with love, as if the beings beaming there had been commissioned to pour immortal heaven into my mortal heart! No doubts, no fears, no misgivings, such as haunt and trouble all our delights in this waking world! But one pure serene flow of bliss, deep and high as the blue marbled heaven of the Dream that heard the very music of the spheres chiming, as the Paradise in which we stood, face to face with a seraph, kept floating not insensibly through the fragrant ether! The voice that syllabled such overwhelming words! Embracements that blended spirit with spirit! Perishings into intenser life! Swoonings away into spiritual regions! Re-awakenings into consciousness of breath and blood almost stopt by rapture! Then, the dying away back again—slowly but sadly—into earthly existence—till, with a beating heart, we knew again that we were the thralls of sense, and doomed to grovel like worms upon the dust—the melancholy dust of this our prison-house, from which, except in dreams, there is no escape, and from which at last we may be set free but for the eternal darkness of the grave!—Oh! James—James!—what if the soul be like the body mortal, and all that we shall ever know of heaven, only such glorious, but delusive dreams!

SHEPHERD.

Sic visions leave just the vera opposite impression on my mind. Something divine, and therefore immortal, needs must be the spirit within us, that, when a' the senses are locked up in sleep, can yet glorify the settin' sun into an apparition far mair magnificent than ever sank into the sea ahint the western mountains. But whisht! Is that an angel singin'?

NORTH.

No, James; 'tis my gardener's little daughter, Flora—

SHEPHERD.

Happy as ony hurd. Music is indeed the natural voice o' joy. First, the bosom feels free frae a' anxiety—then a kind o' gladness, without ony definite cause or object, settles ower the verra essence o' life;—erelong there is a beatin' and stirrin' at the heart, as some suddenly remembered thoct passes ower it like a brighter sunbeam,—by and by, the innocent young cretur, sittin' by herself, puin' wi' her wee white hauns the weeds frae amang the flowers, and half loath to fling them awa', some o' them bein' sae bonny, although without ony fragrant smell, can nae langer contain the happiness flowin' within her snaw-white breist, but breaks out, as noo ye hear your bonnie Flora, into some auld Scottish sang, maist likely mournfu', for bliss is aye akin, sir, to grief. Ay, sir, the Flowers o' the Forest! And sae truly doth she sing, that I kenna whether to ca' her Sweet-voice, or Fine-ear! Has na that cadence, indeed, a dyin' fa'? Nor should I wonder if the unseen cretur at this moment had her face wat wi' tears!

NORTH.

Methinks, James, I could better bear everlasting darkness than everlasting silence. The memory seems to have more command over sights than over sounds. We can shut our eyes, yet see all nature. But music, except when it breathes, has no residing place within the cells of the ear. So faint, so dim, the dream, it hardly can be said to be—till one single note awakes, and then the whole tune is suddenly let loose upon the soul! Blindness, methinks, I could endure and live,—but in deafness, my spirit would die within me, and I should pray for death.

SHEPHERD.

Baith maun be sair trials, yet haith are cheerfully borne. The truth is, sir, that a Christian can hear ony thing—for ae moment's thought, during his re-pining, tells him whence the affliction comes—and then sorrow softens awa' into resignation, and delight steals into the heart o' the maist desolate.

NORTH.

The creature now singing away at her pleasant work, a few weeks ago, lost her mother. There never was a more affectionate or more dutiful child,—yet as you said, James, Flora is now happy as a bird.

SHEPHERD.

Yet perhaps, sir, were we to come upon her the noo—She has stopt singin' a' at ance, in the vera middle o' the tune—we micht see her sittin' idle amang the flowers, wi' a pale face, greetin' by hersell, as she keeps lookin' at her black gown, and thinkin' on that burial-day, or her father's countenance, that sin syne has seldom brichtend.

NORTH.

There is something most affecting in the natural sorrows of poor men, my dear Shepherd, as, after a few days' wrestling with affliction, they appear again at their usual work—melancholy, but not miserable.

SHEPHERD.

You ken a gude deal, sir, about the life and character of the poor; but then it's frae philosophical and poetical observation and sympathy—no frae art-and-part participation, like mine, in their merriment and their meesery. Folk in what they ca' the upper classes o' society, a' look upon life, mair or less, as a scene o' enjoyment, and amusement, and delicht. They get a' selfish in their sensibilities, and would fain mak the very laws o' natur obedient to their wull. Thus they cherish and encourage habits o' thoct and feeling, that are maist adverse to obedience and resignation to the decrees o' the Almighty—when these decrees dash in pieces small the idols o' their earthly worship.

NORTH.

Too true, alas! my dearest Shepherd.

SHEPHERD.

Pity me! how they moan, and groan, and greet, and wring their hauns, and tear their hair, even auld folk their thin grey hair, when death comes into the bed-room, or the verra drawing-room, and carries aff in his clutches some wee bit spoiled bairn, yaummerin' amang its playthings, or keepin' its mither awake a' nicht by its perpetual cries!

NORTH.

Touch tenderly, James—on——

SHEPHERD.

Ane wad think that nae parents had ever lost a child afore—yet hoo mony a sma' funeral do you see ilka day pacin' along the streets unheeded on amang the carts and hackney-coaches!

NORTH.

Unheeded, as a party of upholsterer's men carrying furniture to a new house.

SHEPHERD.

There is little or naething o' this thochtless, this senseless clamour in kintra houses, when the cloud o' God's judgment passes ower them, and orders are gien for a grave to be dug in the kirkyard. A' the house is hushed and quate—just the same as if the patient were still sick, and no gaen awa'—the father, and perhaps the mother, the brothers, and the sisters, are a gangin' about their ordinary business, wi' grave faces nae doubt, and some o' them now and then dichtin' the draps frae their een; but, after the first black day, little audible greetin', and nae indecent and impious outcries.

NORTH.

The angler calling in at the cottage would never know that a corpse was the cause of the calm.

SHEPHERD.

Rich folk, if they saw sic douce, composed ongoings, wad doubtless wonder to think hoo callous, hoo insensible were the poor! That natur had kindly denied to them those fine feelings that belong to cultivated life! But if they heard the prayer o' the auld man at nicht, when the survivin' family were on their knees around the wa', and his puir wife neist him in the holy circle, they wad ken better, and confess that there is something as sublime, as it is sincere and simple, in the resignation and piety of these humble Christians, whose doom it is to live by the sweat o' their brow, and who are taught, almost frae the cradle to the grave, to feel every hour they breathe, that all they enjoy, and all they suffer, is dropt down from the hand o' God, almost as visibly as the dew or the hail,—and hence their faith in things unseen and eternal, is firm as their belief in things seen and temporal—and that they a' feel, sir, when lettin' doon the coffin into the grave!

NORTH.

Take another glass, my dear friend, of Mrs Gentle's elder-flower wine.

SHEPHERD.

Frontignac! But, harken! There, again, the bit happy motherless cretur is beguiled into anither sang! Her ain voice, sir, brings comfort frae a' the air around, even as if it were an angel's sang, singin' to her frae the heart o' heaven!

NORTH.

From how many spiritual sources come assuagings of our most mortal griefs!

SHEPHERD.

It's a strathspey!—I canna understand the want o' an ear. When I'm alone, I'm aye either whistlin', or singin', or hummin', till I fa' into thocht; and then baith thochts and feelings are swayed, if I'm no sair mista'en, in their main current by the tune, whether gay or sad, that your heart has been harpin' on; so, if I had na a gude ear, the loneliness o' the hills wad be unco wearisome, unvisited by involuntary dreams about indefinite things! Do folk aye think in words?

NORTH.

Generally, I suspect.

SHEPHERD.

Yet the thochts maun come first, surely. I fancy words and thochts fly until ane anither's hauns. A thousan' thochts may be a' wrapt up in ae wee bit word—just as a thousand beauties in ae wee bit flower. They baith expand out into beauty—and then there's nae end to the creations o' the eye and the ear—for the soul sits abint the pupil o' the tane, and the drum o' the tither, and takin' a hint frae tone or hue, expawtiates ower the universe.

NORTH.

Scottish Music, my dear James, is to me rather monotonous.

SHEPHERD.

So is Scottish Poetry, sir. It has nae great range; but human natur never wearies o' its ain prime elementary feelings. A man may sit a haill nicht by his ingle, wi' his wife and bairns, without either thinkin' or feelin' muckle; and yet he's perfectly happy till bed-time, and says his prayers wi' fervent gratitude to the Giver o' a' mercies. It's only whan he's beginnin' to tire o' the hummin' o' the wheel, or o' his wife flytin' at the weans, or o' the weans upsettin' the stools, or ruggin' ane anither's hair, that his fancy takes a very poetical flight into the regions o' the Imagination. Sae lang's the heart sleeps amang its affections, it dwalls upon few images; but these images may be infinitely varied; and, when expressed in words, the variety will be felt. Sae that, after a', it's scarcely correct to ca' Scottish Poetry monotonous, or Scottish Music either, ony mair than you wou'd ca' a kintra level, in bonnie gentle ups and downs, or a sky dull, though the clouds were neither mony nor multiform; a' depends upon the spirit. Twa-three notes may mak' a maist beautifu' tune; twa-three woody knowes a bonny landscape; and there are some bit streams amang the hills, without ony striking or very peculiar scenery, that it's no possible to dauner along at gloamin' without feelin' them to be visionary, as if they flowed through a land o' glamour. It's the same thing wi' faces. Little depends on the features; a' on the composition. There is a nameless something that tells, when the colour o' the een, and o' the hair, and o' the cheeks, and the roundin' aff o' the chin rin until the throat, and then awa' aff, lik a wave o' the sea, until the breast is a' harmonious as music; and leaves ane lookin' at the lasses as if they were listenin' "to a melody that's sweetly play'd in tune!" Sensibility feels a' this; Genius creautes it; and in Poetry it dwells, like the charm in the Amulet.

NORTH.

James—look through the loophole. Do you not think, my dear Shepherd, that the character of a man is known in his works?

SHEPHERD.

Gurney! as I'm a Christian! That's really too bad, sir. A body canna sit down in an arbour, to crack an hour wi' an auld frien', but there is a short-haun writer at your lug, jottin' you doon for extension at his leisure—and convertin' you frae a preevat character at the Lodge, intil a public one in thae confounded, thae accursed Noctes Ambrosianæ.

NORTH.

Gurney, leave out that last epithet.

SHEPHERD.

If you do I'll fell you. But, Mr North, many o' my freens—

NORTH.

I know it, my dear James—but treat them with contempt, or shall I take up a few of them by the scroof of the neck, with my glove on, as one would take up a small scotched viper, and fling him over the wall, to crawl a few inches before death, on the dust of the road?

SHEPHERD.

Their vulgar venom shall never poison my ear, my dear sir. But had natur but gien them fangs, hoo the reptiles wad bite! There's a speeder, sir, on your chin.

NORTH.

I love spiders. Look at the lineal descendant of Arachne, how beautifully she descends from the chin of Christopher North to the lower region of our earth!—But speaking of public and private characters—

SHEPHERD.

That's a puzzlin' question, sir.—Let's speak o' Poets. Ae thing's certain; that afore you can express ony ae single thought or feelin' in poetry, you maun hae had it in your spirit or heart, strong, distinct, fresh, and bricht, in real leevin' experience and actual natur. It maun hae been, whether originatin' entirely in yoursell, or transfused through you by anither, your ain bonny feedy possession and property—else it'll no be worth a strae in verse. Eh?

NORTH.

Granted.

SHEPHERD.

Secondly, however a poet may write weel by fits and starts, in a sort o' inspiration like, thae fits and starts themsells can only come frae a state o' the speerit habitually meditative, and rejoicin' in its ain free moods. Therefore, however muckle they may astonish you that docs na ken him, they are just as characteristic o' his natur as the rest o' his mair ordinary proceedings, and maun be set down to the score o' his natural and indigenous constitution. Eh?

NORTH.

Granted.

SHEPHERD.

What a poet maist dearly and devoutly loves, about that wull he, of coorse, write the feck o' his poetry. His poetry, therefore, wull contain mair of his deeper, inner self, than onything else can do in this warld—that's to say, if he be a real poet, and no a pretender. For I'll defy ony human cretur, unless he has some sinister end to gain, to keep writin', or speakin' either, a' his life lang about things that dinna constitute his chief happiness. Eh?

NORTH.

Granted.

SHEPHERD.

Fourthly, if his poetry be gude, and if the states o' sowle formin' the staple o't be also gude, and if his poems be sae numerous and important as to hae occupied him mair or less a' his life lang, then I shud like to know on what ither principle he can be a bad man, except that he be a hypocrite—but if he be a hypocrite, that'll be seen at ance in his poetry, for it'll be bad—but then the verra reverse, by the supposition, is the case, for his poetry is gude; and therefore, if he be na a gude man, taken on the whole, a' this warld and this life's delusion thegither, black's white, het cauld, virtue vice, and frae sic a senseless life as the present there can be nae reason to believe in a future. And thus you end in a denial of the Deity, and avoo yoursell to be an atheist. Eh?

NORTH.

Granted almost.

SHEPHERD.

Fifthly, sir—What's this I was gaun to say? Ou ay. A man's real character, then, is as truly shown in his poetry as in his religion. When he is poetical and when he is religious, he is in his highest states. He exists at his best. Then and therein is the perfection o' his natur. But it disna follow—by no mainner o' means—but that the puir mortal cretur may be untrue to himsell—untrue baith to his poetry and to his religion—and ower aften stain himsell wi' a' sorts o' vices and crimes. King David did sac—yet wha ever doubted either his poetry or his religion—or whare would you look for either, or for the man himsell, but in his Psalms? Eh?

NORTH.

Granted, James—granted.

SHEPHERD.

If the Bard o' virtue and morality, and religion and immortal truth, sink down frae his elevation amang the stars, and soil his spirit wi' the stain o' clay, what does that prove but that he is not a seraph, inspired though he be, but like the sumphs around him, a sinner—Oh! a greater sinner than they, because tumblin' frae a loftier height, and sinkin' deeper into the mire that bedabbles his glorious wings, that shall require other waters to cleanse them than ever flowed frae Helicon.

NORTH.

These are solemn—yea mournful truths.

SHEPHERD.

Shew me æ leevin' mortal man, consistent wi' himsell, and at a' times subject to the rule o' life as it is revealed in scripture, and then tell me that a good, a great poet is not truly shewn in his warks, and I will helieve you—but not till then—for the humblest and the highest spirit, if tried by that test, will baith be found wantin'; and a' that I ask for either the ane or the ither set o' sinners is—justice.

NORTH.

Yet something there seems to be unexplained in the subject.

SHEPHERD.

There maun aye be left something unexplained in every subject, sir. But hear till me æ minute langer. A man may deliver himsell up to poetry wi' too total a devotion—sae that he comes to dislike common life. There's much in common life, sir, as you ken, that's painfu,' and a sair restraint on the wull. Folk maun learn not only to thole, but absolutely to love, many things in ither that would cut hut a poor figure in poetry; and to cherish many things in themselfs that hae nae relation whatsoever wi' the imagination. Every head o' a bouse maun be sensible o' that wha does his duty as a busband, a faither, a master, and a friend. Let these things be forgotten, or felt to be hurdensome—and the mind that loves at all times to expatiate freely in a world o' its ain—even though the elements o't be a' human—is under a strong temptation to do sae—and then the life o' the man becomes defective and disordered. In such cases, the poet who loves virtue in her ideal beauty, and worships her in spirit and in truth, may frae her authority yet be a recreant—in real life. That's a short solution o' much that's puzzlin' and perplexin' in the conduct o' men o' genius; but there's anither key to the difficulty, sir—only I fear I'm gettin' tedious and tiresome.

NORTH.

No—no—my dear James—go on.

SHEPHERD.

There's danger in the indulgence o' feelings, let them be even the highest and the holiest o' our nature, without constant correspondin' practice to prevent their degeneration into mere aimless impulses—and these aimless impulses are found but a weak protection against the temptations that assail us in this world. Why, sir, I verily believe that religion itsell may be indulged in to excess, when frequent ca's are no made on men to act, as well as to think and feel. The man of religion is perfectly sincere, though he be found wanting when put to trial—just like the man of genius. Well-doing is necessary.—

NORTH.

There you have hit the nail on the head, James.

SHEPHERD.

Shall we say then, in conclusion, that the true character of a true poet is always exhibited in his poetry? Eh? It must be so—Burns, Byron, Cowper, Wordsworth, are all, in different ways, proofs of the truth of the apothegm.

NORTH.

But what think you, James, of the vulgar belief, that a bad private may be a good public character?

SHEPHERD.

That it is indeed a most vulgar helief. A bad private character is a blackguard—and how could a blackguard make a gude public character? Eh?

NORTH.

That's a poser.

SHEPHERD.

Only you see there's scarcely sic a thing as morality in political life; or if there be, it's anither code, and gangs by the name o' Expediency. A blackguard may be a gae gude judge o' maist kinds o' expediency—but whenever the question gets dark and difficult, you maun hae recourse to the licht o' conscience, and what becomes o' the blackguard then, sir? He gangs hlind-faulded ower a precipice, and is dashed to pieces. But besides expediency, there's what they ca' honour—national honour—and though I scarcely see hoo it is—yet great blackguards in private life hae a sense o' that, and wadna, hut under great temptation, sacrificee 't. A bribe, however, administered to their be-

settin' sin, whatever that may be, will generally do the business, and they will sell even the freedom of their country for women or gold.

NORTH.

I do not well know what to think of public men just now, James.

SHEPHERD.

They seem to be a poor pitifu' pack the maist o' them, especially, wi' sum twa or three exceptions—our ain Forty-Five. Whenever a man past thirty tells me that he has changed his opinion about ony given thing in ony given time, gude manners alane hinder me frae tellin' him that he is a leear.—But let's hae nae politics. What the deevil are you thinkin' about that you're no attendin' to me speakin'? Dinna be absent. For Heaven's sake gie ower that face. Ay, there the black thunder-cloud has passed awa', and your benign and beautifu' auld physiognomy ance mair looks like itsell in the licht o' heaven.

NORTH.

I chanced to look at this ring——

SHEPHERD.

What? The aye on your wee finger? The finest diamond ever glittered.

NORTH.

And the image of the Noble Being, in remembrance of whom I have worn it for twenty years, rose up before me—methought in the very attitude in which he used of old to address a public assembly—the right arm extended—so——

SHEPHERD.

Few things in this weary world sae delichtfu' as Keepsakes! Nor do they ever, to my heart at least, nor to my een, ever lose their tender, their powerfu' charm!

NORTH.

How slight—how small—how tiny a memorial, saves a beloved friend from oblivion—worn on the finger——

SHEPHERD.

Or close to the heart! Especially if he be dead! Nae thocht sae unsupportable as that o' entire, total, blank forgetfulness—when the cretur that ance laucht, and sang, and wept to us, close to our side, or in our verra arms, is as if her smiles, her voice, her tears, her kisses, had never been! She and them a' swallowed up in the dark nothingness o' the dust!

NORTH.

It is not safe to say, James, that any one single thought that ever was in the mind is forgotten. It may be gone, utterly gone—like a bird out of a cage. But a thought is not like a bird, a mortal thing; and why may it not, after many many long years have past by—so many and so long that we look with a sort of quiet longing on the churchyard heaps—why may it not return all at once from a “far countrée,” fresh, and fair, and bright, as of yore, when first it glided into being, up from among the heaven-dew-opened pores in the celestial soil of the soul, and “possessed it wholly,” as if there for ever were to have been its blissful abiding-place, in those sunny regions where sin and sorrow as yet had shewn their evil eyes, but durst not venture in, to scare off from the paradise even one of all its divinest inmates! Why may not the thought, I ask, return—or rather, rise up again on the spirit, from which it has never flown, but lain hushed in that mysterious dormitory, where ideas sleep, all ready to awake again into life, even when most like death—for Ideas are as birds of passage, and they are also akin to the winter-sleepers, so that no man comprehends their exits or their entrances, or can know whether any one of all the tribe is at any one moment a million of miles off, or wheeling round his head, and ready to perch on his hand!

SHEPHERD.

Alloo me, sir, noo to press you to anither glass o' Mrs Gentle's elder-flower wine.

NORTH.

Frontignac!—Now, do you, James, take up the ball—for I'm out of breath.

SHEPHERD.

To please you, sir, I hae read lately—or at least tried to read—thae books,

and lectures, and what not, on the Association o' Ideas—and yon explanations and theories o' Tammas Broon's, and Mr Dugald Stewart's, and Mr Alison's, and the lave, seem, at the time the volume's lyin' open afore you, rational aneuch—sae that you canna help believin' that each o' them has flung doon a great big hunch o' keys, wi' a clash on the table, that'll enable you to open a' the locks o' a' the doors o' the Temple o' Natur. But, dog on't! the verra first lock you try, the key'll no fit! Or if it fits, you cannot get it to turn roun', though you chirt wi' your twa hands till you're haith black and red in the face, and desperate angry. A' the Metaphysicsicks that ever were theoreezed into a system o' Philosophy 'll never clear up the mystery o' memory ae hue, or enable me nor ony body else to understand hoo, at ae time, ye may knock on your head wi' your loof or nieve till it's sair, without awaking a single thoct, ony mair than you would awaiken a dormouse in the heart o' the bole of an aik, by tappin' on the rough hide; while at another time, you canna gie your head a jie to the ae side, without tens o' thousands o' thochts fleein' out o' your mouth, your nose, and your een, just like a swarm o' bees playin' whurr—and hum—into the countless sky, when by chance you hae upset a skep, or the creturs o' thair accord, and in the passion o' their ain instinck, are aff after their Queen, and havin' tormented half the kintra-side for hours, a' at last settle down on the branch o' an apple-tree perhaps—the maist unlikely, to all appearance, they could find—and perplexin' to the man wi' the ladder, and the towel outower his face,—because the Queen-Bee preferred, for some inscrutable reason, that ackward branch to a' ither resting-places on which she could hae rested her doup, although it was physically and morally impossible that she could ever hae seen the tree afore, never havin' been alloo'd to set her foot ayont the door o' the skep, for reasons best known to her subjects, or at least her Ministers, wha, unlike some ither I might mention, dinna despise the voice o' the people, even though it should be nae louder nor a murmur or a hum!

NORTH.

Come, James, no politics—keep to philosophy.

SHEPHERD.

The Queen-Thocht's the same's the Queen-Bee—and when she's let loose intill heaven, out flees the haill swarm o' winged fancies at her tail, wi' a noise like thunder.

NORTH.

But we were speaking of Keepsakes—

SHEPHERD.

And sae we are still. I see the road windin' along on the richt haun yonner—but we're like passengers loupin' aff the tap o' the cotch at the fit o' a hill, and divin' devious through a wood by a short cut, to catch her again afore she get through the turnpike.

NORTH.

The pleasantest way either of travel or of talk.

SHEPHERD.

Ten hunder thousan' million thochts and feelings, and fancies, and ideas, and emotions, and passions, and what not, a' lie thegither, heads and thraws, in the great, wide, saft, swellin', four-posted, mony-pillowed bed o' the Imagination. Joys, sorrows, hopes, fears, raptures, agonies, shames, horrors, repentances, remorse—strange bed-fellows indeed, sir—some skuddly-naked, some clothed in duds, and some gorgeously appparelled, ready to rise up and sit down at feasts and festivals—

NORTH.

Stop, James, stop—

SHEPHERD.

'Tis the poet alane, sir, that can speak to ony purpose about sic an association o' ideas as that, sir; he kens at every hotch amang them, whilk is about to start up like a sheeted cadaver shiverin' cauld-rife as the grave, or a stoled queen, a rosy, balmy, fragrant-bosomed queen, wi' lang, white, satin arms, to twine roun' your verra sowle! But the metaphysician, what kens he about the matter? Afore he has putten the specs astraddle o' his nose, the floor o' the imagination is a' astir like the foaming sea—and aiblins hushed again into a cawn as deep as that o' a sunny hill, where lights and lambs are

dancin' together on the greensward, and to the music of the lilting linties among the golden groves o' broom, proud to see their yellow glories reflected in the pools, like blossoms bloomin' in anither waird belonging to the Naiads and the mermaids!

NORTH.

But, James, we were speaking of Keepsakes.

SHEPHERD.

And sae we are still. For what is a keepsake but a material memorial o' a spiritual happenin'? Something substantial, through whose instrumentality the shadowy past may resettle on the present—till a bit metal, or a bit jewel, or a bit lock o' hair, or a bit painted paper, shall suddenly bring the tears into your startled and softened een, by a dear, delightfu', overwhelmin' image o' Life-in-Death?

NORTH.

Of all keepsakes, memorials, relics, most tenderly, most dearly, most devoutly, James, do I love a little lock of hair!—and oh! when the head it beautified has long mouldered in the dust, how spiritual seems the undying glossiness of the sole remaining ringlet! All else gone to nothing—save and except that soft, smooth, burnished, golden, and glorious fragment of the appalling that once hung in clouds and sunshine over an angel's brow!

SHEPHERD.

Ay—as poor Kirke White says—

“It must have been a lovely head
That had such lovely hair!”

But dinna think ony mair upon her the noo, sir. What fules we are to summon up shadows and spectres frae the grave, to trouble——

NORTH.

Her image troubles me not. Why should it? Methinks I see her walking yonder, as if fifty years of life were extinguished, and that were the sun of my youth! Look—look—James!—a figure all arrayed, like Innocence, in white garments! Gone—gone!—Yet such visions are delightful visitants—and the day, and the evening, and the night, are all sanctified on which the apparition comes and goes with a transient, yet immortal smile!

SHEPHERD.

Ay, sir! a lock o' hair, I agree wi' you, is far better than ony pictur. It's a pairt o' the beloved object hersell—it belanged to the tresses that aften, lang, lang ago, may hae a' been suddenly dishevelled, like a shower o' sunbeams, ower your beatin' breast! But noo solemn thochts sadden the beauty ance sae bricht—sae refulgent—the langer you gaze on't, the mair and mair pensive grows the expression of the holy relic—it seems to say, almost upbraidingly, “Weep'st thou no more for me?” and then, indeed, a tear, true to the imperishable affection in which all nature seemed to rejoice, “when life itself was young,” bears witness that the object towards which it yearned is no more forgotten, now that she has been dead for so many many long weary years, than she was forgotten during an hour of absence, that came like a passing cloud between us and the sunshine of her living, her loving smiles!

NORTH.

Were a picture perfectly like our deceased friend—no shade of expression, however slight, that was his, awanting—none there, however slight, that belonged not to the face that has faded utterly away—then might a picture——

SHEPHERD.

But then that's never the case, sir. There's aye something wrang, either about the mouth, or the een, or the nose—or what's warst o' a', you canna fin' fafte wi' ony o' the features for no being like, and yet the painter, frae no kennin' the delightfu' character o' her or him that was sittin' till him, leaves out o' the face the entire speerit—or aiblins, that the portrait mayna be deficient in expression, he pits in a sharp clever look, like that o' a blue stocking, into saft, dewy, divine een, swimmin' wi' sowle! spoils the mouth a' thegither by puckerin' t up at the corners, sae that a' the innocent smiles, mantlin' there like kisses, tak flight frae sic prim lips, cherry-ripe though they be;

and, blin' to the delicate, straught, fine-edged hecht o' her Grecian—ay, her Grecian nose—what does the fule do, but raises up the middle o' the brig, or—may Heaven never forgie him—cocks it up at the pint sae, that you can see up the nostrils—a thing I dinna like at a'—and for this, which he ca's a portrait, and proposes sendin' to the Exhibition, he has the conscience to charge you—withouten the frame—the reasonable soom o' ae hundred pounds sterling!

NORTH.

Next to a lock of hair, James, is a brooch, or a ring, that has been worn by a beloved friend.

SHEPHERD.

Just sae; and then you can put the hair intil the brooch or the ring—or baith—and wear them on your finger and on your breast a' nicht lang, dream, dream, dreamin' awa' back into the vanished world o' unindurable, and incomprehensible, and inutterable things!

NORTH.

Or what think you of a book, my dear James—

SHEPHERD.

Ay, a bit bookie o' ane's ain writin', a poem perhaps, or a garland o' bal-lants and sangs, with twa three lovin' verses on the fly-leaf, by way o' inscription—for there's something unco affectionate in manuscript—bound on purpose for her in delicate white silver-edged cawf, wi' flowers along the border, or the figure o' a heart perhaps in the middle, pierced wi' a dart, or breathin out flames like a volcawno.

NORTH.

A device, James, as natural as it is new.

SHEPHERD.

Nane o' your sneers, you auld satirist. Whether natural or unnatural, new or auld, the device, fra being sae common, canna be far wrang—for a' the world has been in love at ae time or ither o' its life, and kens best hoo to express its ain passion. What see you ever in love-sangs that's at a' new? Never ae single word. It's just the same thing ower again, like a vernal shower patterin' among the buddin' woods. But let the lines come sweetly and saftly, and a wee wildy too, fra the lips o' Genius, and they shall delight a' mankind, and womankind too, without ever wearyin' them, whether they be said or sung. But try to be original—to keep aff a' that ever has been said afore, for fear o' plagiarism, or in ambition o' originality, and your poem 'll be like a bit o' ice that you hae taken into your mouth unawawres for a lump o' white sugar.

NORTH.

Now, my dear James, the hour is elapsed, and we must to our toilet. The Gentles will be here in a jiffey, and I know not how it is, but intimate as we are, and attached by the kindest ties, I never feel at my ease in their company, in the afternoon, unless my hair be powdered, my ruffles on, and my silver buckles.

SHEPHERD.

Do you meen the buckles on your shoon, or the buckles on your breeks?

NORTH.

My shoon, to be sure. James—James!

SHEPHERD.

I'll tell you a secret, sir—and yet it's nae great secret either; for I'm o' opinion that we a' ken our ain hearts, only we dinna ken what's best for them,—you're in love wi' Mrs Gentle. Na, na—dinna hang down your head, and blush in that gate; there's nae harm in't—nae sin—only you should marry her, sir; for I never saw a woman sae in love wi' a man, in a' my born days.

NORTH.

I cannot bring myself to think so, my dear James.

SHEPHERD.

Tuts. You canna attempt to walk across the room, that her twa een are no followin' you on your crutch, wi' a mixed expression o' love, and fear lest you should fa' and dislocate your knee-pan, or—

NORTH.

Crutch! Why, you know, James, well enough, that for the last twelve-

month I have worn it, not for use, but ornament. I am thinking of laying it aside entirely.

SHEPHERD.

"And capering nimbly in a lady's chamber!" Be persuaded by me, sir, and attempt nae sic thing. Naeboddy supposes that your constitution's broken in upon, sir, or that you're subject to a general frailty o' natur. The gout 's a local complaint wi' you—and what the waur is a man for haeln' an occasional pain in his tae? Besides, sir, there's a great deal in habit—and Mrs Gentle has been sae lang accustomed to look at you on the crutch, that there's nae sayin' hoo it might be, were you to gie owre that captivat' hobbie, and figure on the floor like a dancing master. At your time o' life, you cud never howp to be an extremely,—an uncommonly active man on your legs—and therefore it's better, it's wiser, and it's safer, to continue a sort o' lameter, and keep to the crutch.

NORTH.

But does she absolutely follow me with her eyes?

SHEPHERD.

She just reminds me, sir, when you're in the room wi' her, o' a bit image o' a duck soomin' about in a bowl o' water at the command o' a loadstane. She's really a bonny body—and no sae auld either. Naeboddy 'll lauch at the marriage—and I shouldna be surprised if you had—

NORTH.

"The world's dread laugh," as it is called, has no terrors to me, my dear James—

SHEPHERD.

Nane whatever—I weel ken that;—and I think I see you sittin' wi' your poothered head, aside her in the chay drawn by four blood horses, cavin their heads till the foam flies owre the hedges, a' adorned wi' white ribbons, and the postillions wi' great braid favours on their breasts like roses or stars, smackin' their whups, while the crood huzzaws you aff to your honeymoon among the mountains—

NORTH.

I will pop the question, this very evening.

SHEPHERD.

Just tak it for granted that the marriage is to be as sune as the settlements can be drawn up—look to her, and speak to her, and press her haun, whenever she puts her arm intil yours, as if it was a' fixed—and she'll sune return a bit wee saft uncertain squeeze—and then by and by—

NORTH.

I'll begin this very evening—

SHEPHERD.

Saftly—saftly—moderate your transports. You maun begin by degrees, and no be owre tender upon her a' at ance, or she'll wunner what's the maitter wi' you—suspect that you're mad, or hae been takin' a drap drink—and are only makin' a fule o' her—

NORTH.

Ha! yonder she is, James. Gentle by name, and gentle by nature! To her delicate touch the door seems to open as of itself, and to turn on its hinges—

SHEPHERD.

As if they were iled. Wait a wee, and maybe you'll hear her bang't after her like a clap o' thunder.

NORTH.

Hush! impious man. How meekly the most loveable matron rings the door-bell! What can that lazy fellow, John, be about, that he does not fly to let the angel in?

SHEPHERD.

Perhaps cleanin' the shoon, or the knives and forks. Noo mind you, behave yourself. Come awa'.

(The SHEPHERD takes the crutch, and Mr NORTH walks towards the Lodge as fresh as a five-year-old.)

THE CHRISTENING.

ARRAY'D—a half-angelic sight—
 In vests of pure Baptismal white—
 The Mother to the Font doth bring
 The little, helpless, nameless thing,
 With hushes soft and mild caressing,
 At once to get—a name and blessing.—
 Close by the Babe the Priest doth stand—
 The Sacred water at his hand,
 Which must assail the soul within
 From every stain of Adam's sin.—
 The Infant eyes the mystic scenes,
 Nor knows what all this wonder means;
 And now he smiles, as if to say,
 "I am a Christian made this day."
 Now, frightened, clings to Nurse's hold,
 Shrinking from the water cold,
 Whose virtues, rightly understood,
 Are, as Bethesda's waters, good.—
 Strange words—the World, the Flesh, the Devil—
 Poor babe, what can it know of evil?
 But we must silently adore
 Mysterious truths, and not explore.
 Enough for him, in after times,
 When he shall read these artless rhymes,
 If looking back upon this day
 With easy conscience, he can say
 "I have in part redeem'd the pledge
 Of my baptismal privilege;
 And more and more will strive to flee
 All that my Sponsors kind renounced for me."

C. LAMB.

FOR A YOUNG LADY'S ALBUM.

I.

Such goodness in your face doth shine,
 With modest look, without design,
 That I despair, poor pen of mine
 Can e'er express it.
 To give it words I feebly try;
 My spirits fail me to supply
 Befitting language for't, and I
 Can only bless it!

II.

But stop, rash verse! and don't abuse
 A bashful maiden's ear with news
 Of her own virtues. She'll refuse
 Praise sung so loudly.
 Of that same goodness you admire,
 The best part is, she don't aspire
 To praise—nor of herself desire
 To think too proudly.

C. LAMB.

SKETCHES ON THE ROAD IN IRELAND.

No. II.

THE best living in Ireland—I do not speak *ecclesiastically*—is in Cork; they have the best of fish, flesh, fowl, and claret, and the science of jollification is pursued in a spirit of generous rivalry, which is highly gratifying to every digesting stomach. For this cause, if you be in Dublin, and have nothing particular to do there, go to Cork. That being settled, the next thing is, how you are to get there; and after having debated the several advantages and disadvantages of post-chaise, mail-coach, and stage-coach, you may choose which you like best; but for my part, being a loyal subject, and having only myself to take care of, I make choice of his Majesty's mail.

There is, or at least there once was, a Cork mail which left Dublin early in the day, of which I availed myself in order to be transported to the true Athens of Ireland. There is a little pert, busy Whig town, in the north, called Belfast, which assumes this title, with about as much reason as Joseph Hume has for considering himself an arithmetician. There are as much Greek and mathematics, in any one parish of Cor^k, as in all Belfast and the parts adjacent, including the Institution—This by way of parenthesis. The morning I fixed on for my journey, was unluckily obscured by one of those Irish fogs, which, to the promotion of sore throats and low spirits, are apt to prevail in that season when the trees are getting into the “sear and yellow leaf;” so I silently stowed myself away in a corner of the coach,

“Wrapp'd in my virtue, and a close surt-out,”

and applied myself, with no inconsiderable industry, to the perusal of a newspaper which I had brought with me, containing a very elaborate debate on the Corn Laws. I never before read with any advantage in a carriage, but upon this occasion I felt there was a pleasing analogy, and harmony with nature, in the speech which I studied. I thought I saw fog oozing out of the paper—the words, and the ideas they were meant to convey, fell into a pleasing continuous confusion; I leaned back to consider the subject more

at my ease, and was just, as I conceived, getting very profound upon the subject of the “averages,” when I was disturbed by a loud dispute about the average price of sheep at the last Ballinasloe fair. The fact was, I had slept for several hours, and we were now near Castledermot, and about thirty miles from Dublin, when my fellow travellers, of less meditative habits, burst my bands of sleep asunder, by the vivacity of their discussion on rural affairs in general, and the profits of sheep stock in particular. One of the disputants I soon discovered to be a grazier, “whose talk was of bullocks” for the most part; though, for the present, he had fallen into a brief episode concerning the woolly tribe. He was one of that class, of which even Ireland could at the close of the war boast not a few, who, though they wore frieze coats, had good store of debentures in their chests at home, and of money at their bankers. But since Bonaparte and prices have fallen, these stores have in many cases sadly melted away. Irish landlords, for the most part, live up to the highest penny of rent they can screw from the land, besides mortgaging for marriage portions, and the like; and they are not able, nor willing, if they were able, to reduce rents upon a change of times. So the farmers and graziers who had saved money, were obliged to continue to pay it in rent, after the land had ceased to be worth the rent; and the landlord had to pay it to the capitalist for interest of money he had borrowed; and the capitalist, seeing the country people were breaking, would lend them no more money, but invested it in the public funds, and thus, as agricultural stock fell, government stock rose. But this is something beside the present matter; our grazier looked like an Irishman, every inch of him; and his height extended to one or two inches over and above six feet; he wore top boots and leathern unmentionables, both of which looked as if they had seen service since the year of the Union; his coat was of frieze, as aforesaid, ornamented with iron buttons, and was what he would himself have called, a “cliver coat:” that is

to say, a garment which, with pretensions to smartness, exhibits exceeding liberality in the tailor as to the quantity of material made use of. His voice was such as might be given to a man for shouting on the mountains, and his cadences were cascades of Munster brogue, which rolled from his lips like potatoes out of a sack.

The other disputant was a smart dapper man of about fifty, whose slightly powdered head, coat of the finest blue, with shining buttons, and redundancy of elaborately plaited shirt-ruffle, shewed he belonged to the class of "gentlemen;" he affected the wag, and indeed had no small share of humour, for the sake of the display of which, he condescended to argue with the grazier. It came out by degrees that he was an attorney, and agent to an absentee lord; and it was amazing with what fluency he discoursed upon land, leases, and politics: upon the last, he was particularly eloquent and diffuse, and swore by the names of Sir John Newport, and Mr Spring Rice, whom he had lately seen in London. "These were the men," he said, "who listened to the representations of men of sense concerning Ireland;" and then he added, in a significant under-tone, "that though it was not proper to brag in such a case, yet he could tell who it was they took their hints from, in the last speeches they made on the state of Ireland in the House of Commons."

But now the fog had cleared off; and as we were entering the town of Castledermot, which has a name in Irish history, I left my communicative lecturer on Irish politics, and transferred myself to the outside of the coach for better opportunity of observation. This little town, I knew, had once been a royal residence, and a parliament was held in it even two centuries after the coming of the English. It was fortified, and had regular gates, of which the names survive, while the things themselves, and all

other traces of fortification, have passed away. There still, however, remains a very beautiful monument of antiquity; it is the ruins of a magnificent abbey of Franciscans, said to have been founded by one of the first of the Geraldine family, who held the Earldom of Kildare.* The walls of the large aisle are still standing, and one large window remains in beautiful preservation. It vexed me to the heart to see that the country-fellows had made a ball-alley of the place, and were busy at their game, laughing and swearing, on the very spot where formerly

"Pealing anthems swell'd the note of praise"

One would have supposed, that the priest might have interfered, and prevented this dishonour to the old hal-
lowed walls, or that the superstition which is said to prevail so much among the people themselves, would have deterred them from pursuing their noisy sport in a place once devoted to the prayers of their own church; but I have remarked, that the superstitions of the common people in Ireland, seldom reach to any lofty or dignified feeling—they chiefly relate to absurd notions about mysterious influences on their own personal condition, or that of their cattle, and never arrive at that degree of poetical elevation which makes the vice even of superstition "lose half its evil, in losing all its grossness." I would beg leave to suggest to J. K. L., in whose assumed diocese the old abbey stands, that when the settlement of the Catholic Question gives him a little leisure from those political pursuits, in which he has displayed so much Christian mildness, truth, and consistency, he might worse employ a portion of that spiritual authority, which so active a man as he is will not suffer to lie idle, than in rescuing the remains of an ancient Roman Catholic church from daily dishonour.

* The religious houses founded in Ireland by the early English settlers, were very numerous; and their zeal in this respect is attributed, by a very eloquent and able writer of our day, to their desire to expiate in this manner the enormities of which they were so commonly guilty.

"The early English adventurers were eminently distinguished for this species of piety. One hundred and sixty religious houses, founded and endowed between the landing of Henry II. and that of Edward Bruce, with countless grants of land and other minor benefactions, were the splendid monuments of their remorse."—DOCTOR PHILLAN'S *History of the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland*, p. 53.

From Castledermot, the approach to Carlow is pretty: the road passes through Colonel Bruen's demesne, in which some of the vistas of park scenery are fine, and it has a curious effect to drive along in a public coach, with a troop of deer grazing quietly on one side of you, and a score or two of hares frisking about on the other. The outskirts of the town itself are handsome; and there is an air of business and cheerfulness in the streets, though in the interior of the town they are crowded and inconvenient. Thence to Kilkenny, the road lies a good part of the way within a field or two of the river Barrow, which is navigable up to Carlow, and its banks are green, and planted. Kilkenny, like most other places of which one forms large expectations, is apt to create disappointment. The stranger who knows Ireland only from books, bethinks him, as he approaches Kilkenny, of the city which once was the centre point of the English pale, surrounded by fortifications, and filled with churches and monasteries, the most considerable that even this church-buried island could boast. Here, also, were Parliaments held, and famous statutes enacted, forming a legislative scourge for the unhappy natives, which even English power was unable to wield; and here has been for long ages past the family seat of the house of Ormond, whose name alone is sufficient to call up a host of historical recollections. Nevertheless, I could not say, as the song does,

"Och! of all towns in Ireland, Kilkenny
for me."

The view up and down the Nore, from the bridge at the entrance of the town, is certainly picturesque in some degree; it is generally called beautiful.

Onwards towards Clonmell the country is most discouragingly bare and bleak. As we ascended a long hill near "Nine-mile House," I got a near and accurate view of Sliebh-na-Mann, or the Woman's Mountain, a stupendous hill, the opposite side of which I had gazed upon before, with some respect and admiration, in driving along the verdant and fertile banks of the Suir, from Waterford to Carrick. In the former view, its foreshortened shape seemed like an enormous bluff bowed cone, or cloud-capped haycock; but seen distinctly on the Tipperary side, it more resembled the inverted hull of "some tall

Ammiral," with a gigantic mastiff couching before its bows. The country all about was wild and desolate. A long tract of low-lying boggy land extends from the village of Callan to the foot of Sliebh-na-Mann; plentifully intersected with broad meadows, or boundary ditches, full of clear brown water up to the brim, but not a tree nor a shrub to be had for love or money. If your horse got "*rusty*," or came to a stand-still, you might get off and pelt stones at him, for switch there is none. Perched here and there, like heaps of coal ashes on a stubble field, you descried a dreary cabin, with the roof thatch dingy and rotten, its crooked wicker chimney emitting a thin hungry-looking smoke, and all the live stock to be seen consists of a few straggling goats that bleat sorrowfully from cold and starvation. Sliebh-na-Mann frowns in sterile and gloomy majesty from above upon this comfortless region. A little rivulet toddling down the road side, with some marks of lively verdure on its brink, was the only fresh and hopeful thing to relieve either eye or ear.

I observed with some surprise, as we drove slowly up the lengthy hill before referred to, the conversation of all upon the vehicular conveniency became most determinedly blood-thirsty and burglarious: story followed story of men that were shot dead in the open day, as they were walking home through their own fields, cattle houghed, graves dug in men's land by night, and frightful notices posted of the dire intent of the excavators. Here and there a field was pointed out, covered with upturned sods, which, I was told, had been the work of midnight depredators, to compel the occupant to till the land, instead of holding it in pasture. Amid these terrific relations we came opposite the depression in the back of the prostrate mastiff, which I have fancied the Kilkenny end of the Woman's Mountain to resemble. "There, sir," said the guard, stretching over from the back of the coach, and pointing to the middle of the valley, "is the place where the Sheas were murdered." This was a fearful climax to the stories I had just been listening to, and my flesh crept on my bones as the words of the guard brought all the detail of that horrible atrocity to my recollection. I believe the habits of the peasantry

in this part of the country far exceed those of any other part of Ireland in ferocious cruelty; but even here, the circumstance of burning a house, and compelling the whole family of, I believe, nine persons, to remain within and perish with the most torturing of all deaths, stands out, as something remarkable, in the catalogue of crimes which disgrace this part of Tipperary. That nothing might be wanting to complete the utmost climax that the wildest imagination could conceive of horror in such a transaction, one of the women of the house was thrown, by the torture of the flames, into premature labour, and a child was born amid the fire, and its body found half consumed amongst the ruins.

It would be a long story to tell all the circumstances of this dreadful affair, in which not two or three, but a whole troop of savage monsters took a part. For many a long day they all escaped punishment, but within a year or two some of them have been convicted, and paid the forfeit of their crimes. The rhetorical powers of Mr Shiel, of which the world in general, and he himself in particular, justly entertain a very considerable opinion, have been employed in a description of this atrocity, and a dreadful narrative he certainly gave of the circumstances; yet it was in exceedingly bad taste, and quite in the *falsest* of rhetorical aggravation. It is surprising that Mr Shiel, who possesses unquestionably much poetical genius, and who has evidently studied the best poetry with no small diligence, should not have seen that a simple and energetic detail of circumstances, in themselves so terrible, would be much more impressive than he could make it by the elaborate rhetorical artifice which he used.

The place which the guard pointed out to me was indeed a black and withered-looking spot, well suited to a deed of horror. "How had they offended the people that murdered them?" asked I.—"Oh, they didn't offend *them* at all," replied my informant, "they come from far enough."

"And what was the motive then for putting them to so cruel a death?"

"In troth I know no reason, only they tuk land over another man's head, and so they wor condemned to die."

"Then this is a very lawless part of the country?"

"No worse," was the man's laconic reply, and we drove on in silence for a considerable way, others doubtless, like myself, revolving the fate and the feelings of those wretched beings who could be instigated to the commission of the most diabolical crimes, merely in order to prevent their victims from engrossing the means of procuring a bare and laborious subsistence.

The dusk had now faded into darkness, and a thick mizzling rain shut in the evening of a chill October day, when, as we drove along, moody and uncomfortable, wishing to be at ease in our Inn, a sudden cry of "Halt" from several voices at once on either side the road, roused us as by a shock of electricity, and we heard the rapid click—click—click of many pieces cocking at the same moment that we felt the coachman suddenly pull up.

I must confess I felt somewhat "in a moved sort" at all this dreadful note of preparation; however, I retained nerve enough to bid the guard "hand me a carabine, for here will be blood," as in the first instant of the cry he threw open the mail-box and handled his arms. The man glanced upward at me from his stooping posture, with an untroubled searching eye, for it shone distinctly visible in the palpable obscure of the darkness; and seeming satisfied with my fixed look, handed me a carabine without uttering a word. "Where should I fire?" said I, in a low tone.

"Shoot the man that seizes the near leader, he'll be easiest for you—be sure you cover his breast before you fire, and leave the rest to me."

Not twenty seconds had elapsed since the first alarm, and I had already cocked and levelled my piece, when the guard himself struck up my arm just below the elbow, so as to point my muzzle at the welkin, exclaiming, in a tone of agonized earnestness, "for God's sake hold your hand, sir, it's the Pole-is" (police.)

The sudden check upon the muscles of my arm contracted my fingers so violently, that my piece went off, but the slugs were driven "diverse innumerable leagues," and, as the grazier afterwards remarked, "hot" (i. e. hit) the parish, he supposed. We now called a parley; and speedily learned, what the coachman had guessed from the beginning, and which had induced him to pull up his horses so readily, that it was a party of "Peel-

ers" returning from a neighbouring fair, where, after squabbling all day long with various "factions" of the people, they had got comfortably drunk towards evening, of which the country fellows had taken advantage to way-lay them on their return home, and bestow condign punishment on them, in the shape of what Paddy gave the drum, videlicet, "a d—d good beating."

"And what the devil did you stop the coach for this-a-way?" asked the guard, a shrewd old campaigner, with a brilliant Cork brogue, but who had evidently served to some purpose. "Is that the thanks you've for us?" was the reply; "troth an' its just to tell yiz not to drive on 'this night any how, or every mother's sowl of ye'll be murdered cliver and clane to-night, before to-morrow, by thim ruffins. It was God's will that we escaped."

"And so you couldn't say that without calling a halt, and cocking your muskets first," resumed the guard.

This was a home thrust; and the men seemed for a moment, by their abashed silence, to confess that they had been insensible to the probable consequences of their absurd conduct. "Why, thin, what ailed you (ailed you,) or what was it come over you at all at all?" said the guard, "or what ruffians are you talking about?" This seemed the signal for cleaving the general ear with horrid speech, and they recounted, in a confused manner, each interrupting the other, what infinite brawls they had suppressed, and various important services they had performed at the fair; and how they were surrounded by an immense multitude of villains on their way home, hustled, knocked down, kicked, and trampled upon, and wellnigh murdered. "And *what did you drink?*"

interposed the guard. "Divel a thing but porther through the day." "Come, tell God's truth," he added, in a tone of disbelief and authority. "Why, then, all we tuk was a naggin a-piece, when we wor comin away, at Widdy Gleason's, below at the crass," sighed the corporal.

"Ay! I thought as much," said the shrewd old cross-examiner; "and when you wor pot-valiant, you wint swaggerin' along the road, makin' big fools of yersels, an' the boys gave ye a good lickin' for your thrubble; divel's cure to ye, God forgive me—Go home to your barracks, you dirty drunken bastes, and sleep off the fumes of the licker, before you face your officer in the mornin' wid this fine cock-in-a-bull story; 'tis well for yiz it wasnt your arms you lost, an' be bruk into the bargain, as ye desarved.—Carry on, 'im, honey," he continued, changing his tone, and addressing the coachman, "to make up for this stop,"—and the coachman rattled rapidly along again as the astounded culprits slunk away like chidden hounds."

The guard proceeded quietly to reload the carbine I had discharged: "You'll give it me again," I said; "we may as well stand prepared for action, in case any of these marauding gentry should think fit to attack us." "Not a bit of it," answered he coolly, as he laid it into the arms-box, and fastened down the lid firmly. "Are you then so sure they won't pay us a visit?" "Not sure of *that* at all, sir; but I'm sure they've no real mischief in hand this night, whin they left thim spalpeens of Pole-is their arms, that they could have tuk as asy as I could shoot you this minute. An' if they did come up, an' was braggin, an' aggravin' us, an' goin' on, there's no sayin' what a strange gentleman like you, that does'nt know the cratures, mightn't

* It is but justice to the "Peelers" (by which significant term the whole constabulary force appointed under Mr Goulburn's bill, as well as those by Mr Peel's act, are known in the vernacular) to add, that there is no more orderly, efficient, and well-conducted body of men than they now are. At first, the recommendations of country gentlemen, and other irresponsible persons, were necessarily attended to in the selection of persons to undertake the office, and many loose and unfit characters were of course introduced; but a better system has since prevailed; and, by the activity and intelligence of the inspecting officers in selecting and training the men, the gens d'armes of Ireland now form a body conspicuous for their steadiness and good conduct.

They are constantly produced as witnesses on criminal trials at the Assizes; and the clear straight-forward way in which they uniformly give their evidence is, in itself, a sufficient proof of their creditable character.

be tempted by the devil to doin a passion, wid a loaded gun in your hand, an' be sorry enough for doin' it all your life after."

There was a plain good sense about the man, with all his brogue, that I have often admired in soldiers and sailors who have been advanced for good conduct to some office of trust and confidence after they have retired from the service. We did not, however, meet with any of the anticipated interruption; but drove on merrily, talking and joking over our adventure till we arrived, without let or hindrance, at Clonmell, where my new acquaintances, the attorney, and the grazier, and myself, were to stop for the night. There was a certain assumption of dignity about the man of law while in the coach, which rapidly thawed away as a blazing fire and a hot supper set our blood into a livelier motion: he even condescended to boast of his skill in the combination of the

"materials" of whisky punch; and a practical proof being demanded, he composed a jug which might have warmed the soul of a marble statue, or a whig philosopher, if either of them possess any such thing. The grazier shewed himself to be what is called in Ireland "a damned fair fellow," that is to say, a man whose glass is always punctually and perfectly empty when the jug comes round; he talked loud as "rude Boreas" of his potent hunter, Paddy Whack; and shewed how fields were won; at last, recollecting that "we wor all to be up early in the mornin'," he seized a candle, and led the way to the bed-chambers, striding with a step not so perfectly steady as that with which he entered the room, and singing, with a tone and manner indescribably Irish, the old song,

"Oh! the groves of Blarney,
They are so charmin',"
 &c. &c. &c.

SONGS OF THE AFFECTIONS.

BY MRS HEMANS.

IV.

THE RETURN.

Oh! bid him reverence, in his manhood's prime
His youth's bright morning-dream.

DON CARLOS.

"Art thou come with the heart of thy childhood back,
The free, the pure, the kind?"
—So murmur'd the trees in my homeward track,
As they play'd to the mountain wind:

"Hast thou been true to thine early love?
Whisper'd my native streams;
"Doth the spirit, rear'd amidst hill and grove,
Still revere its first high dreams?"

"Hast thou borne in thy bosom the holy prayer
Of the child in his parent-halls?"—
Thus breathed a voice on the thrilling air
From the old ancestral walls:

"Hast thou kept thy faith with the faithful dead,
Whose place of rest is nigh?
With the father's blessing o'er thee shed?
With the mother's trusting eye?"

Then my tears gush'd forth in sudden rain,
As I answer'd—"O ye shades!
I bring not my childhood's heart again
To the freedom of your glances!"

" I have turn'd from my first pure love aside,
O bright rejoicing streams !
Light after light in my soul have died
The early glorious dreams !

" And the holy prayer from my thoughts hath pass'd,
The prayer at my mother's knee—
Darken'd and troubled I come at last,
Thou home of my boyish glee !

" But I hear from my childhood a gift of tears
To soften and atone ;
And, O ye scenes of those blessed years !
They shall make me again your own."

V.

THE WISH.

Holy hath been our converse, gentle friend !
Full of high thoughts breathing of heavenward hope,
Deepen'd by tenderest memories of the dead ;
Therefore, beyond the Grave, I surely deem
That we shall meet again.

Come to me, when my soul
Hath hut a few dim hours to linger here ;
When earthly chains are as a shrivell'd scroll,
Oh ! let me feel thy presence ! be but near !

That I may look once more
Into thine eyes, which never changed for me ;
That I may speak to thee of that bright shore,
Where, with our treasures, we have yearn'd to be.

Thou friend of many days !
Of sadness and of joy, of home and hearth !
Will not thy spirit aid me then to raise
The trembling pinions of my hope from earth ?

By every solemn thought
Which on our hearts hath sunk, in years gone by,
From the deep voices of the mountains caught,
Or all th' adoring silence of the sky :

By every lofty theme,
Wherein, in low-toned reverence, we have spoken ;
By our communion in each fervent dream
That sought from realms beyond the grave, a token :

And hy our tears for those
Whose loss hath touch'd our world with hues of death ;
And by the hopes that with their dust repose,
As flowers await the south wind's vernal hreath :

Come to me in that day—
The one—the sever'd from all days !—O Friend !
Even then, if human thought may then have away,
My soul with thine shall yet rejoice to blend.

Nor then, nor *there* alone :
I ask my heart if all indeed must die ;
All that of holiest feeling it hath known ?
And my heart's Voice replies—*Eternity !*

SKETCHES OF ITALY AND THE ITALIANS, WITH REMARKS ON ANTIQUITIES
AND FINE ARTS.

(Continued.)

XXVI. THE PALACE AND GARDENS OF PRATOLINO.

THE most remarkable in historical and local interest, and yet the least known of the numerous and magnificent palaces belonging to the sovereigns of Tuscany, is the Villa real di Pratolino, situate about six miles from Florence, on the road to Bologna. Built and decorated by one of the Medici in the sixteenth century, this palace once combined all the beauty, splendour, and ingenuity, which a period so distinguished in the history of fine art could supply; and although but the shadow of its former glories remains, the gardens still display so many wonders, that a brief description of them cannot but be interesting. In 1569, Francesco, the son of Cosmo, the first grand-duke of Tuscany, intending to build a summer residence, purchased a large tract of land on the woody slope of Monte Morello. The site was wild and irregular, covered with forest trees and underwood, and watered by numerous springs; but the air was fresh and salubrious—the valley, although so near Florence, was uninhabited—and the undulations of the surface were eminently favourable to horticultural embellishment. The deep shades of the interwoven trees appeared as if intended for purposes of mystery, and, in fact, this secluded retreat became the secret abode of the celebrated Venetian, Bianca Capello, first the mistress, and eventually the wife, of Francesco de Medici. The villa and gardens were designed and embellished by the celebrated Bernardo Buontalenti, a pupil of Michel Angelo, and the taste and ingenuity of this highly-gifted man created a scene of enchantment which probably suggested to Tasso his picturesque description of Armida's palace. Certainly the following lines are a close description of the locality:—

Quinci ella in cima a una montagna ascende
Disabitata e d'ombre oscura e bruna.
E per incanto
. . . Vi fonda un palagio appresso un lago:
Ove in perpetuo april molle amorosa
Vita seco ne mena il suo diletto.

This delightful retreat, which is embosomed and totally concealed in a thick wood, I discovered by accident during a shooting excursion from Fiesole. Eager in the pursuit of game, I had rambled onward until I found myself bewildered in a labyrinth of hills and valleys, and at a considerable distance from Fiesole. The day was far advanced, the heat was insupportable, and I looked around me in vain for some one to tell me the road. Exhausted at length with heat, hunger, and thirst, I left the path and approached an orchard, expecting to find refreshment from its fruit, or at least shade under its foliage. I discovered in it a grove of cherry trees, in one of which a peasant was seated gathering and throwing the ripe fruit into a pannier, which a girl of ten or twelve was supporting on her head. To an artist the group and scenery were charming; but at that moment the cherries were more attractive, and holding out a silver coin, I requested the gatherer to throw some fruit into my hat. He showered the cherries down in such abundance, that I soon called out, "Enough!"

"I must give you the money's worth," said he, as he continued to throw them down upon me with unmerciful honesty. After a delicious collation, assisted by a piece of home-baked cake which the peasant girl offered to me with a graceful and cordial smile, I began to think of my return to Fiesole, and requested them to direct me.

"You are so far from Fiesole," replied the villager, "that I advise you to pass the night at Pratolino, which is near at hand. The steward is a worthy man, and will receive you hospitably in the name of our beloved Grand Duke."

Delighted to hear that accident had brought me so near to this once celebrated villa, I promptly determined to follow his advice, and my guide continued in the flowery language common to all classes in Tuscany—

"Do you see," said he, "that moun-

tain shaded with lofty chestnuts, and within its greenery the glittering windows of an ancient mansion? Thither bend your steps. Leave the house upon your left, and you will find a path near a gushing fountain, which rolls its waters between mossy banks. Follow the windings of the stream, and it will guide you through the leafy darkness of the wood to a meadow, over which it flows more gently to the gardens of Pratolino. I wish you a good journey!" he added. "May God protect you! May the green shade be propitious to you! May the evening breeze refresh you, and may the blessings of the poor obtain for you a sound repose!"

Thus thoroughly refreshed, and thoroughly instructed, I proceeded with lightened steps and spirits to the entrance of the forest, where I met a man who offered to conduct me to the house of the steward. With the native complaisance peculiar to the inhabitants of this part of Tuscany, he warned me of every hazardous step as we proceeded along the winding and difficult path, and with an accuracy, the recollection of which increased no little my astonishment, when, on arrival at our destination, I discovered that he was blind. I subsequently heard that he was gifted with singular intelligence, and with a sense of touch so exquisite, that he could manufacture mechanical instruments of delicate structure, and was even the clock and watch-maker of his district. A brief detail of my day's adventures procured me a kind reception from the steward and his interesting family, who compelled me to partake of their evening repast, and to delay until morning my inspection of this enchanted palace of the Venetian Armida.

Observing on the following day the principal approach to Pratolino, I discovered the reason why this once celebrated villa was now so little known, and so rarely visited by travellers. Although so near the great road to Bologna, there is no indication to the passing stranger that the dark forest before him conceals a princely mansion. Instead of a broad avenue, worthy of the splendours within, a narrow and irregular lane winds through the trees, and terminates in a quadrangular glade, in the centre of which is the palace. The open space

around it is separated from the park by an iron railing, supported and connected by rustic pilasters of the Tuscan order. Two detached towers, of octagonal form, flank the palace; they have corresponding dials, one of which shows the time, the other indicates the variations of the wind. On the left of the palace, and beyond the iron rails, is a large open space, partially surrounded by trees, before which rises in majestic relief the colossal statue of the Apennine. There is much grandeur in the proportions and distribution of the apartments in the palace; but the architect, in endeavouring to avoid interior courts and skylights, has sacrificed external elegance and simplicity to what he thought an ingenious and novel conception. In consequence he was obliged to disfigure every side of the palace with bold projections and salient angles for the introduction of the requisite number of windows, and these prominent masses give to the whole structure the appearance of several square and awkwardly connected pavilions. The basement is a bold projection supporting spacious terraces, which are on a level with the *piano nobile*, or principal floor; and beneath these terraces are vestibules, curious grottos, apartments for menials, and kitchens, the chimneys of which face the gardens, and are agreeably ornamental. They rise to a considerable elevation, in the form of obelisks, crowned with metal globes, from which the smoke issues. In the front of the palace, two parallel staircases ascend to the terrace; and beneath the junction of the staircases is an archway, under the protection of which visitors may alight from their carriages, and enter the lower vestibule, from which a staircase leads to the state apartments in the *piano nobile*. These apartments, once decorated with costly marbles, stuccos, mosaics, frescos, and pictures, combined with great convenience every luxury which the magnificent taste of the Medici could introduce. They still contain a fine theatre; many singular mechanical amusements; and several organs, played by water-power, imitate a number of instruments, and perform the old music of the sixteenth century. The grottos, which were the original models of every similar structure of later date, deserve a more detailed description.

Those only who have experienced the summer heat of southern Europe, can appreciate the exquisite luxury of shady retreats combined with the humid evaporations, the soothing gush, and delicious murmurings of springs and fountains. The grottos of Pratolino are constructed in the basement of the palace, and have a south aspect, facing the gardens. They are approached by a double staircase leading from the terrace to an esplanade, which forms a second terrace above the level of the garden. The grottos are various in size and shape, but all are remarkable for the lavish splendour of the internal decorations. They are vaulted like the arcades of a cloister, and supported by beautiful columns of marble; the walls and ceilings are incrustated with stalactites, madrepores, marine plants and shells, corals, mother of pearl, and pictures of mosaic. Numerous statues of bronze and marble throw water into basins of gilt lead and marble. The waters flow through conduits under the pavement into the gardens below, where they are again employed for purposes innumerable. The finest statues have been removed to Florence, but several of those remaining are remarkable for design and execution. Amongst these is a satyr embracing a borachio, or wine-skin; a syren, who allures the spectator to approach her, and suddenly splashes him with water; an Europa, seated upon the Olympian bull; a shepherd, who is really playing on his pipe; and a triton, blowing water through his conch, which emits a singular sound. The grotto of the deluge is thus named from the abundance of its waters, which gush not only from walls and ceiling, but from the pavement. Soon as the visitor has entered, he is a prisoner and at the mercy of his guide. Jets d'eau start up from the threshold, and bar his egress: and should he dash through this liquid barrier, the jets follow him to the esplanade, the mosaic pavement of which is perforated with small ducts, from which dart innumerable jets as fine as threads. In other grottos are numerous contrivances to surprise and shock the curious, some of which would be seriously annoying in a colder climate. In one a commodious bench invites you to repose, yields to your weight, and plunges you into a cold bath: in another is a staircase

apparently leading to some object of interest; but, as soon as your foot preceses the first step, a spring moves and unmaskes a fountain, which gushes out upon your face and person: in a third a marine monster begins to move as you approach him, then rolls his eyes, opens his mouth, and vomits at you a volume of water.

The grotto of the Woman of Samaria is remarkable for the numerous mechanical and hydraulic contrivances of Buontalenti. On one side of the grotto is a theatre, exhibiting a wonderfully complicated scene of action. The spectator beholds a hamlet of cottages intermingled with trees. The door of a cottage opens, a pretty peasant girl comes out with a vase on her head, and goes to a fountain for water. Her figure is gracefully natural, and there is much ease and pliancy in her movements. She arrives at the fountain, fills the vase, and replaces it upon her head. While returning to the cottage she turns round several times, to look at a shepherd sitting near, who appears to admire, and endeavours to detain her by the distinctly audible melody of his bagpipe. At the side of the stage, a blacksmith opens his shop, and begins to work at his forge, assisted by his men. On the other side, a miller makes his men carry sacks of grain into a mill, the mechanism of which is perfect. The spectator now hears the winding of horns, and the barking of dogs; wild animals bound across the extremity of the stage, pursued by men on horseback, and a pack of hounds. Finally, the birds in the trees are heard to warble, while ducks and swans are sporting in a pool below. Upon an opposite stage in the same grotto, is represented the assault and capture of a fortress. Elsewhere, an oil-mill is worked by oxen with a driver; and a knife-grinder sharpens several iron tools, while his assistant turns the wheel. All these figures are mechanical, and display a degree of ingenuity which, considering the period of their construction, is truly wonderful. The esplanade before the grottos is connected with the garden below it by two magnificent staircases, a *cordon*, consisting of a succession of inclined planes like the stairs before the Capitol in Rome, and others in Rome and Naples, which are accessible to horses, and even to carriages. These

staircases, which are peculiar to Italy, are constructed of bricks, bordered with granite, and the steps are several feet in breadth, each rising two inches, with an intermediate slope of two inches more. Each staircase makes a sweep like the arch of a circle, thus facing each other at their termination. Under the more elevated portion of these staircases, is another beautiful grotto. The entrance is a rustic arcade, the walls are decked with stalactites; and at the extremity is a marble statue of large proportions, representing the river, or rather the torrent of Magnone, the source of which is near Pratolino. From the prostrate urn of this river-god, issue the united waters from the grottoes above. In surrounding niches are several figures, one of which is a personification of Fame, holding in her hand a golden trumpet, which she raises to her lips, and blows it loudly while she flaps her wings. Below the figure of Fame is a peasant, who fills a cup at a fountain and presents it to a dragon, which extends its neck, and opens its jaws to drink. In the opposite niche is a sitting figure of the god Pan, who plays agreeably upon his seven-reeded pipe. He rises, moves his head and eyes, guides his pipe with rapid movements before his lips, and, when his tune is finished, sits down in a sorrowful attitude. His sorrows are explained by the action of another figure representing Syrinx, who is gradually metamorphosed into reeds, which rise up around her, and conclude their performance by spouting jets of water. Leaving this grotto, the stranger is conducted to the entrance of a broad and gently sloping avenue, which extends 900 feet, between rows of laurels and fir-trees, and terminates in the broad masses of forest-trees, which cover the adjacent hills. Within the trees, and on each side of this immense avenue is a marble balustrade, broken by a regular succession of seats, which are indicated by broad vases, or tazzas. From all these rise jets of water, which return into the vases; and, escaping over the rims, are collected in channels scooped in the solid surface of the balustrades, thus forming a succession of rivulets from bench to bench. The intention of these numerous fountains and streamlets, was to agitate and cool the surrounding atmosphere; but the invention of

the architect did not stop here. By a still more ingenious application of hydraulic agency, a countless multitude of small jets, close to each other, were contrived, to spring simultaneously from the bases of the two lines of balustrade; and with an impulse which makes the rushing streams describe the arch of a circle across the avenue; thus creating a continued and diaphanous arbour, through which every surrounding object is distinguishable. The arching jets cross each other over the head of the pedestrian; and the shock of the clashing waters creates a light and drizzling rain, which refreshes without wetting, while the play of the sunbeams on this vault of liquid diamonds creates innumerable rainbows. In short, the eyes and the imagination are dazzled and delighted by this extraordinary spectacle, which seems like the golden dreams of boyhood, to reflect fairy splendours and Arabian enchantments. Thus did the ingenious Buontalenti employ the resources of his art to cheat nature, and to create in this burning climate an artificial atmosphere of humidity and freshness, like the perennial and delicious temperature in the gardens of Armida. The dark masses of wood which belt the park and gardens are intersected by interminable labyrinths and winding paths, which lead to grottoes, fountains, urns, tombs, and statues to Apollo and the Muses on Mount Parnassus, with Pegasus ready to wing his flight from the summit, whence flows a limpid stream, the tinkling music of which is blended with the deeper tones of an organ put in movement by its waters. A temple of elegant design is dedicated to Cupid and the Graces—a dark grotto, coated with moss, offers a shelter from the coming storm; it is the cave of Dido and Æneas; and a ray of light falling through a crevice in the rock, illumines a marble tablet, and enables you to read the descriptive lines of Virgil. In a secluded part of the forest are several small lakes overhung by lofty trees, and a light skiff conveys you to an island thickly planted with myrtles and rose-trees, which conceal a seat of flowery-turf, and some Anacreontic lines on a contiguous column, tell you that this retreat is dedicated to Mystery. To me it appeared more adapted to meditative purposes, so agreeably did the absolute seclusion,

the rustling of the foliage, and the tinkling of the rills which fed the lake, excite my contemplative propensities. Such are the mechanical wonders—such the delicious woods and waters of Pratolino. Here Francesco de Medici, concealed from human gaze, by a curtain of impenetrable woods, and forgetting alike his personal glory and the good of his people, rarely admitted his ministers to his presence, and abandoned himself to a life of voluptuous and criminal indolence. Here, too, according to the testimony of several historians, he and his fair enslaver, Bianca Capello, were poisoned; and the Cardinal de Medici, the brother of Francesco, and too probably the contriver of his untimely death, succeeded him in the sovereignty.

This palace and garden, no longer inhabited by the sovereigns of Tus-

cany, are sinking rapidly into decay. The spacious saloons and lofty galleries, once adorned with tapestries and pictures, are naked and desolate; the pavements of rich mosaic are mantled with dust; and the wind whistles through the shattered windows. The gardens are overrun with weeds; the trees, no longer lopped into avenues and vistas, have shot out in wild luxuriance; the statues and architectural embellishments of the gardens are cracked, mutilated, and coated with creepers. The fountains and water-works, which form the great attraction of Pratolino, are in a state of comparative preservation. They were restored by Tacca, an able pupil of Buontalenti, and the son of Tacca was subsequently employed to repair and preserve this assemblage of every thing beautiful in art and nature.—*Letters of an Artist on Italy, in 1798.*

XXVII. THE COLOSSUS OF THE APENNINE.

Without the quadrangular railing of Pratolino is an open space or parallelogram, 300 feet long and 100 feet wide, open on one side to the palace, and backed on the other sides by beech and fir-trees, the stems of which are concealed by masses of laurel, in which are niches for statues. Three-fourths of this opening are covered with grass; and at the extremity is a semi-circular basin of water, behind which rises the colossal statue of the Apennine, the wonderful achievement of Giovanni di Bologna. Thus backed by the dense foliage of the park, this Colossus can be seen only in front, and is first discovered by strangers from the windows and terraces of the palace, the point of view intended by the artist.

Mounted upon a lofty and irregular base of rock-work, which is approached by two staircases following the semi-circle of the basin, the Colossus appears, at the first glance, like a pyramidal cliff; and reminds the spectator of the gigantic conception of Stasicrates, who proposed to chisel Mount Athos into a statue of Alexander the Great. A nearer inspection, however, enables the beholder to discern, in the Colossus of Pratolino, the commanding genius of a distinguished pupil and competitor of Michel Angelo. Giovanni di Bologna, inspired by the study of antique lore, has here endeavoured to

realize the Jupiter Pluvius of Greek mythology, an appellation much more appropriate than that of the Apennine. The execution of this daring conception is full of grandeur, and the character of the head is admirably effective. The lofty brow appears to brave the elements, and looks like the abode of eternal frost; the hair falls like icicles upon the enormous shoulders, and the immense beard descends like a mass of stalactites; the huge limbs appear to be loaded with hoar-frost, through which, however, the accurate contours and well developed muscles are easily discernible. To increase the extraordinary effect of this Colossus, jets of water were originally contrived to issue around the head like a brilliant crown; and the sparkling waters, falling upon the shoulders, rolled in streamlets over the statue, which, thus invested with their sparkling radiance, glittered in the sunbeams with a dazzling and supernatural splendour. The position of the Colossus is imposing, although evidently planned to lessen the difficulties of the construction.

Seated upon the rock, and inclining forward, the watery god supports himself with one hand upon the cliff, while with the other he presses the head of a marine monster, from which issues a considerable volume of water into the basin below; and, although

this stooping position deducts considerably from his elevation, his head rises above the trees, in bold relief against the blue of heaven, and seems to touch the clouds. The surrounding foliage, like the framing of a picture, contributes to bring out the immense design; and the large basin of water, in which every object is inversely reflected, isolates the enormous figure, and makes it appear as if suspended in infinite space. It is impossible to imagine a composition more picturesque, and more perfect in its proportions. The beholder views it with unspeakable astonishment; and yet, so absolute is the symmetry, and so well does the Colossus harmonize with the surrounding scenery, that he is not entirely conscious of its immense proportions until he compares with them the persons of the gazers below, who, at some distance, appear like pigmies. When, however, he approaches the giant mass, the huge dimensions of the trunk and limbs excite involuntary terror; for such is the magnitude, that if the figure stood erect, the elevation would reach one hundred feet. Indeed, this extraordinary object would strike even an artist with dismay, if he could forget that this monster, whose finger is the measure of a man, was the creation of a human being.

The interior of the trunk contains several apartments; and in the head is a fine Belvedere, to which the eye-halls serve as windows. The extremities of the figure are constructed of stone, in layers. The trunk is formed of

bricks, coated with a cement which has acquired the solidity of marble, but which was easily modelled into the desired proportions while in a humid state. The great difficulty in constructing this immense pile, was to give it a monumental durability, and the artist happily accomplished this object by blending the rules of architecture and statuary; and thus he succeeded in combining the solidity of the former with the beauty of the latter. He made all the parts to bear upon a centre of gravity; and so disposed the limbs as to make them supporting arches to the trunk, without however sacrificing the imposing grandeur essential to the subject. In short, the beauty of the proportions, and the wonderful art developed in the execution and finish of this immense design, render it an invaluable study to all artists who wish to undertake a statue of colossal dimensions.

Baldinucci relates, in his *Life of Giovanni di Bologna*, that several pupils of this artist, after being employed in a manipulation so different from that which is applied to works of common dimensions, found their accuracy of eye and sleight of hand so much impaired, that when they resumed their wonted avocations, the habit of working on the huge muscles of the Apennine made them spoil several statues. It is even said, that one of these pupils, who had previously displayed great ability, became mentally imbecile in consequence of his labours upon this Colossus.

XXVIII. BERNARDO BUONTALENTI.

This highly gifted man, so celebrated in Italy for his inventive genius, and so little known beyond his native country, resembled Leonardo da Vinci in the comprehensive variety of his powers. He was at once a painter, a sculptor, an architect, an engineer, and a mathematician. His infancy was remarkable for a disastrous event, which, however, proved the foundation of his success in after-life. He was still a child when the memorable inundation of the Arno occurred in 1547. The quarter of Florence, in which his parents lived, was destroyed by the waters, and the whole family perished excepting the infant

Bernardo, who was preserved, under a piece of timber, from the falling rubbish, and his cries being heard through a rent in the walls, he was immediately supplied with food, until measures for his extrication could be adopted. Meanwhile, Cosmo de Medici heard of the circumstance, and gave orders that the infant boy should be rescued from the ruins, and receive every possible attention. He provided, also, for the education of Bernardo; who soon displayed great natural talent, especially for design, which he studied in the schools of Salviati, Bronzino, and Vasari. Subsequently, however, he developed a ruling taste for sculpture

and architecture, in which arts he made great progress under Michael Angelo.

Buontalenti was only fifteen when Cosmo de Medici employed him to teach the first elements of design to his son Francesco; and at that age he executed a crucifix in wood as large as life, which was greatly admired, and placed in a church at Florence. At this period, also, he studied mathematics with ardour; and constructed, for the amusement of his pupil, a small mechanical theatre, with other ingenious machines, which, at a later period, he had occasion to employ on a larger scale. The young Prince had also a laboratory for chemical experiments; and, with the assistance of Buontalenti, he compounded crystals, and a porcelain resembling that of China. They introduced also, at Florence, the art of incrusting hard stones, in imitation of mosaic.

The peculiar talents of Buontalenti were admirably suited to push him forward at the magnificent and enlightened court of the Medici. His inventive genius was particularly happy in the design and execution of public games and festivals, of fireworks and scenic representations; and in the theatres of Florence he developed all the resources of machinery, concealed by painting and sculpture, with a skill which seemed to realize the wonders

of Arabian story. The public festivals arranged by him were the models of those which distinguished the splendid reign of Louis XIV.; and, at a later period, his mechanical and scenic contrivances were generally employed for the purposes of stage illusion in the theatres of Italy and France. So extraordinary were some of these, as described by contemporary writers, that we should be tempted to regard them as exaggerations, did we not still behold, at Pratolino, the automations of Buontalenti moving by hydraulic power, and performing complex movements by machinery, at once simple and ingenious. When appointed superintendent of civil and military edifices, he proved himself an excellent engineer. He was employed to fortify several cities in northern Italy; and he cast a number of cannons, one of which was of enormous calibre, and carried balls so far, that it was called *Scaccia diavoli*. These balls, which were hollow, suggested the invention of bombs. He was also the inventor of grenades; and it is said, by his biographer Baldinucci, that, during the war of Siena, he constructed, in one night, a battery of wooden guns, which did effective execution. This artist erected also a number of palaces and other public edifices, the enumeration of which would be tedious.

XXIX. ROMAN MALEFACTORS AND SANCTUARIES.

I saw the other day a street-game of the Roman boys, strongly characteristic of Roman life and feeling. These urchins chose by lot one of their party, who was to represent a criminal seeking sanctuary in a church-porch from the pursuit of justice. The other boys, representing the *sbirri*, then marked with rows of stones the limits of various stations, some of which were called *chiesa* (church,) and others *non-chiesa* (no church); and the object of the game was to catch the criminal out of his protecting bounds. These boundaries were a genuine type of modern Rome, which is divided into *chiesa* and *non chiesa*. In some districts churches are more numerous than houses; and the Roman prostitutes, who are not allowed to reside within a hundred paces of any church, are often puzzled to find a lodging. To return, however, to the Roman

boys. Those who perform the *sbirri* must beware of seizing the criminal on a spot which is *chiesa*, or the one laying hold of him must take his place. The culprit meanwhile laughs at his pursuers, and endeavours, by rapid and dextrous flights from *chiesa* to *chiesa*, to provoke them to touch him while in sanctuary. Doubts and disputes grow out of limits thus narrowly defined; the other boys are called upon to decide; and wild outcries of *e chiesa* and *non e chiesa* are often succeeded by a quarrel which puts an end to the game.

Scenes in real life, resembling this game, occur too frequently, and not long back I witnessed an incident of this nature near the Porta del Popolo. A criminal, who had sought a sanctuary on the threshold of one of the two churches which mark the entrance of the Corso, got up from the step on

which he was reclining, and was walking in its vicinity, when suddenly two of the *sbirri*, who make use of various disguises, pounced upon and secured him. By a vigorous effort, however, he released himself, and drew his knife. The *sbirri* drew theirs, the people instantly collected around this menacing group, and a warm dispute ensued, whether the spot where the criminal had been seized was *chiesa* or *non chiesa*, for if the prisoner had had one foot within the prescribed limits, his capture would have been illegal. At length the people decided in favour of the malefactor, and exclaimed in furious terms against the injustice of the *sbirri*. This mor-

bid sympathy towards criminals is carried so far by the Romans, that murderers are often supplied with provisions, and even with beds, while in sanctuary under church-porticoes, and the exclamation *cari peccatori!* (dear sinners!) so incessantly employed in the sermons of the Romish preachers, thus develops its workings on the public mind. The most hardened criminals, and those notorious for repeated murders, excite the most commiseration. In northern Europe we feel for the murdered, and abhor the criminal; while in Italy it is the murderer only who excites universal pity, and a lively interest in his fate.

XXX. REFUSAL OF NAPLES TO DO HOMAGE TO THE POPE.

One of the most remarkable incidents which occurred during my long residence in Rome, was the refusal of Naples, in 1788, to yield the accustomed annual homage to the viceroy of Christ. In 1787, on the festival of St Peter, I had seen this ceremony performed with all its accustomed pomp. The papal guards paraded in the piazza of St Peter's; the white horse, the representative symbol of Naples, was led into the church by Prince Colonna; the Pope was borne in an elevated throne to the great nave, where the well-trained horse bent his knees before him in homage, while a purse of ducats, the yearly tribute of the kingdom of Naples, was humbly offered to the Holy Father.

On this occasion, however, the scene was widely different. The King of Naples had refused to acknowledge any longer his subjection to the Pope, offering at the same time to pay him the value of a horse, that he might purchase one, but declaring that never again should a white horse, in behalf of the kingdom of Naples, bend its knees to him in homage.

Notwithstanding this mortifying refusal, the papal guard paraded as usual in the piazzas, and the Pope was

carried on his lofty throne into St Peter's; but, alas! no white horse appeared to do him homage. When the Holy Father arrived at the spot where the horse had formerly knelt before him, a formal protest was read against this insulting refusal of the King of Naples, followed by a declaration, that, notwithstanding this refusal, the Pope reserved all his rights and claims to the accustomed homage, &c. &c.

It was truly a piteous spectacle to see the Head of the Romish Church returning, in his throne, for the first time, without the homage of horse and man, so long annually offered to him on St Peter's day. The Holy Father, who had previously exhausted himself by a speech in the Consistory of Cardinals, looked unusually pale and infirm. There was, I thought, an air of mortified humility about him as he dispensed the benediction, and it appeared to me that he sought to excite, by his mien and gesture, a popular feeling for his insulted dignity. The Romans, however, evinced no sympathetic indignation, nor indeed any feeling but mortification that the evening fireworks, always hitherto given on this occasion, would be discontinued.

XXXI. SUBSERVIENCY OF PROTESTANT PRINCES TO THE ROMAN PONTIFF.

The Papal power will never voluntarily treat for the surrender or modification of its claims to the spiritual control of Catholic Europe; but, whenever pressed by the force of circumstances, it will either passively

yield to them, or, at most, offer the inert resistance of a protest. It is in vain for the Protestant governments of Germany to treat with a hierarchy, whose interests clash with the common rights of all governments; but why

treat at all, when they may cut the knot by a single effort, and burst for ever the fetters imposed upon their Catholic subjects by a foreign prince? The chain which once made every state in Europe subservient to the Pope is now reduced to a single link—the appointment of bishops; and whenever any German prince has moral courage enough to cut away this last stay of Romish despotism, he will be supported in the struggle by the consciousness of a righteous cause, and by the approbation of all Protestant Europe. Instead of tamely seeking a concordat, let him peremptorily refuse admission to bishops of papal appointment; let him reject *all* Catholic bishops, unless chosen by German Catholic Chapters, and consecrated by German Catholic bishops, and he will at once discover that the Pope will quietly submit to measures, which, from his personal and political insignificance, he cannot prevent. Nor would it be difficult to find German priests willing to accept Episcopal rank on these terms, if assured that the importance of their sacred office would be acknowledged and supported by an energetic and enlightened government. It is in vain to expect the conversion of Catholics to Protestantism by any measures of this nature; but, whenever they become independent of Rome in church discipline, a great moral transformation will commence. Free and independent Catholic congregations would gradually assume national feelings and characteristics. The hitherto unbending uniformity of Romish discipline would yield to purifying and rational innovations: an unfettered and more intellectual Catholic theology would arise; a salutary shock of opinions would grow out of it; and evidence, both historical and biblical, would be consulted without

any childish terrors of Romish disapprobation. The consequences of such a state of Catholic society are incalculable. The first material change in their church discipline would be a permission for priests to marry, a reform earnestly desired by all the respectable and thinking Catholics in Germany, both clergy and laity. The benefits of this measure alone would be immense. That *esprit du corps* of the Catholic priesthood, which is so hostile to the true interests of religion, would be extinguished; and, instead of being a separate caste, they would become an integral portion of society. Instead of undermining the peace and purity of domestic life by that libertinism, which is the natural fruit of constrained celibacy, their affections would be healthily exercised, and they would become, like the Protestant pastors of Germany, exemplary husbands and fathers. A married priest would be open to every kindly influence; he would be more gentle and humane; he would have more sympathy with the sorrows and infirmities of his congregation; and he would become a better man, a better citizen and patriot. At a later period, masses in the German language would be substituted for the Latin; nor is it romantic to hope that, in some future age, an union between the Protestant church and the purified Catholic church will be consummated. It is impossible to foresee the time and manner in which so desirable a communion will be accomplished; but, whenever the Catholic Church shall have attained, by the gradations described, a more evangelical spirit, the two churches will necessarily approximate, and, in a more enlightened state of society, the adoption of some tenets, and the sacrifice of others, on both sides, will remove obstacles at present insurmountable.

FIRST AND LAST.

No. IV.

THE FIRST AND LAST KISS.

It was on a Sabbath evening, towards the latter end of the month of July, that the Rev. Mr Lloyd, curate of Tintern, in Monmouthshire, set forth to visit his daughter Hester, who resided in one of those romantically situated cottages, which form so interesting a feature in the mountainous scenery of the Wye, between Ross and Chepstow. The distance he had to go, was scarcely a mile; but the walk was toilsome, for his path lay among the hills, through which it was rudely cut, and the loose fragments of rock on which he trode gave way at every step. His thoughts, however, were too much occupied with the sad object of his visit, to permit of his heeding the rugged road, or even the sublime beauties of nature which were spread around him.

Hester was his eldest daughter, and the eldest also of nine brothers and sisters; a large family to feed, clothe, and educate, upon the scanty stipend of his curacy, though eked out by a small patrimonial property, and a fortune of two hundred pounds, which he had with his wife. When all was put together, and the profits of a small school added, as well as those which he received from the sale of a quarto volume "On the Dawnings of the Everlasting Gospel Light," Parson Lloyd was a somewhat poorer man than his neighbour, Farmer Morgan, who always boasted that he could spend a hundred and twenty pounds a-year, and pay every body their own. But Farmer Morgan, at last, did not pay every body their own; for he went into the Gazette, and there were only three shillings in the pound for his creditors, while parson Lloyd contrived to make both ends meet; perhaps, because he took care never to have a creditor, always deferring the purchase of any thing he wanted till he could spare the money to pay for it. "He who makes his necessities wait upon his means," he would often say, "will never find them troublesome; but reverse the order, and let your means be the drudges of your necessities, and

run as fast as they may, they will never overtake them."

Hester Lloyd had married Farmer Morgan's second son, David; and it was always said, by those who pretended to know the secret, that she did so, more from a desire to diminish the heavy burden of her father's family, than from any violent affection she had for the young man. To say the truth, they were a mismatched pair. David was a coarse rustic, of violent passions, a moody temper, and suspected of dissolute habits. Hester, on the contrary, was mild and gentle in disposition, affectionate, and trained up in the strict observance of those simple, unobtrusive virtues which became the comparative humility of her station, and the character of her parental roof. When, therefore, she married David Morgan, some shook their heads, and pitied the poor girl for the sacrifice she made; while others turned up their eyes, and wondered how even Love could be so blind.

The union had neither the approbation, nor the disapprobation, properly so called, of Hester's father. She was of an age to choose discreetly (having passed her three-and-twentieth year,) when, as was certainly her case, the heart did not take the lead in choosing; and he left her, therefore, to decide for herself, after temperately discussing with her, upon several occasions, whatever might fairly be urged in favour, or to the prejudice, of the young man. Hester, herself, took a twelvemonth to consider of her decision; and finally yielded her consent to the pertinacious, rather than the ardent, solicitations of David Morgan.

It has been said by an ancient cynic, that marriage has only two happy days, the *first* and the *last*; but Hester was doomed to find even this stinted portion of matrimonial felicity too liberal an allowance. On their return from church, an unfortunate difference arose between her husband and her father upon some trifling subject of rural economy—the breeding of pigs, or the cultivation of barley, or some

matter not a whit more important. David was loud, overbearing, and at last insolently rude. Nay, he so far forgot himself, at one moment, that his hand was raised to seize Mr Lloyd by the collar. "Forbear, young man!" said the reverend pastor mildly; "and learn to have more command over your passions; or they will one day hurry you into conduct which all the rest of your days may not be sufficient to atone for."

David felt the rebuke. He felt ashamed. He saw the cheek of Hester turn pale, and he felt sorrow for what he had done. But his father-in-law also felt the indignity that had been offered to him, and he slowly walked away towards his own house. Hester looked after him. She said nothing. She only thought, as she leaned upon her husband's arm, and proceeded silently towards *his* father's house, what a change one little half hour had wrought in her condition! Her now obedient steps went one way; her heart, at that moment, another. The former taught her she was a wife; the latter, that she must cease to be a daughter. It was a sharp lesson, to come so early. She said nothing. But though her tongue spoke not, the uneasy reflections of David clothed it with words of bitterness; and he strove, as much as his nature would let him, during the rest of the day, to dispel the gloom with which his violence of temper had clouded the beginning. Hester was neither angry nor sullen; but she was sad; and she could not conceal that her sadness was greatest, when, as she sat down to dinner, the marriage feast lacked one guest, whose absence was to her, if not the absence of all, at least the absence of all comfort.

Mr Lloyd was a sincere Christian. Without any parade of sanctity, he diligently endeavoured, in all his dealings with his fellow-creatures, to fulfil the commands of Him whose minister he was. He could not, therefore, let the sun go down upon his wrath; but, like a primitive disciple of his master, he sought the dwelling of his enemy, with the word of peace and the hand of fellowship. So pure a judge had he been in his own cause, that he considered he had done wrong, very wrong, in suffering himself to be kept away from the wedding-table of his daughter, by his resentment for a

hasty speech uttered by her husband. "I will go," said he, "and heal this wound before I sleep." And he did go: and it was a blessed sight for Hester to behold, as she saw her father enter, with a benignant smile upon his countenance, walk up to her husband, and taking him by the band, exclaim, "Son, we have never been enemies; let us then continue to be friends!" David was overpowered by this unexpected display of meek goodness; and his voice really faltered as he replied, grasping Mr Lloyd's hand with honest warmth, "God forbid we should not!" Hester kissed her father, and wept; but they were tears of much gladness. It was a peaceful evening after this. Mr Lloyd shewed, by his cheerful conversation, and kindly manner, that the spirit of anger had entirely departed from him, and with it, all recollection of the offence. David did not shake off, quite so soon, his remembrance of the morning; for he was vanquished, in spite of himself, and he felt—as a man generally does who commits a wrong, and finds coals of fire heaped upon his head, by the generous conduct of the person whom he has wronged—humbled and ashamed, in his presence. Hester was supremely happy; for she beheld her father and her husband side by side, under her own roof.

Months rolled on, and the neighbours began to think David Morgan quite an altered man since his marriage. He was civil and obliging; went regularly to church every Sunday; rose early to his work; attended to his farm; returned home sober, and before dark, on market-days; got into no quarrels; smoked his pipe in the evening, on a bench before his own door, and drank a pint or two of his own home-brewed ale. In short, he exhibited all the outward qualities of a steady, thriving, and industrious farmer; and it was prophesied, if he went on so, that he would soon become a better man than his father, by the difference of many an acre added to those which he already rented. Hester observed this auspicious change, and might almost be called a happy wife.

She was not *entirely* so; for there were out-breakings of temper at home, lightning-flashes of the mind, and distant thunder-murmurings of the heart, which the eyes and ears of

friends and neighbours nor saw nor heard. The sky was clear above—the sun shone brightly—but the elements of storm and tempest perpetually loomed along the horizon, which the first gust of wind would drive into angry collision. To Hester's watchful eye alone, and to her anxious spirit, were these signs revealed. She could not conceal from herself the trials and the dangers they hourly menaced; but she could conceal them from all the rest of the world,—and she did. Not even to her father did she speak of them. They were the griefs of her own foreboding heart, and they were buried there. If they should ever be disinterred thence—if they should ever be realised—and write themselves in such characters upon her face as she could not hide—if her countenance complained for her—she must submit; but till then, she was resolved hope should chasten fear, and the faith she plighted at the altar forbid her lips to become the accusers of her husband.

It was about two years after her marriage, that the bankruptcy of old Morgan happened. For some months previously, Hester suspected matters were going wrong; not from any thing which her husband communicated to her, for he had grown reserved, sullen, and morose; but from the manner of the old man himself, from their frequent conferences in secret, and from his total neglect of his farming stock. David, too, instead of minding his own affairs, and looking after his own crops, or attending the markets, as he was accustomed to do, sold hand over head upon the ground; took the first price that was offered; replaced nothing which he sold, but kept the money, and talked of setting up, by and by, as an innkeeper at Chepstow. Meanwhile, debts were contracted, and none were paid; creditors became clamorous, and David grew more and more reckless of their clamours. At first he could not pay; at last he would not, and they might do as they liked. If Hester ventured to remonstrate, she was churlishly told to mind her own business, and look after the house, though there was every day less and less in it to look after; for whatever could be spared, and often what could not, was converted into money. Old Morgan pursued much the same course; and it seemed as if father and son were striving with each other who

should make most speed in the race of destruction.

Thus matters went on from bad to worse, and from worse to worst, for nearly three months; and then old Morgan was made a bankrupt. Every one predicted that David would soon follow; but every one lamented it at the same time, on account of poor Hester, who was universally respected. Indeed, it was mainly owing to this feeling of respect for her, that her husband's creditors had not either enforced their claims, or thrown him into a prison. They did not scruple to tell her so; and though she felt grateful for their kindness, she knew it was a forbearance that hung by a very slender thread, and each day she expected to see him dragged to jail. If that did happen, what was to become of her, far advanced in pregnancy with her second child, and not a roof to shelter her except her father's?

She was sitting one evening, sadly ruminating upon all these things, and expecting David's return, who had gone out early in the morning, she knew not whither, when Jacob Grifiths, a maternal uncle of her husband's, a respectable, but poor old man, dropped in. He sat down, and she drew him a mug of ale, which, however, he scarcely touched. She talked to him, first upon one subject, and then upon another; but he hardly answered her, and altogether his behaviour was so strange, that she looked at him as if she thought he had already had a little too much; a failing which she knew sometimes overtook "uncle Jacob." She was soon convinced, however, that the old man was not now in his cups, whatever else might be the matter with him, for he was leaning forward on his staff, which he held with both his hands, and the tears were trickling down the furrows of his sun-burnt face.

"In the name of heaven, Jacob, what ails you?" said Hester, laying down her work, and going towards him.

"I am thinking," said Jacob, with a heavy groan, that burst from him as he spoke—"I am thinking, Mrs Morgan, how my poor sister Jane would have taken it to heart if she were alive now, which, thank God, she is not! But the Lord help us! what we may come to in this world!"

Hester's knees tottered—her colour fled—and she seated herself gently by his side, as she exclaimed in a tremulous voice, "What is the matter, Jacob, that you talk thus?"

The old man shook his head, while he answered, "Matter enough, I fear; but who would have thought it?"

"For God's sake," replied Hester, "tell me what it is you mean. Has any thing happened to David?"

"Ay," said Jacob, "and his father too. I was coming into Monmouth to-day at noon, and had just crossed over the Munny bridge, when I saw a sight of people afore me; I walked up to them to find out, if I could, what was going on—and you might have knocked me down with a feather the next moment—for what should I see but David and his father, old George Morgan, handcuffed together like two thieves, and being led to prison? They did not see me, and I was glad on't; for I couldn't have spoke a word to them, my tongue stuck so to the roof of my mouth, like. I shall never forget how I shook."

"Are you sure you were not mistaken?" enquired Hester, in a tone of voice so thick and inarticulate, that Jacob suddenly raised his head from the staff on which he had continued to support it.

"Am I sure this is my right hand?" answered Jacob.—"But, Lord preserve you! what ails you, Mrs Morgan? You look as white as your apron; you are not faintish, sure? Here, take a sup o' this ale—'twill warm you, like, and do you good."

Hester was indeed pale enough; and she trembled so violently, that Jacob might well suppose she needed something to warm her; but she kept from fainting, and after a few minutes she was able to ask him whether he knew "what they had done, that they were taken to prison?"

"I could not get at the rights of the matter," said Jacob; "but from what I understood, I should guess it was something about old Morgan's bankrupt job; though I don't see, for my part, how that could concern David."

"Nor I either," replied Hester, wiping her eyes, and sighing as if her heart would break. "But whatever it is, I have had the dread of it upon my spirits for these many months. I felt certain that some misfortune or

other was hanging over me: and it has come at last. My husband's conduct was so changed, he had grown so careless about every thing, had so entirely neglected his affairs and his home, that I was sure, unless some change for the better took place, nothing but ruin could come of it in the end. Oh dear! God knows, my situation is bad enough, just now, at any rate." And Hester's tears flowed afresh, as the thought of what her situation was presented itself to her mind.

"Don't take on this way, Mrs Morgan," said Jacob. "After all, things may not be so bad as they appear; and be they never so bad, fretting, you know, won't mend them. It is a sad business, to be sure; but we must hope for the best. Besides, many an innocent man has been wrongfully suspected, and taken to prison, before now; and who knows but this may be David's case, ay, and old Morgan's too? So keep up your spirits, Mrs Morgan, and don't grieve. Here, take a drop of ale."

Hester had much cause to grieve. She had said truly, that the conduct of her husband, for a long time past, had been such as to prepare her for trouble of some kind or other; and her grief, therefore, on the present occasion, was less acute than if she had fallen suddenly from the sunny height of domestic happiness by an unforeseen and unexpected blow. But who ever fond himself sufficiently prepared for misfortune? Who, *till* it came, ever ceased to hope that it might *not* come? And who, *when* it comes, can say, I have watched for you so long with a troubled heart, that now you find me without a tear to shed, or a sigh to breathe? Alas! the stern reality has a pang of its own unlike that we feel in the most vivid anticipation. Does the child you love, the mistress you adore, the parent you venerate, lie on the bed of death? What though you have whispered this fatal secret to yourself again, and again, and again? What though your spirit have mourned over the dying object, in all the anguish of inevitable bereavement? Ah me! wait till the eye is closed, and the tongue is mute—for ever; tarry till the soul is departed—till the thing you dreamed is the thing you feel—and then you will know the difference between the

fear of losing, ay, and even between what constitutes mere man's certainty of losing, and the miserable certainty that you HAVE lost.

Hester felt this difference. She had insensibly trained her mind to meet an undefined calamity; but now, when it came upon her in a specific shape and character, she almost sunk beneath the shock. It was too true what Jacob Griffiths had told her. David and his father were both in Monmouth jail; and they were there upon a charge of having contrived, and brought about, a fraudulent bankruptcy in the case of old Morgan, under such circumstances as made it doubtful, at one time, whether their lives would not be forfeited. Matters, however, were not pushed to that extremity; but they were tried, found guilty, and received sentence of transportation, the father for life, and David for fourteen years. Hester was far advanced in pregnancy when her husband was thrown into prison; and the very day on which the Judges entered Monmouth, she became the unhappy mother of a son, whose father, scarcely more than eight-and-forty hours afterwards, was branded as a felon by the verdict of a just and impartial jury.

She had visited him several times in jail before his trial, and administered to him all the comfort and consolation which it was in her power to bestow, or in his nature to receive; for it distressed her much to find that he manifested great hardness of heart, and that he was alike insensible to her sufferings and his own disgrace. But she had not seen him since his trial. She had not, indeed, been able to get so far, for her recovery, after lying in, was slow; and she was still extremely feeble and delicate, when, at the expiration of about six weeks, she learned, by a harsh letter from her brutal husband, that if she "wanted to see him again," she must go to Monmouth before a day named, as he was on that day to be conveyed, with other convicts, to the seaport whence they were to embark for New South Wales. She did wish to see him again; and it was on the following morning of that very Sabbath evening, in the month of July, when her father set forth to visit her, as already mentioned, that she intended to do so.

Mr Lloyd was desirous of seeing his daughter, not only to prepare her, by his conversation, for the melancholy task of taking, in all probability, a last farewell of one who, criminal and churlish as he was, was still her husband,—but also to arrange with her the time and manner of proceeding to Monmouth the next morning, whither he intended accompanying her himself. He found her weeping over her last-born, which lay asleep in her lap. He did not chide her tears, for they were the natural channels of her grief; but in his twofold character of her spiritual and paternal monitor, he applied himself to assuage the sorrow which was their fruitful source. And he had the consolation to observe, ere he departed, that Hester was so far tranquil and resigned, as to discourse calmly upon her approaching interview with David.

In this frame of mind he left her, and in this frame of mind he found her the following morning, when, at the early hour of five, she met him, as had been agreed upon, at the foot of the gentle ascent which rises abruptly from the site of the picturesque ruins of Tintern Abbey. She had her infant in her arms, and was accompanied by a neighbour's daughter, a hale buxom wench about fifteen, who kindly offered to go with her, and help to carry the child, a labour for which the still impaired health and delicate frame of Hester were hardly sufficient. They set forth, Hester leaning for support upon her father, having, at his suggestion, transferred her sleeping baby to the care of her young companion.

No possible human pain or sorrow could so deaden the perceptions of natural beauty in souls susceptible of its influence, as wholly to destroy the effects of such scenery as meets the eye between Tintern and Monmouth. The thick woody acclivities which fringe the opposite bank of the river; the rich meadows and green steeps which run shelving from the hills to the water's edge, on the hither side; the picturesque little hamlet of Brook-Weir; the smooth translucent bay formed by the Wye, in front of the romantically-beautiful village of Landogo, built upon a lofty hill whose indented side is mantled with deep woods; the ruins of the castle of St

Briavels; the white sails of small vessels occasionally gliding along; the solemn stillness of the whole scene, and its surpassing magnificence, might drive away, for a time, all memory of past grief, and extinguish all sense of present wretchedness. The face of sorrow reflects the placid smile of surrounding nature; the bruised heart catches her repose; and the weary spirit revives, beneath those feelings which lift it to the Divine Author of so much loveliness, while gazing, with silent gladness, upon its refreshing features.

Hester felt all the benign influence of this consolation from without; and when they arrived in Monmouth, she expressed an eager desire to go at once to the prison, anxious to have the full benefit of her composed and re-animated feelings, in the interview with her husband. It was well she yielded to this desire; for had there been the further delay of but half an hour, the object of her journey would have been frustrated. Contrary to what was first intimated to the prisoners, the day fixed for their departure was hastened, in consequence of the transport appointed to receive them having received peremptory orders to sail immediately. Due notice of this change was given to them all, that they who had friends, and wished to see them, might do so. But David Morgan did not trouble himself about the matter; and when Hester, with her child in her arms, presented herself at the prison gates, the vehicle in which the convicts were to proceed to the port of embarkation was already there.

She told her business in a faltering voice, and was conducted by the turnkey to an inner-yard, where were assembled about a dozen men, whose scowling looks and ferocious countenances terrified her. They were mustered preparatory to removal. Among them stood David and old Morgan, handcuffed together, as were the others. Hester did not perceive them at first; but as they slowly approached her, she recognised her husband, and burst into tears. She was shocked at his altered appearance, for he was now in the dress of a convict, with his hair cut close to his head. She was still more shocked at beholding the iron manacles which bound him to his father.

She could not speak. Old Morgan was silent. David, in a hard, unfeeling tone, while not a feature of his face relaxed from its rigid harshness, merely said, "You are come at last; I thought you might have found your way here a little sooner." Hester could only reply by pointing to her baby, with a look of beseeching anguish, which seemed to say, "Do not upbraid me,—you forget I have given birth to this innocent." The mute appeal appeared to touch him; for he took her hand, and gazing for a moment upon its thin white fingers, and the blue veins that were not used to be so visible, till sickness had made them so, he kissed it. Hester drew nearer—leaned against her husband's bosom—and raising the infant towards his lips, whose little sparkling eyes unclosed themselves, as if to look upon its father, she exclaimed, in a scarcely articulate voice, "Kiss it, too, David,—kiss our son, and bless him." The felon father bowed his head and kissed his innocent child, while, with his unfettered arm, he clasped closer to his breast its weeping mother. Nature asserted her prerogative for an instant; the husband and the father prevailed over the hardened criminal; and the heart of David owned that he was both. But the next instant he was neither. As if he thought it became him to play the churl, even at such a moment, or that he should lose character with his new companions, who were standing round, witnesses of this scene, he put Hester coldly from him, and muttered, as he turned away, "There—we have had enough of this nonsense."

Before Hester could reply, or remove her handkerchief from her eyes, one of the officers of the prison entered the yard, and ordered the convicts to follow him. David and old Morgan hurried out the first; and in less than a minute, there were left only Hester, her father, and the girl who had accompanied them. Mr Lloyd waited till he heard the rattling of the lumbering machine as it drove off; and he then led Hester out. He had been a silent and a sad spectator of the interview; and he felt that it would be only an unnecessary pang, added to those she had already endured, if he permitted her to witness the actual departure of her husband. Her emotions,

when he told her that he *was* gone, satisfied him he had judged rightly, and acted wisely. They were not those deep and maddening emotions which lacerate the heart, when a beloved object is torn from it from ever. It was impossible they should be. But Hester had stood at the altar with David. She was a wife. He was her husband. She was a mother. He was the father of her children. Ill usage may destroy all the finer sympathies which hallow those relations in a woman's gentle and affectionate nature: but it is death alone,—or its equivalent, eternal separation in this world,—that can make her feel she has no longer a husband, and her children no longer a father. And when that feeling does come, it will wring the bosom with a sorrow unlike any other.

Hester returned to her father's house that day, and remained there thenceforward with her two children. The cottage which she had occupied since her marriage, was given up; and the produce of the little furniture it contained, when sold, her husband's creditors allowed her to keep, out of respect for herself, and pity for her misfortunes. It was an additional burden which Mr Lloyd was ill able to bear; but his trust was in Him whose command it is that we should succour the distressed, protect the fatherless, and do all manner of good. In the bosom of her family, in the discharge of her maternal duties, in the occupation afforded her by superintending the education of the daughters of some of her neighbours, which enabled her to meet many of her own personal expenses, without drawing upon her father's slender means, and in the peaceful retreat of the valley of Tintern, her mind gradually recovered much of its former tranquillity. A more pleasing retreat could not easily be found. "The woods and glades intermixed,"—(to adopt the language of one who has been pronounced an oracle in all that concerns the picturesque,)—the winding of the river,—the variety of the ground,—the splendid ruin, contrasted with the objects of nature, and the elegant line formed by the summits of the hills which include the whole, make altogether a very enchanting piece of scenery. Every thing around breathes an air so calm and tranquil, so sequestered from the commerce of life, that it is easy to con-

ceive a man of warm imagination, in monkish times, might have been allured by such a scene, to become an inhabitant of it."

In such a scene did Edmund, the son of David Morgan, pass his youth; and had he lived in "monkish times," by such a scene would his warm imagination have been allured, and he himself have become a monk of holy Tintern. It was his supreme delight, while yet a boy, to wander the live-long day amid the wild and craggy steepes, the tangled thickets, the solitary glens, and the variously wooded slopes, of that magnificent amphitheatre, laid out by the hand of nature. It was no less his delight to linger round the ruins of the venerable abbey, as the shadows of evening descended upon them, or when the pale moon partially illuminated their grey walls, or streamed in trembling radiance through the ivy-wreathed windows. At such moments, his imagination would carry him back to the period when it was the abode of living piety; when the vesper hymn pealed along its echoing cloisters; and when all the pomp and solemnity of a religion which inflamed the mind by the seduction of the senses, reigned in sacred grandeur beneath its roof. Sometimes he would people the ruin with the creations of his heated fancy, summon from their graves the shadowy forms of holy men who had died there in ages past, and half believe he saw the visions of his brain embodied before his eyes.

In such a place as this, at such an hour,
If aught of ancestry may be believed,
Descending angels have conversed with
men,
And told the secrets of the world unknown.

At the period now described, Edmund Morgan was in his thirteenth year. He was no common boy; and his grandfather, who had watched the dawnings of his character, moral and intellectual, prided himself upon his cultivation of both. Enthusiasm was its basis. In whatever he engaged, it was with the whole energy of his nature. It may be supposed, therefore, that he quickly mastered those branches of knowledge which were within the compass of Mr Lloyd to teach, and who was also anxious that he should have the advantage of a more comprehensive education. But how was his

benevolent desire to be accomplished? He was too poor to pay for it, and he was too friendless to obtain it from patronage. Accident, at length, if such events in the life of man may rightly be called accidents, shaped his destiny: Some trifling circumstance, so unheeded at the time, that no distinct recollection of it survived the occurrence, brought him into contact with an eccentric old gentleman of the neighbourhood, who had signalized himself on more than one occasion by the apparent caprice with which he bestowed his bounty. The last act of the kind which had been talked of, was his stocking a small farm for an industrious young man, and giving him besides a hundred pounds to begin with, to whom he had never spoken till he called upon him to announce his intention. But he had observed him frequently, in his walks, labouring early and late, in a little garden which was attached to his cottage; and had learned, upon enquiry, that he kept an aged mother, and a sister, who was a cripple, out of the workhouse, by his scanty earnings. It was Edmund's good fortune to attract the notice of Squire Jones, in the way described; and it was not long after that he paid a visit to Mr Lloyd, for the express purpose of asking a few questions about him. The good old man spoke with pride and affection of his pupil and grandson, but with despondency of his future prospects. "I have reared him as my own," said he, "from his cradle, and I should close my eyes in peace, if I could know, or reasonably hope, so goodly a branch would not be left to float like a worthless weed upon the stream of time."—"He shall be planted," replied Squire Jones. "Send for the boy. But never mind, just now. You know in what soil he will be most likely to thrive. I shall call again to-morrow. By that time make your choice, and leave the rest to me." The morrow came—the choice was made—and Edmund was to study for the Church, at Oxford, (the great ambition of his youthful mind,) upon an ample allowance secured to him by Squire Jones, in such a way as nothing but his own misconduct could forfeit.

If Edmund was the pride of his grandfather, he was no less the idol of his mother, who would sometimes think that Heaven had bestowed such a treasure upon her, in compensation for

what it had taken away. Perhaps her love for Edmund was somewhat heightened, by the circumstance that she had lost her first child when it was only four years old, and he had become, therefore, her only one; but, in truth, his own affectionate disposition, his ingenuousness of character, and his intellectual endowments, were, of themselves sufficient passports to all the love of a fond mother's heart. And Hester was a fond mother, though not a weak one. She looked forward, with dejected feelings, to the now approaching moment of her first separation from her dear boy; but she was too gratefully conscious of the benefit he was to derive from that separation, to repine at it.

There had always been one subject, which, whenever it occupied the thoughts of Hester, was most painful and distressing to her. It was the mystery of Edmund's birth. She could not tell him his father was a convict, and she had no reason to believe any one else had done so. She could not even tell him that he lived; for from the moment of his leaving Monmouth prison, down to that of which we are now speaking, no tidings of him had reached her. Neither he nor old Morgan had written a single line to any relative or friend they had left behind. All she ever learned concerning him, was, that he had arrived safely at New South Wales. Edmund, when a child, would often talk of his father, merely because the word was constantly upon the lips of his playmates, and because he saw they had fathers. But as he grew older, and began to reflect, a thousand little circumstances presented themselves to his mind, which convinced him there was some mystery, though he knew not what, that hung over his infancy. Once, and only once, he asked his mother, "Who is my father? And where is he?" But the silent agitation of Hester, for she could not answer him, sealed his lips upon that subject ever afterwards.

Edmund was in his sixteenth year when he went to the University, and he remained there, with the usual visits at home during the vacations, till he was one-and-twenty. The progress he made in his studies, and the character he bore for strict propriety of conduct, well justified the munificent liberality of his patron. But he was denied one gratification, that of glad-

dening his grandfather's pride in him, by the display of his scholastic attainments. The good old man, full of years and ripe in virtue, had breathed his last, from the gradual decay of nature, rather than from the inroads of disease, not long after he had seen the wish nearest his heart realised. Edmund was with him when he died, and he followed him to the grave with feelings which emphatically told him how he could have loved and how mourned—a father! By the interest of his benefactor, (who, the more he saw, and the more he knew of Edmund, found what had originally borne the stamp of a benevolent whim merely, gradually assuming the better quality of a permanent desire to befriend him,) the curacy of Tintern was reserved for his benefit, when he should be duly qualified, by ordination, to assume its pastoral functions. Meanwhile, the place of Mr Lloyd was supplied by a neighbouring clergyman, to whom the fatigues of double duty were sweetened by something beyond the allotted stipend, out of the purse of Squire Jones.

The Rev. Edmund Morgan was in his three-and-twentieth year, when, as the curate of Tintern, he took possession of the little parsonage house in which his youth had been passed, and which was endeared to him by the recollection of almost every incident in his yet spring-tide of life, that could shed a charm upon the retrospect. He brought to his sacred office a larger stock of theological erudition, and a mind naturally of a higher order, than had belonged to his grandfather; but in the purity of his life, in the holiness of his zeal, and in his exemplary discharge of the numerous duties that belong to a faithful minister of the gospel, he had an example ever present to his memory, which it was his constant prayer he might be able to follow. One only circumstance troubled the calm and peaceful flow of the serene current of his life. A heavy grief—some untold sorrow—lay like a canker at his mother's heart; its ravages were undermining her health, and contracting, with fearful rapidity, the already too little space which stretched between her and the grave. Her wan features, her secret tears, whose traces were frequently visible in her swollen eyes when she appeared at the breakfast

table, and those unbidden sighs that would hurst from her at times, as if her heart were full to breaking, caused Edmund many a sleepless night, and many a waking hour of melancholy thoughts. There had ever been so much of unreserved communication between himself and his mother, upon all things save this one, that he felt he had here no right to intrude upon the sanctuary of her grief, because he concluded she must have sufficient reasons for drawing around it so impenetrable a veil. When, however, he perceived what inroads it was making upon a life so dear to him, he could no longer be restrained by these delicate considerations. A higher duty than even the respect inspired by filial obligations—the sacred duty of his calling, which enjoined him to breathe the word of comfort over the wounded and mourning spirit, made him resolve to seek an opportunity of tenderly imploring from his mother a disclosure of the affliction that preyed thus fatally upon her peace of mind. But ere he found an opportunity, events forced themselves a passage to his ear.

His mother entered his room one morning in extreme agitation. "You have heard," said she, with a faltering voice, "of the dreadful business that took place last week; the murder, for so it is considered, of one of the Duke of Beaufort's game-keepers, in a scuffle between him and the poacher, Isaac Price."

"I have," replied Edmund, "and the wretched man will surely be hung, if he is taken."

"He is taken," answered Mrs Morgan, "and lodged in Monmouth jail."

"It is the law of God and man," said Edmund, "that whoso sheddeth the blood of another, his own blood shall be the atonement. This Isaac Price, moreover, is spoken of as a culprit inured to many crimes; one who has walked in the paths of vice all his life. But why this excessive agitation, my dear mother? What is it that troubles you so grievously, and that has so long troubled you?"

"You shall know, Edmund; for it is better you should hear it from my lips than from those of others, and concealment is now no longer possible. Isaac Price is your father!"

"My father!" exclaimed Edmund;

and he spoke not another word. His mother wept bitterly. For several minutes they sat in silence; the thoughts of Mrs Morgan travelling through a miserable past, and those of her son absorbed in the conflict of present amazement and future suffering. He had found a father, but the first impulse of his feelings was to blush at the discovery. He had learned the secret of his birth, and the knowledge of it tinged his cheek with shame. He waited till his mother became more calm, and then prepared to listen to a tale which he knew must deeply afflict him. She, with as much composure as she could command, related all the circumstances attending her marriage with David Morgan, and of the crime for which he was transported. But in what she further disclosed, Edmund at once discovered the cause of that ceaseless sorrow which had so long harassed her. The term of his sentence having expired, and his father being dead, David obtained a passage back to England; and it was in the summer of the year following that in which Edmund went to Oxford, that he reappeared in his native place. He did not make himself known; and indeed his appearance was so altered in the seventeen years he had been absent, that no one could have recognised him at first sight. But he prowled about the neighbourhood; and one evening, when Hester was walking out alone, he suddenly presented himself before her. She was alarmed, thinking he was some man who intended to insult, or perhaps rob her. He called her by her name; his voice awakened the recollection of him in her memory, and gazing at him for a moment, she knew it was her husband.

He made a few enquiries about herself, her father, and her children; but told her he never meant to trouble her by claiming her as his wife. "I am poor enough," said he, "and I suppose you are not over rich; but when I want a guinea, I shall not be particular in looking to you for it; and I expect you will not begrudge to get rid of me upon such easy terms. If you have any money in your pocket now, it is more than I have in mine, and a few shillings will be acceptable to me." Hester gave him what she had; but before she could utter a word in reply, he had turned upon

his heel and entered a coppice by the road side, observing, as he went away, "Remember, if you wish to be free from David Morgan, you will not deny Isaac Price, whenever he sends or watches for you." From that time he had continued to persecute her; sometimes with threatening messages, and sometimes by dogging her steps, so that she almost dreaded to leave the parsonage house. How he contrived to live she could only surmise from what she heard about him, every now and then, as Isaac Price, till at length the affray between him and one of the Duke of Beaufort's game-keepers led to the awful catastrophe which caused him to be apprehended as a murderer. Then, too, it began to be whispered in Tintern, that Isaac Price the poacher, was no other than David Morgan who had been transported upwards of twenty years ago, and who was the father of that excellent young man, the Rev. Edmund Morgan.

Edmund listened to this recital with deep attention; and, when it was concluded, he exclaimed, after a short pause, "Mother, I will see my father. I can do nothing for him in this world, which he must so soon leave: but he is not prepared for the next; and his eternal soul must not perish. I will visit him in prison; talk with him; and, if Almighty God bless my purpose, I may become an instrument, in his hands, for bringing him to the true repentance of a contrite sinner." There was consolation to Hester's heart in these words of her son; and her sorrow was not without gladness, when she thought of the good work which filial piety might accomplish.

The very next day, Edmund went to Monmouth, and procured an interview with Isaac Price. He did not disclose himself; but assumed the character of a friend of Mrs Morgan merely; sent by her to know if there were any service which she could render him in his present situation. It may be imagined with what feelings he beheld, for the first time, him who was his father in the degraded condition of a felon and a murderer. His appearance was that of a man between fifty and sixty, with a powerful make of body, and a countenance which indicated a rough and daring spirit, rather than the prevalence of ferocious passions. His eye was dull and heavy, and sunk deep into his head; and on

his right cheek there were the traces of a severe wound, which, it was supposed, he had received in his desperate struggle with the game-keeper. The top of his head was entirely bald; and, when his hat was off, the bold projection of his forehead gave a vigorous and determined character to the general expression of his face. He scarcely looked at Edmund while speaking to him; but once or twice their eyes met, and—it might be fancy—but his manner seemed disturbed, as if some dimly remembered resemblance of features once familiar to him were suddenly awakened: for Edmund was exceedingly like his mother. To the pretended message, of which Edmund represented himself as the bearer, his answer was, that “he knew of no service which Mrs Morgan, or any body else, could render him, unless she could save his neck from the halter; and, if she would supply him with money to pay the lawyers well, perhaps he might get off.” Edmund, who felt deeply shocked at this reprobate speech, and at the reckless insensibility it evinced of the awful situation in which his father stood, said, he would undertake to promise for Mrs Morgan that, whatever money might be required to obtain for him the utmost benefit of legal assistance, should be ready. He then endeavoured, indirectly, to lead him into a conversation upon the nature of the crime with which he was charged, and the certain consequences of his conviction; but he maintained a sullen silence; and, at last, manifested no equivocal symptoms of a determination to put an end to the interview. Edmund, therefore, took his leave.

It wanted full two months of the time when the assizes would commence; and, during the whole of that period, Edmund sought frequent opportunities (sometimes twice or thrice in the course of a week) of visiting his father, as the messenger of Mrs Morgan; but at none of these visits did David give him to understand he was indebted for this solicitude, on her part, to that which was the real cause. Edmund, at length, beheld the ripening harvest which was to reward his hallowed labours. Inspired with a holy ardour, beyond what even his sacred zeal in the cause of heaven could excite in ordinary circumstances; and

his fervent piety exalted by the consciousness that it was a father's salvation he was seeking; every impulse of his heart and mind, every energy which religion could animate, was employed to regenerate the sinful nature, and touch the hardened bosom, of the criminal. Much, he considered, was accomplished, when he had brought him into such a state of feeling, that he would listen patiently and attentively to his mild yet earnest exhortations, though they elicited no corresponding demonstrations of repentant sorrow. But most was he rejoiced, and most assured did he then feel of ultimate success, when, as he was one evening about to depart, after having enforced, with more than his usual eloquence, the great doctrine of a sincere repentance and a true reconciliation unto God, through the Redeemer, his father took him by the hand, and in a voice of supplication almost, rather than of enquiry, said, “When shall I see you again, sir?” He had never before asked a similar question: he had never before manifested the slightest desire for his return; and his doing so now, was a grateful evidence to Edmund that his awakened heart began to hunger for the words of eternal life,—for the consolation of believing, with a devout and lively faith, that “if we confess our sins, God is faithful and righteous to forgive us our sins, and to make us clean from all wickedness.” Nor was this a delusive promise. The seed of righteousness had been sown; the tree had taken root; and the diligent labourer in the vineyard saw its green branches shoot forth, bearing goodly and pleasant fruit.

The day of trial came, and David was arraigned as a criminal before man; but stood before his judges as one who, having made his peace with God, was prepared to atone for the life he had taken, by the just forfeiture of his own. He was convicted, and sentence of death passed upon him. He heard it with an air of composure and resignation, which even they who knew not the conversion that had been wrought within him, still recognised as the workings of a contrite heart, and not as the insensibility of an obdurate and callous one. He returned to his cell, and greeted Edmund, whom he found waiting for him, with a serene

smile, that seemed to say, The last mortal pang will soon be past, and you have taught my soul how to pray for mercy, and hope for happiness hereafter. The short interval that remained to him before he ascended the scaffold was so employed, and his demeanour such, that Edmund's heart yearned to receive a blessing from lips which were now washed pure from guilt. He could not endure the thought that his father should quit the world in ignorance that the son, whom he knew not, had been a shining light to shew him the path of salvation. And yet he feared lest the disclosure might discompose his thoughts, and bring them back again to earth. He was thus unresolved, and the fatal morning approached. Edmund passed the whole of the preceding night with his father, in those solemn exercises of devotion which are the fitting preparations of an immortal soul for heaven. The dim light of a lamp fell upon his features as he bent over a Bible which lay open before him, and from which he was reading such passages as were most appropriate to the situation of his father.

David fixed his eyes upon him with sudden emotion, and exclaimed, "It is very striking!" Edmund looked up. "I was thinking at that moment," he continued, "of one whom it would have delighted me to see ere I die, though I have never mentioned her to you, sir, as my wife. But you are her friend, and I hope you have found cause to speak of me to her in such a way that I may feel assured of her forgiveness for all the misery I have occasioned her."

"My mother," exclaimed Edmund, with an emphatic solemnity of voice, "is on her knees this night, to pray for you, and to join her intercessions with those of your son."

David's breathing was quick, and his whole frame violently agitated; but he could not utter a word.

"Father!" cried Edmund, and knelt before him.

David took his son's hands and pressed them convulsively to his bosom, but still he could not speak, though he wept as a child. In a few minutes the struggle was over, and he was able calmly to learn how mysteriously the will of God had brought about his conversion by the holiness of his own issue.

The morning dawned, and only a few hours now remained before he would have to suffer the brief agony of a death which no longer appalled him by its terrors. He earnestly entreated Edmund to accompany him to the scaffold, that he might see with how much Christian fortitude he could meet his doom. It was a dreadful task, but he shrunk not from it. He walked by his father's side. As they passed through one of the yards leading to the place of execution, David stopped and spoke to his son. "It was on this very spot," said he, "that I first looked upon you, then an infant in the arms of your mother; and she held you to me, and bade me kiss you; and I did so. It was my first kiss. Receive here, my son, my last; and, if I am worthy to beg a blessing from heaven upon you, may your life be spared till a child of your own shall smooth your path to the grave, as you have smoothed mine!" So saying, he bent forward, pressed his lips gently on the forehead of Edmund, then walked on with a firm step, and, in a few moments, David Morgan had satisfied alike the laws of God and man, by rendering life for life.

M.

LORD PITSLIGO.*

Sir,

You sometimes take notice of new books; perhaps it may enter into your plan to receive some account of the work of an author, who ventured to enter upon the fallacious engagement, "Come, I will write a duodecimo," and, what is more, has performed his task within the limits he had prescribed himself. Yet the work on which he was employed occupies the whole space betwixt the cradle and the grave, and even passes that last stern limit of earthly hopes and fears, since this little book contains "Thoughts concerning a Man's Condition and Duties in this Life, and his Hopes in the World to Come." Neither is the author of this treatise to be considered as an ordinary retainer of the press, since it is written by no less a person than Alexander Lord Pitsligo, a baron of the ancient kingdom of Scotland, and entitled, therefore, to be numbered with Walpole's Royal and Noble Authors, although the Lord of Strawberry-hill might have objected to his brother peer on two accounts; first, that he was a Jacobite, and secondly, that he was a sincere Christian, both great weaknesses in the judgment of the son of Horace Walpole, and the admirer of Voltaire. Accordingly, Lord Pitsligo is noticed as an elderly man who went into the rebellion of 1745, and wrote Essays, Moral and Philosophical, on several subjects, viz. "A View of the Human Faculties, a Short Account of the World, Two Discourses, and An Essay on Self-Love." These were written about 1732, and published in May 1763.

To this short notice of a remarkable and most excellent character, we are now enabled to append an account of Lord Pitsligo, drawn from authentic documents, and highly calculated, in my opinion, to interest not only those who love to look upon the noble spectacle of a brave and lofty-minded man contending with the storms of adversity, but the feelings of that lighter minded class of readers who enjoy the interest annexed to hair-breadth escapes, and the detail of singular sufferings, whether the sufferers be heroes or rogues, an honest man suffering for opinions which to him were sacred, or

a rogue engaged in difficulties in his flight from justice.

In this last point of view, every one peruses with an interest, which is, in a moral point of view, somewhat liable to censure, the adventures of a Lazarelle de Tormez, or the numerous accumulations of what are called after the Spanish Picaresque romances, and the best of us are interested in the adventures of modern adventurers, of modern pick-pockets, swindlers, and thieves, such as Vidocque, who lately rose by due gradations to be a general officer of police from an escaped galley slave, or an estate similar to that of the boy-hero of our modern Athens, Haggart, whose adventures are unfortunately so much a subject of admiration among those of the youths of his class, that they, in many instances, have been carried into imitation of his crimes.

In fact, nothing conveys such a deep interest as narrow escapes, effected by the prudence and presence of mind of the person pursued. Our pleasure in tracing their enterprize, (if our feelings when seated in an easy chair could be compared to those which prompt our exertions, when in active exertion,) might be compared to the almost unanimous excitation produced by a fox-hunt, or otter chase,—even by coursing with greyhounds, or pursuing with harriers the timid and inoffensive hare, sports so natural to the human mind, that labour suspends its task to witness them, and age and decrepitude creep from their hovels to catch a glimpse of the chase, and add a feeble halloo to the engrossing animation which it affords. No sportsman wishes to see the object of pursuit worried in its scat, or mobbed and overcome by its more powerful foes; the chase is what we think of, with its singular chances and precarious hazards of danger and escape. We may demand of more rigid censors, in the words of Uncle Toby, whether, when our pulse beats higher, and our spirits become more animated, at the cry of the hounds, and halloo of the chase—whether, I say, when we ride or run at the summons so universally felt, or when, not doing so, we regret that we can ride or run no longer,

* Thoughts concerning Man's Condition and Duties in this Life, and his Hopes in the World to Come. By Alexander Lord Pitsligo. Printed for William Whyte & Co. Edinburgh, and Longman & Co. London.

is it we ourselves, or nature, which has planted the alarm in our bosoms?

But if such an interest prevails in witnessing the vicissitudes in the chase of a hunted animal—if we read with such similar feelings of the arts and efforts of a criminal to escape from justice, how much deeper must the interest be, when the object is a man of eminent rank, amiable manners, and uncontested worth and benevolence, endeavouring to elude the penal consequences of a political error which in his views, however mistaken, was identified with high principle and virtuous feeling! A most singular scene of this nature is presented to us in the biography of Lord Pitsligo, given as an introduction to this little volume.

Of the biographer himself we know nothing, but from what guess we can form, we are disposed to consider him as a Scottish gentleman of the old school, who, loyal in principle and feeling to the present sovereign, might, in the days of Lord Pitsligo, have fallen into the great mistake of liking a white cockade better than a black one; we suppose him to be a member of the ancient, but poor and suffering Episcopal Church, and one who certainly, time, place, and society fitting, would prefer a Scottish pint of claret to the same English measure of port. In a word, Mr North, I conceive him to be a stanch old Tory of the true-blue complexion, with good blood in his veins, good brains in his head, and a good heart in his bosom. If I am right in my guess, and there are secret signs, like those of masonry, by which such individuals can be recognised, you will, I think, be disposed to pardon a long commentary on a short text so introduced to us.

The life of Lord Pitsligo will probably be the charm which will best recommend his reflections to the public. For the opinions which we form in our minds of ease and safety, are entitled to far less consideration than when we evince patience under adversity, liberal feelings under oppression, and the blessed disposition to do good to those who persecute us, and to answer reviling with kind and liberal construction of the motives which prompt the calumny. This is the conduct of a philosopher and of a Christian; and your readers shall judge by a short sketch, whether the noble person of whom we are treating might not claim the inestimable praise attached to these characters.

Alexander Lord Pitsligo was the fourth who bore that title, descended from a second son of the no less ancient than respectable house of Forbes, —a race of whom it may be said with truth, that the men were brave, and the women virtuous. His estate lay in the district of Aberdeenshire, of which the ready and acute intellects of the inhabitants atone for the sterile and unproductive quality of the soil. Lord Pitsligo was born in 1678, and succeeded to the title and estate of his father in 1691. He was for some time resident in France, where he attracted the notice, and obtained the friendship of the celebrated Fenelon, the rather that he coincided with that virtuous and benevolent prelate, in certain warm and enthusiastic religious doctrines, approaching to that Quietism, as it was called, encouraged by the enthusiastic conceptions of Madame Guion. He formed his taste and habits of society upon the best models which Paris then afforded. With a feeling which might be pardoned in a Scottish nobleman, he commenced at the same period an unhappy attachment to the exiled but native Princes of the House of Stuart, which was the cause of all his future misfortunes. This choice, although adopted from conviction, was the more to be regretted, as the greater part of the families of the House of Forbes composed what was called a Whig Clan, under the chief of their name, and were stanch to the cause of the Revolution and the Protestant succession. His religious principles, as a Protestant of the Scottish Episcopal Church, Lord Pitsligo retained unaltered, notwithstanding his intimacy with Fenelon, and his attachment to the somewhat mystical divinity of that excellent prelate.

When Lord Pitsligo returned from France, he took his seat in Parliament in 1700. Here it is no discredit either to his head or heart to say, that, obliged to become a member of one of the contending factions of the time, he adopted that which had for its object the independence of Scotland, and restoration of the ancient race of monarchs. The advantages which were in future to arise from the great measure of a national union were so hidden by the mists of prejudice, that it cannot be wondered at that Lord Pitsligo, like many a high-spirited man, saw nothing but disgrace in a measure forced on by such corrupt means, and calling in its com-

mencement for such mortifying national sacrifices. The English nation, indeed, with a narrow yet not unnatural view of their own interest, took such pains to encumber and restrict the Scottish commercial privileges, that it was not till the best part of a century after the event, that the inestimable fruits of the treaty began to be felt and known. This distant period, Lord Pitsligo could not foresee. He beheld his countrymen, like the Israelites of yore, led forth into the desert, but his merely human eye could not foresee that, after the extinction of a whole race—after a longer pilgrimage than that of the followers of Moses—the Scottish people should at length arrive at that promised land, of which the favourers of the Union held forth so gay a prospect.

Looking upon the Act of Settlement of the Crown and the Act of Abjuration as unlawful, Lord Pitsligo retired to his house in the country, and threw up attendance on Parliament. Upon the death of Queen Anne, he joined himself in arms with a general insurrection of the Highlanders and Jacobites, headed by his friend and relation the Earl of Mar.

Mar, a versatile statesman and an able intriguer, had consulted his ambition rather than his talents, when he assumed the command of such an enterprise. He sunk beneath the far superior genius of the Duke of Argyle, and after the indecisive battle of Sheriff-moor, the confederacy which he had formed, but was unable to direct, dissolved like a snow-ball, and the nobles concerned in it were fain to fly abroad. This exile was Lord Pitsligo's fate for five or six years. Part of the time he spent at the Court, if it can be called so, of the old Chevalier de Saint George, where existed all the petty feuds, chicanery, and crooked intrigues which subsist in a real scene of the same character, although the objects of the ambition which prompted such arts had no existence. Men seemed to play at being courtiers in that illusory court, as children play at being soldiers.

A reflecting man like Lord Pitsligo was soon disgusted with this scene. In 1720, he returned to Scotland. He had not been attainted, (as is asserted by mistake in Park's edition of Walpole's *Royals and Noble Authors*, vol. v. p. 158, where there seems to be some confusion betwixt the insurrection of 1715 and that of 1745,)

and it is to be supposed, had obtained some assurance that his past conduct would not be challenged.

After his return to Scotland, Lord Pitsligo resided chiefly at the castle of that name in the district of Aberdeenshire, called Buchan, where he continued to live, struggling with the difficulties of a small fortune and embarrassed estate, but distinguished for hospitality and kindness towards his neighbours, who held him in the highest respect, by charity and benevolence to the poor, and by good-will to all ranks; so that he was without dispute one of the most popular persons, in a district inhabited by men of singularly quick apprehension, where popularity is not gained by the mere show of merit.

It appears also, that Lord Pitsligo maintained, from his remote residence friendly intercourse and exchange of sentiments with persons who like himself were somewhat impressed with the doctrines of Quietism—a species of transcendental devotion. His neighbour, Mr Cumming of Pittullie, entertained opinions similar to Lord Pitsligo; and they were also adopted by Dr Heylin, called the Mystical Doctor, the friend of Bishop Butler. This learned divine undertook, what in those days was no small labour, being a journey to Edinburgh to meet Lord Pitsligo. But when he arrived at the Scottish metropolis, and found that he had yet two hundred miles to travel, *au fin fond d'Ecosse*, as Froissart says, he shrunk from the undertaking, and left Buchan unvisited.

It was during this period of his life, that Lord Pitsligo, as mentioned in Wood's *Peerage*, was twice married, first to Rebecca, daughter of John Norton, merchant in London, second, to Elizabeth Allan, an English lady. The Memoir under review throws no light on these alliances.

Lord Pitsligo was past the age of active exertion, being sixty-seven years old, and affected with an asthmatic complaint, when, in the autumn 1745, the young Chevalier landed in Moidart, on his romantic enterprise. The north of Scotland, Aberdeenshire in particular, abounded with high-spirited cavaliers, bred up in Jacobite principles, and a leader was all they looked for. In this crisis, as we learn from Home, Lord Pitsligo's determination was looked for by all who adhered to the Jacobite cause, as equally esteemed and beloved by his neighbours.

"So when he who was so wise and prudent declared his purpose of joining Charles, most of the gentlemen in that part of the country, who favoured the Pretender's cause, put themselves under his command, thinking they could not follow a better or safer guide than Lord Pitsligo."

Lord Pitsligo has left his own testimony, that he took a step of this important nature, upon the most mature consideration, unblended either by ambition or enthusiasm, and with eyes open to the perils in which it might have involved him. Our author quotes from a letter written some years afterwards, where he says,

"I was grown a little old, and the fear of ridicule stuck to me pretty much. I have mentioned the weightier considerations of a family, which would make the censure still the greater, and set the more tongues agoing. But we are pushed on, I know not how,—I thought,—I weighed,—and I weighed again. If there was any enthusiasm in it, it was of the coldest kind; and there was as little remorse when the affair miscarried, as there was eagerness at the beginning."

In the same letter, he says,

"When I heard of the attainer, I was not in the least surprised at it; only I knew not why those should be called traitors, who had betrayed no trusts, nor discovered any secrets. But it is the way of men in power, to give names, in order to justify their severity; and I was heartily sorry to hear that such a number of persons had so deeply felt the effects of it. For my share, I can never be enough thankful to Providence for the safety and quiet I had, when others knew not where to lay their heads. The remarkable instances of friendship gave a greater relish to the safety."

To those friends who recalled the misfortunes of 1715, he replied gaily, "Did you ever know me absent at the second day of a wedding?" meaning, I suppose, that having once contracted an engagement, he did not feel entitled to quit it while the contest subsisted.

We will presently see how precarious was the state for which this excellent man had the patience and courage to be thankful.

Being invited by the gentlemen of the district to put himself at their head, and having surmounted his own desires, he had made a farewell visit to a neighbour's house, where a little boy, a child of the family, brought out a stool to assist the old nobleman in remounting his horse. "My little

fellow," said Lord Pitsligo, "this is the severest rebuke I have yet received, for presuming to go on such an expedition."

The die was, however, cast, and Lord Pitsligo went to meet his friends at the rendezvous they had appointed in Aberdeen. They formed a body of well-armed cavalry, gentlemen and their servants, to the number of a hundred men. When they were drawn up in readiness to commence their expedition, the venerable nobleman their leader moved to their front, lifted his hat, and looking up to heaven, pronounced, with a solemn voice, the awful appeal, "O Lord, thou knowest that our cause is just!" then added the signal for departure, "March, gentlemen."

Lord Pitsligo, with his followers, found Charles at Edinburgh, on 8th October, 1745, a few days after the Highlanders' victory at Preston. Their arrival was hailed with enthusiasm, not only on account of the timely reinforcement, but more especially from the high character of their leader. Hamilton of Bangour, in an animated and eloquent eulogium upon Pitsligo, states that nothing could have fallen out more fortunately for the Prince, than his joining them did; for it seemed as if Religion, Virtue, and Justice were entering his camp, under the appearance of this venerable old man; and what would have given sanction to a cause of the most dubious right, could not fail to render sacred the very best.

His campaign is thus described in this sketch of his life:

"The reception which Lord Pitsligo met with from the Prince, corresponded with such an important acquisition of strength to his cause. He was appointed a member of his council, and was always treated by him with peculiar kindness and regard. Writing to a friend he says, 'I got to Edinburgh in very tolerable health, but it soon broke, and I had occasion to discover the Prince's humanity, I ought to say tenderness; this is giving myself no great airs, for he shewed the same dispositions to every body.' Lord Pitsligo continued with the expedition during its march into England, its retreat from that country, and till the final overthrow of all their hopes at Culloden. He was but ill qualified to bear the fatigues and privations of such a campaign, continued, as it was, through the winter; and it is said, that the Prince, more than once, insisted upon him taking the use of his carriage, while he, with the ardour of youthful heroism, marched on foot at the head of his faithful Highlanders, sha-

ring with them their hardships and dangers."

When all was lost at Culloden, Lord Pitsligo was reduced to the condition of an outlaw and fugitive. The old man did not fail to find among the common people of Scotland the same intrepid presence of mind and resolute fidelity which formed the protection of many other leaders of the insurgents. The country being exhausted by the exactions of both armies, the half-starved inhabitants did not hesitate to share their coarse and scanty meal with an unknown fugitive. Lord Pitsligo's food was often reduced to water brose (oatmeal scalded with boiling water); and when he observed that the addition of a little salt would be an improvement, he was answered, "Ay, man, but *saut's touchy*;" i. e. too expensive a luxury.

When he ventured to approach the lands that were once his own, he experienced a little more convenience; yet his own tenants dared notice him no otherwise than by making him eat with the master of the house, and serving up the best provisions which they could offer without affectation, or drawing down remarks.

At this time, 1746, the refuge of this old and infirm man was a cave or place of concealment, constructed under the arch of a bridge, at a remote spot in the moors of Pitsligo, called Pitmaud. Sometimes he was driven from thence into the neighbouring bogs, in which case, like the Covenanters of old, he was annoyed by the lapwings, who, following their instinct, fluttered around any wanderer who intruded on their solitude, without considering whether he was Whig or Tory.*

As his castle was not yet occupied by government, Lord Pitsligo took opportunity to see it in secret when occasion would. His wife, who still found refuge there, used afterwards to tell how her maid and she provided for the honoured fugitive the dress of a common mendicant. He sat by them while they made the bags, which were a special part of a gaberlunzie man's equipment in those days; and his lady

long related with wonder how cheerful he was while superintending a work which betokened the ruin of his fortune and his state of personal danger. This disguise, though it did not deceive his friends and tenants, saved them from the danger of receiving him in his own person, and served as a protection against soldiers and officers of justice, who were desirous to seize him for sake of the price set upon his head. On one occasion he was overtaken by his asthma, just as a patrol of soldiers were coming up behind him. Having no other expedient, he sat down by the road-side, and anxiously waiting their approach, begged alms of the party, and actually received them from a good-natured fellow, who consoled with him at the same time on the severity of his asthma.

On another occasion, surprised in a cobbler's house, Lord Pitsligo was for a moment compelled to assume the dress and tools of St Crispin. Upon a third, rumours having reached those in power that the proscribed Lord Pitsligo used occasionally to conceal himself in a cave on the sea-shore, near a farm called Ironhill, on the rocky coast of Buchan, the soldiers sent to search for the cave went to make enquiries at the farmhouse, and to obtain a guide to the place of concealment. The goodwife told them she had no person to send with them, "unless that travelling man would take the trouble." A beggar, who was the traveller, rose up and offered to shew the road. The soldiers went with him. He conducted them to the cave; where they found no Lord Pitsligo. He was not far distant, however, being the very mendicant who shewed them the place.

One of his most trying situations was at his meeting with a fool called Sandy Annand, a well-known character in the county.

"The kindly feelings of the peasantry of Scotland to persons of weak intellect are well known, and are strongly marked by the name of the *innocent*, which is given to them. They are generally harmless creatures, contented with the enjoyment of the sun and air as their highest luxuries,

* Leyden, in his *Scenes of Infancy*, notices the attendance of the lapwing on the fugitive Covenanters.—

And though the pitying sun withdraws his light,
The lapwing's clamorous whoop attends their flight;
Pursues their steps where'er the wanderers go,
Till the shrill scream betray them to the foe.
Poor bird, where'er the roaming swain intrudes
On thy bleak haunts and desert solitudes,
He curses still thy scream, and clamorous tongue,
And crushes with his foot thy moulting young.

LEYDEN'S REMAINS, p. 411.

and privileged to the hospitality of every house, so far as their humble wants require. There is often, too, a mixture of shrewdness with their folly, and they are always singularly attached to those who are kind to them.—Lord Pitsligo, disguised as usual, had gone into a house where the fool happened to be at the time. He immediately recognised him, and did not restrain his feelings, as others did in the same situation, but was busily employed in shewing his respect for his Lordship, in his own peculiar and grotesque manner, expressing his great grief at seeing him in such a fallen state, when a party entered the house to search for him. They asked the fool who was the person that he was thus lamenting. What a moment of intense anxiety both to Lord Pitsligo and the inmates of the house! It was impossible to expect any other answer from the poor weak creature, but one which would betray the unfortunate nobleman. Sandy, however, with that shrewdness which men of his intellects often exhibit on the most trying occasions, said, ‘He kent him aince a muckle farmer; but his sheep a’ deed in the 40.*’ It was looked upon as a special interposition of Providence, which put such an answer into the mouth of the fool.”

Lord Pitsligo was attainted of High treason, and in 1748, his estate was seized upon by the crown. To augment his misfortune by a gleam of hope, there occurred an exception to the attainder, because he was therein named Lord Pitaligo, whereas his title properly was Lord Forbes of Pitsligo. The Court of Session sustained this objection, but their judgment in his favour was reversed by the House of Lords. In this desolate situation, proscribed, penniless, deprived of rank, name, and almost the means of existence, except from the charity of the poorest of the peasantry, his life at the mercy of every informer, Lord Pitsligo had yet the calmness to think and write of his misfortunes with a resignation and patience equally superior to the feebleness of mind which sinks beneath human calamity, and the affected stoicism which pretends to rise above human feeling. The naive dignity of the following passage rises “above all Greek above all Roman praise;” it is the philosophy which can be taught by the Christian religion alone.

“Our philosophy is never readier to give us the slip, than when we think we have the fastest hold of her. I was pretty well fortified against the worst consequences of the attainder; and the horrors of a scaffold were very seldom in my view. When there was a prospect of being saved by a misno-

mer, I found myself still better pleased on several accounts; and when the decree was pronounced by the Court of Session, I began to fancy I was going about openly, visiting my neighbours, and receiving their visits at my own house.’ He then mentions his feelings, on the disappointment of his prospects, by the judgment of the house of Lords; ‘My error, in this turn of fortune (as we call it) was the not taking the disappointment immediately from Heaven, instead of looking at second causes. For meo are bot the instruments which Providence makes use of for our correction, that is, for our amendment; and sometimes men answer that design pretty well towards one another, though instruments have little merit to plead in their behalf. I did not look on the peers with any ill-will or hatred, I protest; but, I confess, with a good deal of contempt, (which is far from a Christian spirit); though I gave them no ill names, I was content how many they got from others.

“ ‘This disposition did by no means raise me in my own opinion. I was rather ashamed to have made so bad an improvement of what Providence intended or permitted (’tis difficult to know which of the two words is fittest) for making me wiser and better. Indeed the cross event gave me occasion to look back upon my long and ill-spent life.’ It was thus, that the humility and tender conscience of this excellent man characterised a life, which by all was considered as a model of piety and goodness. ‘I could not but owe, I had ate, and drunk, and laughed enough, every thing beyond the rules of temperance; so I could not complain, but had reason to be thankful, to find myself put under restraint for the future.’ These errors were at least not solitary vices, the gratifications of selfish passion: they were the failings of a cheerful and social disposition, attaching him to his friends, and making him happy in their company; yet he declares himself not merely resigned, but thankful even, for the necessity which obliged him for the future to restrain all his desires and pleasures within the most rigid bounds of moderation.”

After the confiscation of his estate, the condition of Lord Pitsligo became more tolerable, the severity of the search after him being in some measure relaxed. His only son, the Master of Pitsligo, had married the daughter of James Ogilvy, of Auchiries, and the house of Auchiries received the proscribed nobleman occasionally under the name of Mr Brown. The search, however, was frequently renewed, and on the last occasion his escape was so singular as, in the words of the Memoir,

“Made a deep impression at the time, and which was long narrated by some of

the actors in it, with those feelings of awe which the notion of an approach even to the supernatural never fails to produce.

"In March 1756, and of course long after all apprehension of a search had ceased, information having been given to the then commanding officer at Fraserburgh, that Lord Pitsligo was at that moment in the house of Auchiries, it was acted upon with so much promptness and secrecy, that the search must have proved successful, but for a very singular occurrence. Mrs Sophia Donaldson, a lady who lived much with the family, repeatedly dreamt on that particular night, that the house was surrounded by soldiers. Her mind became so haunted with the idea, that she got out of bed, and was walking through the room in hopes of giving a different current to her thoughts before she lay down again; when day beginning to dawn, she accidentally looked out at the window as she passed it in traversing the room, and was astonished at actually observing the figures of soldiers among some trees near the house. So completely had all idea of a search been by that time laid asleep, that she supposed they had come to steal poultry; Jacobite poultry-yards affording a safe object of pillage for the English soldiers in those days. Under this impression Mrs Sophia was proceeding to rouse the servants, when her sister, having awaked, and enquiring what was the matter, and being told of soldiers near the house, exclaimed, in great alarm, that she feared they wanted something more than hens. She begged Mrs Sophia to look out at a window on the other side of the house, when not only soldiers were seen in that direction, but also an officer giving instructions by signals, and frequently putting his fingers on his lips, as if enjoining silence. There was now no time to be lost in rousing the family, and all the haste that could be made was scarcely sufficient to hurry the venerable man from his bed into a small recess behind the wainscot of an adjoining room, which was concealed by a bed, in which a lady, Miss Gordon of Towie, who was there on a visit, lay, before the soldiers obtained admission. A most minute search took place. The room in which Lord Pitsligo was concealed did not escape: Miss Gordon's bed was carefully examined, and she was obliged to suffer the rude scrutiny of one of the party, by feeling her chin, to ascertain that it was not a man in a lady's night-dress. Before the soldiers had finished their examination in this room, the confinement and anxiety increased Lord Pitsligo's asthma so much, and his breathing became so loud, that it cost Miss Gordon, lying in bed, much and violent coughing, which she counterfeited, in order to prevent the high breathings behind the wainscot from being heard. It may easily be conceived, what agony she would suffer, lest, by overdoing her part, she should increase suspicion, and in fact

the house being given over, Lord Pitsligo was hastily taken from his confined situation, and again replaced in bed; and as soon as he was able to speak, his accustomed kindness of heart made him say to his servant, 'James, go and see that these poor fellows get some breakfast, and a drink of warm ale, for this is a cold morning; they are only doing their duty, and cannot bear me any ill-will.' When the family were felicitating each other on his escape, he pleasantly observed, 'A poor prize had they obtained it—an old dying man!'

The biographer naturally turns his attention to the surprising coincidence of the lady's dream, with the critical arrival of the soldiery; we must, however, observe, that we are not disposed to impute the warning to any supernatural interference, the situation of Lord Pitsligo, his danger, and the excited imagination of Miss Donaldson, might easily suggest such a vision, which fortunately coincided with the arrival of the real danger. But what we do admire as something almost beyond the bounds of ordinary humanity, is the conduct of Lord Pitsligo himself. His mind soared, in extremity of danger, alike above fear, the most selfish of passions, and above revengeful or vindictive feelings towards those who had inflicted on him so much pain and danger, and his immediate attention to the comforts of those by whom he was hunted and persecuted, shews not only that he possessed complete self-possession, but that his thoughts, the instant that the pressure of his own immediate danger was removed, were turned to the sufferings of others, even to those of the men who had been so recently the agents of persecution.

By degrees the heat of civil rancour ceased, and the Government of that day, who (thinking very differently from Lord Pitsligo) had deemed it scarce possible to exert severity enough in avenging upon the authors the hearty flight they had sustained, were at length satiated. Lord Pitsligo, like others in his situation, was permitted to steal back into the circle of his friends, unpersecuted and unnoticed. The venerable old nobleman of whom we speak was thus suffered to remain at his son's residence of Auchiries unmolested during the last years of an existence protracted to the extreme verge of human life.

"In this happy frame of mind,—calm and full of hope,—the saintly man continued to the last, with his reason unclouded, able

the consolations of religion, till he gently 'fell asleep in Jesus.' He died on the 21st of December 1762, in the 86th year of his age; and to his surviving friends, the recollection of the misfortunes which had accompanied him through his long life, was painfully awakened even in the closing scene of his mortal career; as his son had the mortification to be indebted to a stranger, now the proprietor of his ancient inheritance by purchase from the crown, for permission to lay his father's honoured remains in the vault which contained the ashes of his family for many generations."

His son, the Master of Pitsligo, died without issue, and the title became extinct. The heir-male is the present Sir John Forbes of Pitsligo, Baronet, representative of a family in which honour and worth are hereditary.

The personal character of Lord Pitsligo seems to have been of that fascinating and attractive kind, that no man could come into intimate contact, without loving, honouring, and esteeming him. Dr King, the principal of St Mary's Hall, Oxford, a severe and splenetic judge of mankind, speaks thus: "Whoever is so happy, either from his natural disposition, or his good judgment, constantly to observe St Paul's precept, *To speak evil of no one*, will certainly acquire the love and esteem of the whole community of which he is a member. But such a man is the *rara avis in terris*; and among all my acquaintance, I have known only one person to whom I can with truth assign this character. The person I mean, is the present Lord Pitsligo, of Scotland. I not only never heard this gentleman speak an ill word of any man living, but I always observed him ready to defend any other person who was ill-spoken of in his company. If the person accused were of his acquaintance, my Lord Pitsligo would always find something good to say of him as a counterpoise. If he were a stranger, and quite unknown to him, my lord would urge in his defence the general corruption of manners, and the frailties and infirmities of human nature.

"It is no wonder that such an excellent man, who, besides, is a polite scholar, and has many other great and good qualities, should be universally admired and beloved, inasmuch, that I persuade myself he has not one enemy in the world. At least, to this general esteem and affection for his person, his preservation must be owing; for since his attainder he has never

tected by men of different principles, and unsought for and unmolested by government."

Having spoken so much of Lord Pitsligo's personal character, I will not delay your readers long in commenting upon his Lordship's literary works. He neither displays nor affects any peculiar depth of metaphysical investigation, nor does he drag into the field any contested texts or doubtful doctrines. The character of the devotion of individuals must depend upon the individual temperament of the worshipper; nor are we authorized to think, that he who worships with holy fear and reverence, is inferior to him who, worshipping alike in spirit and in truth, camps upon the higher places of the mountains. Lord Pitsligo was of the first class of devotionalists, and, ever ready to pray or praise the Deity, was unwilling to trust himself with a deep investigation of the more awful doctrines of Christianity, apprehensive lest in doing so he might fall into criminal doubts or false theories. This difference in the character of devotion in different bosoms recalls the distinction mentioned betwixt the Cherubim and Seraphim, in which the former are said to excel in knowledge and the latter in love. His firm belief in an overruling Providence, and in the doctrine that every thing that happened was for the best—that confidence in the goodness of Heaven; which supported Lord Pitsligo through so many dangers—made him object to innocent phrases in ordinary use, because they seemed to impeach the kindness of Providence. He reprimanded his gardener for saying it *threatened* rain, and told him he ought to have said, it *promised* rain. This is of course hypercritical. We could not say, It promises an earthquake or a plague. These calamities do indeed come by permission of Providence, like every thing else, but they are ministers of punishment, which we may be permitted to dread and to deprecate. But though Lord Pitsligo was early impressed with the doctrines of Quietism, we cannot trace them in his Thoughts to any violent degree or extent. They may be called,

The harvest of a pensive eye,

Which dwells and broods on his own breast.

And the burden is expressed in the words of a venerable correspondent of our biographer,—"To him God was all in all, and the whole creation, in

CHAPTERS ON CHURCHYARDS.

CHAP. XX.

The Grave of the Broken Heart—Concluded.

THE Rector's departure from Sea Vale was at length fixed for the second week in September; but when the final arrangements were made, Lady Octavia found herself condemned to accompany her uncle during his month's residence at Exeter, instead of immediately joining the gay autumn party at Falkland Court. A short time back, such a *contre-temps* would have severely tried her ladyship's philosophy, but within the last fortnight Vernon's premature return to his old colours had piqued her into a determination, *coute qui coute*, to bring him back to hers, if but for a week, before she gave him his final discharge; and a scheme was now shaping itself in her creative imagination, which promised, not only to effect that purpose in the most satisfactory manner, but to wile away some of the horrors of her stay at Exeter—horrors infinitely greater, in her estimation, than those of rural retirement; and she hailed as quite providential certain waking visions, which substituted the handsome curate and his flute, moonlight music and moonlight walks with him in old bay windows and echoing cloisters, for chimeras dire of portly canons and their dignified spouses—solemn dinners—silent whist-tables, and all the dull ceremonial of an ecclesiastical court circle.

During the last fortnight of Dr Hartop's stay at the Rectory, the family party had been augmented by the arrival of a brother of Lady Octavia's, the Reverend Arthur Falkland, who came down to Sea Vale for the united advantages of shooting and sea-bathing, and Millicent readily accepted Vernon's apology for stealing from her a few of those hours that he would more willingly have devoted entirely to her, in order to shew due attention and courtesy to his Rector's guest and nephew. No day passed, however, without his visiting the cottage—few during which he did not look in more than once or twice on its lonely mistress; and if his visits were each time shorter, and his manner more unequal and pre-occupied, she assured herself that, circum-

stanced as he then was, nothing could be more natural or excusable. "And it will only be for a few days longer, Milly," said he. "Thank God! only three days longer; for this is Saturday, and on Monday they depart—and then, dearest, dearest Millicent! we shall be once more all the world to each other." Tears came into Vernon's eyes as he uttered the last words; and after a short pause, during which he had been gazing upon Millicent with troubled yet tender earnestness, he vehemently added, "Would to God they were already gone! would to God I had never seen them, Milly!" And his painful agitation distressed the affectionate heart of Millicent, who endeavoured to soothe him with every tender and comforting assurance, best calculated to reconcile him to himself, and allay what she conceived to be the sudden storm of compunctious retrospection. That evening, whether in the fond weakness of her heart, yearning to give comfort, or that she really began to entertain hopes of prolonged life (still dear—how dear to her if to be passed with Vernon!) for the first time since her danger had been made known to him, she spoke of the future—of an earthly future—looked at him almost believingly when he talked of their union, and did not shake her head, nor smile as she *had* smiled of late, when he talked of it as an event that was now assuredly to take place before the close of that autumn already entered upon. Once or twice, indeed, she seemed to shrink, as if from hope; but it was evident, at least it seemed evident to Vernon, that she did not turn from it as formerly; and as with him there was no medium between despair and joyful certainty, he hailed her doubtful encouragement as a pledge of perfect security, which would justify him for having acceded to a plan which he had hitherto hesitated from communicating to Millicent, though he had entered the Cottage that morning with the express purpose. Now, however, there was no reasonable cause to deter-

him from speaking—all was so safe—Millicent so well, and in such good spirits; so, without further deliberation, he said, smilingly, but with somewhat of a hurried tone and a forced gaiety of manner, "Milly! do you know I must have one long braid of that smooth raven hair (which is so becomingly arranged, now you have humoured me by leaving off that dowdy cap), by way of talisman, to bind me to you during four—five days—it may be a whole week of separation." Millicent started, and the hectic of a moment suffused her pale face; but she only *looked* her surprise, and Vernon went on to explain, rather confusedly, while he was profitably busied in unrolling her ball of sewing thread, that Dr Hartop had given him such a pressing invitation to accompany him and Lady Octavia to Exeter, and be their guest during the Musical Festival, which was to take place the week ensuing, that he felt it would have been not only ungracious, but ungrateful, to decline the courteous proposal; "and so, dearest Millicent," he continued, looking up from the handiwork on which his eyes had been fixed with intense interest during the first part of his communication, "I have promised to go,—that is, with a mental reservation that you continue well enough for me to leave you without anxiety for those few days, and that you will not feel uncomfortable at my doing so." While Vernon was speaking, Millicent had time to recover from the painful emotion into which she had been surprised by his unexpected information, and inwardly rebuking herself for its unreasonable selfishness, she said promptly and cheerfully, "You did quite right, dear Horace. I am so well that I can spare you safely, and shall enjoy with you, in imagination, the musical treat that will be to you such a real banquet. On Monday, you said—the day after to-morrow—and to stay till——?" "Only till the Saturday ensuing—I intend—I believe," replied Horace to her look of anxious enquiry. "At *farthest*, the Monday after; and in that case, Falkland, who stays for some weeks at Sea Vale, would take my duty."—"But you will not stay away longer—not much longer?" hesitatingly, yet almost imploringly, rejoined Millicent, in a lower and less cheerful tone, a sudden

shade slightly clouding the serenity of her mild countenance. "I am very nervous still, and may not long continue so well as I am now; and then, if any change should take place—Nay, do not look so disturbed, dear Horace—I am so well now!—but do not stay away *too long*."—"I will not go—I will not go, Milly! if it gives you one moment's pain, dear girl!—But how is this, Milly?—a minute ago, and you spoke so cheerfully and hopefully; and now—that quivering lip!—those glistening eyes!—Millicent! my beloved! what means such sudden change?"—"Forgive me, dear Horace! I am ashamed of my waywardness—of my caprice," she faltered out, concealing her face, now bathed in tears, against Vernon's shoulder—"But it is the infirmity of my enervating malady—the effect of weakness—of unstrung nerves; and sometimes an unbidden thought suddenly crosses and subdues me, and I cannot restrain these foolish tears. But they always do me good, Horace; and after the shower comes sunshine, you know," and she looked up at him, as she spoke the last word, with still dewy eyes and a faintly brightening smile, that beautifully illustrated her simple metaphor. But the humid ray scarcely broke out into cloudless sunshine, though she recovered perfect serenity, and would not listen for a moment to Vernon's reiterated, but rather fainter proposition, of wholly relinquishing his intended excursion.

"Remember," said he, as they stood together in the Cottage porch, just before he left her that evening—"Remember, Milly, I am to take away with me one of those ebony locks. If it is not ready for me to-morrow, I shall cut it off myself. I wish I had your picture, Milly!"—"I wish you had, dear Horace," she quickly answered; "I have often wished it lately—I should like you to have it; but there is my father's, *that* will be yours, Horace; and it is so like me, you know, you will never look upon it without thinking of me."—"Without thinking of you, Milly? Shall I not have *yourself*, your own dear living self, as well as that precious picture we shall so often look upon together?"—"But, dearest Horace, if it should be otherwise, if that picture *only* should become yours, place it somewhere where you may see it often

when you are *alone* and in your quiet hours of serious thought. But do not look so very serious *now*—I spoke but of an ‘*if*,’ a passing thought. Tomorrow I shall send you away cheerfully.”—“If you do not, Milly, here I remain, be sure. A word would keep me—only half a word. Speak it, beloved! I almost wish you would.” But she spoke not, and, bidding her an affectionate farewell for the night, he was turning to depart, but lingered yet a moment to point out to her a small white rosebud, which promised yet to blossom in its sheltered corner. “Look, Milly,” he said, “‘The last rose of summer.’ Your favourite rose will yield you yet one blossom. Before it is full-blown, I will be here to pluck and place it in your bosom.” Words lightly spoken sometimes sink deeply into loving hearts, especially under circumstances such as Millicent’s, where physical causes acted morbidly upon a mental system, by nature sensitive, and perhaps not wholly free from a taint of superstitious weakness. From that hour the rose became her calendar, and she watched its unfolding leaves, as if their perfect expansion was to be the crisis of her fate.

By what means, or under what pretences Lady Octavia had succeeded in obtaining for Vernon an invitation to accompany Dr Hartop and herself to Exeter, matters little to the reader of this story. The success of her ladyship’s manœuvres has been sufficiently illustrated by the preceding conversation. The day that intervened before that of his departure being Sunday, Vernon was detained from the Cottage during a great portion of it by his clerical duties. Then his assistance was required at the Rectory in packing up certain portfolios, albums, and various nicknackeries, not to be safely intrusted even to the invaluable Jenkins, so that, although he contrived to look in two or three times upon Millicent, each visit was but for a few hurried minutes, the last briefest of all. And well for her that it was so, for though she had successfully struggled through the day to maintain a semblance of cheerful composure, and had indeed partly reasoned herself out of what she meekly accounted unreasonable disquietude; as evening drew on, the mental excitement subsided, her spirits seemed to ebb

away with the departing daylight, and she felt as if they would hardly hold out “to speed the parting friend” with that cheerful farewell with which she had promised to dismiss him. Vernon also had his reasons for brief leave-taking; but his adieus, though fondly affectionate, were more than cheerful, hurried over with a voluble gaiety, and an exuberance of spirits that seemed hardly natural. “Till Saturday, dearest!” were his parting words, and before Millicent’s long-restrained feelings had broken out into one choking sob, before the brimming tears had forced their way over her aching eyelids, he was out of sight and out of hearing, though the garden-gate still vibrated with the swing which had closed it behind him. And the lock of raven hair, which was to be his “*talisman*,” which Millicent had not neglected to make ready as he had enjoined her, though with womanly coyness (womanly feeling rather) she had hesitated to give it unclaimed—He was gone, and had forgotten to claim it.

The middle of the third week, from the day of Vernon’s farewell to Millicent, found him still at Exeter. Shall we tell how the time crept at Sea Vale in his absence? or how it had flown with him in that world of novelty to which he found himself transported? or shall we count over, link by link, “the chain of untoward circumstances” (so he wrote of them to Millicent) which had caused him to prolong his absence from her so long beyond the term he had pledged himself to at parting? Alas! it is but too easy to picture to one’s self the feelings of the lonely invalid—the first sharp pang of disappointment—the sickness of hope deferred—the sinking of the spirit into utter hopelessness. And it would be tedious and distasteful to enumerate all the frivolous excuses alleged by Vernon for his continuance at Exeter, excuses which, for a time, however, were more indulgently admitted by the generous, unsuspecting Millicent, than satisfactory to his own heart and slumbering, though not seared, conscience. Yet he had partly succeeded in stilling, though not stunning, the inward accuser. “Millicent’s first letter had been cheerfully and cheerily written. She was undoubtedly well—so well, that a few days, more or less—”

But it was easier to drive away reflection altogether than, by resorting to it, to acquire perfect self-justification—so he fled from himself and his own thoughts to the siren, in whose charmed presence all but his own captivations were forgotten. Lady Octavia's attractions had not, however, achieved, unaided, the triumph over Vernon's best resolves—it might well be said over his best principles; and still their power had extended over his imagination only, leaving his heart true to its first affection, if *true* that preference may be called, which, when put to the test, will sacrifice no selfish gratification, no unworthy vanity, to the peace and welfare of its ostensible object. Every thing combined with her ladyship's witchery to complete Vernon's mental intoxication. A whirl of dissipation, consequent on the provincial gathering for the Musical Festival, of which Lady Octavia condescended to be the presiding deity, no other high-born or fashionable beauty being at hand to dispute her pre-eminence. The marked favour with which he was publicly distinguished by this goddess, the admired of all eyes—the envy of many, and the general notice and consideration it obtained for him, and the still more dangerous influence of her seductive sweetness and varied powers of charming, in those frequent *tête-à-têtes* which she had anticipated with so much sagacious prescience “in antique bay windows and shadowy cloisters”—the perpetual excitement of music, of dancing, of novelty, where all was new to him,—every thing conspired, together with Lady Octavia's arts and the weak points of Vernon's character, to complete that intoxication which was at its height about the time (the third week of his stay at Exeter), when, in pursuance of our task as a faithful chronicler, we must resume a more circumstantial detail, though still as brief as may be, of his further progress.

In the miscellaneous assemblage drawn together by the music meeting, Lady Octavia's discriminating survey had found in the male part of it no individual so qualified to do credit to her taste and patronage as the handsome, and interesting, and really elegant Vernon; and so interesting did he become, in the daily increasing intimacy of familiar intercourse, so rapidly developed under her lady-

ship's fostering encouragement, were his latent capabilities for “better things,” as she was pleased to express herself; and to such advantage did he appear among all surrounding competitors, that had the fair Octavia been of those with whom

“Un peu d'amour, un peu de soin,
Mène souvent le cœur bien loin,”

there is no saying how far beyond its original design “le roman d'un jour” might have extended. But her ladyship's heart, not composed in the first instance of very sensitive atoms, had been laid to harden so effectually in the petrifying spring of fashionable education, as to have become proof to “Cupid's best arrow, with the golden head,” if not shot from the vantage ground of a broad parchment field, cabalistically endorsed with the word “settlement;” and having achieved her vowed triumph, by “fooling Vernon to the top of his bent,” she began to suspect the pastime had been sufficiently prolonged, and that if the delirium she had worked up to a crisis were not timely checked, she might find herself publicly committed, in a way that would not only militate against her own *serious* views, but probably come to the knowledge of Dr Harriot, and incur his severe displeasure. Lady Octavia was far too well-bred to give the cut direct to any body, and too “good-hearted” to inflict more than unavoidable mortification on a person, for whom, as she expressed herself to the confidential Jenkins, she should always retain a compassionate interest. But while she was meditating how to “whistle him *softly* down the wind,” Fate stepped in to her assistance in the shape of an old acquaintance, who very unexpectedly made his appearance at Exeter with a party of friends, with whom he was on a shooting excursion. Lord George Amersham was one of those persons, who, without being very young, very handsome, very clever, at all wealthy, or in any way “a *marrying* man,” had, by some necromancy, so established his supremacy in all matters of taste and ton, that his notice was distinction, and his favour fame. No wonder that suffrage so important was *briguée* by all female aspirants for fashionable ascendancy; and Lady Octavia had been so fortunate as to obtain it on her first

coming out. The appearance of such a star in the provincial hemisphere, to which she was condemned *pro tempore*, would at all times have been hailed by the lovely exile as an especial mercy, but, "under existing circumstances," (to use the diplomatic phrase,) she esteemed it quite providential, as nothing now could be so easy and so natural as the transfer of her attention from Vernon to her old acquaintance.

The former was soon made sensible of the change, though at first more surprised and perplexed at it, than aware of the systematic alteration of Lady Octavia's deportment. But his obtuse perceptions were soon to be sufficiently enlightened. A subscription ball, which was to take place on the second night of Lord George's stay at Exeter, was also to be honoured by the presence and patronage of Lady Octavia Falkland and her party, including the noble sportsman and his friends—Vernon as a matter of course—Doctor Hartop as a matter of necessity—and as one of convenience, a deaf and purblind old lady, the relict of a deceased canon, who made herself useful in a twofold capacity—ostensibly as Lady Octavia's chaperon, and veritably as an unwearied sitter-out of (she could not be called a listener to) Dr Hartop's long stories, and an established member of his select whist set. This party had dined at the Rectory, and Lord George's rank having of course entitled him to conduct Lady Octavia to the eating room, and take his seat beside her, it was equally a matter of course, (the other guests being also men of pretensions, if not of rank,) that the bottom of the table and the deaf old lady, who had been duly marshalled out by the Doctor, should fall to the lot of Vernon, whose proximity to the door, however, secured him the office of holding it open for the ladies when they should pass to the drawing-room. But just at that moment, Lady Octavia, actuated perhaps by some compunctious consciousness that her attentions had been too entirely engrossed during dinner by her neighbours at the upper end of the table, was seized by a fit of such extraordinary cordiality towards the canon's deaf relict, that she passed her fair arm with affectionate familiarity within that of the worthy old lady, and

began whispering something in the lappets of her cap, which lasted till they reached the stairfoot, and the dining-room door had closed behind them. Lord George and two of the other gentlemen accompanied Dr Hartop and the ladies to the hall-room in the Doctor and Mrs Buzby's carriages. The third walked thither with Vernon, and when they entered the Assembly-room, Lady Octavia was already dancing with one of Lord George's friends. When her partner, after the set was over, had conducted her to a seat, Vernon drew near, with the hope (expectation it would have been a few nights previous) of engaging her for the next quadrille. But she was still engrossed by her partner, and the others of Lord George's party,—himself having comfortably established himself on the best half of the sofa, of which she occupied a corner, entrenched behind two of the gentlemen, who were conversing with her; so that Vernon could only proffer his request, by speaking it across Lord George, so audibly, as to make him colour at the sound of his own voice, with a painful consciousness of awkward embarrassment, which was not diminished by perceiving that his words were wasted "on the desert air," at least that they had only drawn on him a grave stare from Lord George, and the eyes of many surrounding loungers, though the Lady Octavia's were perversely fixed in an opposite direction, and she appeared perfectly unconscious, not only of his address, but of his vicinity. Just then a space was cleared for waltzing—the magic sounds set twenty pairs of tottums in rotatory motion, and Lord George, who "never danced," languidly, and with apparent effort, roused himself from his recumbent posture, and, to the no small amazement of Vernon's unsophisticated mind, without addressing a word to Lady Octavia, or farther ascertaining her consent, than by passing one arm round her slender waist as she arose from the sofa, whirled her off, seemingly "nothing loath," into the giddy circle. Vernon was suddenly sensible of a vehement longing to breathe the fresh air, and contemplate the beautiful moonshine. We cannot exactly pronounce how long he indulged in solitary meditation; but when he re-entered the ball-room, the waltz was

over—an after set of quadrilles just finished, and the dancers were crowding about the refreshment tables.

Vernon mechanically mingled with the throng, and in a few minutes found himself very undesignedly posted behind Lady Octavia and Lord George, who was supplying her with ice and sherbet, and finishing some speech of “infinite humour,” at which her ladyship was laughing as heartily as it was admissible that lips polite should laugh. “Now really, my lord! you are too severe,” murmured those lovely lips between the spoonfuls of ice—“you are too hard upon my pastor fido—an excellent obliging creature, I assure you—really quite civilized, and has been infinitely useful to me in that horrid desert. No such ‘Cymon’ either, as you call him; and as for Iphigenia—” “The fair Octavia will not confess having charitably enacted that character—her delight is to ‘do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame.’—But seriously though—this pastoral pet of yours—this Mister—by the hy, what a vastly appropriate name!—this Mister Verdant—” “How can you be so excessively absurd!” uttered the lady, convulsed with inward laughter at his lordship’s wit—“you know his name’s Vernon; I call him him ‘Le Beau Lindor.’”

“Le Beau Lindor” had heard quite enough—backing with such inconsiderate suddenness, as almost to upset good Mrs Buzby, and a dignitary of the church, in his brusque retreat—he left the ball-room—cleared the stairs at a bound—and by a progress almost as rapid, gained Dr Hartop’s residence, and the sanctuary of his own chamber. What were his meditations after he had shut himself within it, securing himself by turning the key from possible intrusion, we cannot nicely determine, but may fairly infer they were not of a very philosophic nature, from certain sounds of heavy and irregular footsteps—portentous thumps and hangs, indicating the violent derangement of furniture, the opening and shutting of drawers, with no gentle and deliberate hand, and the dragging backwards and forwards of a portmanteau; which disturbance was so audible in the hall below, as to excite the wonder and curiosity of the “liveried loungers,” one of whom at last tapped at the

visitor’s door, with a civil request, to know if Mr Vernon wanted any thing, or had rung his bell. “Nothing,” was the short and comprehensive reply, in a tone which interdicted farther intrusion; but all became quiet within the chamber, and by the time the footman had rejoined his fellows of the buttery, its solitary occupant was seated in perfect stillness—a packed portmanteau on the floor beside him—his elbows propped on the table before which he sat, and his face concealed by his two hands, upon the outspread palms of which rested his hot and throbbing temples. “Millicent! Millicent!” were the first sounds that, after a spell of profound silence, struggled through his scarcely unclosed lips and half-shut teeth. But it seemed as if his own utterance of that gentle name stung him to agony; for, starting back from the table, he flung out his arm across it with so much violence, as to dash off two or three books that had been piled together, and now came to the floor with a noisy fall, which apparently aggravated Vernon’s irritable mood, for he spurned the volumes with a kick that sent them sprawling in all directions, hut left on the spot when they had fallen, a letter, which, in the general dispersion, escaped from its hiding place within one of their covers. That letter caught Vernon’s eye, and in a moment he was fixed, still, motionless, almost unbreathing as a statue, gazing on that small white square of folded paper, as if a serpent lay coiled before him. And there was cause—full cause and weighty—for that shrinking, yet fascinated gaze. That letter was from Sea Vale—from Millicent. Five days before, it had been placed in Vernon’s hand, and the seal was yet unbroken! It had been brought to his chamber door, just as he had caught up his hat and gloves, to attend Lady Octavia, who was waiting for him in the hall, on a picnic excursion to some picturesque spot, in the vicinity of Exeter. He held the letter for half a minute—his hand was on the seal, and yet he felt at that moment that he would rather defer the perusal of its contents. An impatient summons came from a silvery voice below—Vernon started—gave one look to the direction—one kiss to the well-known characters, and alight the unopened letter within

the cover of a book that lay on the table, to be flown to, to be read in undisturbed quietness, the moment of his return. Five days ago that letter had been so deposited. There it had remained till the present moment, untouched, unread, unremembered! and Vernon, how had he passed that interval? What were his feelings, when suddenly before him lay that mute accuser?—"Madman that I have been!" he groaned aloud, and sinking into a chair, his tears fell fast on the unnerved fingers, that could with difficulty break open the seal, which had been too long inviolate. Millicent's letter, which enclosed another, ran thus:—

"MY DEAR HORACE,

"You desired me to open any letters which might arrive for you while you were absent. I have done so by the enclosed, which I forward to you immediately; for, as you will see, it is one that concerns you nearly—that calls you to take possession of the long-promised living. I thank God, my dear Horace, that I have lived to congratulate you on this event; and I pray God to make it blessed to you; and to bless you in your faithful service here, and in the reward of it hereafter. But this is not my only reason for pressing your return—your *immediate* return to Sea Vale, even—(was I ever before so selfishly exacting, Horace?)—even should inclination, or any cause short of necessity, detain you at Exeter. You will soon again be at liberty to return thither, or to seek the society of your other friends, wherever they may be. There will be time enough for *them*—for all—but not for me, dear Horace. Therefore, for your own sake more than mine, come,—come soon—come *very* soon, or (for I know the kindness of your nature) you will afterwards reproach yourself with a bitterness, the sting of which I shall not be permitted to extract, nor to soothe the only pain I shall ever have caused you, Horace. I am not so well—not nearly so well—as when you left me; I cannot leave my bed now, or sit up in it for more than half an hour at a time; and even the writing these few lines exhausts me; so you see you *must* come soon—very very soon, if—But I need not urge it—I know you will be with me directly—almost, and that I shall have time and strength left to thank and bless

you—and comfort you, dear Horace; and that we shall yet talk together—pray together—Oh, yes! and that I shall receive from your hands, the pledge of our immortal hope—of our certain reunion. M. A."

An abler, a far abler narrator than I am, might well shrink from attempting to describe Vernon's feelings as he read this letter, or their first frantic ebullition after he had perused it. For some moments all within him was anarchy and distraction. Agonies of remorse and terror, and images of death, crowded upon each other in hurrying confusion, like the phantasmagoria of a frightful dream—and his ears rang with an imaginary cry, "Too late! too late!" that withered and benumbed his powers of action, while a contrary impulse impelled them to prompt exertion. The latter soon obtained the mastery, however, and another glance at the date of the letter—that date now six days old!—acted electrically on the mental chaos. In a moment its jarring elements were reduced to comparative order, concentrated in one overruling purpose. It was but an hour past midnight. Four hours rapid posting would take him to Sea Vale. In less than half an hour he was whirling on his road thither, as fast as fresh horses could tear over the ground, urged on by the relentless lash of a well-bribed driver; and in spite of various detentions at the several stages, while tired post-boys were roused from their heavy slumbers, and galled cattle dragged from their short rest—(Oh! how interminable seemed every moment's delay!)—in spite of these and other trifling hinderances, he reached the hill-top that overlooked Sea Vale before the stars began to "pale their ineffectual fires" in the uncertain dawn of a dull, cheerless October morning. The village below was distinguishable only as a black shapeless mass, lying in the deep shadows of the surrounding hills. Only one twinkling light gleamed at its entrance, from the lamp-post of the single inn; yet Vernon strained his eyes through the darkness, on—on—towards the more distant dwellings, till he fancied he could descry the well-known gable—the tall round chimney—the two shadowing elms—among the confused and indefinite outline of trees and buildings.

It was but imagination—the rapid portraiture of memory; but his heart beat quicker at the fancied sight, and leaping from the carriage, he left it to pursue its more leisurely way towards the inn-yard, and rushing down the remainder of the declivity, sprung over a stile into a meadow-path, which would take him, by a shortcut through a field or two, into the green lane, the back way to the Cottage. That way was so familiar to him, that, to his eye, every object was as recognizable by that dim light—that “darkness visible”—as it would have been at noon-day; and what emotions—what recollections—pressed upon him, as he leapt the last gate into the bowery lane—as he trode once more its soft greensward, now thickly strewn with a rustling carpet of autumnal leaves—as he passed the grey spectral-looking stems of the two old thorns at the corner of the garden hedge! And as he pursued his way along that memorable path, every and each one of those inanimate uncertain shapes stood out with ghastly distinctness to his mind’s eye, and he gazed on them with such intensity of vision, as if he could have read, in the aspect of those senseless things, some intimation of the nature of that dread certainty, which, nevertheless, as the decisive moment drew near, he shrunk from ascertaining. As the Cottage really became visible, and a patch of its white walls now and then discernible through the leafless fence, a cold shuddering ran through his whole frame, and he stopt abruptly, as if an unseen hand had checked his progress. All was darkness on that side the Cottage. No light from within streamed through either of the small lattices—but only Nora’s sleeping room lay that way. Millicent’s—the sick chamber, opened to the front. Was it still only the chamber of sickness? Alas! that miserable hope! But it was the more dreadful doubt that still delayed Vernon’s onward steps—that seemed to stagnate the very current of his blood, so deadly was the weight and sickness that hung about his heart. A minute more—he had only to turn the corner of that small dwelling—to cast up one look at the well-known window, and suspense would terminate; for surely, he said within himself, a light would beam from that chamber if life were there—“if

life!”—and then the unhappy man shudderingly repeated—“Six days!—six days! and she was dying!” But the agony of that remembrance nerved him to desperate resolve, and rushing forward, in another moment he stood facing the chamber window. There was light within!—“then life!” was the rapid overpowering conclusion, and suddenly all strength forsook him—the young and vigorous frame felt feeble as infancy, and tears—quiet tears, rolled fast down his agitated face, as, leaning for support against one of the old elm-trees, he continued to gaze earnestly, with feelings of unutterable gratitude, on that pale star of comfort. The light was very pale and feeble, (true emblem, alas! of his most sanguine hope,) for that of the grey dawn began to contend with the waning watch light, and to give distinctness to the near external objects. A muslin blind was drawn within the lattice; but through its thin texture, Vernon could discern the white curtains of the bed, and at the other end of the chamber a high bracket, on which stood the night-lamp, before a large china vase which Millicent had always been wont to keep replenished with flowers or evergreens.

To what trifles (as drowning creatures cling to straws) will the miserable, the almost hopeless, cling for consolation! Vernon’s heart beat more equally—his breath came freer—at sight of that insignificant object, for the vase was filled with verdure. Were the boughs fresh or withered? He drove away the officious suggestion, for his soul yearned for the faintest shadow of comfort. If not *her* hand, Nora’s had filled the vase. The dear one herself, therefore, must still be susceptible of pleasure from objects which would cease to interest the dying. Was it yet possible? But though Hope’s passing whisper was eagerly caught at, Vernon dared not dwell upon its soothing sweetness. He dared not anticipate—he dared not think—and now he would have given worlds to exchange that terrible stillness which yet pervaded all things—that bodily inaction to which he was condemned, for the universal stir of human life, and some occasion that should call upon him for violent corporeal exertion. Any thing, every thing would have been welcome, which might have afforded scope for the ner-

vous restlessness that now agitated his whole frame to expend itself, or have gained the slightest relief—the most transient diversion of thought—for the mental fever, which increased with every lingering moment of suspense. But as yet, except the expiring gleam of that pale watchlight, no sign or sound of life was seen or heard within the Cottage; and without, so profound and deathlike was the hush of nature, that Vernon could have fancied its mighty pulses had stood still, or beat only in his own throbbing arteries.

The gloomy daybreak advanced so tardily, that none but quite near objects were yet visible, through the sea of white unwholesome vapour that now seemed melting into drizzling rain—now condensing itself into a solid wall around the Cottage, and a few yards of its small territory. The dank moisture clung like transparent glue to the bare leafless branches of the deciduous trees, and collecting into large globules at their extremities, on the heavy drooping beads of the dark evergreens, and along the Cottage eaves, dropt to the ground with sullen splashes, dismally breaking at intervals the otherwise universal silence.

Vernon still watched the casement of that little chamber, within whose walls his all of earthly interest—his hopes—his fears—his very being, hung suspended upon a dread uncertainty—a flitting life—a fluttering breath, perhaps at that very moment passing away for ever. All hitherto had remained quiet in the chamber. Suddenly a figure passed slowly across, between the curtained window and the bed's foot—a tall dark figure, that could be only Nora's. It was stationary for a moment before the lamp, which, as day advanced, had condensed its pale rays into a small red globe of flame, and that dying spark was gone, when the tall form moved away from the spot where it had been, and advanced towards the window, which was partially unclosed, and a wrinkled hand and arm put forth from beneath the still drawn blind to secure the lattice. "And the morning air so cold and damp to breathe on that dear sufferer! Could Nora be so incautious?" And Vernon advanced his hand unconsciously, as if to close the casement. But he was unnoticed from thence, and the female form receded.

"Now then," thought Vernon, "now, in a minute I shall know my fate,"—and passing stealthily through the little gate (for he did not wish his footsteps to be heard in the sick-chamber,) he advanced close to the house, of which the front door was still fast, and the lower shutters unopened. Awhile he stood beneath the porch, listening for the approach of some one from within, to whom he might make cautious application for admittance; but soon, impatient of fruitless waiting, he moved away to steal round the corner of the cottage and seek admittance at the back entrance. As he stepped guardedly from the porch, his eyes glanced on a large white rose-tree that grew beside it, and, struck with sudden recollection, he stopped to look sorrowfully on the well-known shrub. There were yet a few yellow leaves upon the straggling branches, and many ripening berries, indicating the past profuseness of its summer bloom. But from the stem on which Vernon's eyes were riveted with painful interest, the flower-sprig he looked for had been recently cut off. "The last rose of summer," had not been left to wither on its stalk, though the hand was far away that should have stuck the late blossom in Millicent's bosom. Just as Vernon turned the corner of the building, he heard the withdrawing of a bolt from the kitchen door, and as it slowly opened, he was moving forward with nervous precipitation, when the sight of a stranger startled him for a moment from his purpose, and before he had time to recover himself and accost her, the young girl carrying a milking stool and pail was already half way down the garden walk in her way to the field and cow-shed. A word—the slightest sound would have reached and recalled her, but Vernon shuddered, and was silent. Again—as the decisive moment drew near, he shrunk from certainty—especially from a stranger's lips. He would seek Nora—he would learn his fate from her. So, suffering the young girl to pass on out of sight, he gently pushed open the door which she had left ajar, and stole noiselessly into the kitchen. Its comfortless disordered state sadly contrasted the beautiful neatness and arrangement, which had been wont in happier days to distinguish poor Nora's peculiar territory. The hearth was heaped with ashes of long accumulation, and

the embers of a fire that had evidently burnt all night still emitted a feeble warmth, and dull red light from the lower bars of the grate, to which they had sunk far beneath the trivet and large black kettle, from which issued no cheerful morning sound of bubbling water. Unwashed tea things, with fragments of bread, butter, and cheese, and an end of tallow candle turned down into the pool of grease which had accumulated in the deep tin candlestick, were huddled together on the slopped and soiled little round table, that it had been Nora's pride to keep bright and polished as a looking-glass. Scattered plates and cups, a waiter, with cut and squeezed lemon, and other evidences of late attendance on a sick room, were all noted by Vernon with deepest interest; and if the survey relieved him of his worst fears, he sighed heavily at thoughts of the *best* he had to anticipate. A glass half filled with lemonade stood on a salver on the dresser; he raised, and put it to his lips, (for perhaps *here* had recently touched its brim,) and as he did so, called to mind her affecting desire to receive from his hand another cup, which now he might be so soon called on to present to her. "If it *must* be—strengthen me for the task, oh God!" was the inward ejaculation of a heart that could yet scarcely bring itself to add, "Thy will be done."

Still Nora appeared not, and reasonably concluding that, leaving the young char-woman to attend to household concerns, she had kept her station in the sick chamber, he stole from the kitchen along the matted passage towards the staircase—but the door of the little parlour being open he mechanically stopped at it. The shutters had been removed since he looked at the windows from without, and now the formal arrangement of the furniture—the cold, dreary, uninhabited look of the once cheerful little sitting room, struck him forcibly, with a more painful sense of change, than even the unwonted disorder of poor Nora's kitchen. As he stood on the threshold in mournful contemplation, a shrill sound, (one of discordant loudness to his morbidly sensitive ear) broke the deep silence. It was the awaking note of Millicent's canary bird, whose cage hung near the window—and as the little creature began to plume itself on the perch, and pour out a more sus-

tained matin in its innocent joy, Vernon looked reproachfully at the unconscious favourite. But his attention was soon directed to other objects—(all to him how eloquent!) and at last it rested on a vacant spot on the wall opposite. He started at perceiving that Colonel Aboyne's picture, which used to hang there, had been removed, but only as it seemed to a table in the middle of the room, on which lay a framed picture together with a white paper parcel, which was placed upon its glazed surface. Vernon felt as if the whole current of his blood rushed suddenly to the heart and brain. A moment he stood gazing as if spell-bound—then, with one desperate impulse sprang forward, caught up the parcel—ascertained that the portrait beneath was indeed his friend's—his promised legacy! and tore open the paper, which was superscribed in faint and uneven characters, "For my dear Horace." Frantically he tore it open—but *one* glance at its contents, and his fingers relaxed their hold—his sight became dizzy, and he reeled back for support against the wall. What baleful aspect had paralyzed him thus? That only of a withered rose, and a long lock of glossy raven hair.

In some minds—(happily constituted are those!)—how indigenous—how indestructible—how elastic is hope! After a while it faintly revived in Vernon's bosom, from the seeming annihilation that succeeded that sudden shock. But feeble indeed was the reviving struggle—an expiring effort! a last stand against despair. *Almost* the worst was known. But still a possibility remained, the thought of which perhaps helped to nerve Vernon's resolve to know *all* immediately. Without farther pause or deliberation, but still with noiseless footsteps, he ran up the short flight of stairs that led to Millicent's sleeping room—and, with cautious tread, and held-in-breath, stole to the half-open door. All within was profound stillness—and he stopped on the threshold to listen, and to send forward one fearful glance. The white curtains of the bed were close drawn on the side towards him, as he stood still half behind the door—but he fancied—surely it was *not* fancy—that there *was* a stir of life—of breath—a gentle and scarce perceptible rustling—as if some one moved. His heart beat quicker, as he

advanced a step onward, and then beheld Nora seated in a high-backed chair at the farther corner of the bed's foot, towards which her face was turned, and her eyes fixed in the direction of the pillows, with that solemn and profound interest, with which we watch the slumbers of those who are "sick even unto death." But apparently, she had only desisted for a moment from an employment, the nature of which, Vernon's first glance eagerly detected. Her fingers still held the strings of one of Millicent's plain morning caps—(he *knew it well*) the broad hems of which she had been running and crimping with accurate neatness, and across her knees and the arm of the chair, lay a long white dressing-gown. Was there not evidence of *life* in those provident preparations? He began to fear—Oh blessed fear!—that he might disturb the dear one's slumbers, should his unexpected appearance too suddenly startle her faithful nurse—whose strongly marked countenance, told a fearful tale to Vernon, of all she had lately undergone. But just as he was shrinking back from the chamber, her eyes slowly returning from this mournful contemplation to her suspended task, caught sight of

his receding figure—and strangely was she affected by the apparition. No word—no exclamation or sound escaped her lips;—nor did she move from her chair—nor otherwise testify her consciousness of his unexpected presence, than by drawing up her tall gaunt figure, as she sat erect and rigid, to its utmost dimensions, and fixing on him her large dilating eyes, with a ghastly undefinableness of expression, which chilled his very heart's blood, though he had no power to withdraw his own from the unnatural fascination—and when, after a few seconds of that wordless communion, she arose slowly, and standing still and upright on the same spot, without one feature relaxing from its stony fixedness, beckoned him forward with one hand, while with the forefinger of the other she pointed to the bed's head, he obeyed mechanically—almost unconsciously—till he felt the grasp of that cold bony hand, and following with his eyes the direction of her pointing finger, beheld—all that was still mortal of Millicent Aboyne. The immortal spirit had ascended to Him, "with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning."

A.

THE DUKE DE ROVIGO AND CO.

TIME was when fashion, under the mask of patriotism, required every British subject, upon pain of being black-halled as a Jacobin and Atheist, to believe Napoleon Bonaparte a coward, a madman, and pretty nearly an idiot, raised, solely by some unaccountable revolution of the blind goddess's wheel, from the rank of a Corsican sub-lieutenant of artillery to that of Emperor of France, and *de facto* Autocrat of Europe—England only excepted. How far this admirable appreciation of a mighty ruler and formidable conqueror may have been agreeable to the thousand and one generals whom he scattered like chaff before the wind—whether they were mortified at discovering how little talent and valour had been requisite for

their overthrow, or consoled by being thus provided with a scape-goat in the shape of the false housewife Fortune—it is no business of ours to enquire. But if the more or less of disgrace attached to defeat affect not us, the brightness of our warriors' laurels concerns us nearly; and we learn, from the Spanish epic poet, Ercilla, that the glory of the victor is always proportionate to that of the vanquished.* We could wish that those worthy persons who betrayed the extravagance of their terror, by their virulent denials of the abilities they dreaded, had studied Ercilla's aphorism, or shall we say, truism? They would then perhaps not have paid so bad a compliment to our own great Captain, and the gallant host with which he successively

* Pues no es el Vencedor mas estimado
De aquello en que Vencido es reputado.

foiled every celebrated French Marshal, even "*l'enfant gâté de la Victoire*," Massena, and finally defeated their redoubted master himself, as to esteem all those antagonists absolutely contemptible. These, however, were the absurdities of hygone days. With our terrors, our virulence subsided; and it must be confessed, that with every discomfiture of the French armies, the skill and courage of the French generals and their Emperor rose in the opinion of our countrymen. If the detractors of the Emperor Napoleon are not much better satisfied than his admirers with Sir Walter Scott's fair estimate of his prodigious genius, and recklessly insatiate ambition, the indignation of the former party is wonderfully softened from what it would have been a few years ago, and it is the wrath of the Bonapartists that blazes fearfully against the impartial biographer.

No libel is so galling as the truth. It is therefore only natural, that those who disregarded, or perhaps laughed at, the silly abuse of which we have spoken, should now be aroused to literary battle. That Louis Bonaparte, bitterly as he is reproached with fraternal ingratitude by Savary, should break a lance in the cause of his dead brother, is more than natural,—it is very amiable, considering the various causes of dissatisfaction given by that imperial and imperious brother to the Ex-King of Holland; and we would willingly leave his *ci-devant* Majesty's somewhat insignificant pamphlet unmolested. Even the artful misrepresentations of the abler and less honest Duke of Rovigo, we feel no predisposition to criticize. We expected to find the said Duke's book a justification of his master; and his exculpatory exertions, if inspired by gratitude, are so far commendable. That it should, at the same time, be a vindication of Savary, Duke of Rovigo, aid-de-camp, and minister of police,—lion's jackal as, notwithstanding his vehement denials, he shews himself—was a thing of course; and if his statements and arguments have sometimes disturbed our critical gravity with a hearty fit of laughter, and sometimes lulled us to repose, we are bound rather to thank than to censure him, for the equally salutary cachinnatory convulsion and restorative slumber. Moreover, the greater number of the points he en-

deavours to establish possess little interest, save as matters of curiosity. If Savary would make Talleyrand responsible for even those acts of aggression, his opposition to which he was generally believed to have proved by his resignation of office, it is nothing to us, whatever we may think of an ambition, so disinterestedly unprincipled—the very *beau idéal* of ambition—as is thereby ascribed to the Prince of Benevento. It is altogether the affair of the ex-statesman and ex-police-man, and we could be well content to let them settle it at their leisure. As little should we concern ourselves to ascertain whether Fouché were, as the world has hitherto esteemed him, a clever rogue, or no more than a knavish simpleton,—the dupe of every mortal who had any interest in outwitting him. Neither are we called upon to try the cause at issue between Savary and Mademoiselle Ducrest, whether Napoleon and Josephine were united by a religious ceremony, or only by the Revolutionary civil form. Our opinion, we may nevertheless observe, inclines to the lady's side, both because the Pope could not, without a total abandonment of self-respect, omit to desire, as she states him to have done, that the woman whom he, as head of the Catholic church, was about to crown Empress, should be a wife according to the rules of that church, and because the refusal of the Cardinals to assist at Napoleon's second marriage with Marie Louise, so angrily recorded by Savary himself, shews the sense of the Catholic church concerning the sanctity and regularity of his first marriage to Josephine. Of a similarly amusing and harmless character are the minister of police's attempts to demonstrate, from the Emperor's dislike to seeing Josephine's tears, that his fond attachment to her rendered their divorce a heroic sacrifice of his own feelings, as much as of hers, to the public interest. Let us not, however, be misunderstood. We are not following the course we began by reprobating. We do not consider Bonaparte as a monster destitute of all human affections and sympathy. We have no doubt that it was very disagreeable, very painful to him, to tell the wedded partner of his fortunes, with whom he had lived happily for fifteen years, that she was to be his wife no longer. We have no doubt

that he was grieved by her anguish, and would have rejoiced could he have obtained the object of his wishes without paying the price. But this does not quite amount to our vulgar English notion of nuptial love; and we besides entertain as little doubt that he very decidedly preferred a young and blooming virgin of the imperial house of Austria, to the somewhat elderly, and not altogether spotless, Dowager Beauharnois. Savary's own description of the Emperor's impatience for the arrival of his princess-bride agrees better with what he had previously told us respecting Napoleon's infidelities, of the heart as well as of the senses, to Josephine, than with the subsequent fancy-piece of imperio-conjugal affliction at the divorce he was pleased to think inevitable.

As we have said, none of these comical things would have tempted us to lay down the thick but diverting volumes that contain them, and take up the pen for their refutation. We should, perhaps, equally have suffered another misrepresentation, although of a more serious description, to remain uncorrected. But having, for reasons which we shall forthwith explain, thought proper to notice the favourite aide-de-camp's lucubrations, so base a perversion of truth to the purposes of falsehood must not escape our attention. Every body who knows any thing of the history of the last thirty years, knows that the negotiation which Mr Fox, as Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, carried on with France, originated in his communicating to the French Government a proposal made to him for the assassination of the French Emperor. Now the Duke of Rovigo mentions this communication, as if it referred to a proposal made to Mr Pitt, with which Mr Fox had accidentally become acquainted; and omits it altogether in his account of the beginning of the negotiation in 1806. It would be an insult alike to the character of the British nation and to the memory of William Pitt, further to answer such an insinuated charge of murder. We cannot, however, but observe, that to our certain knowledge, Mr Fox, when in Paris, during the peace of Amiens, warmly vindicated his great rival from the First Consul's open accusation of having been privy to the Infernal Machine, and other attempts upon his

life;—a circumstance which could hardly be unknown to the friends and familiars of Bonaparte.

The misrepresentation which, as distinguished from the foregoing, has provoked our comments, may to some readers appear less interesting, because it is of a less personal kind. To us it appears of far higher importance, inasmuch as it tends to falsify the standard measure of right and wrong, and to render moral accountability a burden to be shaken off at pleasure. When Bonaparte, the exile of St Helena, described himself to some of his Collectors of *Memorabilia* as an unambitious, peace-loving individual, whom the causeless and nefarious attacks of the several potentates of Europe had compelled, in sheer self-defence, to conquer and appropriate their territories, we shrugged up our shoulders, and smiled or sighed, according to the humour of the moment, at the delusive powers of self-love. Perhaps even these delusions ought to have been exposed. But when we see repeated and systematic endeavours

“to give to airy nothings

A local habitation and a name;”

to substantiate the optical illusions of a self-deceiving conscience—if such unconscious illusions they were, if not phantasms conjured up to impose upon the credulous—we feel it our bounden duty to say a word or two upon the fallacious sophistry advanced in support of such whimsical contradictions of all received opinions.

No rational man, who, in the 19th century, taxes a well-educated and indisputably most highly-gifted sovereign—no matter whether legitimate or usurping—with being an ambitious conqueror, fond of war, and reckless of human life, can be supposed to intend likening such a sovereign to “Macedonia's madman, or the Swede.” Yet it is to accusations such as might be brought against Charles XII., or more properly against Gengis Khan and Tamerlane, that the Duke of Rovigo's defence of Napoleon would apply. He gravely states, in proof of this most unsuspected passion for peace, that the conqueror shuddered at the sight of the yesterday's battle-field; descanted, amidst the afflicting and disgusting objects there surrounding him, upon the criminality of those who wantonly provoked war; was solicitous to see due care taken of his

wounded soldiers, and wept over the loss of old and attached friends, whose lives had purchased his victories. Now what is all this, with the single exception of the *tirade* against the aggressor—of which more by and by—but to say that Napoleon Bonaparte was a man? Instances there assuredly have been, of human creatures who delighted in the contemplation of bloodshed and hodily suffering. So have there been of human creatures horn with two heads, or without the usual allowance of legs and arms. The former must, like the latter, be classed under the head of *lusus naturæ*, save and except where we can distinctly trace the action of moral causes in producing such a depravation of the heart and senses; an operation commonly so easy, that it were superfluous to dwell upon such causes as revenge; the desire of exercising power combined with imbecility, whether mental, corporeal, or casual; the desire of strong excitement in minds either deadened by the corrupt decrepitude of civilisation and its habitual concomitants, unbridled luxury and voluptuousness, or brutalised by savage ignorance; with others, too many to enumerate.* Bonaparte had been exposed to no such demoralizing, or more properly unhumanizing, influences, and was rather a *magnum opus* than a *lusus naturæ*; he, of course, retained the ordinary feelings of our kind. No doubt he sickened at sickening sights; no doubt, when he gazed upon the slaughtered heaps of his brave and devoted troops, he sorrowed for their loss, was anxious for the preservation of the survivors, and, as we have already observed, would have rejoiced could he have obtained his object without paying the price. But this no more deserves the name of humanity, or the love of peace, than his pity for his repudiated wife did that of conjugal affection.

The old charge of inhumanity, so often brought against his whole belligerent system, as essentially prodigal

of life, is not noticed by Savary, and we only advert to it for the purpose of remarking—if civilians may be allowed to speak upon high professional mysteries—that such an imputation must be examined and judged with reference, not to one battle, or one campaign, but to the whole duration of a war. We may illustrate our meaning by the battle of Waterloo, the most sanguinary, perhaps, that ever was fought, whilst the war which it decided and terminated was amongst the least so of any recently waged;—a view of the subject, in which, if we are not misinformed, the conqueror of that eventful day found more consolation for the losses he had sustained, than in the splendid augmentation of his military fame.

Let us now turn to Napoleon's condemnation of the aggressor in his many wars. That the Imperial Dissertator was justified in throwing the whole guilt of the blood therein shed upon the aggressor, cannot admit of dispute; and the whole question, therefore, respecting his ambition and love of war, or at least of conquest, resolves itself into these:—Who was the aggressor? Were Napoleon's wars necessary or unnecessary? All other considerations are extraneous. If the Emperor of France, without provocation given on his part, really was attacked by all the monarchs of Europe, successively or collectively, in order to put down an intruder into their august society, his justification upon these points is complete. But if, on the contrary, he obeyed the suggestions of "vaulting ambition," regardless of the rationally probable consequences of his measures, no tears shed upon the field of guilty triumph, nor yet all the ink wasted, or to be wasted, by his advocates, can wash his memory from the reproach of a wilful and criminal prodigality of human blood.

The emperor and his eulogists are perfectly sensible that this is the real question; and most assiduously do they labour to prove their assertion, that

* The North American Indian torturing his prisoner belongs not here. That torturing is a sort of continuation of the previous battle, and the excess of pain to be inflicted is as much a point of honour with the torturer, as the power of endurance is with the tortured. The former, moreover, probably looks upon the spectacle of the warrior dying in agonies unutterable, and defying his tormentors, as the gods, according to the ancients, did upon that of the good man struggling against destiny, viz. as a magnificent exhibition of human energy. So perhaps might we, could our over-susceptible nerves and senses bear the sight.

every war was forced upon the pacific, unsuspecting, and unprepared French government. But how do they prove this? By merely referring to the dates of England, Austria, Russia, or Prussia's preparations for war, or first hostile measure, and entirely overlooking the aggressions, insults, and encroachments upon themselves or their allies, even the annexation of weaker neutral states to France, which had authorized, if not necessitated, such warlike demonstrations, and the assumption of an attitude calculated to give weight to remonstrance. Again, what is the plain English of this, but what we are almost tired of repeating, that, could Napoleon have obtained his object without paying the price, he would infinitely have preferred so doing? He played the tremendous game of war, not like the infatuated gamester, for the mere excitement of its perils and chances, but to win the important stake; and, had Europe at once frankly submitted to his will and pleasure, would not have waged war for the sake of the warrior's battle joy, or of the victor's intoxicating triumph, not even to display and revel in his mastery and skill. Had Spain quietly acknowledged King Joseph, never would Napoleon have poured his desolating legions into her peaceful provinces. Had Holland, obedient to his mandate, unresistingly resigned the commerce by which she existed, he would not have dethroned his brother Louis, and incorporated the Seven Provinces with France. Had Russia, ruining her nobility, as well as her merchants, cordially assisted him to destroy her best customer, he would not have marched to Moscow. When he made Italy, Switzerland, the provinces of the Rhine, the duchy of Warsaw, the Hanse towns, and what not, parts of his enormous empire, he took nothing from England, nothing, frequently at least, from Austria, and had no desire whatever for a war with either, in consequence. But by what system of international law, save the Code Napoleon, has it ever been held unlawful or unreasonable for a powerful state to arm, either to protect a weaker, or to resist the disproportionate and alarming aggrandizement of a stronger, neighbour? With Bonaparte, the illegality of such officious interference was a favourite doctrine, which, upon the throne or at St He-

lena, he strenuously upheld. No wonder! Its admission would remove a main barrier in the politic conqueror's road towards universal dominion; allowing him first to seize upon every minor state, and then, having rendered himself, by their acquisition, an overmatch for any one of his previously equal compeers, to attack them, one after the other, singlehanded, defended only by an army, very inferior in numbers, and by the resolution, the desperation, of the mass of the people. That consequences like these might follow the admission of such doctrines, would be sufficient argument against them, did they rest upon prescriptive right from time immemorial. That they rest upon no such prescription is certain. We are not going to quote Grotius, Puffendorf, or any such awfully ponderous antiquated jurists. Their authority might be cavilled at by our modern philosophical sciolists, as unsuited to the march of intellect; and, luckily, we want not their sanction. That the admission of such doctrines would be a flagrant innovation upon established law, is abundantly proved by the simple fact of the existence of small and feeble independent states in Europe. Of ambitious sovereigns there has never been a dearth;—it was in genius, not ambition, that Napoleon stood pre-eminent—and nothing could have long protected the independence of such states against such sovereigns, but the mutual jealousies of the stronger powers, which would not, without a struggle, suffer any one of their number so to increase in strength as to become formidable to the others. Were further confirmation needed, it might be found in the very expression, "to maintain the balance of power," which has been the ruling principle of European policy from the beginning of modern history.

But enough, more than enough, upon such a subject. To argue, almost to indicate, the topics of argument against such extraordinary, unwarranted, and untenable assertions as those in question, is a work of supererogation. They require only to be clearly stated, to be translated into plain intelligible language, to be seen through and condemned by every man, woman, and child, not altogether destitute of common sense, or blinded by prejudice.

THE IRISH CHURCH ESTABLISHMENT,

Versus

THOMAS SPRING RICE AND DANIEL WHITTLE HARVEY.

MR EDITOR,

"Two of a trade can never agree."

It is thus that we account for the sparing match which took place in the House of Commons on a late occasion between the two redoubted champions of "liberalism," whose names are written above. Mr Harvey could not contain his joy at the speedy prospect afforded, by the Emancipation Bill, of plundering the Church. Spring Rice, whose satisfaction was altogether as complete and sincere, was yet not a little shocked at the indiscretion of his honourable brother, and undertook to read him a lecture upon the impropriety of making a premature disclosure of his intentions. This having been done with more of arrogance and acerbity than the occasion seemed to require, was ill-brooked by Mr Harvey, who, instead of digesting the instruction of the ex-deputy for the Home Department, who spoke as much "ex cathedra" as if he were again breathing the atmosphere of Whitehall, employed his leisure hours in concocting a virulent invective, such as he hoped must rebuke the presumption of his would-be preceptor, and prevent a recurrence of the humiliating chastisement which he felt had been so unfairly inflicted on him, in the sight of the honourable members. To it, accordingly, they went again. Spring Rice was electrified with an unwonted animation by the vigorous attack of his roused and angry adversary; and if the sergeant-at-arms could have been induced to act the part of the hurdygurdy man, and strike up the old tune of,

"Did you see my monkey tumble,
Did you see my beanie dance?"

the House of Commons would have for once rivalled Sadler's Wells, and its heavy and heart-palsying proceedings would have been enlivened by as pretty a divertisement extraordinary, as a man could meet with in a summer's day. But it was too good to last long, and friends interposed, by whose kind interference the differences between these important personages were adjusted. Nor was it difficult to make

them both sensible, that as each had the same end in view, they must lose more than they could gain by quarrelling about the means of arriving at it. Mr Harvey is content to part with some of his superfluous zeal in exchange for a "quantum suff." of Mr Rice's admirable discretion; upon a mutual understanding that they neither of them abate one particle of that love for true religion, which actuates them in their pious endeavours to strip the Church of those naughty temporalities, which they have had the sagacity to discover are *as good* for the gentry as they are *bad* for the clergy. Wonderful Daniel Whittle Harvey! Incomparable Spring Rice! How favoured the age in which you have been born! How thrice favoured the senate in which you live and move, the brightest of its constellations! May no untoward event ever henceforth cause a division between you! May you go on and prosper in your noble and patriotic exertions for the advancement of religious truth, until one stone is not left upon another in the edifice of the Church, and until the temple of the living God has been converted into the sepulchre of the Gospel!

So the Church of Ireland is doomed to fall; and creatures such as these are to be its destroyers! That Church, which survived the baleful bigotry of Mary, the ruthless virulence of Cromwell, the treacherous friendship of the second Charles, the unmasked hostility of the second James, is to fall a victim to the crawling enmity of Thomas Spring Rice and Daniel Whittle Harvey! It is to be insulted by the mock defence of the one, while by the other it is openly vilified and plundered! The subject is too deeply serious for mirth; but one is reminded of the Eton Boy's versification of Esop's fable, which begins thus:

"A lion once dying, boar bit him, bull
Horn'd him, ass kick'd him on the top of
his skull."

It seems difficult to believe that things could have come to this pass, if the Irish Church had not exhibited

some deficiency of moral worth, which disintituled it to legislative consideration. One can scarcely think that the fate of Herod could so completely have befallen it, if it had not been in some measure guilty of the offence of Herod, who, "because he gave not God the glory, *was eaten of worms, and gave up the ghost.*" But such is not the case. The Church of Ireland never was less liable to so grievous an imputation. It never was so generally efficient in the discharge of all its high and holy functions. Pass a day in the family of any respectable individual in any part of Ireland, and we venture to stake our credit, that before many hours pass over, some such observation as this will be made: "What an improvement in the clergy! How different are they now from what they were formerly!" And their learning, their eloquence, their charity, the various projects of utility or benevolence in which they are engaged, will be specified, as affording the most satisfactory evidence of their worth, as well as the best foundation for the improvement of the people.

We extract from the speech delivered in the House of Lords, in the Session of 1824, by the Bishop of Limerick, the following quotation from a letter written to that amiable and distinguished dignitary, by one holding the important situation of Inspector of Prisons in Ireland; whose testimony in favour of the exemplary character of the Irish clergy, is as satisfactory as his opportunities of knowing them were complete and ample. Major Woodward thus proceeds: "I enclose the extract from my Report to Government, on the prisons of the South of Ireland: much more, I assure you, in compliance with your Lordship's wish, than from attaching any value to a testimony borne by myself, to the character and usefulness of such a body as the clergy of the South of Ireland. In truth, I should feel it presumptuous in me to offer such a testimony, were it not drawn from me as a debt of gratitude for the services rendered, by their benevolent labours, to the department under my inspection. Setting aside all those feelings of attachment which I have always had to the established church, I must, as a public officer, whose duties call him into close contact with them throughout the most remote and (by

all others of the higher classes) deserted parts of the kingdom, declare, in common justice, *that were it not for the residence and moral and political influence of the parochial clergy, every trace of refinement and civilisation would disappear.*"

Such is the establishment, such are the clergy, who are now to be visited with overthrow and ruin! The tide has set in against them; the barriers by which they might have been protected have been broken down; and it remains to be seen how far the moral worth of the Irish Church will enable it to resist and withstand the meditated aggression. In our opinion, it has gained but little by its connexion with the State for the last hundred years. During that period, it seems to have been forgotten as the handmaid of religion, and used only as the tool of political convenience. Its revenues were the treasury from which bribes were dispensed, and parliamentary interests purchased by the minister of the day. It became a maxim of state, that it was wise to conciliate the goodwill of the leading families in the kingdom, by conferring the principal dignities of the Church upon some of their members. And it was supposed that the support thus procured, must, of necessity, guarantee the security of the source from whence it was derived; and that, in proportion as the establishment became morally corrupt, it must be recognised as, politically, better worth preserving.

But this was one of those cases in which the wisdom of man is foolishness. Our sapient legislators did not concern themselves to devise any expedient by which, after the salt had lost "its savour," it might yet be preserved. In truth, none such could be devised. The Church of England must either continue to fulfil the duties for which God has appointed it, or it may not continue at all. There is a loathing occasioned by the foul prostitution of what has been designed for holy uses, which will cause even bad men to revolt against a system which is based upon such profanation; and Religion, which has been thus outraged by the political traders in human rottenness, will avenge herself by re-appearing under some form of dissent, which will disturb their peace, mar their projects, and undermine their authority.

Thus, by leaning unduly on the

Church for political support, they cause it to lose that moral firmness which could alone enable it to sustain them. Its strength, in a Protestant country, must ever depend upon its character. When the one is sacrificed, the other cannot be retained. Godless men, who thus get possession of such a Church as ours, treat it as the Philistines treated Samson. They shear its hair, and put out its eyes, and still seem to expect its services with as much confidence as if it never had been so abused;—and it is only when the pillars of both Church and State are shaken to their foundations, and the battlements of social order are toppling, that they become sensible of the impending ruin, and recognise the justice in the wrath of an avenging God, who, because of their flagitious abuse of his most precious benefits, at length, after much long-suffering, causes them to perish under the fierce wrath of his displeasure.

It is not unknown to our readers, that Popery, in its worst and most hateful form, was unknown in Ireland until the reign of Henry the Second. That able monarch obtained the benediction of the Pope upon his invasion of that country, upon condition that he should bring it into subjection to the Holy See;—and the Irish clergy agreed to become Papists, upon condition of having their temporalities secured to them under the guarantee of British protection. The English government and the Irish priests were the *Orangemen* of that day, by whom the nation was *dragooned* into a novel form of belief, revolting to their feelings, and offensive to their national pride; and ages of suffering and calamity passed over their heads, before the new faith could take firm root, or their ancient antipathies be effectually eradicated.

But Popery was, at length, triumphant. After a series of woes, at the recital of which the heart of the coldest must sink appalled, it at length became universally established in Ireland. Then came the Reformation; and England had to undo all that she had previously done to darken and enchain the minds of her people. Ireland, which had so long resisted the process of tarring and feathering to

which she had been subjected, to gratify the cupidity or the ambition of treacherous priests and overweening invaders, must, perforce, conform to the new order of things, and get rid of the foreign plumes, of which she now began to be not a little proud, with as treacherous and capricious a precipitancy as she was, in the first instance, compelled to wear them. When the fashion of religion was of one sort in England, she was to be fleeced; when it was of another, she was to be flayed. Thus, whatever advantages the changes which were made brought to the one country, they were regarded in the other as the harbingers of disgrace, and the evidences of national humiliation; and it was not alone the dogged obstinacy which belongs to the votaries of the Popish faith with which our Reformers had to contend, but with that rooted national antipathy which was generated by centuries of misrule, and which, up to the present hour, has resisted half a century of generous and parental legislation.

By what singular good fortune the Irish Reformers were preserved during the reign of the first Mary, has been, we trust, not unpleasantly told in a former Number of this publication.* It was one of those events which must fill with a pleased astonishment the most sceptical, while it leads the pious to acknowledge and adore a mysteriously overruling Providence. But although the nucleus of Protestantism was thus preserved, it was long before it attained the magnitude or consistency necessary to entitle it to national consideration. The distracted and semibarbarous state of the country,—the insecurity of life and property,—the deadly feuds which existed between hostile clans,—the low state of learning,—the small degree in which the English language was cultivated,—the disrelish of English habits and customs which prevailed, necessarily rendered the communication of religious truth more slow than in more favoured countries, and, consequently, impeded the progress of the Reformation.

It was not until the reign of the first Charles that the doctrine and discipline of the Churches of England and Ireland were identified. And the cir-

circumstances which led to and terminated in this so-much-to-be-desired consummation, were not a little characteristic and extraordinary.

Laud, amongst many other projects by which his memory has since been vindicated, anxiously laboured to promote that unity of faith between the Churches of the two kingdoms, which must operate as an additional bond of connexion, and by which each must be secured and strengthened. For this purpose, he requested his friend, Lord Strafford, who was then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, to obtain the consent of the clergy, in Convocation assembled, to a series of canons, pledging them to a conformity to the doctrine of the Church of England. Usher was at that time Archbishop of Armagh, and he was known to have a leaning to the principles of the Puritans; and there had been, moreover, a Declaration of Faith published by the Irish clergy, which was in substance the same with the rejected Articles of Lambeth. To procure their assent, therefore, to what amounted to a retraction of former opinions, was a matter of no small delicacy and difficulty, and could alone have been accomplished by the vigour and dexterity which were characteristic of the then Chief Governor of Ireland.

Usher undertook to manage the business, provided it was left to himself. It was, accordingly, long and vehemently debated in Convocation;—but, a hesitation having been evinced, and delays having been interposed, which caused Strafford to suspect the sincerity of the chief promoter, he sent for Dean Andrews, who presided during the discussion; and having rebuked him sharply for the equivocation of which he considered him guilty, telling him, “that it was Ananias who sat in the chair of the Convocation, not a Dean of Limerick;” he drew up, with his own hand, a summary approval of the canons which had been so long under consideration, and insisted, that in that form, and no other, they should be implicitly received. This was rude and highly objectionable, if not unconstitutional. But it was productive of good. The captious cavillings of the divines were silenced; and a measure, incalculably advantageous, was forced upon the country by the strong arm of prerogative, which, had it come in any more questionable

form, would have been most unwisely, but pertinaciously resisted.

In relating the circumstances connected with this affair to Laud, Strafford discovered a trait of character of which it would be unpardonable to omit the mention. Speaking of Usher, whom he considered guilty of a little double-dealing, he thus writes: “It is very true, that for all the Primate’s silence, it was not possible but he knew how near they were to have brought in those Articles of Ireland, to the infinite disturbance and scandal of the Church, (as I conceive,) and certainly could have been content I had been surprised. *But he is so learned a Prelate, and so good a man, as I do beseech your Grace it may never be imputed to him.* Howbeit, I will always write your Grace the truth, whomsoever it concerns.”

Thus he wrote concerning Usher. Of Dean Andrews he was not so tender, but prescribes a punishment for him, at which the reader will be disposed to smile. “If,” says he, “your Lordship think Dean Andrews hath been to blame, and that you would chastise him for it, *make him Bishop of Ferns and Leighlin*, (Dr Zamme, the last Bishop, being dead,) to have it without any other commendams, and then I assure you, he shall leave better behind him than will be recompensed out of that bishoprick, which is one of the meanest in the whole kingdom.”

Our readers are aware, that the arrangement of ecclesiastical affairs which took place at this period, (1634,) did not long continue undisturbed—the Rebellion breaking out shortly after, by which every thing was thrown into confusion. But what was now done, was nevertheless very important, as the basis of that adjustment which took place under the auspices of the illustrious Ormond, after the Restoration.

The Irish Church had “fallen among thieves, who stripped it of its raiment, and departed, leaving it half-dead.” It had been parcelled amongst Cromwell’s chaplains—and these, the least distinguished for learning or discretion—amongst a sect which regarded learning as foolishness, and discretion little less than a crime. They were, of all others, the best qualified for confirming the worst prejudices of the Romanists, and placing obstacles, almost insuperable, in the path of those who advocated an enlightened and moderate reformation. Their ejection from their

usurped preferments, was the immediate consequence of the restoration of the Episcopal form of Church Government;—and in nothing did the wisdom of the virtuous Ormond more conspicuously appear, than in the choice of the prelates to whose learning and piety the interests of the established religion were confided. It was on this occasion that Jeremy Taylor was appointed to the Bishoprick of Down, and subsequently made Vice-Chancellor of the College of Dublin; in which, at that time, most arduous office, he so eminently contributed to restore the discipline, revive the learning, and complete the statutes of the University.

Had the principles which governed Ormond since prevailed, the Church of Ireland would not now stand in need of a protector. As long as a system of opinions continued operative, which rendered professional worth and usefulness in churchmen the criterion of professional advancement, the connexion between Church and State may be considered useful. When appointments to places of ecclesiastical dignity are made upon the same principles as legal or military appointments, although individual instances may occur, and even be frequent, in which the *very best* individuals are not preferred, yet, upon the whole, the affairs of the Church will be well and safely administered. However the public may lament the neglect of superior merit, they will not be shocked or grieved by the profligacy or incompetency of those who are called to bear spiritual rule over them. But when all this is changed—when a godless liberalism prevails—when the Church is no longer considered as the connecting link between earth and heaven, when its peculiar learning has fallen into disuse, and it seems good to those who hear away to cast off all the respect and veneration with which it was formerly regarded, as antiquated incumbrances,—when its revenues alone are prized, and that from the facility which they afford of purchasing political support by conferring the semblance of a spiritual character upon dotage, imbecility, or corruption, then, indeed, the utility of a connexion may be doubted which is adverse to the very purpose for which it was instituted, and which even humanly speaking, will be found, in the end, to overthrow and discomfit the

very policy for whose low and little interests it is so profaned.

If the Church were considered in its *proper* relation to the State, we can conceive nothing more salutary to either, than the connexion between them. Civil policy must ever be incomplete, without a reference to moral ends and purposes, which, as they extend beyond the views, so they transcend the power, of the magistrate, and can only be attained by an enlightened system of national religion. The Church is the spiritual handmaid of the State—the *help meet for it*—and without whose aid and co-operation it can never become a source of permanent blessings to the country. Human beings may be trained, coerced, disciplined, organized, by the mechanism of merely human institutions. But they cannot be raised, liberalized, exalted into a consciousness of their moral worth, without holding before them those views of their moral destiny, which can never be communicated, with complete effect, but by teachers trained and set apart for that purpose, and calculated, by their station and attainments, to command the attention and respect of every rank in society. If the different orders in the State have not their different counterparts in the Church, a serious moral deficiency will be experienced, which, sooner or later, must lead, either to the overthrow of civil government, or the degradation of true religion.

But if the legitimate connexion between Church and State be thus desirable, what may be called their *illegitimate* connexion is not less to be deplored. Where the Church is taken for her dower, merely to be pillaged and abandoned; or worse still, where it is degraded to a state of *concubinage*, and, instead of fostering the virtues, panders to the vices of its lordly and licentious mate, so far from recognising any utility in a connexion like this, we regard it as one of those crying national offences, which are calculated to bring down a Providential visitation upon the country.

In what degree the Irish Church has experienced the protecting care of Government, we will not at present pretend to say. Few, however, will doubt that things, in that respect, might be improved. That there have been great abuses in the disposal of Church

patronage, no one can deny. We would be unwilling to impute them, could we discover any symptoms of repentance or amendment. *Even still, if justice were done to the Church of Ireland, all would be well.* Its character would be raised, its moral influence would be increased, to a degree that would bid defiance to all the machinations of its enemies. But if its high places are made the purchase-money of Parliamentary services, without any reference to the moral or theological qualifications of those upon whom they are conferred, its destruction is at hand, and, even humanly speaking, it cannot long subserve the wicked policy of those who shall have so flagitiously deceived it.

Let, therefore, Thomas Spring Rice and Daniel Whittle Harvey agree to impress upon Government the expediency of continuing the system by which Church patronage has been put at the disposal of complaisant and accommodating county members, and they will do more for accomplishing their ultimate object, than by any other expedient which could be devised. The Church would, in this way, be put under a kind of guardianship, very like the protection which vultures afford to lambs, when "they cover, in order to devour them." It would be a setting up of "the abomination of desolation" in the holy place, which would be the speedy forerunner of its utter overthrow. The wealth of the Church would, in that case, be, as it were, the thirty pieces of silver, for the sake of which it would be betrayed; and the favour of its worldly partisans would be, like the kiss of Judas, the evidence of treachery, and the signal for outrage. Only let those sapient and patriotic senators succeed in their degrading the Irish Church Establishment from its moral and spiritual pre-eminence, and it will not long continue to maintain that political pre-eminence that so offends them. Its "occupation will be gone," and then "farewell, a long farewell, to all its greatness!" It must fall. And Hume, and Carleile, and Cobbett, may raise a trophy upon its ruins, and write upon it, "Here once stood the Church of Ireland."

Oh! but we are doing these great men a sad injustice. They do not wish the subversion, they only seek the purification, of the Church. Kind-

hearted, worthy men! they would dispose of Church property in a manner better calculated to advance the ends of true religion, than that in which it is at present employed. They would reduce the incomes of the bishops and rectors, and increase the stipends of the curates. It offends them to see the one class of churchmen receiving so much for doing so little, while the other receive so little for doing so much. We will, therefore, with the reader's leave, bestow a little calm consideration upon this part of the subject, as the delusion which we conceive to be involved in the preceding statement, is not confined to that class of persons of whom Thomas Spring Rice and Daniel Whittle Harvey may be considered the legitimate representatives, but extends far beyond them, and reaches even to those who must be allowed to have at heart the interests of true religion.

We are persuaded many good-natured persons feel very much for the condition of the inferior clergy, and would be glad of almost any arrangement by which their incomes might be improved. If, however, you should ask them what part of the Church Establishment *works best*, they would unhesitatingly tell you, that which depends on the zeal and ability of the Curates. *Is it not, then, somewhat preposterous to begin with reforming that very part of the system which is acknowledged at the same time to require no reform at all?* Again, if you ask them *why* it is that a deficiency of zeal and ability is observable amongst the higher clergy, they will answer, that it most probably arises from appointments being made from interested motives, and without any reference to the qualifications of the individuals so promoted. If you proceed to enquire why this is so, they will tell you, because the incomes are very good, and become objects of eager competition amongst those who command influence sufficient to solicit them with any prospect of success. So that their project of Church reform amounts to this; they would assimilate the condition of Curates to that of Rectors, *in that very particular to which the inefficiency and negligence of Rectors, as far as they are negligent or inefficient, is chiefly ascribable!*

Admirable reformers! They would make curacies "good things!" They

would have them, too, objects of eager competition ! The labourer, they tell us, is worthy of his hire ; and they would, therefore, so apportion his hire, that he should be no longer a useful labourer ! Such would be the precise effect of increasing the incomes of curates, to any degree that might tempt the covetousness or the worldliness of those who might seek, either for themselves or their dependents, to be put into one " of the priest's offices, that they may eat a morsel of bread." The humble, singleminded, spiritual man would be jostled out of the way, in the crowd of those who would seek to possess themselves of the very humblest offices in the ministry, with far different views and motives. And that admirable and indefatigable body of clergy, who at present uphold the character, and upon whom depends the conservation, of the Church, should give place to a race of lazy sinecurists, resembling the scribes of old who had got possession of the keys of knowledge, and while they were not disposed " to enter in themselves," those who would have entered in " they hindered."

The lower department of the ministry, in the Irish Church, is at present well supplied. The Irish clergy are, without exception, regularly educated men. " No candidate," says the Bishop of Limerick, " is ordained, without producing a testimonial, that he has taken at least the first Degree of Arts, at some one of our three Universities, of Dublin, Oxford, or Cambridge; without producing, also, a certificate of his attendance on a course of divinity lectures ; and thus is secured a continuance at the University, of at least four years and a half. In Ireland, we have no *litterates* ; none of that class, who, in this country, prepare themselves by private study, at a trifling cost, for the profession of the Church." Thus it is secured, that the Irish clergy shall be all gentlemen. That very connexion with the profession which is implied by serving in its humblest offices, is considered in itself so desirable, that it is frequently sought after by individuals of considerable wealth, and connected with the highest families in the country. And it is a most remarkable as well as a most delightful fact, that many of the most zealous and laborious professors of religion are men who had been cradled in affluence, and who entered

upon the discharge of the holy duties, voluntarily foregoing the most tempting worldly advantages.

The pastoral office, in the Reformed Church, possesses peculiar attractions for the man of a serene and contemplative benevolence. He is placed by it in that holy relation to his Maker, and in that elevated and affectionate position with respect to his fellow-creatures, that gives the noblest exercise to his higher faculties ; and by developing, to its utmost, all that is good within him, causes him to experience as great a portion of happiness as he is capable of on this side of the grave. In other professions, the utmost that can be hoped for, is, that " a life of labour" may lead to " an age of ease." If the end be desirable, the means are irksome. And how often does it happen, that life is sacrificed to knowledge, ease to fame, health and peace of mind to wealth and ambition ! This is "*propter vitam perdere causas vivendi*." But the conscientious and singleminded churchman is blessed in his *means* as well as in his *end*. There is a holy calm diffused around him while he endeavours so to hushand the moments of the life that now is, as that it may be the promise and the counterpart of the life that is to come. Let it not, therefore, be thought very surprising, that many are willing to enter into this sacred profession *without a bribe*, and to persevere in the most zealous performance of its duties from no other consideration than that they are thus most truly fulfilling the ends of their being, and so disposing of the talents entrusted to them here, as that they may best give an account of them hereafter.

It is because we would leave the way clear for this class of persons, who are willing to take the ministry of the Gospel for better for worse, and devote themselves to the service of the most approved model of Christianity, because of its own loveliness, that we disrelish the project for so secularising the inferior offices in the Church, as to render them objects of very eager desire to unhallowed and meanly-interested aspirants. How many instances have we ourselves known, in which individuals, who were an ornament to their order, obtained appointments, which, had they been what are called "*good things*," would never have been conferred upon them ! Some

unprovided relative, some worthless favourite, some hungry dependent, would have been ready, upon a vacancy, to accept of the revenues, and to slight the responsibility, of a spiritual charge which promised even a moderately competent subsistence. Thus the office would be considered as made for the man, not the man for the office; and the Church would be disgraced and encumbered by a band of bloated and purple-nosed dependents, who would be at once the evidences of its degeneracy and the instruments of its humiliation.

As it is, such is not the case, because curacies are not "*good things*." Men of piety and ability find their way into them. They possess a sufficiency of attraction for all that is worthy, while they are positively repulsive to much that is base. The exalted dignity of the station is an abundant recompense to the *good man*, who desires, upon any terms, to be taken into the service of his Master. The lowness of the wages disgusts the *hireling*, and causes him to turn to some more congenial employment, in which there may be a less accurate adjustment of the proportion between his deserts and his advantages.

So far are we from thinking that all this should be altered, and that the working clergy should be immediately put in possession of *two or three hundred a-year*, that we would regard such a measure as the speedy forerunner of the downfall of the Church of Ireland. Then, indeed, it would become a mass of corruption, and deserving of all the denunciations of its revilers. Now, on the contrary, whatever of soundness belongs to it may be traced to the worth and the excellence which have so nobly and so disinterestedly enrolled themselves under its banner; and were not either prevented or deterred, by secular considerations, from manifesting their zeal and their sincerity.

All this will be quite unaccountable to the "*pop-and-carry-one*" gentlemen. Joseph Hume (the poor innocent fellow who was so sadly circumvented by the Greek Commissioners) will be in amaze to hear that *any one* can be found to undertake *any thing* without "*a con-si-de-ra-tion*." Thomas Spring Rice and Daniel Whittle Harvey, whose reformation of the Church would consist in cutting it up

into sirloins and briskets for themselves, will have no patience with us for demolishing the most plausible of the pretexts, under the colour of which they had proposed to carry on their operations. This is rather too bad, now that they have succeeded in recruiting their ranks with Popish auxiliaries, who so long looked to ecclesiastical property as "*the land of promise*" which was to reward their labours; by the seizure of which from its heretical possessors, the two strongest passions of their nature would be gratified—the desire of pelf, and the thirst of vengeance. We do not, however, tell them to despair. Lies, quite as monstrous as any that they can tell upon this subject, have already passed current in Parliament. There is no knowing what may yet be done by perseverance and presence of countenance. The sheepish modesty of truth and candour always contends against fearful odds. When the wolf has brought the lamb into his own court, no matter how bad his cause, he need never despair of a favourable verdict. The Whigs will remember how the Irish Parliament seized upon the agistment tithe, *for the good of the Church*; and it will go hard with them if they do not improve upon the example. As Hudibras tells us, the Puritans used to make war

"*For the king,*

Against himself, the selfsame thing
These heathen dogs will seem to do
For God and for religion too."

Only let the Duke hold the reins of power for two years longer, and Church revenues shall be put upon such a comfortable footing in Ireland, that they will be the most handy things in the world for confiscation. The whole body of the clergy will resemble the man who got his head into the mouth of the lion. If they be not obedient to orders, they may be cashiered with as much facility as a cornet of dragons. The Premier, possibly, contemplates the necessity of some *succedaneum* to the Jesuit establishments which are about to be extinguished, and therefore wishes to have the clergy of the Established Church regimented as a species of "*regulars*," whom it may be expedient to employ occasionally in aid of the police, and whose services may be calculated upon more certainly, when they are relieved.

from the burden of those temporalities, in virtue of which they constitute "the third estate of the realm," and which have hitherto guaranteed to them a substantive and an independent existence.

But these things are in the womb of time. The cup of the Amorites is not yet full. These last dregs of the vial of Divine vengeance have not yet been poured out upon us. He, to whom all things are possible, may yet avert them, if we turn from those courses which have caused his displeasure to wax so hot, and in consequence of which "the things that should have been for our use, have been made unto us an occasion of falling."

We have spoken our minds freely respecting that vulgar project of Church reform, which would proceed upon the pretext of improving the temporal condition of the inferior orders of the clergy. The error of its patrons consists simply in this, viz. *they consider the Church made for the convenience of the clergy, instead of considering the clergy appointed for the use of the Church.* This is a very natural mistake for those who never look beyond "the loaves and fishes," and who find it as difficult to believe that the Church can subserve any spiritual purpose, as that they themselves could be actuated by any spiritual consideration. But is there nothing amiss—nothing that requires improvement—in the subsisting ecclesiastical arrangements? Yea, there is much—(we speak it with a bitter and melancholy seriousness)—much, which, if not altered, and that speedily, must ensure and precipitate the downfall, and, what is worse, justify the condemnation, of that system of Church Government which has existed in these countries for the last three hundred years!

Pluralities are a great evil. But they have been necessitated by the shameless robbery of the Irish Parliament. The poverty to which the clergy were reduced by the flagitious withholding of the agistment tithe, rendered the union of livings indispensable, in order to secure a competent provision for the incumbent. Thus whole tracts of country have been deprived of pastoral superintendence. The sphere of clerical responsibility was increased, while the means of clerical efficiency were contracted. It is

surely no wonder that, under such circumstances, Popery should have maintained its ground, or have been only occasionally disturbed by the desultory inroads of fanaticism.

But woe to those who aggravate this state of things by adding parish to parish, for the benefit of friends and connexions, "until there is no place left" for the useful labourer in the Lord's vineyard! Yea, we say to the Episcopal Scribes and Pharisees, Woe to them! And shall we, *dare we*, conceal from ourselves that such is, to a shameless extent, the case in the Church of Ireland? To deny a fact so notorious were scarcely less unpardonable than the practice itself. We, who love the Church in its purity, feel a double horror at an abuse of ecclesiastical patronage which stains its character, and perils its existence. It appears to us as

— "a spot upon a Vestal's robe,
The worse for what it stains."

And if something be not done to check it—if greater difficulties than appear at present to exist, are not interposed, to prevent the heaping of many benefices upon the same individual—the Church of Ireland will, ere long, substantially verify the foulest libel of its most virulent calumniator, and become, indeed, in its bloated inefficiency, "the gorgeous nuisance" it has been represented.

But how is this to be done?—By greater care in the appointment of those dignitaries whose power and influence chiefly regulate ecclesiastical affairs. AS ARE THE BISHOPS, SUCH WILL BE THE CHURCH. If men are chosen for that important office from secular and worldly motives—from family connexion, Parliamentary interest, personal regard—it is not to be expected that they will be more scrupulous in their appointments than those by whom they have been promoted. And thus what is virtually *simony*, will be legitimated and systematized; and the Temple will become, a second time, the market-place of the money-changers, who practise theology as a gainful trade, and care not how much their sacred profession loses in worth and in dignity, provided they but profit by its desecration!

In this case, sectaries will creep in, and do, after their own fashion, the business which the clergy of the Established Church leave undone. Like

parasites, they will establish themselves upon the part of the system which is unsound, and never cease to abstract its nutriment, until they have left it a marrowless skeleton;—exhibiting something like a reversal of Ezekiel's vision of dry bones;—in the one case, the dry bones were covered with skin, and clothed with integuments, until they became a living thing; in the other case, the living thing becomes gradually deprived of its vitality and its organization.

If, therefore, this evil would be avoided, the cause of it must be removed. The prostitution of Church patronage must have an end. A check must be given to the audacious effrontery of intriguing and worldly ecclesiastics. Men of piety and learning, of sound doctrine and blameless lives, must be sought out, and invested with that station and authority which may render them most extensively useful. It is thus alone that the Church can appear as the handmaid of true religion; and it is only in that character it can conciliate the respect and reverence which were always its best, and are now its only "securities." Something, therefore, *should* be done, and, if the Government are sincere in their wishes to preserve it, something *will* be done, to prevent the horrible sacrilege to which it has been exposed, and from the effects of which nothing short of the overruling Providence of God could have preserved it.

We have said, that as are the Bishops,

such will be the Church. The fidelity and efficiency of those exalted dignitaries are therefore of the very last importance. How may they be best appointed? As long as the governing power of the country was *exclusively Protestant*, there were reasonable grounds for presuming that the power of the King, as head of the Church, would not be abused. He and his Ministers were pledged, both by feeling and principle, to support the religion of the State; and it was not to be presumed that they would sanction any project by which it might be subverted. But the constitution has, by the late measures, undergone in that respect an essential change. The King, it is true, must remain a Protestant. He is only known, however, through his constitutional advisers. They may be, either in part or in whole, Papists: and, in such case, in what manner is his ecclesiastical supremacy likely to be exerted? Either they must consent to be ciphers in office, or he must consent to be a cipher in the State. Can that authority, which was rightly vested in him when under the influence of Protestant principles, and receiving advice from none but Protestant counsellors, be safely submitted to without limitation, direction, or control, other than that which it receives from the most determined enemies of the national religion? We think not. We cannot but think that, by the late measures, the ground has been swept from under the King's supremacy.* It is, therefore,

* We should not forget that a provision has been made, in the emancipating bill, that Church patronage shall be at the disposal of the Archbishop of Canterbury, in case the Premier should be a Roman Catholic. If Parliament were not effete, and legislative mind extinct in the national council, such a provision would not be for one moment entertained. An alteration has been made in the *principle* of the Government; it is declared, virtually, that *the Church is no longer to be incorporated with the State*; and honourable members seek a remedy against the certain effects of such a change, by putting the Church patronage, which would otherwise be at the disposal of a Catholic prime minister, into the hands of the Archbishop of Canterbury! But, forgetting for a moment the mockery of such a proposal, may we not ask, "Quis custodiet ipsum custodem?" Is it not obvious, that he may be appointed by that very Popish influence, which it is acknowledged to be expedient that he should supersede? It is strange that it was not considered how the whole framework of Government must be affected by the measures lately introduced; and that, what part soever of the old system was *bottomed on its Protestantism*, must either be so modified as to suit the new order of things, or abandoned. It is worse than folly to talk of neutralizing, in one instance, the hostility of a single individual against the Established Church, even if it could (and it cannot) be neutralized, when the wind and the tide have set in against it to such a degree, that nothing but the most dexterous seamanship can preserve it above the waves. The reader will judge for himself, whether the plan which we propose in the present paper is or is not calculated to provide an adequate

high time to consider what should be done for securing to the Crown that valuable prerogative, and at the same time providing that it should not be suffered to frustrate the very ends it was intended to answer. To-day, his Majesty may avail himself of the advice of the Duke of Wellington and Mr Peel. To-morrow, he may be dependent for counsel upon the Duke of Norfolk and the Earl of Shrewsbury. In this latter case, it is surely fitting that the Church should not be exposed to the machinations of men by whom she is conscientiously detested. For this purpose it is expedient, therefore, that an ecclesiastical commission should be appointed, consisting exclusively of those who are pledged, by conscientious persuasion, to uphold the religion of the State; and whose duty it should be to assist his Majesty by their advice, in all those cases where he is called upon to make important ecclesiastical appointments. Were this done, the danger which menaces the Church from the influence of Popish Ministers would be in a great measure obviated. And were it undertaken sincerely, and acted upon wisely, and under such regulations as we will venture to suggest, it would do more to increase the efficiency, and uphold the moral respectability, of the Establishment, than all that has been done for it since the Revolution.

Suppose the most distinguished churchmen in the kingdom to constitute the commission which we have advised; suppose that, when the next vacancy occurs on the bench of Bishops, they are called upon to recommend to his Majesty a fitting candidate; suppose that, for this purpose, after a suitable preparation on their part, they assemble in the house of God, and after a solemn invocation of the Divine blessing upon what they are about to do, and after receiving the holy sacrament, they deposit, upon the communion table, the names of those whom they consider most deserving—we ask, is there not, under such circumstances, a strong probability that an honest and a judicious selection would be made; and that the Sovereign would not only be protected against the interested advice of evil counsel-

lors, but also against his own liability to err, in a matter where error might be so injurious to true religion?

It is not always from an utter want of principle, from an utter indifference about what is right or wrong, that bad ecclesiastical appointments are made; *but because of the preponderance of some worldly motive, which is suffered to have an undue influence, from the absence of all those antagonist considerations that are best calculated to counteract it.* Now, in the case supposed, this would not be so. The moment for making so important a choice would be one of peculiar solemnity. Every motive which may be deemed morally and religiously influential, would be accumulated, and, as it were, concentrated, for the purpose of producing a right determination. The individuals to whom so sacred a trust was committed, would feel their awful responsibility. They would stand before the public as the sworn guardians of the national faith; and they could not, without being self-convicted of guilt as deep as that of Judas, become perjured and mercenary traitors to the cause of their religion and their God.

We can easily conceive an individual Bishop, (who has a living to dispose of, and who feels strongly desirous to confer it upon some favoured relative,) when sitting in his easy chair, and surrounded by his family, very likely to be unduly influenced by their solicitations. He is then in the very vortex of temptation. He finds it difficult to imagine that what is, in reality, a public trust, is not private property;—and still more difficult to resist the inclination to dispose of it, rather according to his personal predilection, than for the interest of the Church. But place that same individual in other circumstances; let him be surrounded by a different atmosphere; "*procul este, profani!*" let him be as far removed as possible from secular considerations; let that act of religious worship, the most solemn by which his allegiance to his God can be attested, *immediately* precede that exercise of his episcopal authority, upon the due performance of which depend interests so unspeakably important;

remedy for the apprehended evils. We think it is, and that if adopted and persevered in, it will guarantee the safety of the Church; and, by so doing, contribute not a little to avert the calamities which impend over our other institutions.

let him, in a word, be made to feel, most impressively, that what he has to decide on is simply this,—*whether he will confer the parish upon the clergyman, or the clergyman upon the parish; whether he will set over three or four thousand human souls some pious and efficient pastor, who may lead them to God; or abandon them to the misdirection or negligence of some careless mercenary, who may suffer them to go to the devil*; let him be thus warned, thus admonished, and thus aided in his choice, by other and better lights and influences than those of this world, and we sadly mistake if the consequences would not be speedily apparent in the improvement which would be visible in every department of the ministry.

Any man may make a bad ecclesiastical appointment when he is living, to all intents and purposes, “*without God in the world.*” No man, in the presence of his God, and in the sight of that congregation to whom he is called upon to be an example, and, as part of a religious solemnity, can dare to do so, without deliberately writing “*reprobate*” upon his own forehead; without saying to corruption, “*Thou art my father,*” and contracting a degree of guilt which scarcely admits of expiation.

Thus, there would be ensured to the Church, as far as human regulations could ensure it, a supply of good and able Bishops; and this would go far to remedy whatever of disorder or inefficiency is at present to be deplored. It is amazing what a good Bishop can do for advancing the ends of true religion; and we are persuaded, if they were seen to be thus zealous in the vocation to which they are called, and making their power, and wealth, and influence subservient to the holy cause in which they are engaged, they would not only receive the confidence, and gladden the hearts, of the faithful people who have always regarded their order with an affectionate reverence, but they would extort an involuntary homage from Whigs and Radicals, which would be their best “*security*” against present dangers.

But what we have recommended would be incomplete without other regulations. The principle should be extended to the appointment of the parochial clergy. That should be

conducted in this manner: Let the Bishops assemble in the metropolis, for the purpose of supplying all clerical vacancies, four times a-year. Let them attend divine service at one of the cathedral churches; and, after having received the holy sacrament, let them nominate to the cures of souls which are vacant in their respective dioceses, exactly in the manner prescribed by the commissioners appointed by the King. This mode of filling preferments would, if duly observed, make every Bishop feel, that what he was about to do was a *solemn spiritual act*; and he must be more than ordinarily callous, if he were influenced, under such circumstances, by gross and worldly considerations.

It is delightful, to those who know the Irish church, and value true religion, to see the cheerful piety with which many good, but by their Bishops neglected clergymen, labour in their holy calling; but it is deeply painful to think, that they have been long and cruelly neglected, and that they have been spending their best years in performing the duties, and maintaining the character, of their sacred profession, merely in order that others who do not labour may enjoy its advantages.

“*Sic vos non vobis mellificatis, apes!*” Why is this? Because the Bishop, who should be the protector and the promoter of clerical usefulness, *habitually and unconsciously* regards his Church patronage as private property, and fancies that he performs his whole duty when he disposes of it, according to their respective degrees of propinquity, amongst his relatives, his connexions, and his friends! Occasionally he may find it necessary, for appearance’s sake, to confer some trifling benefice upon a talented or laborious curate. But, generally speaking, is not the care of *his own family the rule*, and a regard for the best interests of religion the exception? Now, we would have this directly reversed. We would have the Bishop “*seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness,*” and depend upon the goodness and the providence of God for his temporal as well as his eternal reward. And for this purpose, we would put him into circumstances which would diminish considerably the temptations with which he has to struggle, and operate powerfully in aid of those elevated and

spiritual views which may best enable him to make a wise and a single-minded selection.

A body of Clergy thus appointed would be worthy of a Church which is the most perfect representative of primitive Christianity; they would be worthy of a liturgy which is the most perfect form of "sound words" that ever was composed. *And such a Church, thus administered, could not be overthrown.* It might be cast off from the State; it might be plundered; bad men might, for a season, usurp an unholy dominion over it, and bind it, and spoil it of its goods. But they could not rob it of that divine virtue which is enshrined within it, "which will not die, and cannot be destroyed," and which, despite of all the malice of its enemies, will commend it to the admiration and gratitude of a less "untoward generation," by whom it will be loved and valued as the safest guide to happiness and immortality. "Fear not them which kill the body, and after that have nothing that they can do. But rather fear HIM who, after he hath killed, is able to cast both soul and body into hell; yea, I say unto you, fear HIM."

Such an establishment, such a body of clergy, such a form of prayer, would be beyond the reach of an unprincipled Minister, or a rapacious Parliament. Despite all that might be said or done against it, "It would," to use the words of a beloved and most profoundly judging writer, "accomplish its every purpose. Its solemn, yet cheerful beauty, would engage the first sensibilities of childhood. Its gently insinuated, yet powerful discipline, would shield the purity of youth. Its sublime morality would illuminate every path, and influence every movement, of active life. And its tranquil spirit would invite declining age to seek, in its soothing bosom, compensation for the infirmities, and support under the sufferings, of sinking nature."

It will be said, that the Bishops are already under as strong an obligation as could be imposed upon them, to act, in all cases of clerical appointment, as if they were in the presence of God; that their vows at ordination, and their professions at consecration, pledge them, as deeply as men could be pledged, to use all their episcopal influence for the benefit of the Church;

and that, if these are not sufficient to make them perform their duty, they would not be moved to do so, "even though one rose from the dead." This, we have no doubt, will be said, and much more to the same effect; but we trust to the good sense of our readers to perceive that it is altogether inapplicable. It is perfectly true that the Bishops are very deeply pledged to a course of action, which, nevertheless, very many of them do not pursue. We do not, therefore, set them down as *utterly condemning* their pledges; but only as forgetting them, as losing sight of them, as suffering the impressions made by them to be defaced and obliterated by the world. And the object of the regulations which we have proposed, is, *to renew those salutary impressions, that they may be enabled, upon important emergencies, to act as freshly under their influence, as when they had been first received.*

A word, now, with respect to the encouragement of theological learning. It is in vain to deny that it is at a very low ebb at present. That profound acquaintance with all the depths of their profession, which distinguished the divine of former times, is but rarely to be found; and our modern theologues seem well content to subsist, as it were, upon the crumbs which have fallen from the tables of the "giants who lived in those days." Something, therefore, should be done to encourage a more steady, systematic, and persevering application to the study of divinity as a science, than can be expected to be undertaken, by competent minds, without the certainty of a definite and not remote advantage.

This object, we conceive, would be gained, if it were stipulated, that each Bishop, at his consecration, should set apart one living, to be conferred upon the man who was best prepared in a given course of divinity; the course to be determined by those who were most competent to prescribe it with judgment and discrimination. The details of such a proceeding might be easily arranged. We would have the examination, by all means, open to the public. This would ensure fair play, and interest the community at large in the concerns of the Church, to a degree that must give rise to a very strong prepossession in its favour.

It is obvious, that a bounty, such

as we propose, would be abundantly sufficient to engage a large number of excellent and talented clergymen in that course of reading, by which they may be best qualified for explaining the doctrine of our most holy religion, and upholding the character of our national Church. We well know the wide difference between knowledge and practice;—between learning and faith. And we are also aware, that, to have a learned clergyman in *every* parish, is not less practicable than it would be inexpedient. But, assuredly, there should be a *few* such in every diocese; and that is all that is provided for by the plan at present proposed. Without a certain number of learned clergymen, the Church cannot stand. They are, as it were, the standing army, by which alone it can be protected against the assaults of infidels and sectaries; as well as the standing authority, by which divisions amongst its members may best be prevented, and it be “kept at unity with itself.” If, therefore, something be not done, to uphold its character in this respect, it must be torn by dissensions, which will render it an easy prey to the watchful adversaries who hate it because it rebukes their ungodliness, or who cherish a conscientious abhorrence of its principles.

It would be right that no one should be suffered to appear at the examination who was not in holy orders, and who had not served a certain number of years, in some parochial cure, to the satisfaction of his diocesan. Thus, by making the efficient discharge of ministerial duties a prerequisite even to being a candidate for the living in question, a vast increase of professional usefulness would be ensured, and an impulse would be imparted to every individual, connected with the working part of the Church Establishment, that could not but be productive of incalculable advantages. It is not too much to say, that much of the hostility with which the clergy at present are regarded, would be diminished, when their zeal, in the holy cause to which they were pledged, was thus made manifest; and when they endeavoured, by “a patient perseverance in well-doing,” to put to shame the ignorance or the malice of those who had regarded them with obloquy or vituperation.

The examination, too, if well con-

ducted, might itself be an engine of very great importance. We can easily conceive a series of questions proposed by discreet and learned examiners, touching any of the important topics which interest and divide the public, eliciting such answers as might be replete with useful information, and conveying, in the most complete and satisfactory manner, such a refutation of prevailing errors, as must powerfully promote the peace of the Church, and the well-being of true religion. We have, ourselves, witnessed effects of this kind, from examinations held on a much *smaller scale* than that which we at present contemplate; and we are fully persuaded, that, from the calm and unostentatious manner in which enquiry would be conducted, and the quiet and inoffensive tone in which information would be afforded, without any of the noise or the vehemence of controversy, their efficacy in putting an extinguisher upon many of those “questions that engender strife” would be very great indeed.

It is true, they might not always serve as a *perfect* test of superior merit. The man of nerve will sometimes, at an examination, appear to greater advantage than the man of mind. But it is to be hoped that this will not always, or often occur; and when it does, it must be submitted to as an inevitable inconvenience. The test which we propose is, we believe, the *best* that can be had; and unless a better may be devised, we must take it even as it is, with its concomitant imperfections. If it would not reach every case, it would reach most cases; and even where it did not strictly apply, much might be left to the discrimination of candid and intelligent examiners.

But let it be remembered, that we propose a public examination more as a means of increasing general knowledge, than as an infallible test of individual proficiency. *This* end it would most completely answer. The Church would largely benefit by the stimulus it would afford to learning, and be enriched, not merely by the amount of the acquisitions of those candidates who had obtained their reward, but also by that of those who might have been unsuccessful. Those who fell, as well as those who survived, would redound to its honour, and contribute to its victory. And

we cannot suppose that, under the improved system of Church Government which we have ventured to recommend, *many* of the deserving individuals who might, in the first instance, be outstripped by more fortunate competitors, would not ultimately, by good and faithful Bishops, be provided for in a manner fully commensurate with their deserts and their necessities.

Thus have we ventured to sketch a project for the reform of the Church, which, we firmly believe, would raise its character, and increase its usefulness, without putting Government to the expense of one shilling, and without departing in the least from the principles which govern our system of ecclesiastical polity. This, we are aware, will not at all suit the views of Thomas Spring Rice and Daniel Whittle Harvey, whose mode of spiritualizing the Church would consist in reducing it to a state of apostolic poverty. They would plunder its revenues in order to stimulate its industry, upon the principle,

"Ibit qui perdidit zonam."

But giving these conscientious and immaculate spoliators all due credit for their disinterested zeal, we venture to assert that the revenues of the Church may, in the hands of upright clergymen, be fully as beneficially employed as they could possibly be in the hands of indifferent laymen; and that, provided we take proper care to have a race of worthy and exemplary pastors, we need entertain no apprehension that the revenues allocated for their maintenance will be misemployed.

But, setting for a moment considerations of justice and policy aside, to us it has always appeared the extreme of folly in the laity to quarrel with the provision which has been made by the State for the support of the clergy. It is like the right hand quarrelling with the left for its bread and butter. In our Church, where the interests of both clergy and laity are so dovetailed and intertwined with each other, by descent, by marriage, and by consanguinity—who are the clergy but the sons, the brothers, the fathers, the fathers-in-law, or the brothers-in-law, of those who are yet disposed to regard them with aversion, if not with hostility, because they are the possessors of a property, which, without trench-

ing on any existing rights, confers upon them respectability and independence? If the patriotic layman, whose choler rises when his clergyman demands his tithe, would but consider that, to-morrow or next day, *that* tithe may be *his own*, in the shape of a provision for his son, or his son-in-law, or his nephew, or his brother, his virtuous indignation would, we flatter ourselves, not so frequently extinguish his common-sense, by transgressing the limits of justice and humanity. Of what advantage would it be to him or to his children, that the tithe was absorbed into the great estates, and went to swell the coffers of some lordly absentee, which must be the necessary consequence of its confiscation. We can very easily conceive the direct interest which, humanly speaking, the great landed proprietors have in such an event; for it must all be clear gain to them. But the middle classes—that *they* should be mad enough to seek the annihilation of the fund which guarantees to their children and connexions a competent maintenance and honourable station,—and this, not for the purpose of providing for the wants of the poor, but to add to the wealth of the over-opulent;

"To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To add new perfume to the violet,"

this is "a frenzied flight of soul" into the regions of modern *liberality* which we have not advanced sufficiently upon "the march of intellect" to be enabled to appreciate, but which, no doubt; will qualify its possessors for the very highest degree that can be conferred by the London University. "*Eheu, vera rerum vocabula amisimus; nam largi aliena, liberalitas, audacia malaram artium, fortitudo vocatur.*"

The present are awful times. They are truly "days of trouble, and of rebuke, and of blasphemy." We have been of late familiarised to such shiftings and changes of domestic policy as would have made the hairs of our ancestors stand on end; and what they would have regarded, with horror and dismay, as portents and prodigies prognosticating national ruin, we are taught to consider the pregnant causes, as well as the indispensable condition, of national happiness and tranquillity. That as such they are intended, let us not doubt. And, how little credulous soever we may be of the expected result, we will not be prophets

of evil. We will endeavour, rather, to overcome the misgivings with which we have hitherto regarded the present policy of Ministers, and, to the utmost of our power, co-operate in realising its predicted advantages.

It was with this view we entered into the details which fill the preceding pages; and, by some arrangement comprising which, it is our conscientious persuasion the Church of Ireland can be alone secured. If it be suffered to go "the way of all flesh," or reserved as the capital by which Government may purchase Parliamentary influence, it will NEITHER BE POSSIBLE TO PRESERVE IT, NOR WILL IT BE WORTH PRESERVING. Learning must be encouraged, piety must be promoted, parochial efficiency must be secured; zeal and industry, in their sacred calling, must be made a solid ground for the reasonable expectation of professional advantages to the inferior clergy; the working curates, whom it is unnecessary, and would be pernicious, to encourage by any immediate increase of their stipend, must not be eternally condemned to a life of cheerless drudgery, in a region of the profession "blank and bare," "where Hope, that comes to all, comes never," but must be cherished in proportion to their worth, and visited by those beams of kindly patronage which may best requite their toil, and be, at the same time, its recompense and its alleviation. Were these things done, but little would remain undone for the security of the Church of Ireland.* It would thus be placed "as a city that is set on a hill, and that cannot be hid." And "its light would so shine before men, that they would

see its good works, and glorify its Father which is in heaven." All the Church wants, is JUSTICE. Do it but justice, and it will put you to but little trouble in providing for its defence. Never was there a system of national faith which, if well and truly administered, was so perfectly calculated for commanding the respect and the veneration of the people. But, "corruptio optimi est pessima;" the best things, when corrupted, become the worst. In the same degree that, if well administered, it may be made an instrument of good, will it, if ill-administered, become an instrument of evil; nor can any temporary expedients which may be devised for its support, prevent the ruinous consequences of those abuses by which it may be profaned and desecrated. As soon as it begins to taint the air, it will be scented afar off by those birds of prey whose ravenous rapacity would almost have anticipated the period of its dissolution; "and where the carcass is, there will the eagles be gathered together." God grant that better things may be in store for it! and if the late measures should have the effect of tranquillizing the country, and Government should be more at leisure and better disposed to take some efficient step for improving the administration of the Church of Ireland, we are persuaded they could do nothing which would tend more to re-conciliate Protestant confidence, and to justify them, for what they have already done, in the eyes of their country and their God.

HIBERNICUS.

Dublin, 14th April, 1829.

* We are gratified at being able to state, that the *first* clerical appointment of the Duke of Northumberland is most creditable to him; and that, if his administration be marked by many such, he will be a blessing to Ireland. The Reverend Mr Murray, rector of Askeaton, in the county of Limerick, is not, we are persuaded, unknown to our readers as the zealous and indefatigable Apostle of the Reformation in that part of the country. He is a man altogether devoted to his sacred calling, with a singlemindedness that reminds us of primitive times, when the professors of Christianity "thought not their lives dear unto them," if by the sacrifice of them they might promote the Gospel. It is, therefore, with no ordinary satisfaction, that we hail his promotion to the Deanery of Ardagh. Having said thus much, in cordial attestation to his personal worth, we cannot conclude without adding, that we do not pledge ourselves to a *perfect* agreement with *all* his theological principles.

A SHADOW OF TRUTH.

BY DELTA.

I HAD a wondrous vision—a dream, but not of night—
 Wild figures manifold and strange came rushing on my sight ;
 Far 'mid the twilight of old time I saw them flitting by ;
 Melted the mould-damp of the grave, and brighten'd every eye,
 As down to our unsettling days their awful looks they cast,
 To see Experiment's rash feet down trampling all the past.

The gloomy smoke-clouds spired aloft ; beneath were fagots piled ;
 And, 'mid the lambent tongues of flame, a holy Martyr smiled ;
 Coop'd in Inquisitorial cells, pale, squalid figures lay,
 Whose eyes had never bless'd God's sun for many a countless day ;
 While implements of torture dire were scatter'd on the ground,
 And, garb'd in white Religion's robes, demoniac judges frown'd.

Sadly, from latticed convent grey, the hooded Nun look'd out
 On luxury, life, and liberty, by young spring strewn about ;
 In thought she saw her father's hall, at quiet evening close ;
 And a bonnet, with its snow-white plume, amid the greening boughs ;
 Where, with his greyhound in its leash, beside the trysting well,
 Her secret lover wont to wait, his burning vows to tell.

There sages stood with earthward eyes ; upon each reverend face,
 Sorrow and shame were sadly blent with apostolic grace ;
 They saw what they had seen of yore, yea perish'd to gainsay,
 The swinish herd by ignorance to error led astray ;
 Men, by false doctrines dazzled, quite forsaking God and Truth,
 And grey Experience hooted down by theorizing youth.

There scowl'd the proud old barons brave, a thousand fields that won,
 Indignant that their high-drawn blood should to the dregs have run ;
 Scornfully they pointed to the past—to think that all in vain,
 The life-tide of our patriot hosts had crimson'd hill and plain ;
 That, clad in steel, from head to heel, they made their desperate stand
 Triumphant broke the Papal yoke, and freed a groaning land.

Then saw I banners on the breeze—and, as their lengths unroll'd
 Upon the breath of Blasphemy, mysterious threats they told :
 In Liberty's right hand, Sedition's scrolls were borne ;
 Pierce drunken crowds surrounding her, who laugh'd Suspense to scorn ;
 Over Religion's shrines I saw Destruction's ploughshare driven ;
 The hosts of Hell re-conquering Earth, and man denying Heaven !

To that poor country, woe—woe—woe ! where Commoner and Peer
 Lay down, what valour wrung from Fraud, from ignominious fear :
 Give in to Error's harlotry, to smooth her rebel frown,
 Pen up the wolf-cub with the lamb, and bid them both lie down ;
 Betray Religion's tower and trench to sacerdotal Sin,
 And turn the key in Freedom's gate, that Slaves may enter in !

Through all, I heard a warning voice, and mournfully it said—
 " In vain have Sages ponder'd, and in vain have Martyrs bled ;
 In vain have seas of patriot blood to Freedom's cause been given,
 Since still man thinks that hellward paths can e'er lead up to Heaven ;
 And clouds of ignorance in vain been scatter'd from his sight,
 When the base fiend Expediency o'ercomes the seraph Right !"

THE BRITISH COLONIES.

A SECOND LETTER TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON,
FROM JAMES M'QUEEN, ESQ.

MY LORD DUKE,

I again presume to address your Grace on that most important subject, the Colonial Establishments, and the Colonial interests, of Great Britain.

In my first letter, under date the 22d of May last, I particularly pointed out the value and the importance, in a political, in a commercial, and in an agricultural point of view, of our Colonial Establishments, situated in the West Indies. From facts and from proofs, which have not been, because they cannot be, challenged, disputed, or contradicted, I laid before your Grace, not merely the importance and value of these possessions, but at the same time, the manner in which they have been unjustly accused, vilified, calumniated, neglected, endangered, and injured, by their natural and political protectors.

The object of my present letter is to bring before your Grace, shortly, a few of those dangerous and popular errors, on which the crude system of West Indian Legislation—or rather, Colonial persecution,—has been founded, and pursued; and with which, and upon which, a specious but baseless fabric of Colonial policy has been attempted to be raised.

The British Anti-Colonists asserted and assert, that sugar cultivation is pernicious and destructive to human health and life,—that the mortality among the labourers employed in the work, is in proportion to the quantity of sugar raised;—they asserted and they assert, that wherever the measures devised in this country are enforced, the evils complained of are not only removed, but that the quantity of produce is at the same time increased; and they furthermore asserted and assert, that there are no personal slaves in the British territories in India, and that consequently the sugar there produced, is the produce of FREE LABOUR, and being so, that it ought to be preferred and consumed in Great Britain, instead of the sugar which is produced in the West Indies by British capital vested in, and commanded and encouraged by Great Britain, for her advantage, to be vested, in these posses-

sions, in sugar cultivation by the labour of African slaves.

From 1822 till 1828, West Indian Legislation in Great Britain proceeded upon these false assumptions, the law-makers being all the while prompted and impelled to their labours by senseless theories of expediency, error, interest, and malevolence; and some of which being immediately and intimately connected with the subject in hand, require to be noticed as I proceed.

Foremost and conspicuous among these stands a pamphlet, addressed by Mr DWARRIS to the Chancellor of the Exchequer last year. It may be taken as a correct specimen of Colonial-Office ideas, labours, and pursuits on these subjects, before your Grace—let me hope—began to arrange them, to clear them up, and to give them a better direction. Mr Dwarris is a Commissioner employed under the Colonial Department, and unless his work had been consonant to the views of the reigning powers, it is fairly to be presumed that it would never have seen the light; more especially when it is remembered, that at the period when Mr Dwarris was beating his brains to arrange, to write, and to bring it forth, that faithful and honest officer, Major MOODY, who had been employed under the same Department at a smaller salary, was turned adrift; and I believe he was so, because, in the discharge of his duty he had, on Colonial subjects, told a different, and a more rational tale. Be these things as they may, however, it is pleasing and satisfactory to get hold of a document like the one in question, because, while it shews us what is left undone in the Colonial Office, it shews us, at the same time, the labour in which the working machinery of the place has been engaged. The pamphlet in question is, beyond doubt, a Government *feeler* of the day. As such, it discloses to an astonished nation the incomparable and incomprehensible nonsense which occupied the time and the labour of the Department in question, and as such, it is worth a moment's attention, to cut up and to expose.

One-half of the pamphlet, and the only part of it that is worth any thing, is occupied in proving that all the statements put forth and published by the reckless Anti-Colonista are false and unfounded,—points which few sane persons in Great Britain will now venture to dispute. Having done this, Mr Dwaris, while he proves how much and how greatly the African savages have been civilized and improved under West India bondage—"improvements so rapid and so great," says he, page 15, "that the short space of a quarter of a century has effected a revolution in feelings and manners in these remote colonies, more extensive, signal, and complete, than, I firmly believe, was ever before known in the same time, in the HISTORY OF MAN!"—having, I say, stated these important facts, Mr Dwaris goes on to recommend the policy, the propriety, and the necessity, of rooting up that system of control and of government under which all this good has been effected, in order thereby to accelerate, to improve, and to perfect, the prosperity of our Colonies, and the minds, the morals, and the industry of the Negro population!

Now, my Lord Duke, common-sense would dictate, and prudent and practical statesmen would advise, that the savage and half-civilized slave should be retained in that state which improves and civilizes him the most rapidly, at least, till he arrives at that pitch of knowledge, industry, and wealth, when he ceases to be a barbarian, and when, Mr Dwaris admits, that his freedom would become, and could only become, advantageous to himself, and useful to the community at large.

Because the West Indian Colonists have done the good which Mr Dwaris says they have done—because they have improved and civilized the African savage to the extent to which they have civilized and improved him—the West India proprietors, my Lord Duke, deserve the favour, not the hostility, of Government—the praise, not the reproach, of the country. They deserve this, my Lord Duke, because Mr Dwaris assures us, page 40, "that there is reason to believe the condition of the slave, in any colony of the West Indies, to be preferable to that of the African in his native country."

The measures devised and adopted

during the late Anti-Colonial mania, Mr Dwaris, page 46, justly states, "regarded only the advantage of the slave, *without* a fair and equitable consideration of the interests of private property;" and at page 48, he informs us, "that the scheme of compulsory manumission, however specious, (and I was one of the persons first captivated by it,) is *ILLUSORY*;"—"it seems to me," continues he, page 49, "sufficient ground for the resistance of the Colonies at the present time, that the experiment is new and hazardous; that the result is doubtful; that the attempt at substituting free labour for the services of the slave *may be* unsuccessful; that in case of failure, the mischief is *IRREPARABLE*; that for such irretrievable injury, *no compensation* is provided, or as yet unequivocally pledged; that *ALL EXPERIENCE* is *AGAINST* ITS SUCCESS; that with the fullest opportunities afforded, and the most *pressing* invitations given, no evidence *was* or *could be* adduced in its favour." These, my Lord Duke, are important and undeniable facts; and to have these facts wrung from the pen of the pioneer of that concave of legislators who first contrived the scheme—"hazardous," and pregnant with "mischief irreparable,"—and who, by all the aid of power unconstitutionally, despotically, and unjustly applied, sought to enforce it, even though it was contrary to the dictates of "*ALL EXPERIENCE*,"—is most important indeed.

But it is time to shew the errors and the absurdities uttered by Mr Dwaris. "It is," says he, page 40, "from the era of the abolition of the slave trade, that civilisation and improvement, (notwithstanding the incurable vice of absenteeism,) has dawned upon the West Indies." These few words are of themselves sufficient to shew, and to convince any man acquainted with the West Indies, or with the history of the West Indies, that Mr Dwaris knows scarcely any thing about them; and moreover, that he either takes his opinions from the works of others as ignorant as himself, or that he makes his statements to suit the opinions of those, who, with some new scheme in hand, are completely ignorant of Colonial history, and of the real state of society in the Colonies.

My Lord Duke, the march of civilisation proceeded, among the African savages landed in our colonies, from the day they were landed in those colonies; but it was less visible *before* the Abolition than *AFTER* it, because great numbers of savages were annually introduced into each colony, whose ignorance, superstition, indolence, and vicious habits, corrupted, and to a very considerable degree, their countrymen who had previously been introduced into those islands, and also their progeny. This state of things naturally neutralized, to a considerable extent, the progress of civilisation. Mr Dwaris himself proves the fact, that it was these things, and not the severity of the master *before* the Abolition, which retarded the march of civilisation among the slave population of our Colonies, when he states, page 41, that "it was the newly imported African who required to be *CORRUPTED AND TREATED WITH SEVERITY.*"

Mr Dwaris, in his censure of "*absenteeism*,"—that is, the residence of West India proprietors in England,—gives, contrary to the theory of Professor Macculloch, whose *White errors* were much in vogue about the time Mr Dwaris wrote, a knock-down blow to his argument, and proves that civilisation must have advanced in the Colonies with greater rapidity before "the era of the Abolition," than after it, because it is notorious to every one acquainted even in but a slight degree with the history of the Colonies, that the number of resident proprietors previous, and long previous, to "the era of the Abolition," was fifty to one to what it is at present. In those days, also, the resident proprietors were not only independent in their circumstances, but also men of great knowledge, talents, and judgment, and moreover, in many instances, either immediate descendants of noble British families, or nearly related to such. Their humanity, also, was undeniable, more especially when it is recollected, that a very great number of the first settlers in our Colonies were *Quakers*, who had been compelled to abandon their native country during the days of Cromwell and Charles the Second, when Great Britain was, under the first, cursed with a canting, and under the second, as a matter of course, scourged by a profligate government.

Mr Dwaris cannot deny these facts ;

and admitting them, he destroys his more important statements and arguments.

"Slaves should be attached to the soil," says Mr Dwaris, page 54, "as the *FIRST STEP* to improvement;"—in other words, in many instances we must ruin the master and beggar the slave, in order that the latter may be improved, and the other enriched! In the Bahamas, and in several of the Leeward Islands, there are probably about 60,000 slaves, at this moment, fixed to the respective islands, under similar insane and inhuman enactments. The consequences are as follows: British capital, to the amount of ten millions, is annihilated, or rendered not merely unproductive, but burdensome; whereas, if permitted to be sent to other islands, and there vested in and applied to the same species of labour, on a rich soil, it would return to the proprietor and to the parent state *ONE MILLION* annually. But the mischief does not stop here. *ORDERS IN COUNCIL* oblige the master to lay aside an annual income for the old or maimed slave he emancipates. The master has nothing. He cannot borrow upon his capital, for that is nearly rendered valueless. His property, by unjust and teasing interference, yields him little and often no return. He is a beggar, and cannot assist his slave in any thing. *COMPULSORY MANUMISSION* laws, on the other hand, command the master to enfranchise his slave, upon the latter paying the former an appraised or arbitrary value. The slave cannot obtain this. Without a market for his produce, or a soil that will repay his labours, as is the case in many parts of the impoverished Leeward Islands, if his appraised value was only L.10, the slave has not the means of procuring it; while in the more productive Windward Colonies, where the supply of labourers is cut off by the same stupid *felo de-se* laws, the value of the slave is raised so high, that it is out of his power to procure the means to purchase his liberty, even although he cultivates a most productive and grateful soil, and finds a ready and profitable market for his produce.

I defy Mr Dwaris, or any one else, to contradict what is here stated. But the plan recommended by Mr Dwaris is not his own. It originated with Mr Buxton and his friends. The latter

boasted last year, at the Anti-Slavery meeting held at the Freemasons' Tavern, of his superior wisdom as a legislator, because he had fixed 20,000 negroes in the Bahama Islands, to the state of hopeless servitude and misery above mentioned. In short, the whole scheme, my Lord Duke, is about as sane, wise, and beneficial, as if your Grace were by law to compel the British agriculturists, and agricultural labourers, in order to lighten labour, and in order to enrich the former, and to improve the latter, to cultivate wheat and barley on the summits of the Grampians, while the Carse of Gowrie and the Lothians of Scotland were left in a state of nature—wild and uncultivated.

These facts, my Lord Duke, must be seen, felt, and well known to his Majesty's Government. They are, I know, *known* and *acknowledged* by the Anti-Colonists themselves, and who, while they candidly acknowledge that the laws are unjust and oppressive, and injurious even to the slave, nevertheless own that they keep and look to this iniquitous law as a weapon to accomplish emancipation, by compelling the masters in the impoverished and unproductive Colonies, to emancipate the slaves which they have in them! What is to become of the slaves themselves, under such unpropitious circumstances, never for a moment enters the minds of these reckless and inconsiderate legislators. I state facts, my Lord Duke—facts which must astonish this nation, and every rational people; for what is the world to think of the Ministers of any country who are prevented, by an irresponsible and theoretical party, from doing, in any part of an empire under their control and direction, that which as men and as legislators they see, they feel, and they know, to be just and right, proper, politic, and wise; and what are our Colonies to think, while they perceive and they feel such conduct as this, on the part of the country, which, by every tie of honour, principle, policy, and justice, is bound to protect them, and to guard their liberties and their properties?

At page 54, Mr Dwaris writes as follows: "I do not suppose that, at the *present crisis* of REDUCED RETURNS, and RUINED RESOURCES, of the West Indians, slaves would be valued at many years' purchase;" and, taking

this to be the case, he recommends, amidst these "reduced returns," and "ruined resources," to a "VIGILANT AND PRUDENT GOVERNMENT," to buy up all the property in the West Indies. The precious logic here is—the West Indian Colonists are so nearly ruined already, that the load of guilt, shame, and injustice, can scarcely be said to be increased by the British Government completing the business! But who ruined them? Who occasioned these "reduced returns," and these "ruined resources," that this honest Colonial-Office dependent *prudently* wishes to be taken advantage of? Who hut the British Government, driven to the work by muddy-headed counsellors and dishonest legislators? Like other parts of Mr Dwaris's book, it is, however, doubtful if the idea be his own, because Professor Scholefield gave the same counsel at the Anti-Slavery meeting at Cambridge, last year; and whether the Professor stole the Greek idea from Mr Dwaris, or Mr Dwaris snatched it from the Professor, is not at present of any moment, and still less is it the concern of any honest man in the country. In pursuing such a course, could your Grace ever pursue a course so impolitic and so iniquitous, you will not, I trust, fail to remember, that every West Indian proprietor and mortgagee has not, as Mr Dwaris has, L.1000 sterling per annum, from the British Government, and therefore they cannot, like him, afford to give away this property, merely to carry into effect Downing Street theories, and to quiet the disturbed consciences of their implacable enemies.

For the "reversionary interest" of all the property in the West Indies, Mr Dwaris proposes, page 54, to give, "as a full compensation to the master"—"a quarter of a century"—25 years' purchase, during which period the enfranchised Africans are, page 56, to work "in the cultivation of the soil," and "at the manufacture of sugar," in order, from the surplus produce of their labour, to repay the Government, within the period mentioned, the money advanced to procure their freedom.

Let us examine the statement which he makes, in order to ascertain if, from his materials, such a result is practicable. At page 63, Mr Dwaris informs us that, from the effects of the

climate, "the European is prone to ennui, the African FALLS ASLEEP as he dresses you, or waits at table." This being the case with the in-door, the most improved and superior classes of Africans, we can scarcely suppose that the less improved classes, who are set to labour under a "burning sun," will be less inclined, more especially when they have become their own masters, to take a nap; and should the overseers, or superintendents, appointed by Government to oversee the labour, and to collect the proceeds of it, become, like other Europeans who have more occasion to labour, "prone to ennui;" and should the enfranchised African "*fall asleep*," with the hoe, the plough, or the skimming-sugar-ladle, in his hand, I would just ask Mr Dwaris, how much money the former would collect for the British Treasury, and how much the latter would repay, not in a "quarter of a century"—"twenty-five years of QUIET ENJOYMENT,"—but in twenty-five centuries? The British Treasury, my Lord Duke, might expect to receive a shilling in the pound upon the sum advanced, when the States of South America repay their British creditors the enormous loans which the latter, by similar advice, incautiously lent them. That such results would certainly ensue, Mr Dwaris very pointedly informs us, when he tells us, page 63, that "undoubtedly the state most agreeable to the *mere animal man*, in a tropical climate, is a state of REPOSE." This being the fact, your Grace will act wisely to allow the cash, devoted by Mr Dwaris to the purpose mentioned, to "*repose*" in the Treasury of Great Britain, and the slaves in the Colonies to continue to labour for their masters, or to "*fall asleep* as they dress you, or wait at table," as they and their masters may be able to get on together.

At page 65, however, Mr Dwaris draws a still more striking picture of the nonsense which lately engaged the sages in the Colonial-Office. "If the people of colour," says he, "increasing in commercial enterprise and success, shall extend their territorial acquisitions, purchase by degrees the principal properties in the islands, and become eventually the chief, or indeed THE SOLE PROPRIETORS of the soil, I should look upon such an event as the *euthanasia* of the West Indies!"

The white capitalists, merchants, proprietors, agents, and servants, being all, by the sword or by the halter, no matter how, disposed of, it is fair to ask this "*euthanasia*"—(struck?) writer, from whence are "*the people of colour*" to come, who are to form the population enjoying this "*euthanasia*?" Unless the Government send out tender-hearted agents sufficiently numerous to beget, or unless they can make the black damsels, without them, to breed, like Jacob's cattle, a speckled or coloured race in the Colonies, it is as plain as that two and two make four, that 800,000 blacks will, in an ordinary intercourse with 30,000 people of colour, extinguish the latter, and bring every colour in the Colonies to that of black alone.

Again, in page 57, Mr Dwaris tells us that a "saving would ultimately arise from the reduction of the military establishments, at present necessary in these unhealthy stations, when the black population, become interested in the soil, and participating in civil blessings, should grow by degrees fit to be safely trusted to form a *national militia* for the defence of the islands." A national militia to defend the islands, composed of men who "*fall asleep while they dress you, or wait at table!*" If attacked by an enemy given to similar habits, no great mischief would ensue; but if, on the contrary, such a "*militia*" were to be attacked by troops like those which attacked your Grace at Waterloo, where, under such circumstances, would be the defence, and what would become of the Colonies? But in what British Colony, let me ask Mr Dwaris, is it, that we find such a national militia? Not in Sierra Leone certainly, where no enfranchised African, notwithstanding their reported great advance in civilisation, ever took a musket in his hand to defend the precious Settlement! Mr Dwaris, my Lord Duke, must have been more than half "*asleep*" when he wrote such a strange rhapsody; and happy would it indeed be for this country, and still more fortunate would it be for the Colonies, if all the working inmates in the Department to which he is attached, would fall asleep, instead of attempting, as they do, to keep themselves awake, and to put the country to sleep, by bewildering it with such mischievous dreams as those which we have been considering.

But perhaps Mr Dwaris intends to enforce his "reasonable regulations," p. 55, for "the cultivation of the soil,"—"the manufacture of sugar,"—and the production and support of the "national militia," by the energetic arm of that Goddess of "Abstract Justice," whom he is about to get dispatched from Downing Street, or from Aldermanbury Street, and whom he thus describes: "Let care be taken that her eyes are effectually bandaged, so that she cannot see the distinction of colour; let her scales be even, and sword TWO-EDGED!" Heaven help the sleepy-headed African, or indolent European, who does not finish his task under the sway of this Free Labour Goddess! Believe me, my Lord Duke, that the farther every reasonable creature is removed from her grasp, the better: and while it must be acknowledged, that Mr Dwaris is correct when he says that Colonial "Reform has hitherto begun at the wrong end;" it must also be admitted, from what has been stated, that Mr Dwaris, from the specimens he has given us of his labours and his researches, is still toiling, like all his Colonial-Office predecessors, at the wrong end of Colonial "Reform."

How, my Lord Duke, could our Colonies be governed in a proper manner, or how could they be prosperous, when they were tortured, and permitted to be tortured, by legislators such as those which have just been pointed out!

But these are but a part, and a small part, of their strange ways, and their stranger proceedings; and I must show your Grace, and this deceived, deluded, and insulted Country, a few more specimens of the produce of that "continuous Free Labour," in which the Colonial Office, (the only place where free labour is continuous,) has during several years been most diligently engaged.

From additional papers presented by command to the House of Commons, 1825, I select, as a specimen of their work and their studies, the following returns from Trinidad, regarding the errors and punishments of slaves under the new laws.

"GARDEN ESTATE. *Sophy* put in the stocks for being drunk. She could neither stand nor walk." (page 84.)

"ST CLAIR ESTATE. *Will Anderson*, beating two of his wives. Bed stocks the remaining part of the night. Eight stripes." (p. 89.)

"CARAPICHAIMA ESTATE. *Lamer Mather*, abusing and wanting to beat his wife, and to turn her out of the house to take in another, although he had a child by her. Remained confined 12 hours in bed stocks." (p. 91.)

"GOOD HOPE ESTATE. *Humphrey Clinker*, striking a woman, and raising a disturbance in the Negro houses; 24 hours' confinement in the stocks." (p. 101.)

"ROSS PARK ESTATE. *Rose*, for having given her house to the woman *Ann* to cuckold her husband, and having collared the said husband of *Ann*. In the dungeon one night." (p. 102.)

"CAMDEN ESTATE. *Abba*, for cuckolding her husband, and quarrelling in the Negro houses;—confined in stocks six hours." (p. 114.)

"BON ACCORD ESTATE. *Genevieve Congo*, being pregnant, supposed by her reputed husband, having two SPARE HUSBANDS, creating a battle among them, in which she joined; and creating an uproar in the plantation. Six hours standing in the stocks." (p. 164.)

"——— BETTY PR., telling the Driver to kiss her —, for desiring her to attend to her work." (p. 167.)

"CARACAS ESTATE. *Montorite*, repeatedly absenting himself from the estate on a Sunday without leave, to visit his wives. N.B. He has one on the estate." (p. 214.)

Akin to, but still more ridiculous and indelicate, than the above, is a Buxton return regarding liberated Africans in the Colonies. This return consists of upwards of 100 folio pages closely printed, and filled with several thousand names, a very considerable proportion of which are females, and to each name, after a regular and official inspection, under severe penalties for any neglect, are affixed such appendages as the following:—"Tattooed under the right breast," or the left breast as may be; "tattooed under the navel!" "tattooed on the belly!" "tattooed on the thigh," &c. &c.

These, my Lord Duke, are but a few lines extracted from volumes—from thousands—from tens of thousands, of closely-printed folio pages of similar matter; and strange and degrading as these extracts appear, still it must be stated, that they form the most important of the myriads which remain unquoted—unquotable.

Thus, while France was busily engaged in planting her victorious ban-

ners on the turrets of Madrid and the batteries of Cadiz,—while Russia was overwhelming Persia, and steadily collecting all her vast means and strength, in order to march and to overwhelm the Bosphorus, by planting her victorious eagles on the minarets of St Sophia, the statesmen congregated in Downing-street, driven by Mr Buxton and old Zachary Macauley, were employing their time, and their judgment, and the national resources, in procuring and studying the trash alluded to, working night and day to ascertain whether black Kate was tattooed on the *thigh* or the *belly*; and whether black Rose, after the manner of many others of his Majesty's subjects and servants, wore a ragged dirty petticoat underneath a clean and a good one! Compared to such labours, the manufacture of petticoats by Ferdinand for the Virgin Mary, was a rational and useful employment.

Statesmen, my Lord Duke, and the immediate servants of statesmen, who could spend their time in such stupid and degrading researches and pursuits, could never have contended with Napoleon,—could never have planned the deliverance of Europe,—could never have done their duty, nor taught and encouraged others to do their duty at Aboukir and Trafalgar,—could never have fought and conquered, or taught, encouraged, and supported others, to fight and to conquer at Salamanca, at Vittoria, and at Waterloo—and they never can, my Lord Duke, match the shrewd statesmen of Paris, of Vienna, and of St Petersburg. Don Miguel could beat them, and Lecesne and Escoffery at any time make them their tools.

It is utterly impossible for me, within the bounds to which I must necessarily confine this letter, to quote, or to refer at length to all the Anti-Colonial publications, which assert and blazon abroad the immense and destructive decrease of the slave population in our Colonies. I must confine myself to a few general statements; as follows:—

In a pamphlet, entitled, “*Letters on the Necessity of a Prompt Extinction of British Colonial Slavery*,” 1826, at page 14, there is the following passage:—“*In ST VINCENT'S, GRENADA, Tobago, and Demerara, where the cultivation of sugar is THE LARGEST, there the decrease proceeds at a rapid*

rate—at a rate in some of them, which would unpeople the earth in half a century.” And Mr W. Smith, or Mr Buxton, I am not certain which, nor is it material, stated in the House of Commons, that such was the decrease in the Colonies, that it would extinguish the slave population in 30 years! The Anti-Slavery Reporter, a periodical publication, and a book of the description thus alluded to by BURNS,—

“Some books are lies from end to end—”

this compilation of falsehood and fabrication, after inserting, knowing them to be so, incomplete official tables of the slave population returns, proceeds thus:—“From this it appears, that the whole decrease of the slave population in our West India Colonies has amounted in six years” (ending 1823) “to about 28,000, being three and a half per cent, or five-eighths per cent per annum. This simple fact we hold to establish incontrovertibly, against the system of slavery prevailing in our Colonies, THE CHARGE OF CRUELTY, and to disprove the evidence that has been alleged in favour of its general lenity.”

—“It is evident, that independent of the other evils of slavery, sugar-planting generally, as it is conducted in the West Indies, is decidedly unfavourable to human life. This arises in part from the oppressive labour which attends the digging of the trenches for receiving the cane, and which is executed, not by ploughs and cattle, but by men and women, and in part to the privation of their natural rest, to which they are subjected in crop time,” &c.—“It is further evident, that the destructive influence on human life of sugar-planting, as it is conducted in the West Indies, is aggravated by that very circumstance, fertility of soil, which seems most to swell the gains of the planter.”—“Accordingly we find, that where the lands are most productive, yielding the largest return for the labour of each slave, and a proportionately large share of whatever gain arises from protection and bounty, the ratio of mortality is the highest!”

It cannot be denied, that the charges have been made in the most pointed and decided manner; and it is now my business and my duty to shew your Grace the falsehood of the charges, the arguments, and the inferences, in

all their parts. But before proceeding to this, it may be worth while to point out to your Grace the rate at which Anti-Colonial exaggeration proceeds. The Anti-Slavery Reporter gives the decrease 28,000 in six years, which decrease would depopulate the Colonies in 140 years; but Mr Buxton says, the depopulation would take place in 30 years, because he sets down the decrease in six years as being the decrease in one year! The Legislature swallows these extravagant statements, and the Government are called upon, and in some measure compelled, to act upon them!

In reference to these official documents, to which I must refer, and to which my opponents have referred, I labour under a great disadvantage, because the population returns do not exactly correspond with the years for which the exports and the imports are

given, arising from the circumstance, that in some islands the returns are triennial, and in others annual, while some of them again terminate with the close of the specific year, and others with the middle of the year; and thus it is impossible to get at any specific number of years of returns perfect and complete, but more especially for those specific years for which we have returns of the exports, the imports, and the manumission of slaves, in the various Colonies. Notwithstanding all these disadvantages, however, I shall, I trust, be able to shew your Grace the dangerous falsehoods and fatal errors which have been scattered over this country on these points, errors and falsehoods which *I know* had obtained the ear of Government, and which formed the foundation of several of their rash measures, and their crude legislation, on Colonial subjects.

SLAVE POPULATION RETURNS. (a)

Colony.	Year.	Males.	Females.	Total.	(b) Sugar Crops. Cwts.
Antigua,	1821	14,531	16,533	31,064	207,548
Barbadoes,	1820	36,733	41,612	78,343	211,371
Dominica,	1821	7,354	8,092	15,466	38,119
Grenada,	1820	13,007	13,892	26,899	216,371
Jamaica,	1820	170,466	171,216	342,382	1,679,720
Montserrat,	1820	3,032	3,473	6,505	33,282
Nevis,	1822	4,583	4,678	9,261	66,023
St Christopher's,	1822	9,505	10,312	19,819	128,346
St Lucia,	1822	6,297	7,491	14,315	108,243
St Vincent's,	1822	12,064	12,283	24,347	233,448
Tobago,	1822	6,952	7,363	14,315	108,243
Tortola, &c.	1821	2,975	3,485	6,460	23,459
Trinidad,	1821			22,738	162,257
Bahamas,	1821	5,221	5,019	10,341	1,093
Demerara,	1820	43,227	34,149	77,376	492,126
Berbice,	1819	13,327	10,441	23,768	53,257
Bermuda,	1820	2,505	2,671	5,176	
Honduras,	1820			2,563	
Barbuda,	1821			411	
Total,	1820			731,000	3,732,638
Ditto,	1826			707,876	

Apparent decrease, 23,124

Antigua, (a)	1824	14,225	16,089	30,314 (c)	142,912
Barbadoes,	1826	36,997	43,556	80,551	278,340
Dominica,	1825	7,038	7,708	14,746	38,036
Grenada,	1825	12,057	12,840	24,897	209,984
Jamaica,	1826	162,726	168,393	331,119	1,115,366
Montserrat,	1825			5,971	19,653

(a) (a) Par. Pap. No. 353 of 1826; No. 424 of 1824; No. 204 of 1828; No. 127 of 1827, and No. 570 of 1828.

(b) Custom House, London, 2d May and 17th April 1822.

(c) Par. Pap. No. 222 of 1826.

Colony.	Year.	Males.	Females.	Total.	Sugar Crops. Cwts.
Nevis,	1825	4,591	4,695	9,286	49,769
St Christopher's,	1825	9,324	10,192	19,516	78,658
St Lucia,	1826	5,945	6,977	12,922	82,362
St Vincent's,	1825	12,007	12,245	24,052	257,800
Tobago,	1826	6,394	7,034	13,428	111,349
Tortola, &c.	1825	2,505	2,931	5,436	13,670
Trinidad,	1825	13,435	11,017	24,552	188,927
Bahamas,	1825	5,549	5,292	10,841	
Demarara,	1826	38,758	32,624	71,382	650,276
Berbice,	1825	11,423	10,041	21,464	58,254*
Bermuda,	1827	2,208	2,400	4,608	
Honduras,	1825	1,654	814	2,468	
Barbuda,	1824			423	

707,876	3,295,326
Males.	Females.
Total.	

Of the sugar crop in the latter period, it is necessary to observe, that it was much below the usual standard, owing to a dry season.

These returns, however, my Lord Duke, give us but a partial and unfair view of the case. To obtain a correct idea of the matter, we must consider the number of slaves imported into, and exported from, each colony, together with the number manumitted during the period mentioned. I am fortunately enabled to complete these from official documents, with the exception of the decrease by execution and banishment of slaves for crimes, and the number manumitted whose names had not been recorded, which is considerable; for it is only the number of the manumitted that has been recorded, which is included in the following returns:—

	Males.	Females.	Total.
BAHAMAS,—			
1st Jan. 1821,	5,221	5,019	10,240
1825,	4,592	4,594	9,186
Apparent decrease,			1,054
1821-1825 inclusive,			
Exported,	1,795		
Manumitted,	176		
Absconded,	135		
			2,106
Bahamas increase,	1,052		
Off imported,	108		
Total,			944

GRENADA,—

1st January 1821,	12,398	13,269	25,667
1825,	12,057	12,840	24,897

Apparent decrease,	770
Manumitted about	600
Exported, 1821-1824, three years,	490
	1,090
Deduct imported,	79
	1,011

Increase, 241
Exports of 1821 and 1825 are wanting.

St CHRISTOPHER'S,—

Population, 1822,	19,817
1821,	19,516

Apparent decrease,	301
1821-1825. Exported, 167	
Imported, 55	
	112
Manumitted,	264
	376

Increase, 75
BARBADOES,—Population 1820, 78,343
1826, 80,551

Apparent increase,	2,208
1821-1825. Exported, 157	
Imported, 25	
	132
Manumitted,	410
	542

Total increase, 2,750
St VINCENT'S—Population 1822, 24,347
1825, 24,052

Apparent decrease,	295
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* Sugar imported into Ireland in 1825.

Antigua,	19,082 cwt.	8,604 cwt.
Barbadoes,	40,918	87,414
Jamaica,	20,057	29,769
St Lucia,		
Trinidad,		
Demarara,		

Total, 205,871 cwt.

It was probably as much in 1821.

Brought forward,	295	Anti Slavery Reporter, July 1827,	
1821-1825, Imported, 520		^{says,}	
Exported, 490		1818-1824, Imports, 444; Ex-	
— 30		ports, 1,979—1,535=802.	
Manumitted, 380	350	Exports and manumissions, 1819,	
		and 1820 to be deducted.	
Increase,	55	ANTIGUA—Population 1821,	31,064
NEVIS—Population 1822, .	9,261	1824,	30,314
1825, .	9,286		
Apparent increase,	25	Apparent decrease,	750
1821-1825, Exported, 62		1821-1825, Manumissions, . .	812
Manumitted, 56	118		
		Increase,	62
Increase,	143	DOMINICA—Population 1821,	15,446
ST LUCIA—Population 1822,	13,788	1825,	14,746
1826,	12,922		
Apparent decrease,	866	Apparent decrease,	700
1821-1825, Imported, 74		1821-1825, Exported, 293	
Exported, 26		Manumitted, 157	450
— 48			
Manumitted, 600	552	Real decrease,	350
		MONTSERRAT—Population 1820,	6,505
Real decrease,	314	1825,	5,971
TRINIDAD—Population 1821,	22,738	Apparent decrease,	534
1825,	24,452	1821-1825, Imported, 8	
		Exported, 57	
Apparent increase,	1,714	— 49	
1821-1825, Imported, 2494		Manumitted, 62	111
Manumitted, 631	1,863		
		Real decrease,	423
Real decrease,	149	HONDURAS—Population 1820,	2,563
DEMERARA—Population 1820,	77,376	1825,	2,468
1826,	71,382		
Apparent decrease,	5,994	Apparent decrease,	95
1821-1825, Imported, 1762		1821-1825, Imported, 22	22
Exported, 94		Exported, 26	117
— 1668		— 4	
Manumitted, 157	1,411	Manumitted, 141	145
Real decrease,	7,405	Increase,	32
Deduct manumissions for 1820		TOBAGO—Population 1822,	14,315
and 1826.		1826,	13,248
BERMCE—Population 1822	22,044	Apparent decrease,	887
1825,	21,465	1821-1825, Imported, 156	
		Exported, 22 (134)	134
Apparent decrease,	579		
1821-1825, Exported, 810		Real decrease,	1,021
Imported, 315		Manumissions incomplete from 1st	
— 495		Jan. to 19th Nov. 1825,	15
Manumitted, 67	562	JAMAICA—Population 1820,	342,332
		1826,	331,119
Real decrease,	17		
Or thus:		Apparent decrease,	11,263
Population in 1819, .	23,768	1821-1825, Imported, 772	
1825, .	21,464	Exported, 26	
		— 758	
Apparent decrease,	2,304	Manumitted, say 4,000	3,242
1821-1825, Exported, 810			
Imported, 315		Real decrease,	8,021
— 495			
Manumitted, 67	562		
Real decrease,	1,732		

But from this number must be deducted the exports and manumissions for 1820 and 1826, which are uncer-

tain; also the number manumitted, and not recorded; and allowance must be made for 5000 children cut off in Jamaica by the measles, in 1822, (see notes, Defence of the Colonies, p. 55;) and the number entered by double returns in the General Registry Act, 1820, which was very considerable, probably exceeding 3000, but which double returns were unknown, or nearly so, in the subsequent registrations. In 1817, the extra returns, by double returns, gave for Kingston alone 10,000 more than the real number.

RECAPITULATION.

Increase.		Decrease.	
Bahamas, . .	942	St Lucia, .	314
Grenada, . .	241	Trinidad, .	149
St Christopher's	75	Demerara, .	7405
Barbadoes, .	2750	Berbice, .	802
St Vincent's,	65	Jamaica, .	8021
Nevis, . .	143	Tobago, .	1021
Antigua, . .	62	Montserrat,	423
Barbuda, . .	11	Dominica, .	350
Honduras, .	22	Bermudas, .	568

Increase, 4311 Decrease, 19,403

 Deduct increase, 4,311

Real decrease, 15,092

But on the above it must be observed, that the manumissions in Tobago, the exports and imports for Honduras, for Montserrat, for Dominica, and for Bermuda, are wanting; so that the correct increase and decrease in these Colonies are not ascertained, but which, if known, would certainly reduce the decrease lower.

The first tables shew an apparent decrease of 23,000 slaves in five or rather in six years, instead of 28,000, as stated by the Anti-Slavery Reporter; and from the above number of 23,000, there falls to be deducted the number manumitted, which for five years exceeds 8000,* and which, taken in that proportion for the period in which the above decrease appears, will amount to nearly 10,000; exclusive of the number escheated to the Crown, 71, and the number seized and liberated under custom-house seizures, which latter exceed 100 in St Kitt's and Antigua alone. The decrease, therefore, by manumission, and by the measures just mentioned,

certainly amounts to, if it does not exceed, 10,000, exclusive of the number included in the general lists by double returns at the early periods of registration; and the errors which must stand in a deficiency or decrease, in consequence of the discrepancy of the returns triennial and annual, as has been already noticed.

The result, therefore, is, that independent of all these exceptions, the decrease in our West India slave population, from 1820 to 1826, six years, is only 13,000, instead of 28,000; and this, without making the allowance which in justice ought to be made, for 5000 children extra, cut off by the measles in Jamaica in 1822, and perhaps 3000 or 4000 for double returns in the registration of 1820, corrected and withdrawn in 1825 and 1826, in the latter registrations of that island, and of the other Colonies.

It is worthy of remark also, my Lord Duke, that the decrease of slaves, Jamaica excepted, and not excepting it in the proportion of its population, is greatest in, I may almost say confined to, those Colonies which are governed by the *King in Council*, and consequently, more than others, by such laws and such regulations as the Anti-Colonists endeavour to force upon the whole.

On these returns also it is necessary to remark, that the decrease proceeds from the greater number of savage and immoral Africans there is in some Colonies, above what there is in others; and from the greater disproportion that there is between the sexes in any given number of Africans, compared with an equal number of Creole slaves. We shall presently see how that is exemplified in Demerara. In Jamaica, the African slave population amounts to about one-third of the whole, or 110,000. But another and a great cause of the decrease, which has never been adverted to by either Anti-Colonial or Colonial advocates, is the number of females manumitted, who actually, in the number already stated to be manumitted, amount to 6000 out of 8000, or 1200 per annum; and who being all the most moral and best behaved, and generally mothers, it is thus evident that probably 1200 children annually are cut off from the

* Par. Papers, No. 128 of 1827, No. 204 of 1828, and No. 353 of 1826.

ranks of the slave population, and are, or ought, if the morality of the parents continued unimpaired, to be added to those of the free coloured population. A serious decrease in the

slave population is, my Lord Duke, occasioned by this cause alone.

In Demerara and Trinidad, the proportion of Africans to Creoles stands thus:—

		Total.	Africans.
DEMERARA—1823,	Males,	41,283	21,787
	Females,	33,797	13,025
		75,080	34,812
		Africans.	Creoles.
TRINIDAD—1825,	Plantation,	6,494	10,433
	Personal,	1,728	4,575
		8,222	15,008
1827,	Plantation,	5,948	10,516
	Personal,	1,472	5,128
		7,420	15,044

Two-thirds only are employed in agriculture.

The following statement, however, of the slave population in Demerara, completely refutes the Anti-Colonials' tales of overwork, severity, and cruelty, on the part of the masters, to their slaves; because, if such charges were true, the decrease would be found to be greatest among the female portion of the population, they being less able to endure hard work and ill-treatment than the males; whereas we find it the reverse:

	Males.	Females.	Total.
DEMERARA—1820,	43,227	34,149	77,376
1826,	38,758	32,624	71,382
	4,469	1,525	5,994

Here the greatest decrease is amongst the males, and arises from the simple fact, that when plantations were established, upwards of twenty or thirty years ago, males grown up and effective were principally purchased, and these in the course of nature are now dying off, without leaving a proportionate progeny.

The papers quoted, when strictly examined, also disclose to our view curious statistical details, which overthrow, beyond contradiction, cavil, or dispute, the lies propagated by the Anti-Colonists, namely, that hard work and cruelty destroy the slave population. Let us take the following particulars from the returns for the following islands:—

		Pop.	Births.	Deaths.
1824,	Antigua,	30,314	841	859
1825,	Grenada,	24,897	677	714
1825,	St Vincent's,	24,052	629	699
1823,	Barbadoes,	78,816	2,745	2,238
1824,	Trinidad,	23,100	553	736
1825,	Bahamas,	10,841	217	159
1823,	Demerara,	75,315	1,504	2,362

Which proportion of births, in these islands, is much greater when compared to their population than is to be found in England,—much greater in proportion than is found in Glasgow, where the births, as we shall presently see, in a population of perhaps 170,000, scarcely exceed the number in Barbadoes, amongst a slave population of only 78,000. In the Bahamas, also, where no sugar is cultivated, we find the number of births, in propor-

tion to the population, smaller than in Grenada and St Vincent's, where the quantity of sugar produced is certainly greatest; and in Bermuda, where no sugar is produced, we find the decrease much greater in proportion than in Demerara, and treble the number in 4600 that it is in Trinidad upon a population of 24,000. These facts disprove the statement that sugar cultivation is injurious to the propagation of the human species; and the refer-

ences farther prove, that the Anti-Colonial charges of cruelty and severity must be unfounded, because, if they were correct, the females would not bear such a number of children.

But this is not all. These tables shew us that the Negroes procreate more rapidly when they are slaves, than when they become free. Thus in Trinidad, we find as follows:

	Slave Population.		Free Population.	
	Births.		Births.	
1824,	23,110,	553	13,347,	273
1825,	23,117,	431	13,995,	215

In 1821, we find the free coloured population of Trinidad 13,965; in 1823, we find it only 13,995, notwithstanding there had been 631 manumissions, of which 416 were respectable young females.

In other Islands, matters are in a similar state; thus—

1824—In St Lucia, free colour-	
ed population, . . .	3,659
1826,	only 3,983

notwithstanding there had been 400 manumissions within that period; and in the Mauritius, the births among the free coloured population are greater, by three to one in proportion, than we find them to be in the West Indies, in those Colonies which are under the exclusive government of the King in Council.

By the preceding tables it appears, that Grenada produces about 8 cwt. of sugar for each slave, and St Vincent's about 9 cwt. for each slave. This is certainly the greatest proportion that is produced in the West Indies, Trinidad and Demerara excepted. The quantity produced in Trinidad is more than in St Vincent's, being in the former Island upwards of 11 cwt. for each negro. Yet in Trinidad, the decrease of slaves, in five years, has only been 149, on a population of 24,000 souls. In the two other Islands particularly named, viz. St Vincent's and Grenada, there has, in the same period, been an actual increase in numbers! So much, my Lord Duke, for the veracity of the Anti-Colonial statements, that the "decrease" of the slave population is greatest, where "the proportion of sugar is THE LARGEST," and greatest in the Islands of St Vincent's and Grenada in particular! The reverse we find, on an accurate investigation, to be the fact. In Tobago, where the quantity of sugar produced is, in proportion to the slave population, nearly equal to what it is in St Vincent's, the apparent decrease is not large; and could I only have obtained official documents to complete the returns, it would in all probability have been found, that the decrease in the slave population of that Colony was little, if any thing, although the Anti-Colonial scribes had stated that Island to be a place where such decrease was greatest.

Such, my Lord Duke, is the actual state of the increase and decrease of the slave population in our Western Colonies, so loudly, so often, and so long proclaimed, as running rapidly to extermination! The Anti-Colonists never state any thing fairly. Truth is not their object; it does not suit their purposes; and it is passing strange, that, with so many proofs as they have of this unfortunate bias in the minds of their enemies, the Colonists do not frame their laws uniform, in order that when returns are sent to the Mother Country, at the request, and at the command of any one, these may be produced in a form so correct and simple, that their friends may be enabled to defend them without much trouble; and, at the same time, to put it out of the power of their enemies, by misrepresentation and exaggeration, to conceal the truth, and in its place to scatter error and falsehood on every Colonial subject, as they do, and are enabled to do, by carelessness in the quarter the most deeply interested, because it is the most deeply endangered. The Colonists will, I hope, keep these facts and points in view in all their future legislation. The good effects would soon appear. It is, moreover, my Lord Duke, the bounden duty of those men whom the nation employs and pays, to see that these returns are correctly laid before Parliament, and to withhold them till they are enabled to produce them in a correct state. It was their business in Downing Street, not mine, to have examined and produced the returns which I have produced, in an accurate manner, that the Government and the Legislature, whose immediate servants they are, might have had accurate data and

sure ground to go upon, in their work of Colonial legislation.

For the reasons given, and from the causes which have been mentioned, it is seen, that the decrease in the population of our West India Colonies is under 2500—one third per cent per annum, in a population of 700,000 semi-savages, and amongst whom there is a great disproportion of the sexes. This small decrease is also, from the causes mentioned, annually growing less, and in a few years the slave population will increase in every Colony, the same as it now does in several of them. This, my Lord Duke, is a different state of things from the representations and statements regarding this matter, which have been laid before the British public by ignorant or designing men. And now let us pause for a moment, and consider if this decrease is equal to what takes place, in other quarters of the world, amongst the human race, when placed under particular circumstances. According to the Report of the Parliamentary Commissioners, the decrease among the liberated Africans in Sierra Leone, from 1809 to 1824, was 10,000, in a population amounting from 1000 to 12,000, in the respective years; and if *correct* returns were only obtained of the mortality in the place, it would in reality be found to be MORE THAN DOUBLE! What occasions this mortality, is not my business to enquire into; I merely state the facts; but it will scarcely be said to proceed from hard work. What is the mortality in the West Indies, my Lord Duke, to this? Not a drop in the bucket, nor a grain in the balance! But let us look nearer home. Let us take Glasgow, for instance, and examine what the mortality is there, —Glasgow, where 38,000 individuals, it was so boasted at least, signed the Anti-Slavery Petition against the extirpation of the blacks by cruelty and hard labour, when, if that rule by which they were called upon to judge and decide, had been correct, then it followed, as a matter of course, that the population of Glasgow must have been subjected to harder labour, and worse treatment than West India slaves. The following tables, drawn up by Dr Cleland, with his usual accuracy, will shew your Grace that the excess of deaths over the births in Glasgow, in a population say of 170,000, is, for the years 1827 and 1828, in real-

ity as great as the annual decrease of the slave population of the whole West Indies, amounting to 720,000.

MORTALITY BILL FOR GLASGOW,
1821—1828.

Years.	Baptisms.	Deaths.	Decrease.
1821,	2,661	3,686	1,025
1822,	2,972	3,699	727
1823,	2,951	4,267	1,316
1824,	3,102	4,670	1,568
1825,	3,109	4,898	1,789
1826,	3,000	4,538	1,538
1827,	2,820	5,136	2,316
1828,	3,113	5,942	2,829
8)23,728		36,836	13,108

Average yearly,	2,966	4,604.5	1,638.5
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Which returns give a decrease, in eight years, in a proportion of, say on an average 160,000, as great as the decrease in the Colonies in six years, in a slave population of 720,000!

Bold, daring, and impudent, however, as the deceptions are by which the Anti-Colonists have from time to time imposed upon this country, the whole have been exceeded by that unprincipled and brazen-faced deception which they have practised upon the credulity of the British public, by calling upon it to believe, on their mere assertion, that personal slaves were wholly unknown in our East Indian territories, and consequently that the sugar, and the other tropical produce there raised, were the production of "genuine free labour." The Report entitled "SLAVERY IN INDIA," published by order of the House of Commons, last Session of Parliament, and dragged to light with much trouble, has done away this deception, and the falsehood propagated to support it, in a manner the most convincing, undeniable, and irresistible.

The Report in question is a valuable and interesting document; more especially to those who wish to be made acquainted with the real state of the population of British India; the agriculture and the agricultural labourers of that country; but as it extends to nearly 1000 closely printed folio pages, it is clearly impossible, within any reasonable bounds to comprise its various details; and conse-

quently I must confine myself to the more general statements, extracted from different pages of the Report; and these, which are here adduced, and which are noticed below, will, I hope, be considered by your Grace,

and by every thinking and unprejudiced mind, as proving that personal slavery is legal, and exists to a prodigious extent, in every quarter of Hindostan.*

Personal slaves are very common

* Extracts from a Return to the House of Commons, entitled "SLAVERY IN INDIA," pages 938 *folio*.

"Section II.—Of the modes of enfranchising Slaves.

"Whoever is born from the body of a female slave, and whoever hath been purchased for a price, and whoever hath been found by chance any where, and whoever is a slave by descent from his ancestors, these four species of slaves, until they are freed by the voluntary consent of their master, cannot have their liberty. If their master, from a principle of beneficence, gives them their liberty, they become free.

"Whoever, for the sake of enjoying a slave girl, becomes a slave to any person, he shall recover his freedom upon renouncing the slave girl.

"Whoever hath become a slave, by selling himself to any person, he shall not be free until the master, of his own accord, gives him his freedom. If the master, from a principle of beneficence, gives him his liberty, he becomes free."

"Section III.—Of such as are Slaves, and of such as are not Slaves.

"If the slave of any person marries a woman, that woman becomes the slave of the same master, unless she be the slave of any other person.

"If that woman be the slave of any person, and her master gives consent to the marriage, in that case also she becomes the slave of her husband's master."

"I am assured from evidence, which, though not all judicially taken, has the strongest hold on my belief, that the condition of slaves within our jurisdiction is beyond imagination deplorable, and that cruelties are daily practised on them, chiefly on those of the tenderest age and the weaker sex, which, if it would not give me pain to repeat, and you to hear, yet, for the honour of human nature, I should forbear to particularize. Hardly a man or a woman exists in a corner of this populous town, who hath not at least one slave child, either purchased at a trifling price, or saved perhaps from a death that might have been fortunate, for a life that seldom fails of being miserable.—*Address, Sir William Jones, 1785.*

"Par. 30.—There are many obstacles in the way against abolishing slavery entirely, in the Company's dominions, as the number of slaves is considerable, and the practice is sanctioned both by the Mahomedan and Hindoo laws."

"1.—Sir—In my address of the 8th ultimo, I had the honour to communicate the application which had been made by the officers of the Nepal Government, to put a stop to the traffic in children, and the measures which, in compliance with that application, had been taken."

"3.—From the letter of the magistrate of Bareilly, it appears, that a few days after the order was issued, several slave-traders coming from the hills were apprehended with forty-three of these children; that none of these persons possessed any title under which they could be warranted to sell the children for slaves; that several of these children, who had attained an age of greater maturity, were very happy to get back to their hills, and that the remainder are now under charge of the magistrate until the Soobah of Almorah sends people to escort them back."

"Extract. Bengal Political Consultations, 13th Dec. 1819.

"Mr Elphinstone to C. T. Metcalfe, Esq. &c. &c. &c.

"Sir—I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of your letter, dated 16th ultimo; and to acquaint you that my reason for permitting the sale of slaves, was the general principle of not interfering with the laws of the country, strengthened in this instance by an indistinct recollection of having received instructions founded on that principle three or four years ago, when in doubt whether I ought to restore slaves who might take refuge in the cantonments of the Poona subsidiary force. I have, &c. (Signed) "M. Elphinstone, Commissioner."

"Bombay Castle, November 10th, 1819."

"To W. Wilkins, Esq. &c. &c. &c."

"Sir—I have had the honour to receive your letter of the 21st instant.

"I am of opinion that the recent orders for annexing the conquered provinces to the Presidency of Bombay, do not in any manner affect former usages of the country regarding slaves; and I therefore beg you will be so good as to regulate, until further orders, your decisions in all cases that may come before you, agreeable to the instruc-

among the Mahommedan population ; but the GREATEST MASS of slaves is (p. 897) amongst the Hindoo population, and these slaves again are nearly

all employed in *agricultural* pursuits. The dancing girls, who fill the Hindoo temples in every quarter of India, are not only *prostitutes*, but *slaves* also.

tions already promulgated under the authority of the honourable the late sole Commissioner.

(Signed)

"H. Pottinger, Collector."

"(C. 2.)—To the Magistrate in the Zillah of North Malabar."

"Clause 3d.—Nothing contained in the foregoing clauses shall be construed to emancipate persons who, by caste, birth, and the usages of the country, are liable to domestic local slavery, nor be construed to extend to any person the penalties in clauses 1st and 2d of this section, for selling or transferring as a slave or slaves, persons of that description, provided that all such sales and transfers are done and made in the form and mode prescribed by the customs of the country. But no person or persons so held and transferred, shall be carried out or removed beyond the district, the place of their nativity; nor shall husbands and wives, parents and children, non-adults, be separated from each other, and any person or persons buying or receiving domestic slaves, contrary to this regulation, shall forfeit their property in them, and further be punished by imprisonment for a term not exceeding two years."—P. 738, 739.

Letter from the Collector of Trichinopoly.

"10.—From what has been already stated, it will be found that agricultural slavery has existed in this district from time immemorial. I shall now submit my opinion as to the policy or otherwise of abolishing the establishment."—Page 839.

"Par. 3.—From this tradition, the most learned natives deduce their first power over the class of people called in Canara, *dhers* or slaves. There are a variety of slaves, according to the Shastirs fifteen; the following are the appellations of twelve classes in Canara, who are labourers on the soil; their number is estimated at 60,000. I have classed these as slaves, perhaps incorrectly; one-half are decidedly sold, and are transferred with estates, or may be sold. The remainder are actually in slavery; they are of the same caste, and sell their children, but themselves work as daily labourers on estates."

"4.—The right of sale was, and is still, the master's exclusive privilege, either with or without the land; the price varies, and is settled amongst the purchasers and sellers. The usual rates are as follows: For a strong young man from 12 to 26 rupees. Do. woman, from 12 to 24 do. A child, never under 4 rupees.

"It is customary to pass a bill of sale on a bargain being made, on a mortgage bond. The transfer by purchase or gift is attended with a short ceremony, both between the seller and giver and receiver, and the slave; the slave drinks some water from his brass bason, and calls out, 'I am now your slave for ever.' The zillahcourt, I understand, has guaranteed this right by degrees, both on transfer of landed property or in sale in execution of decrees."

"The master can lend his slaves out on hire; he can sell the husband to one person, and the wife to another. This is not often done, because neither of the purchasers can be sure of keeping his purchase; thus the great law of nature seems even in these humble creatures to be acknowledged by their owners; care is always taken in purchasing, not to carry the slave to any distant estate, their attachment to the soil on which they were born being well known.

"The master can sell children; but this is seldom done from the foregoing cause, the fear of desertion.

"The master according to his means feeds and clothes his slaves. He never pays them wages in money, but presents them on their marriages or particular ceremonies, with a small sum. The quantity of food and clothing to a slave varies in every talook; it does not seem to be regulated by any rule, although it would appear that some original quantum obtained. The average may thus be estimated:

FOOD.

- "A Man—1½ canara seer coarse rice, two rupees weight salt, a little betle-nut and leaf.
- "A Woman—1 seer.
- "A Child—1 do.

CLOTHING.

- "Two pieces of cauthy, 6 cubits in some talooks, a sunably and roomals given.
- "1 do. 7 cubits.
- "1 do. 4 do.

"The salt, betle, &c. is optional. It is also customary to give them conjee from the master's house.

"The master of a deserving slave sometimes gives him a slip of ground, which he may cultivate for his own use. He also enjoys the produce of such trees,

The Mahomedans everywhere purchase Hindoo females for the purpose of prostitution. "The majority of children brought from the hills," says

N. B. EDMONSTONE, Esq., (p. 115.) "are females, who are PURCHASED for CONCUBINES, to supply the STEWS AND BROTHELS, and some as attend-

roots, and vines, as he is permitted to plant; but the right in the soil or tree is in the master."

"7.—The number of slaves of all descriptions in Canara has never been correctly ascertained, they may be estimated at 82,000."

"Malabar.—To the President and Members of the Board of Revenue, Fort St George.

"5.—Their numbers may be estimated at about 100,000, of which perhaps one-twentieth are to be found in North Malabar, four twentieths in the Centre Talooks, and the remaining fifteen twentieths in the Southern and Eastern Talooks; in this estimate I have not included those in Wynand.

"6.—They are slaves of the soil, and are generally attached to the land of the proprietors of the ground in which they were born; but this is by no means considered an essential point, being frequently transferred by sale, mortgage, or hire, as your Board will observe by reference to the documents which accompany this.

"7.—The wealth and respectability of a landholder is as much appreciated from the number of his slaves, as from any other property he may be possessed of.

"8.—By the laws and customs of the country, it is as impracticable to reduce a free-born subject to a state of bondage, as it is contrary to them to emancipate a slave; and, 'once a slave always a slave,' may be considered a motto to be prefixed to the subject of slavery in Malabar, according to the ideas of the natives.—P. 845.

"11.—The marriage contract is made entirely among the parents, without any interference on the part of the proprietor, to whom, however, it is necessary to make known the proposed connexion.

"19.—In North Malabar, land is cultivated by the owners and hired coolies; but in South Malabar, nine-tenths of the cultivation, more particularly in the rice lands, is carried on entirely by Churmas."—P. 846.

"12.—It has never been heard that a cherman tendered to his master the amount he cost him, and that the same has been accepted, and the cherman freed from slavery."—P. 852.

"10.—They are employed in all agricultural works.

"11.—It is hardly heard that any slave has been possessed of property, from which he could derive his means of subsistence; whatever little property they may be possessed of is the right of their master, for whom they must, under all circumstances, work."—P. 853.

"10.—The chermakal are to work in the wet and dry lands purramba, and do whatever they may be commanded to do.

"11.—It has never been heard that a cherman had been possessed of any considerable property, and had works of his own to perform; it is very rare, when a cherman is possessed of a trifle, and even then he must work for his master."—P. 858.

"No. 20.—Extract from Major Walker's Report on the Tenures of Malabar.

"Cherammers.—The Cherammers, although slaves of the soil, and the property of the owners of the land, are distinct from the jenm, and may be possessed or sold separately from it.

"The chermars are absolute property; they are part of the live stock on an estate. In selling and buying land it is not necessary that they should follow the soil; both kinds of property are equally disposable, and may fall into different hands. The chermars may be sold, leased, and mortgaged, like the land itself, or like any cattle or thing. The feumokar may hire them for pattom or rent independently of this jenm land, or he may sell them altogether with his estate. The pattom on a cherman is four fanams a-year; if they are disposed of on otty, their price is 32 fanams; if on the attipit ola or jenmon, 48 fanams."—P. 866.

"6.—They have not any particular marks whereby they may be distinguished, except it is their wretched appearance; they are fed and clothed and subsisted entirely by their masters; their food consists of raggy, the coarsest kind of grain, and their clothing is a common cumly.

"7.—I cannot discover, though I was very particular in my enquiries on the point, that they have any rights or privileges, and they are not possessed of any property, neither can they inherit any.

ants in Zenanahs." The practice of kidnapping female children to be sold, and reserved for such a fate, is, we are told, p. 903, &c. very prevalent; and the authorities everywhere complain and confess, that the powers with which they are invested, fail to prevent the continuance of this abominable system, more especially in the Government of Madras. All the laws of India recognise and guard personal slaves as property held in **ABSOLUTE RIGHT**, even where individuals, in times of famine, sell themselves to support life. This class of slaves are known under the appellation of "*Adami*" (p. 869). They are numerous, and employed chiefly in agricultural labours,—"**compelled to labour**" upon receiving merely subsistence and raiment, of the poorest and most scanty description. In the district of South Arcot are 17,000 slaves of the *Sudrah caste*, born in a state of servitude (p. 871). In Manderra and Dindigul, the *Puller* or *Pariah* slaves are sold separate from the land (p. 887). In the wet district of *Trichinopoly*, the number of slaves is estimated at 10,000. They are sold with or without the land, and in this district agricultural slavery has (p. 893) existed "*from time immemorial*." The annual expense of maintaining a slave in this district, including every privilege which they re-

ceive, amounts only to 33 rupees, or about L.3 sterling each! The number of slaves in the district of Canara, is estimated at 82,000. The price in that part of the Government of Madras is, for a young man, 12 to 26 rupees, (22s. to 50s.); a woman, 12 to 24 rupees, and a child, never under 4 rupees, (p. 843 and 844). It was only in 1824, as we find, p. 417, that the Government of Bengal issued an order to G. W. TRAIL, Esq. Commissioner of *Kumaon*, forbidding in that district "**THE SALE OF WIVES AND WIDOWS BY THE HUSBANDS OR THEIR HEIRS!**" The personal slave, everywhere in India, belongs to the master in **ABSOLUTE RIGHT**. He is retained, sold, or mortgaged, as the master is inclined or compelled, in the same manner as slaves are in the West Indies.

In a letter from J. RICHARDSON, Esq., Judge and Magistrate of the Zillah of *Bundelcund*, to H. F. Colebrooke, Esq. &c., dated 23d March, 1808, at page 299, he proceeds to state under the following heads:

12. "If any thing can add to the horrors which the idea of slavery raises in every human breast, it is the reflection that, by the Mahomedan laws respecting female slaves, the master is not only legal lord of their services for laborious servitude, but for those of sensual gratifications, even such as his perverted and

"8.—The power of the masters over their slaves is unlimited, except of course where the law intervenes to prevent cruelty and murder; they may appropriate to them whatever work they please; they may punish them, and sell them; and can compel them to accompany them whithersoever they may go; but they are always regarded as the private servants of an individual, and not as the slaves of the soil."—P. 874.

"The duties of slaves are to attend the cattle and agriculture, and to assist in domestic services connected with the house or person of their owners.

"It does not appear that enfranchisement of slaves ever takes place; yet as some owners have been reduced to indigence, and are unable to employ or subsist their hereditary slaves, those persons are ostensibly free, and labour for any person who will employ them."—P. 890.

"16.—MALABAR.—In Malabar (exclusive of Wynnad) the number of slaves is estimated by the collector at one hundred thousand."—Page 895.

"There are slaves of seven sorts, one made captive under a standard or in battle; one maintained in consideration of service; one born of a female slave in the house; one sold, or given, or inherited from ancestors; and one enslaved by way of punishment."—Page 896.

"23.—Slaves who had thus fallen into the hands of others by the right of conquest, or by a voluntary contract, became the absolute property of their masters, and could be 'sold, given, or inherited from ancestors,' both by the Hindoo laws as above stated, and by the laws of other nations.

"27.—The Mussulman slaves, however, are comparatively few in number; the great slave population consists of the Hindoo slaves, of whom none are confined, and all of whom, with the exception of a very few, are employed in agriculture, and may be termed field slaves, though occasionally employed in domestic service."—Page 897.

unnatural passions may impel his brutality to indulge. The enormity of this diabolical law is shocking to humanity, and the horrors of such a wretch's situation are not calmly to be thought of. The haughty Islamite deigns not even to persuade; and is not only AUTHORISED to set every tender and delicate sensation at naught, but may LEGALLY outrage the very laws of nature!"

13. "It is not less shocking to reflect, that women, who have spent their youth, and worn out their persons, in the grossest debauchery and prostitution, when their faded beauty no longer produces their wonted luxuries, and even their former paramours in guilt and vice turn from them with satiety and disgust, purchase female children for the avowed purpose of the most licentious life!"

19. (p. 300.) "There are districts under the Company's dominion, wherein, to my certain knowledge, (particularly in *Rham Ghur*), the greatest part of the cultivators and labourers are slaves."

20. "The increase of cultivation, and the abundance of grain, &c. make no alteration in the miserable state of these unhappy wretches. If ever so much is gained by these labourers, they reap no advantage. A BAG OF THE COARSEST TEXTURE, scarcely sufficient to cover their nakedness, and a scanty allowance of the most cheap and unpalatable food, are their uniform portion."

The same authority tells us, that these slaves are in a still better state than multitudes of people who are free; and at page 317, in another letter dated June 24, 1809, he proceeds to state that there are "many thousand male and female slaves held in bondage in the Company's dominions, and subject to the grossest usage; prostitution and every other depravity, under the pretence of slavery, being sanctioned under the Mahommedan Law."—"The practice of slavery, which, wonderful and almost incredible to state, exists, contrary to law and reason, throughout our dominions in India, to a degree scarcely to be believed; NOT A MUSSULMAN FAMILY of even mediocrity that has not numbers, both of male and female slaves. The people about their persons, and the female attendants on their women, are almost all slaves; and, to my certain knowledge, they have slaves for the purpose of cultivation and field labour!"

It is calculated that there are about 20,000,000 of Mahommedans, 5,000,000 of families, in Hindostan;

and since "every Mussulman family, even of mediocrity," has "numbers both of male and female slaves," we may readily estimate the vast number of slaves which there are amongst this portion, the smaller portion, too, of the population of Hindostan!

At pages 415 and 416, we are informed, that "slavery in Malwa (a province of Bengal) is chiefly limited to females; but there is perhaps no province in India where there are so many slaves of this sex. The dancing girls are all purchased when young, of the *Nakins*, or heads of the different sects, who often lay out large sums in these purchases; FEMALE CHILDREN AND YOUNG WOMEN ARE PURCHASED BY ALL RANKS. Among the Rajpoot chiefs, these slaves are very numerous, and also in the houses of the principal Brahmins; the usage, however, descends to the LOWEST RANKS, and few merchants or cultivators with any property are without MISTRESSES or servants of this description. Male slaves are rare, and never seen but with men of some rank and property, with whom they are usually confidential servants."—"The case is very different with females, WHO, ALMOST IN EVERY INSTANCE, ARE SOLD TO PROSTITUTION. Some, it is true, rise to be favourite MISTRESSES of their master, and enjoy both power and luxury; while others are raised by the success in life of their sons; but these are exceptions. The dancing women are CONDEMNED TO A LIFE OF TOIL AND VICE FOR THE PROFIT OF OTHERS; and some of the Rajpoot chiefs and Zemindars in Malwa, who have from fifty to two hundred female slaves in their families, after employing them in all the menial labours of their house during the day, send them at night to their own dwellings, where they are at liberty to form such connexions as they please; but a large share of the profits of that PROMISCUOUS INTERCOURSE into which they fall, is ANNUALLY EXACTED BY THEIR MASTER, who adds any children they may happen to produce, TO HIS LIST OF SLAVES! The female slaves in this condition, as well as those of the dancing sets, are not permitted to marry, and are often very harshly treated; so that the latter, from this cause, and the connexions they form, are constantly in the habit of running away."—"There are many instances of Rajpoots, and men of other tribes, particu-

larly *Soandees*, SELLING THE CHILDREN whom they have by these slaves, and who are deemed to be born in a state of bondage."

Such is the state of things in the province of Bengal. Let us for a moment turn to the Government of Madras. J. COTTON, Esq., under date, Tanjore, Nagapatam, June 17, 1825, states that "slavery" is "according to the custom of the country," and is "to a greater extent than generally understood;" and, moreover, that it is "INCREASING!"

Under the following heads, pages 920 and 921, it is stated as follows:

42. "The Rules of Malahar prescribe, that a slave of the caste of *Poleyán*, *Wateovan*, and *Barayen*, shall remain seventy-two paces from a Brahmin and from a Nair, and forty-eight from a Tean; a slave of the *Kumakeer* caste sixty-four paces from a Brahmin and a Nair, and forty from a Tean; and the other castes generally forty-eight paces from a Brahmin and a Nair, and twenty-four from a Tean."

44. "The different castes of slaves keep a distinction between each other, and do not intermarry or eat together. With the exception of the castes of *Barayen* and *Kumakeer*, the other castes of slaves are kept from eating or slaying the cow. These circumstances lead to strengthen the idea of their having been outcasts, and having adopted the habits of the castes from which they originally sprung."

48. "It is very generally admitted, that the price of slaves has risen since the Company's Government; this is attributed to the INCREASED DEMAND FOR THEM; and the demand again owes its rise to the tranquillized state of the country, to AN EXTENDED CULTIVATION, and to a greater number of *Tean*s, and others of the lower classes, having become cultivators of land, than was usual under the former custom of the country."

At pages 816 and 817, we are told that "in all those districts," (provinces under the Government of Madras,) "the labourer who holds the plough, and performs the inferior offices of husbandry, is of the lowest, poorest, most ignorant, yet most numerous order of society; IN GENERAL AN OUTCAST, or at least of the degraded caste of Hindoos, and therefore usually residing in the outskirts of his village, everywhere without any property in the land, which he can transfer by

gift, sell, or bequeath; and receiving from his employer the *Ryot*, little more than food, with a scanty supply of raiment."—"It is not, perhaps, sufficiently known, that throughout the *Taniel* country, as well as in Malabar and Canara, far the greater part of the labouring classes of the people have, from time immemorial, been in a state of ACKNOWLEDGED BONDAGE, in which they continue to the present time."—"As it is not the interest of the landlords in Malabar to sell the slaves who cultivate their lands, they usually dispose of the INCREASING STOCK ONLY for which they have no immediate use; but their power to dispose of ALL their slaves, independently of their lands, SEEMS UNDISPUTED."

"In regard to the treatment of masters towards their slaves, it does not appear to me to be INCUMBENT ON THEM TO AFFORD A SUBSISTENCE TO THEIR SLAVES, except when employed in their business, and then it is only in the LOWEST SCALE OF ALLOWANCE, being generally no more than two measures of *paddy* a-day: at other times, their slaves are obliged to seek a livelihood at the hands of others, being bound only to return to their masters when the season of cultivation again commences. Besides this allowance, however, which the slaves receive from their masters on working days, they are entitled, when the crops are reaped, to a small deduction from the gross produce, called here '*PAROO*,' which varies in different villages, but amounts generally to about 2½ per cent; and it is usual, when deaths occur amongst them, for their master to assist them in their necessary funeral expenses; and on marriages, births, and festival days, to grant them presents, according as their circumstances will admit; but these are acts quite voluntary on the part of their masters, and the slave, it appears, CAN CLAIM NOTHING MORE THAN A BARE SUBSISTENCE WHILE HE WORKS, and his *solunterum*, as above described, at the time of harvest!"

In the Government of Bombay, it is sufficient to state that we are told, p. 341, that slavery is legal in that Presidency; and that considerable numbers of females are bought and sold. W. CHAPLIN, Esq., under date *Poonah*, December 2, 1819, writes Mr WILKINS, in substance, that the influx of slaves from the Nizam's territories was a good, otherwise many

lives would have perished from want, owing to a famine in those territories. The "traffic," says he, was the means of preventing this result. In a reply from the Government, connected with the recent orders of annexing the conquered provinces to the Presidency of Bombay, to an application made by Mr Wilkins, sub-collector, Nassuck, 21st November, 1819, for instructions how to act, the Government pointedly state thus:—"Do not, in any manner, affect former usages of the country regarding slaves;" and those "usages" are pointed out by referring to former instructions. And at page 141 we are informed, that children, imported from the hills, and sold in the plains of Bengal, ought not to be set free promiscuously. It is even considered doubtful "if their situation was not improved—AMELIORATED by such importation!"

With regard to the general treatment of personal slaves in India, the reflecting reader can readily judge, when he considers the state of ignorance and degradation in which their Hindoo masters are sunk, and bears in mind the simple facts which, p. 818, are thus recorded, in the volume before alluded to, in a letter from SECRETARY COBB to the Board of Directors, March 19, 1819. Thus:—

"Their treatment necessarily DEPENDS principally upon the INDIVIDUAL CHARACTER of their owners; and when we reflect on those evils that are inseparable from the mildest state of slavery, and consider how large a portion of *our most industrious subjects* are at present totally deprived of a free market for their labour, RESTRICTED BY INHERITANCE TO A MERE SUBSISTENCE, and *sold and transferred with the land which they till*, policy, no less than humanity, would appear to dictate the propriety of gradually relieving them from those restrictions which have reduced them, and must continue to confine them, TO A CONDITION SCARCELY SUPERIOR TO THAT OF THE CATTLE THEY FOLLOW AT THE PLOUGH!"

But it may be said, as it has, indeed, been attempted to be said, in certain quarters, that although personal slavery really exists in India, yet that no slaves are known in the districts where the sugar-cane is cultivated, and sugar produced from it. The Report, from which I have already extracted

so copiously, shews us, not merely that slavery is general in India, but it particularizes many of the districts where it is most prevalent, and where the slaves are employed in cultivating the soil, such as Canara, &c. &c. in Malabar. Now, upon referring to the Report upon the East India Sugar Trade, printed by order of the East India Company some years ago, we find, pages 16-19, 22, and 45, that sugar is produced in Haiya, in Northern Canara, in Soonda, in Haripara, in Bscrappattana, in Randatterra, North Malabar, in Talava, in Dinspur, Rengopur, Puranya, Bhagalpur, Behur, Patna, Sunabad, Gersakpur, and in Masulipatam. In Bengal we find, from the same authority, that sugar is cultivated and produced in Benares, Soonamooky, Rungpore, Purnoah, Sylhet, Beeblloom, Zumlook, Centai, Burdwan, Midnapore, Dingipore, Ramghun, Mooshedabad, Nudhra, Jessore, Bhaugulpore, Dacca, Zipporah, Mymensing, Patna, &c. (Pp. 156-209.)

This is agricultural India, my Lord Duke! This is the country without slaves; and this is the land of FREE LABOUR and "FREE LABOUR SUGAR," about which we have heard so much, and which we have been arrogantly told ought to receive all our favours and all our regards! Thus it stands before us, from unquestionable and indisputable documents, the reverse in all things to that which its ignorant or its deceiving champions have represented it, and yet represent it to be! Can any one of the calumniators and accusers of the West India Colonies produce, in any thing that is established, or that passes within these possessions, a picture to match, or even to approach near in resemblance to the above picture which British India exhibits, and which these official references have enabled me to bring before your Grace and the country?

Who is it, my Lord Duke, that can peruse the volume referred to, or even the short extracts which have just been given from it, and still continue to bluster and to declaim about the absence of personal slavery in India,—"*Free Labour*," and "*Free Labour Sugar*"—when the fact stands confirmed, beyond contradiction or dispute, that the number of slaves in India is incredibly great (in Malabar 180,000, page 900); that the slaves

everywhere are employed in agricultural labour; that sugar and rice are the productions of agricultural labour; and that slaves are most numerous in those fertile districts where sugar is most abundantly produced! Who is it, I may be permitted to repeat, that, in the face of these documents, laid upon the table of the Legislature at the command of the advocates of the free labour system, will again stand forward, and cant, and whine, and declaim, about the superior beauty and innocence of East India sugar, and about the greater blackness and guilt, as compared to it, of West India sugar? and what is this country now to think of the myriads of publications and their authors, and of those innumerable battalions of petitions which have filled every house and every hovel of the United Kingdom, and which continued, year after year, to inundate and to overload the tables of our legislature, the basis of the whole of which was the most palpable and infamous falsehoods? and what, my Lord Duke, is the British public to think of that Government and that Legislature, which have, during so many years, not only allowed these gross and glaring falsehoods to remain uncontradicted, but even proceeded to legislate, in obedience to the statements in which they were contained, as if these had been accurate and just? The heart sickens at such unaccountable, reprehensible, and dangerous proceedings. The man, my Lord Duke, who, after this, talks about the absence of slavery in India, who exhibits his declamation and his placards about "**EAST INDIA FREE LABOUR SUGAR**," is a cheat and an impostor, and ought to be treated and to be punished as such.

I do not, my Lord Duke, enter upon this subject,—I do not adduce these facts,—in order to throw odium upon, or to raise a clamour against, my fellow-subjects in the East Indies, the Government of that country, or the Government of the Parent State; but I adduce them to disprove the infamous falsehoods, which ignorant, prejudiced, and interested men have, during the last six years, so widely circulated over this country, in order that, by doing so, they might injure and ruin the most valuable Colonial possessions which were ever owned by this, or by any other country. These

are my objects; and every principle of honour, justice, and truth, demands of those who have been unwarily led to assist in the dissemination of the falsehoods alluded to, that they should endeavour to counteract their baneful progress, by circulating and proclaiming the truth.

The conduct which Great Britain has pursued to her Colonies, and the treatment which those possessions have of late years received from her hands, have, my Lord Duke, disgraced her name, tarnished her character, and excited the surprise and the astonishment of every civilized nation. Their name vilified, their character blasted, their prayers laughed at, their constitutional demands for justice treated with contempt, and their property ruined or endangered,—what, my Lord Duke, is left them which man can value? Every unreasonable and irrational system which had been concocted in Great Britain for their government, was taken to be infallible. Remonstrance against its application was treated as the work of ignorance, prejudice, "**CONTUMACY**;" and punishment of the contumacious rebels was denounced and demanded accordingly. Every document that Anti-Colonial prejudice, venom, hatred, and mischief required, or contrived to require, from the Colonies, was most carefully supplied by the order and by the assistance of Government, and afterwards as carefully mutilated and misrepresented, garbled and confounded, to suit the particular purposes of those who called for it. On the other hand, every document that came from the Colonies, or which was called for, for the purpose of pointing out the fabrications, misrepresentations, and errors, of the enemies of the Colonies, was either withheld, or dragged to light with reluctance, and too often when it was too late to render the service intended; or, if given at all, was only suffered to appear in a mutilated shape, and as conformable as possible to the theories in vogue in Britain. Witness, my Lord Duke, all the returns that have, from time to time, been required from that den of death and iniquity, Sierra Leone, and the Appendix to the Report of the Commissioners of Enquiry, yet withheld and suppressed! Witness the Report by **SIR C. BURDETT** and **MR KINCHAL**, &c. regarding the Government Estates in Demerara and Ber-

bice, altogether withheld; valuable papers sent by Sir Ralph Woodford, regarding Free Labour, wholly withheld; and the other papers from Trinidad, such as the Procureur Syndic's Report withheld, and others most barbarously mutilated before being presented to Parliament; the Report of the Commissioners of Enquiry at Jamaica, in answer to Dr Lushington, regarding the case of *Leesne* and *Escoffery*, altogether concealed; the Haytian Papers, as I have heard, cut up by the Foreign-Office shears, and various important communications from the Governors of the different Colonies, most important for the people of Great Britain to have known, in a question, and at a time, in which they were called to decide upon, and to take away, the privileges, the liberties, and the properties of their children! Is such a course right, my Lord Duke? Is this honest? No!

Disgraceful, painful, and humiliating as the fact is, nevertheless it is, I believe, the fact, that the visitor who dared to tell the truth with regard to the Colonies was not, in times past, the most welcome at the public Departments of this country. The informants who there met with attention, encouragement, and *PREFÉREMENT*, were those cunning, interested, and plausible individuals, who framed their tale to suit the scheme which was in view, or the theory which triumphed for the moment in the quarters alluded to, and in those irresponsible quarters which drove, and which were permitted to mislead and to drive, the authorities of this country in their career of error and injustice. An insulted Country, and Colonies distressed and trampled upon beyond precedent or example, demand the exposure of such men; and should I ever again take up my pen on this subject, some of them shall be exposed. At home and abroad they are known; and if they are wise, they will keep themselves quiet for the future. Dishonesty, profligacy, and treachery, cannot always escape the chastisement which they merit; nor can canting about slavery secure, from the castigation which they merit, those men who have fleeced their fellow-subjects, and who pursue the ignominious course hinted at, in order to gain friends and interest in Great Britain to protect them from the consequences of their Colonial delinquencies.

How different, my Lord Duke, is the treatment which the Colonies receive at our hands, from the treatment which the Colonies of other countries receive from their respective parent states! Take, for example, the Netherlands. The good people of that country were, like their brethren in this, moved by the false representations of the Anti-Colonists in England, and by the unaccountable complaisance of the British Government to these enemies of the Colonies, and led to believe, that the Dutch West India Colonies were a burden to the state, and that policy and humanity required the emancipation of the slaves. The government of the Netherlands, however, did not, like the rulers of Great Britain, yield to the clamours of ignorance, and at once adopt the rash resolutions of the British Parliament. No! The Dutch government wisely determined, in the first instance, to ascertain if the allegations against the West Indians were true; and for this purpose, Major-General *Vanden Bosch* (who had held a considerable property in Java, and had for many years directed the agricultural Colonies for the poor of Holland,) was sent to the Dutch West Indies, in order to examine and report on the real state of things. The result of this enquiry is, as I am informed, that he has recommended extensive alterations in the commercial laws, all of which, both planters and merchants acknowledge, will increase the prosperity of the Colonies; but that, on the subject of slave emancipation, he is decidedly of opinion, that the result would be ruin to the Colonies, and that the subject should not be entertained by Government, because Resolutions being passed to the effect that emancipation would be enforced at some future period, will have the certain effect of diminishing the value of the property, and the commercial credit of the planters, on which the value of the Colonies to the parent state mainly depends; and also of setting the master and slave in a state of hostility and embittered feelings towards each other, a state opposed to the welfare and happiness of both parties. The consequence of this wise and rational proceeding, my Lord Duke, is, that confidence and prosperity dwell in the Dutch Colonies. The West India planters in Holland congratulate them-

selves on being placed under a Government where reason, justice, and common sense, prevail over prejudice, injustice, and ignorance. Their Colonial Office is also very differently chosen and appointed from what has been witnessed in other countries, which arrogate to themselves a larger share of knowledge. In it there are few persons employed who have not had some experience in the Colonies. *Mr Boudt*, the Under Secretary, has a great deal of practical knowledge, obtained by a long residence in the Colonies. Besides him, there are not in the office, as has been found in other Colonial offices, individuals representing, and working the work of, any Dutch Anti-Colonists; nor are any irresponsible, ignorant, malevolent, and mischievous advisers encouraged or listened to.

Has Great Britain, my Lord Duke, adopted this rational course to her still more valuable and extensive Colonies?

No, my Lord Duke, no! Her counsellors, her advisers, and her directors, on Colonial subjects, have been in all things individuals of different feelings and character; and if, by chance, she at any time heretofore stumbled upon an honest individual to send to the Colonies, in those few enquiries which it has been considered necessary to make, but which never touched the real merits of the question, his information was invariably scouted and thrown aside, as the work of ignorance; and the tales of his theoretical and ignorant colleagues swallowed with avidity, and listened to as truths undeniable and irresistible. The Legislators of Aldermanbury Street, or Freemasons' Tavern—the *Buxtons*, the *Stephens*, and the *Macaulays*, of the year—were the counsellors sought out and listened to; and their converts and myrmidons—the *Dougans*, the *Powers*, and the *Jeremies* of the day—the oracles of the British Colonial Office, on every thing connected with our most valuable Tropical Colonial possessions.

I make it my business to learn what passes on Colonial subjects; and as the Anti-Colonists who are in, or who communicate with Downing Street, are not slow in telling to their brothers in affection and pursuits, whatever turns up favourable to their theory and their views, and thus, though living remote from head-quarters, their

giddy triumphs frequently, sometimes after travelling to the Colonies, reach my ears. In this way it came to my knowledge that, about twelve months ago, the labouring machinery of the Colonial Office was "*cock-a-hoop*" regarding the increased and increasing produce of the Colony of Trinidad for the year preceding; a circumstance which was of course set down as the result of the Order in Council. They sung *Te Deum*, on this account, in the office in question, while at the same moment the Anti-Slavery Society, in the hall of Freemasons' Tavern, were denouncing Trinidad as the grave of slaves above all the West Indies! This discrepancy in the accounts it is not my business to reconcile. My object is, from two plain and undeniable facts, to point out the cause of the increase alluded to. *First*, Cocoa plantations had, from the low price which cocoa brought in the European market, ceased to repay the cultivators. Cocoa plantations were therefore either thrown into sugar cultivation, or the slaves upon them transferred to sugar estates. *Secondly*, 1824 was the last year wherein slaves were permitted to be carried from the poor islands to leeward. In that year a considerable number, perhaps 800, were imported into Trinidad from the quarter mentioned. These were fixed on sugar estates. Such a number, employed on a soil so rich as the soil of Trinidad is, would increase the crops above 2000 hhds. The effects of their labour came pretty fully into operation for the crop of 1827;—and these, with the additional hands taken from cocoa and put upon sugar estates, were the real causes of the increased crops of Trinidad, at which the wisacres in Downing Street were exulting as if they had been the effects of their wisdom.

In my last letter, I alluded to the case of *Lecesse* and *Escoffery*, the two philanthropic playthings which have lately made their appearance in England. I adverted to the case of these men, in order to bring before your Grace the extraordinary and reprehensible fact, that documents which had been officially transmitted from Jamaica to the Colonial Office, in their case, had, somehow or other, and by some hand or other, been altered and falsified, after erasures made upon them. For the statement made, I produced my authority. It stands un-

contradicted, except by the miserable attempt made by one of the parties mentioned, through the columns of a Sunday newspaper too contemptible to name or to notice to your Grace. The chief point of the answer consisted in the customary Anti-Colonial falsehoods and calumnies levelled against the humble individual who has now the honour to address you. My intention was to have gone a little deeper into this case, and to have brought before your Grace the hideous load of fraud and falsehood on which the volume called the Yellow Book, printed by their champion, Dr Lushington, appears to have been founded and got up; but this trouble is saved me by the able and unanswerable defence of his conduct, and the exposure of the conduct of the Anti-Colonial defenders of those two persons, which Mr BURGE, the late Attorney-General of Jamaica, has just made. His defence is addressed to the Colonial Secretary, Sir GEORGE MURRAY, and is, no doubt, placed in the hands of your Grace, which renders it unnecessary for me to say one word more on the subject,—a subject to which the champions of Lecesne and Escoffery will scarcely again allude.

After such an exposé, it may be asked, and I hope and trust that it will, my Lord Duke, be asked, called for, and demanded, why these two men are kept in London, in the style of gentlemen, at the expense, as I am told, of this suffering country? and further, why the sum of £10,000 of the public money is intended to be given, as I hear it reported that it is to be given, to two men of colour, natives of Hayti, and for some time resident in Jamaica, and whom the Duke of Manchester, shortly before the breaking out of the last Negro rebellion, in that island, considered himself authorized and justified, in the discharge of his important duty, to ship off the island, under the alien law, to use his words, "AS PERSONS OF A DANGEROUS AND SUSPICIOUS CHARACTER;" and "because," says his Grace, in his dispatch to Earl Bathurst, July 30, 1824, "with respect to the policy of sending away Lecesne, the late trials in St George, and numerous examinations since taken in Kingston, before a very active intelligent Magistrate, PROVE THAT HE WAS CONCERNED WITH THE CONSPIRATORS in that pa-

rish, that HE had supplied them with arms, and that HIS HOUSE was the place of resort of all *disaffected persons* of all denominations?" An insulted and a suffering country has, with such documents before her, a right to ask the preceding questions at her rulers, and a right to receive an honest, sincere, and explicit answer.

Dr Lushington's book, as your Grace can scarcely fail to know, was written, supported by bagfuls of affidavits, to prove that these two men were born in Jamaica, and consequently not *aliens*. His "*dear friend*," Mr COURTNEY, who was, with Dr Lushington, one of the secret judges in this case, considered, and in fact certified, the Doctor's book to be unanswerable and invincible. His Majesty's Government, however, seem to have been of a very different opinion; for, in the spring of last year, when it became whispered that the Government was determined to send these two men back to Jamaica, exonerated and indemnified as British-born subjects, it was required of the Colonial Secretary, by several gentlemen connected with that island, if such was the fact, and the reason asked for a proceeding so unexpected and extraordinary. Mr Huskisson, after promising that they should not be sent back until their case was further examined into, stated that Government had intended to act as it had been stated, not because these men were British subjects born in Jamaica, as they themselves, Dr Lushington, and his affidavits-men, had asserted, but because they were British subjects born in St Domingo, at a time when the British forces held *military* possession of some forts and places in that island. The sovereignty of it we never had, or could obtain; and, by the same mode of reasoning, all the Portuguese, Spaniards, French, Avaneses, &c. &c. that were born while British troops held, as conquerors, possession of any of the respective countries, are British subjects. This Anti-Colonial doctrine will not do. Mr Huskisson's letter just alluded to, is dated May 27, 1828, and is addressed to C. N. FALLMER, Esq. M. P., and I extract from it the following passages, in proof of what I state:—

"I am, however, not only willing, but desirous, that you should know what the facts are upon which that

opinion is founded, and they may be recapitulated in a very few words, as follows :

" According to the statements of the witnesses adduced to prove the foreign birth of these persons, it would appear that *Lecesne* was born out of wedlock at *Port au Prince*, in St Domingo, on the 6th July, 1796, and that *Escoffery* was also born out of wedlock, at St Marks, in St Domingo, at the end of the year 1793 ; that upon the evacuation of *Port au Prince* and *St Marks*, they both quitted the places of their birth, accompanied by their natural parents and relations ; that they have never since lived under the protection of the Government of St Domingo, but have continued to reside, under the protection of the British Government, in Jamaica.

" Such being the facts alleged by those who were called upon to disprove the right of *Lecesne* and *Escoffery* to the character of British subjects, it remains to be added, not from their evidence, but as a mere matter of history, that *Port au Prince* was taken possession of by the British forces on the 4th of June, 1794, and *St Marks* in December, 1793, and that possession of both these places was retained by the British troops till the year 1798."

I neither intend to canvass the law nor the history of the ex-Secretary, but to point out the fact, that in opposition to Dr Lushington's unanswerable book, to the affidavits of the individuals themselves, and the budgets brought forward by their friends,—the British Government, through their, in this case, proper organ, the Colonial Secretary, decide that these two men of colour were really natives of Hayti ! With this remark, I have only farther to observe, that the Duke of Manchester, who sent these men away from Jamaica, and the Attorney-General under whose legal advice the Colonial Government acted, are both in this country, where *Lecesne* and *Escoffery* also are ; and it must be asked, why, if they have been unjustly and oppressively treated, do they not apply to a British court of Justice, and a British Jury, for redress and compensation ? Why, my Lord Duke, but because they and their defenders know that they cannot bamboozle and mislead a British court, and a British

Jury, as they can or are permitted to mislead, the Colonial Office, and certain inmates thereof.

The Colonies, my Lord Duke, are not only unkindly, but most unfairly, treated by the parent state. Every error and every crime, every narrative and every tale, often false, always exaggerated, and always misrepresented, is constantly brought forward, and each represented as the *general* character of society in the Colonies, and the result of the system there established ; instead of being, as these things are, where the narrative is really true and correctly stated, the occasional result of the imperfections and passions of human nature. But I will ask the Colonial calumniators to point me out any description of crime committed in the Colonies, which is not committed, and that with deeper features of guilt, in England. And farther, I will maintain, that in proportion to the population, crimes, while these are witnessed less flagrant in their nature, are also of much less frequent occurrence in the Colonies, than in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. Moreover, my Lord Duke, were any foreigner to act by this country, as the Anti-Colonists do by our Colonies—were any foreigner, or any insulted Colonist, to collect and blazon abroad the *occasional* crimes, the atrocities, and the horrors, the vices, the sufferings, and the miseries, which prevail in this country, as the *general* character of society, and the correct state of the population,—what a catalogue would the records of our criminal courts, and our police offices, even but for one year, lay before us, without the help of exaggeration ! and what would the people of England say to such an ungenerous, unjust, and unfeeling way of representing their state, and of determining their character ? Yet is not this the way in which too many people in England treat our Colonies ? I read, my Lord Duke, in our public Journals, of females being whipped in England—of females being hanged, and sent to the tread-mill—I read of females starving in our streets, and in the most miserable hovels, to which poverty and despair drive them with their naked, helpless, starving children around them,—I read of these things as everyday occurrences, and which scarcely

ever excite a tear or a sigh—never relief from our Black philanthropists.

Volumes might be filled with cases of cruelty, suffering, and hardship, which white men and women, infants, orphans, are doomed to experience in England, without a hand to succour, or a friend to lament their fate; yet were I, or any other, to instance these as exhibiting the true character of Englishmen, would it not be said, and justly said, that such conduct was most ungenerous—most unjust—most infamous?

To enter the lists against Anti-Colonial champions and accusers—to defend the Colonies against the attacks of falsehood and malice—to rescue their characters from unjust charges, and to expose the crooked ways, the errors, the falsehoods, and the chicanery of the more violent and ignorant enemies of the Colonies, is, I am well aware, to subject every one who attempts it, to every species of reproach, slander, and venomous attack, together with being, in the old cuckoo slang, set down as the defender of personal slavery in the abstract—a false accusation, which has been made and repeated against me* by all the unprincipled host of writers who advocate the robbery of their fellow-subjects. Truth and justice, however, treat their venomous attacks with contempt, and tread their malignant labours under foot with disdain. They are seldom worth a thought. There is one attack, however, more directly levelled against myself, through the columns of a well-known "*Leading Journal*," which re-

quires to be noticed, and which demands castigation and exposure.

It in substance—for my limits forbid long references—it charges the London West India Committee with levying a tax of £20,000 per annum on produce imported; and which sum, the writer asserts, they expend in hiring periodical publications to advocate their cause. And, says he, "Their present more active parisans (for the Quarterly has of late confined itself to an occasional growl at Sierra Leone) appear to be Blackwood, John Bull, the Morning Journal of London, and the Couriers of London and Glasgow. But how many more journals are kept silent by the influence of the proslavery rent, it may be less easy to ascertain." And, says he, the journals opposed to slave emancipation are "also the most *vehemently* opposed to every measure of *liberality*, whether commercial or political, as well as the most *outrageously abusive* of the Duke of Wellington since he has spoken (whether wisely or not, *we leave to wiser heads to decide*,) of giving peace to Ireland," concluding the putting forth of his Sierra Leone bile thus: "They now permit their (the West India Committee) mercenary journalists to take up the cudgels for Don MIGUEL, and to revile the Duke of Wellington himself as a traitor to his king and country."

Such are the labours of defeated malice, of rankling malevolence, and of exposed delinquency. I have adverted to them, because they have appeared in the columns of the Times;

* The object of my labours in the Colonial contest, my Lord Duke, was, from facts which could not be denied, and from authorities which could not be contradicted, to disprove the false statements and tales circulated by the Anti-Colonists over this country;—in a few words, to shew and to prove, that the slave population of the West Indies was not in the degraded and neglected state that the Anti-Colonists represented the whole to be; but that, on the contrary, their situation was in many respects preferable to the situation of the labourers in this country. This was my statement—these were my labours; and that I have been correct, and my columnists wrong, the following letter from the celebrated ROBERT OWEN, E-q., written on board his Majesty's packet-ship, SPRAY, January 17th, 1829, two days' sail from *Vera Cruz*, will shew.

"I was anxious to see the state of slavery in Jamaica, which I had an opportunity of witnessing at Kingston. And after conversing with several of the domestic slaves, and seeing the proceedings of a large number in the market-place, for two hours, and meeting great numbers coming from the mountains, and other parts of the country, as I was going to the Admiral's and the Bishop's residences, some distance in the interior, I have no hesitation in stating MOST DISTINCTLY, that their condition, with the exception of the term slavery, is, in most respects, BETTER than that of the working classes in Great Britain, and that a very large portion of the operatives and labourers would most willingly EXCHANGE SITUATIONS WITH THEM!"

which journal has lately, from *disinterested* motives, no doubt, set itself forward as the advocate and the organ of your Grace. Previous to this *wheel*, the paper in question was so universally known as the circulator of falsehood and calumny, that no person paid any attention to its statements; and, in noticing it, I ought to apologize, as I do apologize to the leaders of the honest and the honourable pages through which I have the honour to address you, for introducing the name of that journal into them. The readers of BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE will remember, though your Grace may not at present have time to do so, the period when the "*Leading Journal*" was "outrageously abusive," and took the lead in defaming, in accusing, in censuring, and in condemning your Grace as a man, as a general, and as a minister—as being, in fact, "*a traitor to your king and country*," beyond all men either in Europe or in Great Britain—remember the time, scarcely twelve months ago, when it broadly expressed a hope, that a "*Brutus*" would be found in Great Britain to rid her of you;—the *Times*, my Lord Duke, which is well known to be a mere stock-jobbing hack—that journal which, for the sole object of gain, defended and attempted to wash vice of the deepest dye as fair as "*unsunned snow*"—the journal which has for many years advocated the cause and the character of every traitor in every country; and which, only the other day, crowned its labours, and completed its character, by levelling, in a spirit the most vile, the most cowardly, and the most cruel, calumnies against branches of the Royal Family of Great Britain, which went to charge them with being guilty of acts not more criminal in the eye of our law, than these are degrading to human nature—calumnies, my Lord Duke, which are as false as they were foul; but which must have wounded most keenly the bosom of our gracious Sovereign, your master, and whom you, my Lord Duke, more than all other men, and above all other men, were bound by every principle of duty and honour to defend against the cowardly attacks of every calumniator and accuser of his House and his Family.

The words, however, "*spoken, whether wisely or not*," &c. as regards your present measures connected with

Ireland, led me to suspect, that even the conductor of the *Times* would not stultify himself by appearing to doubt the propriety of measures which he had so loudly and so unreservedly praised, or that there were or could be any "*heads*" in this country "*wiser*" than his own, and that therefore the article in question could not be his, though, from the manner in which he has published it, he has, and for reasons which the *Aldermanbury Street "Rent"* and "*influence*" can, no doubt, explain, thought proper to father it. Accordingly, I was enabled to trace the words to be the effusion of that hoary misrepresenter of truth, the compiler of the Anti-Slavery Reporter, (a publication which surpasses all others in falsehood,)—a being who does not appear to have two correct and honest ideas on any thing connected with these subjects; for in the stupid pamphlet incautiously published by *Kenneth Macaulay*, and also in the letters signed "*ANGUS*," and inserted some years ago in the *New Times Journal*, we find nearly all the words, and similarly applied; in the latter more especially, as in the phrase, "*The Bulls, and the Blackwoods, and the Couriers of London and Glasgow*,"—better company to be classed with, certainly, than the Anti-Slavery Reporter, *The Times*, and the suppressed *Sierra Leone Gazette*.

In addition to these general remarks, it appears necessary to observe, that if to support *Don Miguel* be to render "*a man a traitor to his king and country*," your Grace would do well to look around you in time, for really there is no saying, in these changeable times, how soon your Grace, as a British Minister, may, by acknowledging *Don Miguel* as the lawful Sovereign of Portugal, get yourself ranked on the black list kept by the *Times* and its miserable contributor.

The venom of the article in question being principally directed against myself, is proof sufficient that my labours, in the cause of truth and justice, have not been in vain,—have done good, not "*harm*," (for to get at truth, we must reverse whatever is stated in the *Times*;) and that, at the same time, from the Anti-Colonial profligacy which has been brought to light, I have made these wholesale "*mercenary*" calumniators of our Colonies feel severely their unprincipled conduct.

The writer, hackneyed in the devices of falsehood, attempts to brand me as a "mercenary" writer, employed by the West India Committee to act as they direct. In the face of my country, I brand the accusation as an odious, a wilful, and a deliberate falsehood; and I challenge, and I dare, the Times, or the man whose charge he ventures to circulate, to point out any one thing, or any one time, in which, in defending our injured Colonies, or on any other public subject, that Committee, or any one else, has ever presumed to advise, or dared to dictate to me, in the course I have pursued.

To speak of, or even to allude to, "mercenary" writers, however, comes with a bad grace indeed from columns which are made for the market, and sold by the inch,—with a bad grace indeed from the lips and the pen of an individual, who, from interested motives, and in pursuit of gain, has fleeced the Treasury of Great Britain of many millions, extracted from the sweat of the brows,—in Anti-Colonial figure, from "*the blood, the bones, and the sinews*,"—of the suffering people of Great Britain; and who furthermore collects, and puts into his fathomless bag, to be expended among "mercenary" writers, to get them to support his scandalous system of imposition and delusion, the collections made in various parts of the United Kingdom for the purpose of civilizing a distant quarter of the world;—descending, among other items, even to the proceeds of those "*fire screens*," on which young, marriageable ladies, at Clapham and elsewhere, are induced to paint *naked*, full-grown male negroes, and to dispose of such screens, in order to transmit the money to the insatiable receptacle alluded to, to purchase with it, as their canting deceivers lead them to believe is purchased, the freedom of slaves in our Colonies,—but every farthing of which is spent, or rather *mis-spent*, in supporting and bribing, in London and elsewhere, lying "mercenary" writers and publications.

The Glasgow Courier is particularly accused by this unprincipled writer. For that paper, I make answer, I am responsible. When, many years ago, on public grounds, and as valuable appendages of the crown, I took up in that journal the defence of the Colonies,

I stood (the John Bull excepted) alone opposed to the clamours, to the fury, and, to a great extent, to the feelings of the British people, highly excited and artfully fanned, by my present calumniator and his adherents. Because I dared to contradict their base falsehoods—because I ventured to oppose and to expose their rash schemes, hatched in ignorance, and pregnant with injustice and with ruin—because I did this, every effort and every exertion was made to bring ruin upon myself and my family by these advocates for free discussion,—these tender-hearted Christians; every advertisement, and every subscriber, that by the aid of calumny, by libels in other journals paid for, as the present has been paid for, they could withdraw from the paper in question, to the utmost they attempted. Their animosity and persecution, however, had bounds; both were limited in their influence; but the mean, dastardly, and vindictive African system then pursued, was not, and has not, been forgotten; and I am greatly mistaken, if the Glasgow Courier, in the discharge of its public duty, and while confining its exertions wholly to public matters, has not raised a storm about the ears of some of its persecutors which they never dreamed of, and which, notwithstanding the FINANCE COMMITTEE has been thrown overboard at the moment it was about to commence the investigation of Anti-Colonial errors, extravagancies, and delinquencies, they may have yet more reason to wish had never been raised against them. In stepping forward, therefore, my Lord Duke, at the period I did, to advocate the cause of the Colonies—a period when I neither had, nor ever calculated I should at any time possess, to the value of one shilling in Colonial property, and with a full knowledge of the viperous character of my opponents,—my views could not be "mercenary." The Times did not so act; and no man knows better than the sneaking writer whose words I animadvert upon, "how many more journals" were "kept silent by the influence" of the Aldermanbury Street legislators, and the Aldermanbury Street "*Rent*." My accuser recollects when the New Times was conducted by an Anti-Colonial expectant; and he knows how much of that "*Rent*" was given to that journal for

inserting the Anti-Colonial letters signed "ANGLUS," at the time when the replies to them, coming, I believe, even from official authority, were excluded, because not intended to be paid for.

The writer in the *Times* states that which Mr KENNETH M'LAULAY stated, namely, that "Mr M'Queen is supposed to have received about L.15,000, in all from the West Indies." It is FALSE, my Lord Duke, and the writer, when he wrote this, knew it to be so.

"The Assembly of Jamaica, in the fervour of their gratitude, voted me," says my accuser, "the sum of 3000 guineas." It was L.3000; and the terms of that grant will shew that it was granted for long, arduous, unsolicited, unsought, and disinterested service.* I am proud of that grant, my Lord Duke,—proud that the most valuable Colony which belongs to the British Crown, inhabited by men of great knowledge and talents, should have estimated my humble services in their cause so highly. The chagrin on the part of the *Times* and his Correspondent may readily be supposed to have been keen, when they reflected that the sum in question might probably have been obtained by them, had they only had the judgment to have pursued the straight-forward path of truth, of justice, and of honour.

The compiler of the article animadverted upon, states that I have "since become the joint proprietor of a large number of slaves, and am now therefore myself a great West-India Planter." Be it so, my Lord Duke; and why, let me ask this worshipper of Mammon, should any honest man be ashamed of being "a West India Planter!" West India Planters have, in the course of a year, rendered their country greater services than the host of Sierra Leone British-Treasury-money-hunting sophists have done, or will do, though they should live as long as Methusaleh. But I am not a West India Planter, "great" or small, in the strict sense of the term, and in the meaning in which this liberal modern Jesuit intends it to be understood; and he knew, when he made the statement, that the fact was not so. It is true that, like many other merchants in this country, I have lately

become a joint proprietor of West India mortgages and property,—legally, honestly, and fairly become possessed of them; and having become so, I have to remind this writer, that I will defend this property, with pen and with hand, against the attacks of every canting knave or unprincipled legislator who may attempt to take it away: and further, that the laws of my country, by which, and under which, I hold it, will justify me in taking the life of any robber, who may, under any disguise or pretence whatsoever, attempt by force to bereave me of it.

Why "BLACKWOOD" should be condemned is easily understood. His honest, manly, and truly British pages, are read in every quarter of the world, and being every where known and felt as the scourge and terror of traitors, knaves, hypocrites, and fools, are consequently hated and abused by all such worthies.

It is no wonder, my Lord Duke, that Mr *Franklin* should have come in for a share of abuse and reproach on this occasion, because he has torn asunder the curtain, made up of lies and delusion, which "*Anglus*," the Anti-Slavery Reporter, and their friend "*Inginac*," attempted to place before the eyes of the people of Great Britain, regarding the actual state of Hayti. Every syllable of all that these worthies say regarding that island, has been proved to be fabrication and misrepresentation; and Mr Barclay's excellent account of the state of the slave population in Jamaica, stands notoriously unanswered and unanswerable.

Why the Morning Journal should have come under the censure of this "FREE TRADE" and "FREE LABOUR" champion—the *Times*—is readily ascertained. The increasing circulation of the former journal, equal to any of its contemporaries, must have been galling to the *Times*; while it found the newsmen, every morning, discontinuing the paper by hundreds, in order to transmit to their correspondents in town, and in every part of the United Kingdom, the Morning Journal in its room.

In reference to the charge brought against the Glasgow Courier, of illiberality, and of opposition to your Grace as a statesman, it is replied for that journal, that the Glasgow Courier,

* See Proceedings of the Assembly of Jamaica, 1825.

from principle, always defended your Grace while your Grace defended your country,—opposed your enemies,—admired your military achievements,—gloried in your success,—and hailed your advancement to be Prime Minister of this country with unfeigned satisfaction. The Glasgow Courier has long, uniformly, and steadily supported all the policy of our country, in opposition to all her foes, foreign and domestic, whether appearing in the character of jacobins, atheists, hypocrites, or “march-of-intellect” philosophers,—all that policy of our country, under which your Grace reaped your whole harvest of honour, all your laurels, ALL your glory: And the Glasgow Courier has, from principle and from conviction, condemned all those numerous and rash innovations in our national policy, which have covered our Colonies with confusion, insecurity, and ruin,—our shipping interest, the nerve of our right arm, with decay and poverty,—our agriculturists with alarm, loss, and sorrow,—and our merchants and manufacturers of every description, and in every corner of the empire, with bankruptcy, misery, and starvation unprecedented. The Glasgow Courier has also steadily opposed the breaking-down of the constitution and government of this country, always hitherto considered as the work and the essence of civil and religious liberty, in order to please either Papists or Liberals. On these points it still remains true to its principles. It has seen no just reason to change them; and although your Grace may now consider so great a change “*expedient*,” still the Glas-

gow Courier is sufficiently candid and unshackled to avow, in conjunction with *nine-tenths* of the population of Great Britain—those who think they can distinguish the truths of the Bible and the Commandments of the Most High from “the traditions and commandments of men,” *SUPERSTITION AND IDOLATRY*,—the Glasgow Courier, I repeat, considers, with millions of others, such a change to be *inexpedient*, uncalled for, and dangerous: and, considering it to be so, the humble individual who has now the honour to address you, will, in the Glasgow Courier, never be deterred by the cant of illiberality, or the fear of authority, from uttering that opinion.

Moreover, and “in the meantime,” to use the words of the writer in the Times, “it is a satisfaction to see that all that part of the public Press,” and all those individuals and periodical public writers, who are “most vehemently embarked in favour of” Popery, the essence of which the black records, and the dark roll of 1200 years, prove to be, in principle and in practice, slavery, mental and corporeal;—it is “a satisfaction,” my Lord Duke, to see the whole of this array, individually and collectively, “the most vehemently opposed” to our Colonies; and your Grace will quickly and from sad experience learn, if indeed experience has not already taught you, to “appreciate both them and their employers,” and how little support they can afford you in the good government of the British empire.—I am, &c.

JAMES M'QUEEN.

Glasgow, 18th April, 1829.

CASE OF EAST RETFORD.

1. Report of Select Committee on the Election for the Borough of East Retford. Printed by Order of the House of Commons. London. 1827.

2. Evidence on the Bill for the Disfranchisement of East Retford. Printed by Order of the House of Commons. London. 1828.

It is not our intention to trouble the reader with a detail of the evidence contained in the reports which we have placed at the head of this article, in order to ascertain the extent to which political venality has been found to prevail among the burgesses of East Retford; neither shall we undertake to discuss what measure of practical corruption ought to be considered a sufficient ground for the disfranchisement of a delinquent borough. We shall confine our observations to the manner in which we conceive the elective franchise should be disposed of, so as to produce the greatest benefit to the community at large, if it should appear to the legislature that a case has been presented which requires its special interference. If the case of East Retford were merely an insulated question, we should not have considered it worth discussing; but the decision of this question appears to us to involve a general principle of considerable constitutional importance,—it will add one to a series of precedents, which we doubt not will be frequently acted on hereafter; for we cannot blind ourselves to the probability that other instances will occur in which the legislature may be called upon to interfere and punish political delinquency equally flagrant and reprehensible.

As to the mode of remedying the abuses which have crept into the representation of East Retford, two opinions seem to prevail. One is, that the elective franchise should be withdrawn from the borough of East Retford and transferred to Birmingham, Manchester, or some other manufacturing town, containing a numerous population. We will not deny that among those who advocate this opinion some honourable and respectable men may be found; but we believe that the majority of its advocates consist of those who entertain the wildest and most visionary schemes of radical reform. The disappointments and defeats which they have already experienced have inspired them, if not with more political wisdom, at least with

more discretion: convinced that they cannot succeed in their object at once, they now endeavour to effect it by piecemeal; they attempt to carry by stratagem and finesse what they have failed, and what they know they would again fail to carry, if directly and openly proposed. They would, if they could, gladly bring their principles into full and immediate operation. This they have been taught to regard as impracticable; they, therefore, content themselves with efforts to arrive at their object indirectly and by degrees. Unable to obtain all they desire, they remain satisfied for the present with a portion only of the wholesale reform which they contemplate: they are content with setting the machine in motion, well knowing that as it moves forward it will receive a constantly increasing accession of force and celerity, until at length every obstacle to its progress will be fairly overcome. Hence arises their eagerness to seize upon every opportunity which presents itself of carrying a part of their plan into effect. Under the plausible pretence of heing solicitous for maintaining the elective franchise in all its constitutional purity, they spare no pains in persuading the legislature to vest it in the scot and lot inhabitants of large towns. They have sagacity enough to perceive, that if the elective franchise hitherto enjoyed by East Retford be transferred to the "scot and lot" inhabitants of Birmingham, a considerable advantage cannot fail to accrue to "the cause." The new representatives for Birmingham bring a numerical accession of strength to support them in their future operations. The end of the wedge would be got in; and perseverance and address could not fail in driving it home. By the constant application of the same principle to every other case of this description, which may happen to fall under the cognizance of the legislature, they anticipate (and we believe correctly) that the objects which they have in view would be gradually realised; and that not

only a reform but a revolution would be effected, converting the government of this country from a limited monarchy into a republic.

With the relative merits of these two forms of government, we shall at present decline to meddle; we only wish to place before our readers, in a clear and distinct shape, the point really at issue between the parties who are opposed to each other on the East Retford Disfranchisement Bill. It appears to us a proposition incapable of being disputed, that if the principle of transferring the elective franchise from the decayed boroughs of this country to the inhabitant householders of populous towns, should be brought into frequent operation, it would effect an entire change in the constitution of this country. It therefore follows, that no person can, with any consistency, support the transfer of the elective franchise from East Retford to the inhabitant householders of Birmingham, who does not contemplate,—who does not desire,—the annihilation of our present institutions, the suppression of the House of Peers, the abolition of the established church, the destruction of the monarchy, and the establishment of a purely republican government upon its ruins.

Another party proposes that the precedent established in the case of New Shoreham, Aylesbury, and Cricklade, should be followed in the present instance: that the elective franchise should be transferred from the burgesses of East Retford to the freeholders of the two hundreds of Bassetlaw, in which the borough is situate. This party will, as we believe and hope, be found to comprise a majority of the most intelligent and influential classes of the community; we cannot yet bring ourselves to acknowledge that the majority—that even a considerable number—of well-informed and wealthy persons in this country, can be deluded into countenancing any insidious schemes having for their concealed, if not avowed object, the undermining of our present institutions. Candid and fair men, whose judgments are not warped by the crooked and perverse politics of party, must also feel great reluctance in sanctioning any proceeding which would have the practical effect of confounding the innocent with the guilty, and of inflicting upon

the honest voter a punishment, which, in all fairness, should be made to attach only to the corrupt and venal delinquent. A considerable number of the burgesses of East Retford have no doubt been fairly proved to have been guilty of a corrupt abuse of their elective franchise; it therefore has become expedient that these persons should be deprived of a public trust which they have scandalously betrayed, by converting it to their own pecuniary emolument. But at the same time, our zeal against political corruption, and our desire to see it put down, should not be allowed to hurry us into the commission of positive injustice. The recent investigation of the matter by Parliament has proved, that notwithstanding the general corruption of the place, a considerable number of the burgesses of East Retford have not participated in the mal-practices which laid the foundation of the proceedings instituted against this borough; and that they reprobate these practices as warmly and indignantly as the most zealous of the reformers who now strive to prevail upon the legislature to strip them of their privileges. All that seems necessary in this case is to recruit this unimpeached body of electors with an addition of voters, whose circumstances may place them beyond the reach of all improper influence. It is conceived that this purpose would be fully answered by extending the right of election to the whole hundred. This district is computed to contain upwards of 2000 freeholders; and if this number of freemen should be considered insufficient to secure the independent exercise of the elective franchise, let the right of voting be thrown open to another of the adjoining hundreds. By this means, a body of electors would be created quite beyond the reach of any influence which it is either practicable or even desirable to exclude at elections. Such an arrangement would answer all the purposes of those who confine their views to the fair object of securing the purity of election, without covertly aiming at measures which tend to undermine and subvert the ancient institutions of this country.

In this, as well as in other instances of a similar character which may hereafter come before the legislature, it appears to us that the qualification conferring the right of voting might

be altered, with much ultimate benefit to the community. It would, we conceive, be an improvement if, in remodelling the constitution of a delinquent borough, the elective franchise should be taken away from burghage tenures, whatever may be their nature or denomination, and transferred to the owners of freehold property. In the early periods of our constitutional history, the manner in which landed property was divided, rendered it indispensable that in towns the right of voting should have been vested, not in the owners of freehold property, but in the inhabitant householders. Until a period comparatively recent, very few of the houses in towns and boroughs were freehold; they were generally built upon the land of some neighbouring lord, and were held either by a copyhold or a leasehold tenure. If the elective franchise had, therefore, been limited to the owners of freehold property, the number of voters would have been too few to answer the purposes which the crown had in view, in summoning boroughs to send representatives to Parliament. But the cause which rendered the creation of "scot and lot" burgesses necessary, no longer exists; and the effect may, without injury to the public, be allowed to cease. It is to be presumed, that most of the great towns of this country would be found at present to contain a sufficient number of freeholders to answer all the useful purposes of an election; and when all circumstances are candidly weighed, it would certainly appear that the ownership of freehold property furnishes a better security for the honest and independent exercise of the elective franchise, than the payment of taxes, or the occupation of a house, whatever may be the amount of the rent which the occupier pays. It will, perhaps, be contended, that the occupier of a house may be more enlightened and independent than the owner of it; and that, as a payer of taxes, he has a right to pass his judgment upon public measures, and give it the sanction of his vote. Now, in an age in which the human mind marches so rapidly forward, and "the school-master is abroad," the occupier of a house may certainly be as competent to estimate the qualifications of public men, and weigh the merits of public measures, as the freehold owner of

the tenement in which he dwells; but having made this concession, we cannot go to the extent of admitting that, taking the whole of these two classes into our consideration, the occupiers of houses will be found more enlightened, more independent, and consequently more competent to discharge the functions of electors, than the freehold owners of that species of property. In point of intelligence and competency, the class composed of freeholders, copyholders, and leaseholders, for long terms, may, it is presumed, be put at least upon a footing of equality with the mere occupiers of their tenements; for we cannot yet bring ourselves quite to adopt the modern doctrine, which holds that the possession of real property furnishes *prima facie* evidence of mental imbecility; and that the presumption existing against the intellectual capacity of the person who has the misfortune to be the owner of freehold property, requires to be rebutted by a testimonial of competency. We therefore venture to avow the heretical opinion, that even in our largest and most prosperous towns, the class of proprietors will, as a whole, be found fully as enlightened as the class of mere occupiers; and being in these respects fully equal to the class of non-proprietors, they possess one additional qualification, which renders them, in our opinion, much safer depositories of the elective franchise. The nature of their property affords us the best security which can be given that the trust reposed in them will be exercised honestly, for the good of the public. The mere occupiers of land, the "scot and lot" tenants of houses, who are here to-day and gone to-morrow, cannot be expected to feel the same interest in the prosperity of the district in which they may happen to be resident as the owners of property, who are bound to it by the strongest and most permanent ties. Cases may be even conceived, in which the interests of the temporary occupiers might be opposed to those of the owners of freehold property; but the most fertile ingenuity can scarcely imagine a case in which the interests of the latter can militate against those of the former. Hence, we derive the assurance that a very powerful and influential feeling—a sense of interest—will render the great body

of proprietors the most vigilant, as well as efficient, guardians of the rights and welfare of the district in which their property may be situate.

That the elective franchise for counties in general is exercised in an honest and independent manner, will, we presume, be readily admitted: it is no doubt true that some county freeholders—that even many of them—may vote under the influence of a feeling of gratitude and respect towards their friends and neighbours; we have, however, yet to learn, that these are culpable motives of human action, when neither the welfare of the public, nor the interests of other men, are thereby sacrificed; but that the owners of freehold votes in county elections have, in any instance, been prevailed upon to barter their suffrages for pecuniary bribes or gratuities, is, however, a fact which cannot be substantiated. The trading politician—the most skilful and experienced trafficker in burgrave corruption—is furnished with no means which can prevail upon the mass of the honest, independent, and free-born yeomanry of England, to commit the suicidal act of sacrificing their own real interests, and betraying the trust which the constitution has lodged in their hands. The manly, free, and straightforward proceedings of this class of freemen, will appear in a still more favourable light when contrasted with the barefaced corruption of too many boroughs. The more open the constitution of these boroughs—the more numerous their “scot and lot” voters—the more base and venal will frequently be found the motives which influence the majority in the exercise of their franchise. Of the burgesses entitled to vote in popular boroughs, a considerable number are too often found to be influenced by an intense and ferocious hatred of all established institutions: profligate in morals, bankrupt in fortune, they regard the acquisitions of their more industrious neighbours with jealous dislike, and therefore lend their eager support to any political mountebank or knave who may flatter them with the hope of weakening the fences which secure to every citizen the peaceable enjoyment of the fruits of his industry; and of the remainder, no inconsiderable proportion will be found eager to sell themselves to the best bidder. They have no ob-

ject in view except the wages of corruption—the bribe expected from the person who buys them. To all persons acquainted with the electioneering annals of popular boroughs, this fact is too notorious to require proof.

We confess, however, that we can suggest no practical and efficient means of remedying the evil without a considerable modification, if not the utter extinction, of the present system of voting in boroughs. It seems to us that it would prove extremely salutary to the best interests of the state if, on every fitting occasion which may present itself to the legislature, the elective franchise should be taken from the voters who may have abused it, and vested in the owners of freehold property. This would secure a body of electors which could not be tempted by dishonourable motives to betray the trust reposed in them. In such a cautious and gradual reform of our representative system, there seems to be nothing which need alarm the most sensitive enemy of innovation. An alteration effected upon the principle which we have ventured to suggest,—the substitution of a right of voting accruing out of the possession of real property, either freehold or copyhold, for the various and anomalous franchises now existing in boroughs,—would, we are inclined to think, tend greatly to increase the stability of the constitution: it would add to the strength, and improve the character, of the basis on which it rests. By removing, in this gradual and cautious manner, the damages which it has sustained, and the rust which it has contracted from the revolution of ages, the essential beauty, and graceful proportions of this venerable fabric would be brought into a more prominent light, while a new and constantly increasing host of intelligent supporters would become arrayed in its defence. We like to hear the voice of the people in elections: in order, however, that it may yield us any gratification, it must be the voice of freemen, of honest and independent men possessing a stake in the country, and consequently impelled by interest, as well as by honour, to maintain the integrity and stability of its institutions; but, in our ears, nothing can sound so fatally as the voice of a profligate and seditious populace, void of all principle, and set free from all moral restraint.

In discussing the propriety of embracing every opportunity which may occur of transferring the elective franchise from burgage to freehold tenures, another material circumstance should not be overlooked. The floating, or movable capital of the nation, is no doubt very great; but the fixed capital of the country, that capital which has been laid out in the improvement of the soil, is still infinitely greater. Looking at the manner in which the representatives of the people are now elected, it is manifest that the real property of the country has far less weight in the councils of the nation, than from its relative magnitude and proportion it seems entitled to claim. The British House of Commons now consists of six hundred and fifty-eight members: of these, one hundred and eighty-five are returned by the freeholders of counties; and the representatives of boroughs amount to four hundred and seventy-three. Hence it appears that, although the personal capital of the country is beyond all comparison inferior in amount to its fixed or real wealth, still the direct influence of the former in Parliament exceeds that of the latter in the ratio of nearly three to one. It is no doubt true that this apparently overwhelming preponderance of personal capital is in practice considerably counteracted by the circumstance, that many of the boroughs are close corporations under the influence and control of some of the great landed proprietors of the country. Were it not for this anomaly, the balance of the constitution would long ago have been destroyed: numbers, and not property, would have been established the basis of our representative system, and our present frame of government must inevitably have been supplanted by a wild and levelling democracy. Hence it appears to be consistent with the soundest principles of national policy, that whenever the misconduct of a borough may be such as to require the transfer of the elective franchise, the legislature should strengthen the influence of real property: for, if these favourable opportunities of renovating the constitution be neglected, no man can doubt that a weight, which in the end nothing can resist, will be added to an interest, which seems already to have become all but overwhelming.

The question raised with respect to

the disposal of the elective franchise, justly forfeited by the corruption of the burgesses of East Retford, has not been properly and fairly placed before the public. It has been argued as an insulated point, affecting merely the privileges of the burgesses from whom it is proposed to take away the elective franchise, and the interests of Birmingham, whither it is proposed the right of returning members to Parliament should be transferred. This, however, is a contracted view of the question, which can give the public no distinct notion of its real bearing and importance; for, although in itself comparatively of no great importance, its settlement involves a general principle, which, in its operation, cannot fail to affect, and that very deeply, the interests of all the owners of real property, and the future character of the constitution of this country. The issue of the deliberations of the legislature respecting the disfranchisement of East Retford, will, in our opinion, go far towards deciding whether property is to retain its legitimate influence in the councils of the nation, or whether numbers and brute force, without reference to property, must hereafter be considered the source of all political power in these dominions. In this, as well as in other cases, we should bear in mind the old adage, "*ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte.*" The disposal of this elective franchise is but a step, it is true; but if this step be taken in a wrong direction, an increased impetus will be given to the progress which the constitution of this country seems to have already made towards a pure democracy. By this means, any future efforts which the friends of a limited monarchy, acting under the impelling influence of imminent danger, may make to avert the downward progress of the machine, will be rendered much more difficult, if not utterly hopeless and unavailing.

When this matter was discussed in parliament during the course of the last session, it was, we believe, on all hands admitted, that the manner in which the elective franchise of East Retford had been uniformly exercised for a long series of years, had rendered some reform in the constitution of that borough indispensable. The enemies of all unnecessary innovation, unwilling to sanction any plans of reform having for their object the destruction, and not the renovation of

the constitution, supported the proposal of throwing open the borough, and extending the right of election to the freeholders of the hundred of Bassetlaw. Against this mode of reforming that borough, an objection was raised, on the alleged ground that it would have the effect of placing the right of election at least virtually in the hands of a noble Peer, who is acknowledged to possess considerable property in that division of the county of Nottingham. To this it was replied, that the influence alluded to was greatly exaggerated;—that the district in question contained many other properties of equal extent and value, together with a great number of smaller freeholders; making, in the whole, a constituent body amounting to between two and three thousand freehold voters—a greater number of freeholders than some English counties will be found to contain. This fact (and it cannot be questioned) appears to us to dispose of the objection. The number of freeholders seems quite sufficient to emancipate them, as a body, from all undue influence. But admitting that the objection urged against the above mode of reforming the borough of East Retford, has not been removed—admitting that the noble Peer whose name has been introduced into this discussion, most invidiously and unwarrantably as we conceive, does possess a preponderating influence in the hundred of Bassetlaw, to what conclusion does the admission lead? Not, surely, to the conclusion contended for—that the elective franchise should be transferred to the town of Birmingham. If the freeholders of Bassetlaw, constituting, as we have already stated, a numerous body of voters, should not be considered capable of furnishing an adequate counterpoise to the local influence of a particular individual, let the right of voting be extended to still wider limits; let another hundred be added to that of Bassetlaw; or throw it open to the whole county of Nottingham, if such a measure should be considered indispensable in order to secure the independent exercise of the elective franchise. We care nothing about East Retford or the hundred of Bassetlaw; about this or that district: we are utterly unconcerned about any individuals, be their rank or wealth what they may, whose political in-

terests may happen to be affected by the proposed arrangement: we wish to be understood as arguing the question exclusively upon general principles: all we desire is, that the elective franchise, grossly abused and justly forfeited by the burgesses of East Retford, should, with as little injury as it may be found practicable to inflict upon existing interests, be extended to a body of freemen sufficiently numerous and independent to be beyond the reach of all unconstitutional interference and control. If, as every reasonable man must admit, this object would be fully answered by opening the elective franchise to the freeholders of the surrounding hundreds, we cannot perceive that any advantage would accrue to the public from transferring it to the inhabitants of the town of Birmingham.

But in the discussions which have taken place on this subject, both in and out of Parliament, it has been contended that the town of Birmingham is, upon the score of political expediency, entitled to the privilege of sending representatives to the House of Commons, because it is populous and unrepresented. Whoever asserts that the real property of Birmingham is not represented in Parliament, betrays either a culpable degree of ignorance, or a wilful disposition to distort facts, in order to subserve a particular purpose. Persons who are at all acquainted with that part of the kingdom must be well aware, that the town of Birmingham possesses a preponderating, if not an overwhelming influence in the election of members for the county of Warwick. According to the last census, Warwickshire contained fifty-five thousand and eighty-two houses, and two hundred and seventy-four thousand three hundred and ninety-two inhabitants. The boroughs of Warwick and Coventry contain together five thousand eight hundred houses, and twenty-nine thousand four hundred and seventy-seven inhabitants. Hence it follows, that Warwickshire, exclusive of the two boroughs situate within its limits, contains about fifty thousand inhabited houses. Birmingham contains seventeen thousand three hundred and thirty-three inhabited houses, or something more than one-third of the whole; and, as house property is generally more divided than landed property, it will follow that

Birmingham contains at least one-third of the whole number of freeholders entitled to vote for the county of Warwick. The interest of the town of Birmingham must, therefore, be fairly and fully represented by the two members for the county of Warwick.

Hence, it appears, that the class of persons most deeply interested in the prosperity of Birmingham—the owners of freehold property, whose interests are most vitally knit to the welfare of the place, and who, from the permanent and tangible character of their property, offer to the public the best guarantee for the honest discharge of their functions, as electors—possess already all the influence which it would be useful for them to attain in returning representatives to Parliament. Indeed, we cannot help entertaining some degree of suspicion, that the real object of the boon which is held out to the inhabitants of Birmingham, is the virtual disfranchisement of the owners of freehold property within that town. If the projected transfer of the elective franchise should take place, it would be necessary to accompany it with some measure which would deprive the owners of freehold property within the town of Birmingham of their right of voting for the members returned to represent the county of Warwick: for it would be manifestly unfair to confer the right of voting both upon the owners and occupiers of freehold property within the town of Birmingham, whilst in the county of Warwick, it is restricted solely to the owners of that species of property. The effect, therefore, of this precious scheme, put forward under the plausible pretence of conferring a benefit upon the town of Birmingham, would not be to increase the political influence of the real wealth of that place, but to wrest this influence from the hands in which it is now vested: from the owners of fixed capital—the proprietors of land and houses, whose interests must at all times coincide with those of all the other classes of residents, and transfer it into the hands of mere householders, having no ties or interests which connect them permanently with the district.

No rational man, indeed, can for a moment be deluded into the belief that the concoctors of this scheme are actuated by the desire of strengthen-

ing the influence of property either in the town of Birmingham or anywhere else; the sole object of the measure which they support is to destroy the legitimate influence of real property, and to transfer all political power into the hands of the multitude unconnected with property. Whenever they happen to prove successful in any one of their plans, they feel that one forward step has been made towards the object of all their efforts, the establishment of a system of universal suffrage; and it is for the reason which recommends it to the majority of its supporters, that we call upon the friends of the constitution and good order to resist the proposed measure. Its real objects are not to be mistaken; they are clearly and unequivocally revolutionary. Hence we are persuaded, that it will encounter the decided and uncompromising hostility of all those who desire to uphold the ancient institutions of the country; and we are sure that this opposition will receive the hearty concurrence and support of all the intelligent freeholders of Birmingham.

A few years ago, the same class of reformers designed a similar favour for the town of Leeds; but the sagacious and long-headed freeholders of that wealthy place shewed themselves wonderfully insensible of the kindness which was then destined for them; they knew, that they already exercised a powerful influence in the election of members for the county of York; acting in concurrence with a host of honest and independent freemen, they proved themselves to be vigilant and efficient guardians of the privileges and interests of the town of Leeds. If the elective franchise, which has been since transferred to the West Riding of Yorkshire, had been conferred upon Leeds, the freeholders of the town would have been degraded into a very inferior position—would have sunk into the political equals of a corrupt and seditious mob,—and would have been doomed to stand by while they beheld the best interests of the place sacrificed by a factious, or sold by a venal multitude. The wealthy freeholders of Leeds possessed sufficient sagacity to foresee these evils, as well as sufficient firmness to resist them. They spurned the insidious proffers of false liberality, and preferred retaining their station by the side

of independent and bold freemen in the Castle Yard at York, to the problematical privilege of being allowed to exercise their elective franchise in company with a venal multitude in the town-hall of Leeds.

But whatever may be the ultimate destination of the elective franchise, which it is proposed to take away from the delinquent borough of East Retford; whether it be thrown open to the hundred of Bassetlaw, to the whole county of Nottingham, or transferred to some populous town, it appears to us of the very last importance, as far as respects the integrity and stability of the constitution, that the possession of real property should be rendered the sole basis of the right of voting. It will not, we are sure, be supposed, that because we would confer upon the owners of real property a privilege which we would withhold from the mere possessors of personal property, we mean to insinuate that the latter class is inferior, either in point of morals or intellect, to the former; upon a comparison of their relative merits and pretensions in these respects we must decline entering.

But, without referring at all to their relative moral or intellectual qualifications, we own that, as a class, we prefer the owners of freehold property, in the capacity of voters, on the ground that they can give us, not perhaps an absolute security, but the best which the nature of the case will admit, for the honest exercise of a franchise of which we would, in consequence, willingly see them made the sole depositaries. It is no doubt just possible that all the light of the age may be in the other class—the class of non-proprietors, which, having no other treasure, lives by its wits; but, whatever disposition we may feel to admire this more brilliant class, we had rather “trust” the other, on the ground that it is somewhat more solid and substantial. Indeed, our experience in modern politics does not incline us willingly to confide in any class beyond the line which we can see; and, in declaring that we prefer the owners of real property, as the guardians and trustees of the elective franchise, to those who possess no real property, we merely go to the extent of saying, that they are preferable because they can give us security. We do not trust them, but the security which they

have the means of offering: we repose our political confidence in them, because it must be reposed somewhere; and we know that the owners of this species of property cannot betray the trust reposed in them, without affecting their own interests to an equal extent with those of others. This is the principal ground which disposes us to trust them: we rely not altogether on their integrity, but upon the consideration that, taken as a class, it must be the interest of the owners of real property to be politically honest.

In defiance of many theoretical anomalies and apparent imperfections, the British constitution has hitherto worked well in practice. It has, we apprehend, fully answered the ends of all civil government; having secured the liberty of the subject upon the firmest basis, and to every member of the community the free exercise of his industry, and the full enjoyment of the fruits of his labour. But, like all other human institutions, it is not exempt from partial decays; and we have felt anxious to point out the principles which ought to guide the hand of the workman whenever a portion of this old and venerable structure happens to be pulled to pieces, in order that it may be repaired. We are desirous that it should be renovated in a way which may harmonize with, and strengthen, the old building; and that no incongruous alteration should be introduced, which, under the pretence of being an improvement, may serve to weaken and deform the ancient fabric.

The preference which we thus claim in favour of real property, as a qualification for the exercise of the elective franchise, appears to us to rest on a basis which nothing can shake. This political function we are willing to regard as a trust requiring to be discharged honestly for the benefit of the community at large, and not as a mere privilege to be exercised for the particular advantage of the voter; and the possession of a specified amount of real property, we consider merely as a security—as evidence, not infallible we acknowledge, but, upon the whole, the best that can be furnished, of the trustworthiness of the class to which the elective franchise is intrusted. We do not contend—our line of argument does not impose upon us the

necessity of contending—that among the owners of floating capital, individuals may not be found equally enlightened, equally honest, equally independent, with the most enlightened and honourable individuals to be found among the class of real proprietors; but, comparing these proprietors, not as individuals but as classes, we are inclined to think that, in all the qualifications which it appears desirable that an elector should possess, the owners of real freeholds will be found to excel the proprietors of capital merely floating. When we endeavour to form a correct estimate of the weight and importance of these two classes, another circumstance should not be overlooked:—it rarely happens, we suspect, that persons possessing floating capital, of any magnitude, should not likewise be the owners of freehold property, in virtue of which they would continue to vote for members of parliament. The alteration in the qualification of voters, which we venture to suggest, would not therefore exclude from the body of electors any individual possessing real independence; it would rarely exclude any persons, except such as, from their want of capital, are apt to fall under the control of others.

The owners of real property not only furnish the public with the best species of security that the elective franchise intrusted to them will be honestly exercised; but we are inclined to go still farther, and assert, that, for another very important reason which we shall endeavour to explain, this class of proprietors possess a peculiar title to be made the depositaries of the elective franchise. The burden of the state expenditure falls, if not, as some persons think exclusively, at least more heavily, upon owners of fixed, than it does upon those of floating capital, in the ratio of their respective properties.

The pressure of taxation is a mooted point, which has been much contested among political economists. Some writers contend that all taxes fall exclusively upon the consumers of commodities;—that even those which fall directly upon the land, such as the land-tax, tithes, and poor-rates, press ultimately upon the consumers of the produce which the land yields, by enhancing its market price. From these premises they infer, that taxes, in the ratio of their amount, diminish the

profits of capital, and reduce the wages of labour. Other writers on this subject maintain that all charges which fall directly on the land—that the land-tax, tithes, and poor-rates, have no influence, either one way or the other, upon the market price of the produce; but that they solely affect the surplus which, in the form of rent, goes into the pocket of the owner of the land; that they diminish the amount of rent, but have no influence upon the price of corn and beef. These writers admit, indeed, that taxes levied on commodities—that the excise duties and customs, for instance, increase the price of these commodities, and consequently fall upon the consumers; but having admitted this fact, they also hold the opinion, that all these consumers of taxable commodities, whenever they happen to belong to the producing classes, are enabled to draw back, by the sale of the commodities which they produce, the whole of the addition which the imposition of taxes makes to the price of the articles which they consume. As the means of illustrating this opinion, any particular commodity may be selected, and the effect of a tax levied upon it may be traced throughout the whole of its progress, from the hands of the first producer, until it fall at length into those of the final consumer. For this purpose, tea will serve as well as any other commodity. On its importation, a pound of this commodity pays to government a direct tax: suppose this to be sold to, and consumed by, a working cutler at Sheffield; in the first instance, the Sheffield cutler, no doubt, pays this tax in the form of an increased price for his tea; but when he brings his knives to market, the cutler, in his turn, lays upon them an additional price, proportioned to the tax, and the interest of the tax which he had paid upon the tea, which was required to supply his consumption while engaged in fabricating the knives which he sells. The cutler thus draws back the whole amount of the tax which he had paid upon the tea; and in this stage it falls upon the purchaser of the knives; and if this person happen to be also himself a producer of some other commodity, for the purpose of being sold to others, he will and must add the increase on the price of the knives occasioned by the tax to the market-price of the commodity which he fabricates for sale.

The same reasoning will apply to the case of a labourer who consumes this taxed commodity while employed in the cultivation of land. The wages of the labourer are made up of the aggregate value of all the articles of consumption which, according to the usual habits of persons in his station, have become necessary for his subsistence; the amount of his wages must be increased in proportion to the tax which is levied upon tea or any other commodity necessary for his consumption. The removal of the tax would not, therefore, benefit the labourer himself; it would only have the effect of reducing the amount of wages paid him by his employer. Suppose the tax levied upon the tea which a labourer consumes to amount to sixpence, and his wages to twelve shillings weekly: assume the tax to be abolished; what, it may be asked, would be the result?—would the labourer be enabled to put its amount into his own pocket?—would he continue still to receive the same amount of wages, although by the abolition of the tax on tea his necessary outgoings had been reduced sixpence per week? We suspect that such an expectation would prove unfounded;—we are inclined to think that the reduction of the tax upon tea would be attended with the effect of reducing the wages of the labourers from twelve shillings to eleven shillings and sixpence per week, so that the reduction of the tax upon tea would be productive of no real advantage to the labourer; his weekly outgoings would, no doubt, be lessened in amount, but his receipts would at the same time be diminished in an equal ratio; and the condition of the labourer would receive no amelioration. The proportion between his wages and his necessary expenses would still remain the same.

It may, perhaps, be urged, that the sixpence per week thus saved by the removal of the tax upon tea, and which had the effect of abstracting sixpence from the weekly hire of an agricultural labourer, would be a saving which would find its way into the pockets of the farmer, and thus yield him an increased profit upon the capital which he employs in the tillage of his farm. However plausible this supposition may, at first sight, appear, there seems to be ground for thinking that, when properly sifted, it will be

found untenable; it will, probably, be discovered that the saving here contemplated would pass by the cultivator, and fall at last in the form of an augmented rent into the pockets of the landowner. Everybody knows that rent is an equivalent in money for the surplus produce of a given extent of land, after all the outgoings and payments necessarily incurred in its cultivation have been deducted from the value of its gross produce. Of these indispensable outgoings, the wages of labour constitute an essential ingredient: and any permanent reduction in the amount of these payments will enable—not the occupier to increase the profits of his capital—but the owner to exact a higher rent for his land; a diminution in the expense of tillage will augment the surplus produce of land, and afford an increase of revenue to its owner: while the actual occupier, (except where he has a lease) and the labourer, will derive no advantage from this reduction.

There seems to be reason for apprehending that here we at last reach the true point on which all taxation must ultimately press; for, whatever taxes may be laid or levied,—whether imposed, like customs and excise duties, directly on commodities,—or, like the land-tax, tithes, and poor-rates,—these burdens are seen to press directly on the land; still the ultimate result is the same; they form in the end a deduction—not from the profits of the producing capitalist, or the earnings of the operative classes—but from the revenues of dormant capitals, vested either in the lands, or in loans either to the state or to individuals. The owners of floating capital—the producing classes—draw back from their customers the full amount of the taxes paid by them, in an increased price of the commodities which they produce, and bring to market; but the owners of fixed capital laid out in the purchase of land, or lying otherwise dormant in the funds, are not producers, as far at least as the capital so vested is concerned. With regard to the revenue which accrues to them from this species of capital, they are mere consumers of commodities. They produce nothing, and consequently bring nothing to market which will enable them to draw back from others any portion of the taxes levied upon the commodities which they consume.

We have thus fairly, and, as we hope, clearly, stated the views entertained by some eminent writers, touching a point of acknowledged difficulty in political economy: our readers need not be told that other authors, to whom, on the score of ability, we are willing to do full justice, dissent from these opinions: we have no inclination, on this occasion, to act the part of dogmatists: we are content with putting forward and explaining opinions with regard to a very important branch of the science of political economy, which, on the best consideration we have been able to give the subject, seem to merit the gravest attention. If our readers should consider the view here taken of the pressure of taxation to be correct: that taxes in whatever manner they may, in the first instance, be levied, do not fall upon the industrious or producing classes, but upon the incomes of the non-producing classes, the inactive owners of fixed capital: that they may make no deduction from the daily accruing produce of labour, or of the profit of floating capital employed in production, but diminish revenue, or rather the exchangeable value of the revenue accruing from fixed capital, a foundation will be laid for various inferences and conclusions of great public importance.

But, in order that we may not trespass too much upon the patience of our readers, we shall content ourselves at present with pointing out one of these inferences, as more immediately applicable to the subject now under discussion. If the owners of floating capital employed in the active pursuits of industry, in commerce, in manufactures, in paying wages of labour, bear ultimately no portion of the public burdens imposed by the state, it must follow that the proprietors of fixed capital have a better title than this class to the elective franchise, inasmuch as their interests are liable to be more deeply affected by the proceedings of the representatives whom they send to Parliament. It is no doubt true that many questions must necessarily fall under the consideration of the legislature, which affect all men equally in their social capacities; and with respect to which, the meanest and most illiterate hind, provided he be honest and industrious, possesses, in the abstract, as good a right to be heard as the most elevated and puissant mem-

ber of the community. Of this nature are all questions which affect the personal liberty of the subject, the peace and tranquillity of the empire, or the free and unfettered exercise of useful industry. But it is also to be recollected, that the owners of real property are at least equally interested in all these questions: the owners of landed property are as much interested as the manufacturers of cotton-twist, or the weaver of shawls and stockings, in resisting all unnecessary encroachments or restrictions upon personal liberty; all measures which tend to endanger public tranquillity, or interfere improperly with the free and unshackled application of human industry. But the most important function of the British legislature—that function which in point of importance balances, at least in practice, all its other functions,—the function which constitutes the real ground of its strength and efficiency, in protecting the subject against the encroachments of prerogative and power—is the control which it possesses with reference to the imposition and exaction of taxes. If the view which we have just given, with regard to the real pressure of taxation, be well founded, it follows, as a necessary inference, that the owners of fixed capital are the only parties whose interests can be affected by the discharge of this parliamentary function.

It appears to us that this consideration will present a broad line of distinction, which will enable the legislature to decide in every fitting emergency, how far the elective franchise of a delinquent borough can safely be extended. We indulge no desire to see it acting niggardly in bestowing this privilege; no wish that the number of subjects, on whom the right of voting might be conferred, should be unnecessarily limited. All we ask for on behalf of the public is, that the class of persons to whom this trust may be confided should give us some tangible and unequivocal guarantee that it will be honestly and independently exercised. The advocates of universal suffrage (for we believe that some wild theorists of this character may occasionally be met with) contend that all the members of the community are equally interested in all the questions which come before the representatives of the people for discussion and decision; and that, therefore, all are equal.

ly entitled, as of right, to the exercise of the elective franchise. Our readers will probably agree with us in thinking that enough has been said in this paper to shew that the premises thus assumed—that all men are equally interested in the proceedings of the legislature—have no foundation except in the crazy conceit of visionary constitution-mongers; and if the premises are unfounded, the inference deduced from them—that all men are equally entitled to the privilege of exercising the elective franchise—must, of course, without any further argument, fall to the ground. We are willing that on every available opportunity the elective franchise should be taken from those who possess the right of voting by any species of base tenure, and extended to the whole body of the owners of freehold, copyhold, or long leasehold pro-

perty, within the district. And we would have the privilege confined to this class of voters exclusively, because it is the only class which is interested in all the questions which can fall under the deliberation of the representatives of the people; but principally because it is the only class of voters which can furnish us with an adequate pledge that they will not abuse the trust reposed in them, and make it the instrument of promoting merely selfish or factious purposes. At least equally interested with all other classes in the maintenance of civil freedom and public tranquillity, the class of real proprietors possesses a still deeper interest in the proceedings of the legislature, inasmuch as the whole weight and burden of taxation falls principally, if not exclusively, upon its shoulders.

[THE above article was written, it will be perceived, before the tremendous change in the Representation, caused by the carrying of the Catholic Question. Politics now assume an alarming—a threatening aspect. We have thought it best to wait for a month or so, till the troubled swell of the public mind subsides. Then, we shall have much to say on many subjects—and, amidst the loathsome apostacy of public men that has so deeply stained the character of our country, we shall unshrinkingly adhere to those principles, which, so far from being weakened, are invigorated by the profligate desertion of persons who owed to them their elevation in life, and which shall yet be the safety and strength of the Land.

C. N.]

APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c.

January.

1	Dr. Gds. Capt. Maxwell, Maj. by purch. vice Wallace, prom. 31 Dec. 1878	48	F. G. M. Lys, Ens. vice Leach, dead 2 Mar.
	Lt. Martin, Capt. do.		H. D. Gibbs, Ens. by purch. vice Thompson, ret. 30 Apr.
	Cor. Hawkes, Lt. do.		Ens. Rochfort, from h. p. Ens. vice Ed- den 27 F. 25 Dec.
4	Ens. Grant, from 92 F. Cor. do.	49	Hon. R. Le P. Trench, Ens. by purch. vice York, 94 F. 15 Jan. 1829
	J. Rainsford, Vet. Surg. vice Kirwan, h. p. 25 do.	52	J. Webb, Ens. by purch. vice Kesting, prom. 18 Dec. 1828
4	Dr. Lt. Croad, from h. p. 104 F. Qua. Mast. vice Dixon, h. p. 8 Jan. 1829	56	Staff As. Surg. M'Math, M.D. As. Surg. vice Hennen R. Mil. Asylum do.
13	Cor. Elton, Lt. vice Berwick, dead 21 Mar. 1828	57	Maj. Hon. H. A. F. Ellis, Lt.-Col. by purch. vice Fitz-Gerald, ret. do.
	— Gethin, Lt. vice Teesdale, dead 14 Aug.	60	Capt. Leslie, Maj. do.
	— Parker, Lt. by purch. vice Gethin, prom. by purch. cane. 21 Nov.		Lt. Nesbitt, Capt. 18 Dec. 1828
	— Thorold, Lt. by purch. vice Stokes, prom. 16 Jan. 1829		Capt. Hon. G. A. Spencer, from 69 F. Capt. vice Kelly, h. p. 40 F. 15 Jan. 1829
	G. J. Walker, Cor. vice Gethin 8 do.		Lt. Lane, Paym. vice Jellicoe, Rec. Dist. 24 do.
	T. G. Durdin, Cor. by purch. vice Thorold 16 do.	62	Lt. Beckham, from h. p. 61 F. Lt. vice Wardeil, Paym. 95 F. 18 Dec. 1828
Gren. Gds.	Ens. and Lt. Bagot, Lt. and Capt. vice Batty, prom. 31 Dec. 1828	66	Capt. Jauncy, from 40 F. Capt. vice Spencer, 60 F. 15 Jan. 1829
	Hon. A. F. Foley, Ens. and Lt. do.	69	Lt. Bolton, Adj. vice Rose, res. Adj. only 8 do.
3	F. Lt. Mackie, Adj. vice Makay, dead 21 May 1827		Lt. Craven, Capt. by purch. vice De Montmorency, ret. 18 Dec. 1828
4	Capt. Breton, Maj. by purch. vice Bl. Lt. Col. Willson, prom. 31 Dec. 1828	72	Ens. Trapaud, Lt. do.
	Lt. Griffith, Capt. do.		T. Todd, Ens. do.
	Ens. Stuart, Lt. do.		Ens. Harvey, Lt. vice Williamson, dead 24 Nov.
	C. W. Stanhope, Ens. do.		— Daly, Lt. vice, Seymour, prom. 25 do.
	Qua. Mast. Serj. W. Hanna, Qua. Mast. vice Bayne, dead 8 Jan. 1829	73	Hosp. As. Vowell, As. Surg. vice Fraser, dead 18 Dec.
8	Serj. Maj. — Brodribb, from 7 Dr. Qua. Mast. vice Only, dead 15 do.		Capt. Wilson, Maj. by purch. vice Clerke, prom. 30 do.
11	Capt. Christie, from h. p. Capt. (pay. diff.) vice Robinson, 79 F. do.		Lt. Partridge, Capt. do.
12	Ens. England, Lt. vice Forstean, dead 18 Dec. 1828	77	Ens. Lee, Lt. do.
14	W. Goode, Ens. by purch. vice Fenwick, ret. 28 Feb.		G. Dixon, Ens. do.
22	Staff Assist. Surg. Grant, Assist. Surg. vice Tighe, 75 F. 18 Dec.	79	Capt. Robinson, from 11 F. Capt. vice Marshall, h. p. rec. diff. 15 Jan. 1829
23	Assist. Surg. Morrison, M.D. from h. p. 1 Ceyl. Rif. R. Assist. Surg. vice Parke, superseded 25 do.	81	M. Gen. Sir R. D. Jackson, K.C.B. from Staff Corps, Col. vice Sir J. Kempt, 40 F. 8 do.
24	Assist. Surg. O'Toole, from h. p. 4 W. I. R. Assist. Surg. vice Kearney, h. p. 4 W. I. R. do.	84	Capt. Sweeney, from Ceylon Regt. Capt. vice Alexander, h. p. Staff Cor. 15 do.
27	Staff Assist. Surg. Ferguson, M.D. Assist. Surg. vice Poole, to Staff 18 do.	88	Ens. Aeklom, Lt. vice Cuming, dead 8 do.
	Ens. Edden, from 49 F. Ens. vice Nash, dead 25 do.	90	— Thurlow, Lt. vice Foot, dead do.
29	Lt. Beaufoy, from h. p. Lt. (pay. diff.) vice Biggs, prom. 15 Jan. 1829	91	— Calder, Lt. do.
34	Capt. Hon. H. S. Fane, Maj. vice Broderick, ret. 18 Dec. 1828		C. B. M'Murdo, Ens. do.
	Lt. Hooke, Capt. do.		Lt. Brunker, Adj. vice M'Intyre, dead do.
	Ens. Newcomen, Lt. do.	92	A. J. Lockhart, Ens. by purch. vice Grant, 1 Dr. Gds. 31 Dec. 1828
56	Surg. Walker, M.D. from h. p. Meuron's Regt. Surg. vice Bourcier, h. p. 15 Jan. 1829	93	Lt. Wardell, from 66 F. paym. vice Macdonald, 23 F. 18 do.
58	Capt. Piper, Maj. vice Dely, dead 10 June 1828	94	Ens. Yorke, from 52 F. Lt. by purch. vice O'Reilly, ret. 15 Jan. 1829
	Assist. Surg. Foss, from 59 F. Assist. Surg. vice Thomson, dead 7 do.	95	R. Aldworth, Ens. vice Fielding, ret. do.
40	Lt. Gen. Sir J. Kempt, G.C.B. from 81 F. Col. vice Sir B. Spencer, dead 8 Jan. 1829		Lt. Saunders, Capt. by purch. vice Gibbons, ret. 18 Dec. 1828
42	Capt. Malcolm, Maj. by purch. vice Menzies, ret. 25 Dec. 1828		Ens. Hon. C. R. St John, Lt. do.
	Lt. Raines, Capt. do.		T. S. Sandeman, Ens. do.
	Ens. Campbell, Lt. do.		A. G. Van Hornigh, Ens. vice Sandeman, 12 F. 25 do.
	— Sandeman, from 95 F. Ens. vice Stuart, dead 24 do.	97	Staff Assist. Surg. Topham, Assist. Surg. vice Austin, prom. 18 do.
	C. W. D. Dundas, Ens. 25 do.		Lt. O'Neil, Capt. by purch. vice Had- dock, dead 25 do.
46	Lt. Langwerth, Capt. by purch. vice St John, ret. 8 Jan. 1829	98	Ens. M'Caskill, Lt. do.
	Ens. Green, Lt. do.		Assist. Surg. Peck, from h. p. 59 F. Assist. Surg. vice Lawder, 59 F. 18 do.
	G. Sweeting, Ens. do.	99	Ens. Day, Adj. vice Maekenzie, res. Adj. only do.
47	F. W. Mundy, Ens. vice White, dead 3 Apr. 1828		R. Staff C. Maj. Du Vernet, Lt. Col. 31 do.
48	Ens. Stubbs, Lt. by purch. vice Thompson, cane. 25 Nov.		— Mann, do. do.
			Lt. Horton, Capt. do.
			— Pardey, do. do.
			2d Lt. Adams, 1st Lt. do.

R. Staff C. 2d Lt. Phipps, 1st Lt. 31 Dec. 1828
 ——— Cumberland, do. do.
 ——— Fraser, do. do.
 ——— Vachell, do. do.
 Ceyl. Rifle R. Lt. Burleigh, from h. p. late 2 Ceyl.
 Regt. Lt. vice Fenwick, prom. 3 do.
 Capt. Du Vernet, from R. Staff Corps,
 Capt. vice Sweeney, 81 F.
 15 Jan. 1829

Ordnance Department.

Royal Art. Capt. and Bt. Maj. Skinner, Lt. Col. vice
 Payne, dead 10 Dec. 1828
 2d Capt. Evans, Capt. do.
 Capt. Evans, from Unatt. h. p. 2d Capt.
 do.
 Capt. and Lt.-Col. Sir R. Gardiner, Lt.-
 Col. vice Addams, ret. 30 do.
 2d Capt. Blachley, Capt. do.
 Capt. Davies, from Unatt. h. p. 2d Capt.
 do.
 Capt. and Bt. Maj. Wallace, Lt.-Col.
 vice Elliot, ret. do.
 2d Capt. Chalmer, Capt. do.
 Capt. Pascoe, from Unatt. h. p. 2d Capt.
 do.

Garrisons.

Lt. Gen. Sir W. Inglis, K.C.B. Gov. of
 Cork, vice Sir B. Spencer, dead
 8 Jan. 1829
 ——— J. S. Wood, Lt. Gov. of Kin-
 sale do.

Chaplain's Department.

Rev. J. S. Perring, from h. p. Chap.
 vice Hatchman, dead 18 Dec. 1828

Medical Department.

Staff Surg. M'Leod, Dep. Insp. vice
 Brown, dead 27 Nov. 1828

Unattached.

To be Lieutenant-Colonels of Infantry by purchase.
 Maj. St. J. A. Clerke, from 77 F.
 30 Dec. 1828
 Lt. and Capt. Batty, from Gren. Gds. do.
 Bt. Lt. Col. Wilson, from 4 F. 31 do.
 Maj. Wallace, from 4 Dr. Gds. do.

To be Captains of Infantry by purchase.
 Lt. Stokes, from 13 Dr. 16 Jan. 1829

The undermentioned Lieutenants, actually serving upon Full-Pay in Regiments of the Line, whose Commissions are dated in or previous to the year 1811, have accepted promotion upon Half-Pay, according to the General Order of the 27th Dec. 1826.

To be Captains of Infantry.

Lt. Fenwick, from Ceyl. Rifle Regt.
 3 Dec. 1828
 ——— Biggs, from 29 F. do.
 ——— Bernard, from 45 F. do.

Exchanges.

Maj. Pison, 26 F. rec. diff. with Maj. Mountain,
 h. p.
 Bt. Lt. Col. Watson, 71 F. rec. diff. with Major
 Levinge, h. p.
 Capt. Webb, 1 Dr. rec. diff. with Capt. Owen, h. p.
 ——— Fairfield, 5 F. Gds. with Capt. Gillies, 62 F.
 ——— Waterman, 13 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Har-
 rison, h. p.
 ——— Lindsay, 72 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Hyde,
 h. p.
 ——— Vandeleur, 21 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Ma-
 thews, h. p.
 ——— Dawe, 46 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Bernard,
 h. p.
 Lieut. Hamilton, 57 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Cob-
 bold, h. p. 10 Dr.
 ——— Caulfield, 83 F. with Lieut. Garstin, Ceyl.
 Regt.
 ——— Gumbleton, 4 Dr. with Lieut. May, 11 F.
 ——— Barlow, 30 F. with Lieut. Boyes, 85 F.

Resignations and Retirements.

Lieut.-Colonels.

Fitz Gerald, 60 F.
 Addams, Roy. Art.
 Elliot, do.
 Egan, do.
 Hickman, do.

Majors.

Broderick, 31 F.
 Menzie, 42 F.

Captains.

De Montmorency, 72 F.
 Gibbons, 91 F.
 St. John, 46 F.

Lieutenant.

O'Reilly, 94 F.

Ensigns.

Fenwick, 14 F.
 Fielding, 94 F.

Paymaster.

Wood, h. p. 44 F.

Deaths.

Lieut.-General.

Peter, Craigmaddie, N.B. 21 Dec. 1828

Major-General.

C. Stuart, E. I. Company's Serv. Chawringhee
 1 Apr. 1828

Colonel.

Vanreenon, E. I. Company's Serv., between Fut-
 tyghur and Cawnpore 8 Feb. 1828

Lieutenant-Colonel.

Wright, E. I. Company's Serv. 15 Feb. 1828

Major.

A. Douglas, h. p. 1 F. 7 Dec. 1828

Captains.

Duport, 63 F. Chatham 27 Jan. 1829
 Tho. Pilkington, h. p. Unatt. Dublin 8 do.
 Keene, h. p. 3 Gar. Bn. 16 Dec. 1828
 Kinloch, h. p. 32 F. Nov.
 Slade, h. p. 13 F. Halifax, Yorkshire 25 Dec.
 Pott, h. p. Brunswick Cav. 2 Nov.
 Phillips, h. p. R. Mar. Dec. 1827
 Mathew, do.

Lieutenants.

Barton, 1 Dr. Dublin 19 Jan. 1829
 Wright, 24 F. Plymouth do.
 Irving, 31 F. Portsmouth 22 do.
 Cumming, 84 F.
 Foot, 90 F. Plymouth 31 Dec. 1828
 Collins, Now South Wales Vet. Comp. Van Die-
 men's Land 28 Jan.
 Bullock, h. p. 98 F. Mellis 31 Dec.
 Church, h. p. 6 W. 1. R. 8 do.
 Alexander, late 3 R. Vet. Bn. Durham 26 do.
 Snelgrave, late of R. Mar.
 Cotton, h. p. do.
 Dell, do.
 Wood, do.
 H. Stewart do.
 T. Elliott, do.
 Reuzelin, do.
 Metcalfe, do.
 Fichart, do.
 Cribbin, do.

Feb. 1828

2d Lieutenants.

Irving, R. Mar. Art. 6 May, 1828
 Mercer, h. p. R. Mar. 26 Dec. 1828
 Ilbert, do. Mar. 1828
 D. Lee, do.
 Calder, do.
 Barker, do.
 Cupples, do.
 Wylie, do.
 Stuart, do.
 Arden, do.

Paymasters.

Bartley, 22 F. Jamaica 9 Dec. 1828
 Harrison, h. p. 20 F. 21 Jan. 1829
 M'Intyre, of late York Chas. 17 July, 1828

Quarter-Masters.

Bayne, 4 F.
 Only, 8 F.
 Wright, h. p. Queen's Rang. 12 Jan. 1829
 Dr. Faber, h. p. Phys. Hoxton 30 Dec. 1828
 Benj. Campbell, Staff As. Surg. Maldstone 14 Jan. 1829
 Orr, Hosp. As. Gambia 21 Sep. 1828

February.

Life Gds. W. Miles, As. Surg. vice Gilder, h. p. 28 Oct. 1828
 R. H. Gds. Corp. Maj. J. Firth, Quar. Mast. vice Troy, ret. full pay 22 Jan. 1829
 5 Dr. Gds. Capt. Wheeler, Maj. by pur. vice Cane, ret. 5 Feb.
 Lt. Seton, Capt. do.
 Cor. Stewart, Lt. do.
 J. Walls, Cor. do.
 6 Cor. France, Lt. by pur. vice Dainty, prom. 10 do.
 T. C. Taylor, Cor. do.
 17 Dr. Cor. Tonge, Lt. by pur. vice Witham, ret. 29 Jan. do.
 H. F. Walker, Cor. do.
 1 F. As. Surg. Maitland, from 41 F. As. Surg. vice Goodwin, h. p. 1 F. 5 Feb.
 2 Lt. Phipps from R. Staff Corps, Lt. vice Hunt, h. p. 4 do.
 — Cumberland, from do. do. vice Westby, h. p. 5 do.
 8 — Lucas, from do. do. vice Burrard, h. p. do.
 — Fraser, from do. do. vice Gumbleton, h. p. do.
 11 2d Lt. Pitcairn, from do. Ens. vice Werge, dead do.
 17 C. Miller, Ens. by purch. vice Corfield, ret. 29 Jan. do.
 21 Cor. Grehan, from h. p. Cape Cav. Ens. 5 Feb.
 36 Lt. Despard, from R. Staff Corps, Lt. vice Dayrolles, 61 F. do.
 41 Lt. Col. Purdon, from R. African Corps, Lt. Col. vice O'Reilly, h. p. 29 Jan.
 45 Lt. Nott, from do. Lt. vice Bernard, prom. 5 Feb.
 52 Ens. Streetfield, Lt. by purch. vice Baldwin, prom. 10 do.
 53 E. H. F. Cockington, Ens. do.
 Lt. Gold, from R. Staff Corps, Lt. vice Wakefield, h. p. 5 do.
 56 — Humphrey, from do. do. vice Keating, 99 F. do.
 60 2d Lt. Orlebar, 1st Lt. by purch. vice Nesbit, prom. 18 Dec. 1828 do.
 W. F. Bedford, 2d Lt. do.
 Lt. Dayrolles, from 36 F. 1st Lt. vice Orlebar, h. p. 5 Feb. 1829 do.
 62 — O'Brien, from R. Staff Corps, Lt. vice Lane, Paym. do.
 Ens. Stopford, Lt. vice Hemsworth, dead 6 do.
 Gent. Cadet J. J. Best, from R. Mil. Coll. Ens. do.
 63 Lt. Vicary, Capt. vice Duport, dead 5 do.
 Ens. Grove, Lt. do.
 Gent. Cadet W. J. Darling, from R. Mil. Coll. Ens. do.
 65 Capt. Wilson, Maj. by purch. vice Thompson, prom. 24 do.
 Lt. Martin, Capt. do.
 Ens. Wyatt, Lt. do.
 70 2d Lt. Moody, from R. Staff Corps, Ens. vice Williamson, h. p. 5 do.
 75 — A. O'Brien, from do. do. vice Harvey, prom. do.
 83 — W. O'Brien, from do. do. vice Atherton, h. p. do.
 88 Lt. Adams, from do. Lt. vice Pegus, prom. do.
 Gent. Cadet W. Mackie, from R. Mil. Coll. Ens. vice Acklom, prom. do.
 90 2d Lt. Hobart, from R. Staff Corps, Ens. vice Thurlow, prom. do.
 94 Ens. Webster, from h. p. Ens. vice Daunt, cane. do.
 97 Gent. Cadet J. Price, from R. Mil. Coll. Ens. vice M'Caskill, prom. do.
 99 Lt. Keating, from 36 F. Lt. vice M'Kenale, h. p. do.
 Cey. Rif. R. — Parsons, from R. Staff Corps, Lt. vice M'Vicar, 2 W. I. R. do.

Ordnance Department.

Roy. Art. Capt. and Bt. Maj. R. Jones, Lt. Col. vice Egan, ret. 31 Dec. 1828
 — J. E. Jones, Lt. Col. vice Hickman, ret. do.

Roy. Art. 2d Capt. Parker, Capt. vice J. E. Jones 31 Dec. 1828
 1st Lt. Rowland, 2d Capt. do.
 2d Lt. Beresford, 1st Lt. do.
 Capt. Birch, from h. p. Unatt. 2d Capt. vice Browne, h. p. 9 Feb. 1829.
 Roy. Eng. — Vavasour, Lt. Col. vice Douglas, h. p. 28 Jan.
 Bt. Maj. Reid, Capt. do.
 1st Lt. Wilson, 2d Capt. do.
 2d Lt. Rimington, 1st Lt. do.

Commissariat Department.

Commissariat Clerk, S. Castle, to be Dep. Assist. Com. Gen. 15 Jan. 1829
 — R. Hodder, do. do.

Unattached.

To be Lieut. Colonel of Infantry.
 Maj. Thompson, from 63 F. 24 Feb. 1829
 To be Captains of Infantry by purchase.
 Lieut. Dainty, from 6 Dr. Gds. 10 Feb. 1829
 — Baldwin, from 52 F. vice Sugden, cane. do.

Exchanges.

Lt. Col. Burke, 63 F. rec. diff. with Lt. Col. Custance, h. p.
 Capt. Elton, 17 Dr. rec. diff. with Capt. Trotter, h. p.
 — Ralph, 19 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Potts, h. p.
 Lieut. Blake, 25 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Yorke, 94 F.
 Assist. Surg. Ewing, 81 F. rec. diff. with Assist. Surg. Gibson, h. p. 13 Dr.

Resignations and Retirements.

Lieut. Colonel.

Macleod, R. Eng.

Major.

Cane, 5 Dr. Gds.

Captains.

Skirrow, 48 F.

Pickings, h. p. Unatt.

Lieutenants.

Witham, 17 Dr.

Carroll, h. p. 1 F.

Lloyd, 23 F.

Steele, 24 F.

Despard, 53 F.

Dobbin, 69 F.

Lynch, 90 F.

Teeling, 97 F.

Dawes, 5 W. I. R.

Cornets and Ensigns.

Corfield, 17 F.

Wilson, h. p. 20 Dr.

Piercy, 8 F.

Byers, 26 F.

Capel, do.

Gibson, 25 F.

Steele, do.

Grant, 32 F.

Williamson, 51 F.

Hatch, 53 F.

Fraser, h. p. 56 F.

Peacock, 54 F.

Perceval, 60 F.

Norie, 72 F.

Phillips, 75 F.

Lindsay, 74 F.

Carden, 82 F.

Muggeridge, 84 F.

Bagenall, 87 F.

Sprot, 90 F.

Lynch, do.

Winniett, h. p. 97 F.

Schneider, 97 F.

Orell, 100 F.

Crawford, 101 F.

Prussard, 103 F.

Elwes, R. York Rang.

Boteleur, York Chass.

Bulwer, Unatt.

J.P. Taylor, do.

Ridgway, do.

Collin, do.

Rush, do.

Cary, Unatt.
Tireman, do.

Quarter Master.

Troy, R. Horse Gds.

Deaths.

Lieutenant-Generals.

Laurence, E. L. Comp. Serv.

Dickson, do.

Major-General.

Baynes, late Glengarry Fenc. Woolbrook Glen,
Siddonouth

Colonels.

Sir P. K. Roche, K.C.H. h. p. Port. Service, Lon-
don 15 Feb. 1829

Sir M. Wood, Bart. E. L. Comp. Service.

Lieutenant-Colonel.

Kelly, 34 F.

Majors.

Duff, h. p. Lucas's Corps April 1828

Clarke Caldwell, Local Rank, Greenwich

King, h. p. 128 F. 21 Feb. 1829

King, h. p. 128 F. 5 Jan.

Captains.

Jas. Smith, h. p. R. W. I. Rangers Dec. 1828

Lieutenants.

Sugden, 13 Dr. Arce, Madras 24 July, 1828

M'Dermot, 44 F. Bombay

8 July, 1828

Long, 59 F. Bristol

27 May

Hemsworth, 62 F.

Anley, late 3 R. Vet. Bn.

28 Jan. 1829

Archdall, h. p. 17 F. (formerly Lt. Col. of 40 F.)

Jersey

Feb.

Upton, h. p. 72 F.

16 Dec. 1827

Johnson, h. p. Unat.

19 Oct. 1828

Ensigns.

Wainwright, h. p. 8 F.

13 Feb. 1829

M'Inosh, h. p. 42 F.

Bund, h. p. 73 F. Newington, Surrey 29 Jan.

D'Arcy, h. p. 75 F.

Minshall, h. p. 79 F. Nov. 1827

John Smith, h. p. Unat. Fermoy 11 Feb. 1829

Chaplain.

Oliver, h. p. 22 Dr.

Medical Dep.

Surg. Simpson, Staff, died at sea 14 Oct. 1828

Rose, h. p. 63 F. London 21 Jan. 1829

Abneron, h. p. 95 F. Hull 7 Feb.

Egan, h. p. 131 F.

Tucker, h. p. Staff 6 Oct.

W. Stewart, do. Canada

Assist. Surg. Austin, 6 Dr. Gds. Manchester 29 Jan. 1829

Stuart, 25 F.

Jearard, R. Staff C. London 26 do.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF SCOTCH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 1st of January and 30th March, 1829, extracted from the Edinburgh Gazette.

Buchanan and Russell, merchants in Glasgow.
Cameron, Hugh, and Co. thread manufacturers,
Glasgow.

Cuthill, Archibald, writer and builder, Glasgow.
Cowan, William, vintner, flesher, and horse-lett-
er in Paisley.

Hall, James, and Son, upholsterers in Glasgow.
Haswell, Robert, clothier, Glasgow.

How, James, merchant in Glasgow, formerly a
partner of the concern of John and James How,
merchants, Glasgow, and of James How and
Co. of Bahia, merchants.

Logan, Archibald, builder and road contractor,
Hermansdon, county of Haddington.

Low, Alexander, merchant in Aberdeen.

Low, James, merchant in Brechin.

Lawton, Abraham, agent, Roxburgh Street, Edin-
burgh, and gun-maker, Perth.

Logan, Archibald, builder and road contractor,
Hermansdon, county of Haddington.

Macdonald, James, and Co. manufacturers in
Glasgow.

Macgregor and Co. merchants and calico-printers
in Glasgow.

Macintosh, John Leslie, wine and spirit dealer,
Edinburgh.

MacLean, Hugh, and Co. manufacturers in Glas-
gow.

MacTurk, Robert, cattle dealer, Stenhouse.

Marshall, James, innkeeper and cattle-dealer,
Glasgow.

Meikle and Smith, manufacturers, Glasgow, and
William Meikle and Hugh Smith, the partners,
as individuals.

Matthew, John, farmer at Craigie, in Fifeshire.
Murray, William, coal-merchant and agent in
Glasgow.

Macswain, Hugh, auctioneer, Aberdeen.
Mooteath, James, Jun. and Co. merchants and
drapers, Glasgow.

Olliphant, William, and Co. maltsters in Kirkcaldy.
Ramsay, William, gardener, spirit dealer, and
vintner at Grange, near Edinburgh.

Reid, William, Jun. as a partner of Wm. Reid and
Son, book-sellers and stationers in Glasgow.

Scott, Archibald, banker, and late agent at Lang-
holm for the Leth Banking Company.

Shand, Alexander, Jun. wine and general mer-
chant in Aberdeen.

Shirreffs, William, merchant in Crimond.
Stevenson, Duncan and Co. printers in Edinburgh.

Smellie, George, and Co. merchants, Glasgow.
Stephens, David, ironmonger, Aberdeen.

Sturdy, Edward, corn merchant, residing at Fle-
ming Corn Mills, Berwickshire.

Stevenson, Thomas, of Belshaws, distiller, Oban.
Strachan, Robert and Co. distillers, Leith; and
Strachan, Robert, distiller, Leith, and Strachan,
Ralph, residing in Kirkcaldy, the individual
partners of said Company.

Tennent, Andrew, merchant in Glasgow.

Thom, James, merchant, Rothsay.

Taylor, Philip, sen. builder and general agent in
Edinburgh.

Thomson, David, Jun. of Orkie, Writer to the
Signet, coal and lime merchant.

Thomson, Robert, Jun. carpet manufacturer, Kil-
marock.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

June 8, 1828. At Calcutta, the Lady of John
Dougal, Esq. of a son.

Sept. 6. At the Isle of France, the Lady of Ma-
jor William Bertram, 16th Regiment Bengal Na-
tive Infantry, of a daughter.

Sept. 22. At Garden Bench, near Calcutta, Mrs
Bryce, of a daughter.

Dec. 27. At Saltcoats, Mrs James Ellis of a
son.

29. At Stratford, Essex, Mrs Elliot, of a daugh-
ter.

30. At Government House, Guernsey, the Lady
of Major-General Ross, of a son.

Jan. 1, 1829. At Havre-de-Grace, the Lady of
Farquhar Jameson, Esq. of a son.

1. At Heriot Row, the Lady of D. Horne, Esq.
of a son.

— At Drumpellier, Mrs Andrew Buchanan, of
a daughter.

2. At Kentish Town, near London, Mrs S. R.
Block, of a son.

— At Braclaghwell, the Lady of Charles Cra-
gie Helkett, Esq. of Dumbarnie, of a daughter.

3. Mrs Alexander Stevenson, No. 3, Heriot
Row, of a daughter.

4. At No. 1, Moray Place, the Lady of James
Anstruther, Esq. W.S. of a daughter.

7. At Crowhill, Roxburghshire, Mrs Pott, of a
daughter.

8. At Bruges, the Lady of Sir David Cunning-
ham, Bart. of a son.

9. At Burn House, Portobello, Mrs Somerville M'Alester, junior, of a daughter.

Jan. 9. At Sans Souci, Cape of Good Hope, the Lady of the Hon. Mr Justice Menzies, of a son.

10. At Ballyshave, Mrs Macdonald, of a son.

— At Aberystwith, Cardiganshire, the Lady of Lieut.-Col. Wemyss, of a son.

18. At Golf Drum, Dunfermline, Mrs Chalmers, of a son.

11. At No. 5, Stafford Street, Mrs C. Innes, of a son.

12. At Dalkeith, Mrs Dr Morrison, of a son.

13. At Woolwich, the Lady of Captain Saunders, of the Royal Horse Artillery, of a daughter.

— At Shandwick Place, the Hon. Mrs Ramsay, of a daughter.

— At No. 5, Mansfield Place, Mrs Reid, of a son.

14. At 6, Vanburgh Place, Leith, Mrs Alexander Miller, of a son.

15. At No. 78, Great King Street, Mrs Duncan, of a son.

— At No. 15, Serle Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, the Lady of James Wilson, Esq. advocate, and of Lincoln's Inn, of a daughter.

16. At Edinburgh, the Lady of the Rev. Charles Lane, of a son.

— At Marshal Place, Perth, Mrs Condle, of a daughter.

17. At Coll House, the Lady of Hugh Maclean, Esq. younger of Coll, of a son.

— At No. 19, Scotland Street, the Lady of J. W. McKenzie, Esq. of a daughter.

18. At the residence of the Warden of Merton College, Oxford, Lady Carmichael Anstruther, of a son.

19. The Lady of Andrew Carrick, Esq. of Stenhouse, of a daughter.

20. At Shandwick Cottage, Stornoway, the Lady of Captain Oliver, of the Prince of Wales revenue cutter, of a daughter.

21. At No. 11, Athol Crescent, the Lady of Adam Hay, Esq. M.P. of a daughter.

— At Freefield, the Lady of Sir Alexander Leith, K.C.B. of a daughter.

22. At Annahill House, Mrs Dunlop, of a son.

23. At Blois, department Loire et Cher, France, the Lady of George Clerk Craigie, Esq. of Dumbarnie, of a son.

— The Lady of Captain Mechem, 3d Dragoon Guards, of a daughter.

— At No. 2, Gloucester Place, Mrs George Pringle, of a daughter.

— At No. 3, Henderson Row, Mrs J. A. Robertson, of a son.

28. At No. 65, York Place, Mrs Geddes, of a daughter.

27. At No. 114, George Street, Mrs Menzies, of a daughter.

30. At No. 51, Queen Street, Mrs Greig, of Hallgreig, of a son.

Feb. 1. In Charlotte Square, the Lady of Captain Dalrymple, Royal Navy, of a daughter.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Hope Johnstone, of a son.

2. At St Clement's Wells, Mrs James Aitchison, of a daughter.

— At Gordon Castle, the seat of his Grace the Duke of Gordon, the Lady of James Duff, Esq. of a daughter.

5. At 2, Glenfinlas Street, Mrs Bruce, of a son.

— At Johnston Cottage, the Lady of Andrew Johnston, Esq. younger of Rennyhill, of a daughter.

4. At the Viscountess Duncan's, the Hon. Mrs Dundas of Dundas, of a son.

— At his seat, near Exeter, the Lady of Alexander Hamilton of the Retreat, in Devonshire, and of Hüllerthirst, Ayrshire, of a son.

5. At No. 13, Howe Street, Mrs Mowbray, of a son.

7. At No. 11, Athol Crescent, Mrs Graham, of a daughter.

8. At Garnkirk, Mrs Sprott, of a son.

9. At Darhail, the Lady of Captain Loch, Royal Navy, of a daughter.

10. At Burlington House, Piccadilly, Lady Charles Fitzroy, of a daughter.

— At Jardine Hall, the Lady of Sir William Jardine of Applegarth, Bart. of a son and heir.

11. At Colinton Manse, Mrs Balfour, of a daughter.

15. The Lady of Captain Craven, 73d Highlanders, of a son.

14. At 15, Hill Street, Mrs Inglis of Auchindinny, of a daughter.

16. At No. 1, Lauriston Lane, Mrs Captain Brown, of a daughter.

17. At No. 2, Pirig Street, Mrs Vertue, of a son.

18. At No. 3, Alva Street, Mrs W. H. Cookburn, of a daughter.

— At No. 3, Norton Place, Mrs Anderson, of a son.

19. At Ardoch Manse, Mrs Macfarlane, of a daughter.

— At No. 18, Forth Street, the Lady of H. H. Jones, Esq. of Lynton, of a daughter.

20. At Windwalls, Mrs Captain Walker, R.N. of a son.

21. At Eden Cottage, Mrs Grant Duff, of Eden, of a son.

— At Manheim, Germany, the Lady of J. S. Sinclair, Esq. late Lieutenant-Colonel, R. A. of a son.

— At Deebank, the Lady of Sir John Gordon of Earlstoun, Bart. of a son.

22. At Downpatrick, the Lady of John Brett Johnston, Esq. of a son.

24. At No. 10, Charlotte Square, the Lady Lucy Grant, of a son and heir.

— At No. 4, Atholl Place, Mrs John Miller, of a daughter.

— At No. 6, Minto Street, Newington, Mrs Limont, of a son.

— At Dunse Castle, the Lady of William Hay, Esq. of Drummelzier, of a son.

— The Lady of the Hon. Walter Forbes of Brux, of a son.

25. At No. 20, Annandale Street, Mrs Drysdale, of a daughter.

— At Musselburgh, Mrs Major Dudgeon, of a son.

26. At No. 9, Fettes Row, Edinburgh, Mrs Marshall, of a son.

27. At 67, Queen Street, Mrs Archibald Douglas, of a daughter.

— At Foulden Manse, Mrs Christison, of a daughter.

28. In Coates Crescent, Mrs Abercromby of Birkenbog, of a daughter.

March 1. At Leslie Manse, Mrs Nicol of a son.

2. In Manor Place, the Lady of Augustus Handley, Esq. of a son.

— Mrs Shaw, Wellington Square, Ayr, of a daughter.

5. At Albany Cottage, Mrs Smith, of a son.

4. In Park Crescent, London, the Lady of the Hon. T. Leslie Melville, of a daughter.

5. At Barnton, the Lady of Lieutenant A. Dunbar, younger of Northfield, of a daughter.

— At Naples, Mrs Warren Hastings Anderson, of twin boys.

6. At 19, Queen Street, Mrs Jones, of a son.

7. At Polkemmet, the Lady of Sir William Baillie, Bart. of a daughter.

8. At No. 4, Charlotte Square, the Lady of Stair H. Stewart, Esq. of Physig, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

July 28. At Madras, James Dalmahoy, Esq. Assist-Surgeon, to Harriet, third daughter of the Rev. D. Lawrie, minister of Loudoun.

Aug. 4. At Madras, A. Robertson, Esq. Civil Service, to Isabella Flora, daughter of the late A. M'Leod, Esq. of Dalvey, Morayshire.

7. At Bellaspore, in the East Indies, Captain James Walker Bayley, Major of Brigade, Nagpore Service, to Annabella Maxwell, youngest daughter of the late Hugh Crawford, Esq. of Greenock.

Nov. 12. At Falmouth, Jamaica, Lieut.-Col. Sutherland, of the 91st Regiment, to Emily, fourth daughter of Francis J. Forbes, Esq. Collector of his Majesty's Customs at that port.

— At Quebec, the Rev. Edmund Willoughby Sewell, second son of Chief Justice Sewell, to Susan, second daughter of the Hon. Montgomerie Stewart, and niece to the Bishop of Quebec.

26. James Macnair, Esq. of Balvie, to Janet, eldest daughter of Andrew Ranken, Esq. of Glasgow.

27. At Malta, Captain J. Cramer Roberts, to

Marian, second daughter of David Ross, Esq. of Caledonia, deceased, eldest son of the late Lord Ankerwitz, one of the Lords of Session.

28. At St Petersburg, Dr Thomas Walker, Physician to the Forces and to the Embassy there, to Charlotte Augusta, daughter of Frederick Wilinghausen, Esq.

Dec. 29. At Edinburgh, the Rev. Thomas Gordon Torry, of St John's Episcopal Chapel, Portobello, to Mrs Gaskin Anderson of Tushilaw, relict of Benjamin Gaskin, Esq. Deputy Commissary of Jamaica.

30. At Jamaica, the Rev. Samuel Johnson, Island Curate thereof, to Miss Sarah Eves Exton, the niece of the Hon. Mrs Coventry.

— At Eastwood Manse, Robert Carswell, Esq. manufacturer, Paisley, to Barbara Maxwell, daughter of the Rev. George Logau.

— At Barnes, Surrey, Captain John Burnet Dundas, Royal Navy, youngest son of the late Sir David Dundas, Bart. to Caroline, third daughter of the Rev. John Jeffreys, Rector of Barnes.

Jan. 1. At Edgeworth Town, Ireland, Lestock Peach Wilson, Esq. to Frances Maria Edgeworth, daughter of the late Riehd. Lovell Edgeworth, Esq.

— At Glasgow, the Rev. John A. Wilson, A.M. of Childwall, Lancashire, and of Queen's College, Oxford, to Mary Anna Stewart, daughter of the late Mathew Taylor, Esq. of Glasgow.

— At London, R. T. Ashbridge, Esq. managing partner of the Honnau Company, to Isabella Muir, only daughter of the late Major-General Maxwell of Pollok.

7. At Cupar, Andrew Wallace, Esq. of Balmedowdale, to Janet, youngest daughter of Jas. Carstairs, sen. Esq. town-clerk of Cupar.

8. At Lerwick, John Ogilvie, Esq. banker there, to Barbara Grace, only daughter of the late Basil Robertson, Esq. of Gosaburgh.

13. At Leith, Mr James Wilson, to Agnes, second daughter of Mr James Wilson, Leith Walk.

— At Dunbar, William Brown, Esq. Royal Navy, to Mary Darling, only daughter of the late Captain Charles Morgan, Royal Navy.

— At Greenock, Thomas Brisbane, Esq. M.D. to Jane, second daughter of Hugh Crawford, Esq. of Hillend.

14. At Inverness, James Rose Innes, Esq. younger of Netherdale, advocate, to Georgina, only daughter of Thomas Gilzean, Esq. of Buanachton.

15. At Montrose, Captain Cant, of the brig Ocean, to Eliza, eldest daughter of Bailie Shand, of that place.

19. At Edinburgh, Matthias Dunn, Esq. of Jarow, in the county of Durham, to Margaret Warden Hill, daughter of Archibald Hill Rennie of Balhallow.

20. Captain George Dawson, of the 73d Regiment, to Euphemia Erskine, eldest daughter of the late Lord Kinnesder, one of the Senators of the College of Justice.

— At Raiford, near Nottingham, George Douglas, Esq. of Roddinghead, Ayrshire, to Anne, eldest daughter of the late Hugh Campbell, Esq. of Mayfield, in the same county.

22. At St George's, Hanover Square, London, the Earl Cornwallis, to Miss Laura Hayes.

23. At Fort Street, Leith, Mr Thomas Makil, to Euphemia, eldest daughter of Lieutenant M. Leyden, Royal Navy.

31. At Kensington, Robert Thew, Esq. Major in the Bombay Artillery, to Jane, eldest daughter of Robert Forbes, Esq. of Kensington.

Feb. 2. At Edinburgh, Dr. W. S. Cowan, to Jane, youngest daughter of the late Mr Thomas Raine, Lasswade.

— At Kirkcaldy, Mr James Henderson, merchant, to Jean, eldest daughter of Mr Michael Beveridge, shipowner.

8. At Pittnacree Cottage, Alex. Fisher, Esq. surgeon, Royal Navy, to Margaret, youngest daughter of the late John Cook, Esq. Cried.

4. At Lanark, Mr John Marr, writer there, to Christian, eldest daughter of John Lamb, Esq.

— At Dunnet Manse, Calthness, Mr Robert Search, Kirkwall, Orkney, to Jessie, daughter of the late John Sinclair, Esq. of Barroek.

— At Kirkcaldy, Alexander Douglas Ferrier, Esq. of Kinnaber House, to Janet, daughter of Alexander Hutchison, Esq. Kirkcaldy.

5. At London Street, Mr Thomas Russell, ironmonger, to Jane Graham, eldest daughter of the late Dr James Anderson, physician in Edinburgh.

6. At Edinburgh, the Rev. John Wilson, minister of Wabston, to Miss Walker Arnott, eldest daughter of the late David Walker Arnott, Esq. of Arlary.

8. At Edinburgh, Mr P. Macgill, sheriff-clerk of Kinross-shire, to Janet, only child of the late Henry Greig, Esq. of Millnathort Mill.

9. At Warriston Crescent, D. Scott Threshie, Esq. W.S. to Mrs Duff, relict of Patriek Duff, Esq. of Carnousie.

10. At London, Montague Cholmeley, Esq. member for Grantham, and eldest son of Sir Montague Cholmeley, Bart. to Lady Georgina Beauclerk, daughter of the late and sister to the present Duke of St Alban's.

11. At Simonsham, the Rev. James F. W. Johnston, A.M. of Edinburgh, to Susan, daughter of the late Thomas Ridley, Esq. of Park End.

— At Dundalk, Ireland, Archibald Hepburn Mitchellson, Esq. of Middleton, Cornet, 17th Lancers, to Susan, youngest daughter of P. D. Green, Esq. of Dundalk.

12. At Mary-le-Bone Church, London, the Hon. Henry Stafford Jerningham, eldest son of Lord Stafford, to Miss Howard, daughter of the late Edward Howard, Esq. F.R.S., and niece to his Grace the Duke of Norfolk.

17. At Edinburgh, William Clark, Esq. of Longhaugh, Lieutenant Royal Navy, to Janet, second daughter of James Alison, Esq. of Cluniemore.

— At Lamberton, the Rev. James Home Robertson, minister of Coldingham, to Jane, eldest daughter of John Dickson, Esq. of Peelwall.

18. At Kirkcaldy, Mr Henry Russell, manufacturer at Balgonie, to Isabella, eldest daughter of Mr William Douglas, writer in Kirkcaldy.

19. At Edinburgh, Captain John Paterson, late of the Hon. East India Company's service, Bengal, to Ann, second daughter of William Howison, Esq. sen. writer in Edinburgh.

20. Mr Thomas Pringle, Smiddy Bank, parish of Stow, to Janet, eldest daughter of the late William Baillie, Esq.

23. At Distillery Park, Haddington. Andrew Gray Cuthbertson, Esq. to Janet Macqueen, daughter of Archibald Dunlop, Esq.

— At Dumfries, the Rev. Robert Gellatly, minister of the United Associate Congregation, Mainriddell, to Katherine, daughter of the late Rev. William Inglis, Dumfries.

— At Maryfield, near Hamilton, John Anderson, Esq. surgeon of the Royal Lanarkshire Militia, to Mrs Eliza Barry, daughter of the late Alex. Gray, Esq. Hamilton.

24. At Glasgow, the Rev. Patriek Robertson, minister of Edlestone, to Janet Scott, eldest daughter of the late Robert Bogle, Esq. of Gilmour Hill.

25. At Guernsey, Captain Lawrence of Millmont, late of the 33d Regiment of Foot, to Margaret Harriot, daughter of the late Alexander Macdonald of Botsdale, Esq.

Mar. 2. At Stirling, William Rankine, Esq. Stirling, to Christian, second daughter of the late Mr James Shearer, merchant, Stirling.

— At St James's Church, London, Edward Stodart, Esq. surgeon of Upper Terrace, Kentish Town, to Janet Liston, youngest daughter of William Stodart, Esq. of Golden Square, London.

— At Newington, Thomas Caple Loft, Esq. 92d Regiment, to Margaret B. Martin, daughter of the late William Alexander Martin, W.S.

3. Mr Walter Marshall, to Agnes, daughter of the late John Thomson of Priorienham, Esq. merchant in Leith.

— At Glasgow, John A. Fullarton, Esq. surgeon, to Ellen, eldest daughter of William Frew, Esq. merchant there.

— At London, J. F. W. Herschel, Esq. of Slough, Bucks, to Margaret Brodie, second daughter of the late Dr Alexander Stewart, one of the ministers of the Canonate, Edinburgh.

5. At St George's Chapel, Edinburgh, William Hall, second son of Philip Palmer, Esq. of East Bridford, Nottinghamshire, to Elizabeth Charlotte, eldest daughter of Alexander Foxcroft, Esq. of Bramcote, Notts.

6. At Dairy House, Thomas Henry Graham of

Edmond Castle, Esq. to Mary, daughter of the late Sir David Carnegie of Southesk, Bart.

6. Alexander McDougal, spirit merchant, Edinburgh, to Emily, second daughter of the late Mr James Morris, bookseller, Brechin.

DEATHS.

July. Near Calcutta, on his way home, Lieut. David Ramsay, of the 11th Native Infantry, eldest son of the late George Ramsay, Esq.

2. At Burkport, Ensign L. F. Dunbar, son of Sir Archibald Dunbar of Northfield, Bart.

18. At Madras, Mr James Duncanson, late chief officer of the ship Caroline, third son of Mr James Duncanson at Balmossie.

Aug. 8. At Bombay, George Forbes, Esq. of the firm of Messrs Forbes and Co.

13. At Nagpore, East Indies, Susan, wife of John Wylie, Esq. M.D. Residency surgeon.

17. At Mirzapore, near Calcutta, Mr Archibald Sinclair, bookbinder.

27. At Cawnpore, Captain William Oliphant, Bengal Artillery, Assistant Secretary to the Military Board, Ordnance Department, aged 36, second son of the late Ebenezer Oliphant, Esq. of Condie.

Sept. 10. At Cawnpore, Patrick Oswald, only son of Captain Sanderson, 9th Regiment Bengal Cavalry.

Oct. 5. On board the William Fairlie, bound from Singapore to Macao, Captain Flint, a Post-Captain in his Majesty's Royal Navy.

Died at Madras, on Sunday the 12th October, 1828, Maria Euphemia, wife of Robert Wilson, Esq. M.D. port and marine surgeon, surgeon to the male asylum and police establishment, and daughter of the late Lieutenant Colonel Flint, of His Majesty's 25th regiment, (or King's own Borderers.)

Oct. 13. At the barracks, in Spanish Town, Jamaica, Lieut.-Colonel M. H. M'Leane, of the 77th regiment, after a very short illness.

18. At Falmouth, Jamaica, Thomas G. Macintyre, lieutenant and adjutant, 91st Regiment, eldest son of Major Macintyre, Comely Bank, Edinburgh.

22. At Bombay, Captain George Ferguson, of the ship Bengal, of Liverpool.

29. At Bellaire, in the Island of St Vincent, John Brown, Esq. formerly of Glasgow.

Nov. 24. Suddenly, at Montego Bay, Jamaica, Andrew Graham, Esq. son of the late Dr Andrew Graham, Dalkeith.

25. At Rio de Janeiro, the Hon. George Joseph Stanhope, second son of Earl Stanhope.

Dec. 11. At No. 3, Melville Street, Edinburgh, Mrs Janet Glen, widow of Captain Thomas Jones of the 48th Regiment of Foot.

15. At Dundee, Mr John Ogilvie, writer, aged 77.

20. At Manse of Deskford, the Reverend Walter Chalmers, in the 84th year of his age, and 61st of his ministry.

21. At Westfield, Mrs. Elizabeth Forbes, widow of the Reverend Patrick Duff, some time minister of Old Machar, aged 85.

— At 25, Howe Street, Edinburgh, Lieutenant Francis W. Grant, of the Westminster Militia.

22. At St Servan, France, James Rose, Esq. late of Geddes.

— At Westloch, Berwickshire, Dr Robert Blair of Merchiston, Regius Professor of Astronomy in the University of Edinburgh, formerly First Commissioner of the Board for the Care of Sick and Wounded Seamen.

22. At Cavers Carre, Mrs Elizabeth Carre of Cavers, wife of William Riddell, Esq. of Carniestown.

25. At her mother's house, in Moray Place, Christina Drummond Riddell, eldest daughter of the late Thomas Miles Riddell, Esq.

— At Vetholm Manse, the Reverend William Blackie, minister of that parish, in the 78th year of his age.

25. At Ardwall, parish of Newabbey, Mrs Barbara Ronald, relict of Henry Gillies, Esq. Provost of Linlithgow.

— At No. 10, Nelson Street, Alexander, youngest son of James Peattie, Jun. Esq. W. S.

— At Leith, Mr Alex. Allan, wine-merchant.

25. At Edinburgh, Mr Robert Grieve, writer.
— At Dalkeith, Mr James Morrison, of the White Hart Inn.

26. At Edinburgh, George Alexander, eldest son of John Barelay, Esq.

— At Edinburgh, Samuel Cuthbert, eldest son of James Cuthbert, Esq. of Dallesgates.

— At No. 26, Pitt Street, Janet Ann, youngest daughter of the late John Graham, Esq. of Leitchtown.

— At Edinburgh, Miss Balfour, eldest daughter of James Balfour, Esq. of Whittingham.

— At No. 48, Great King Street, Catherine Cameron, second daughter of Patrick Robertson, Esq. advocate.

27. At Carnwath, James Young, Esq. merchant.

— At Saltcoats, Mrs Isabella Jamieson, wife of the Rev. James Ellis, Saltcoats.

— At Cupar Angus, James Crockett, Esq. surgeon, Royal Navy.

— At Edinburgh, Marin, eldest daughter of Rear-Admiral Andrew Smith.

28. At his residence, near Eaglehurst, Hants, Viscount Kileourne, son of the Earl of Cavan.

29. At Bowden Manse, Roxburghshire, the Reverend William Balfour, minister of Bowden.

— At her house in Whitehall, in the 68th year of her age, the Right Hon. Priscilla Barbara Elizabeth, Baroness Willoughby of Eresby. Her Ladyship was joint hereditary Great Chamberlain of England with her sister the Marchioness of Cholmondeley, and is succeeded in her title and estates by her son, the Right Hon. Lord Gwydir.

31. At Hayfield House, Argyllshire, Mrs Macneil of Hayfield.

Jan. 1. At Bath, Rachel, wife of Lieut.-General James Dickson, of the Hon. East India Company's Service, and eldest daughter of the late Henry Bethune, Esq. of Kileconquhar.

— At Pentland Dam-head, Mr Robert Stodart, son of Mr Lothian Stodart, farmer there.

2. At Bathgate, William Wardrobe, Esq. of Blackfauld, writer in Bathgate.

— At No. 9, Melville Street, Edinburgh, John George, eldest son of Lieut.-Col. Cadell, Madras.

3. At Riccarton Manse, Margaret Isabella Smith, wife of the Rev. John Moody, minister of Riccarton.

— At 23, Drummond Place, Edinburgh, Mrs Davidson of Pinnacchill.

— At Rosemount, near Edinburgh, Captain Allan Maclean, late of the 36th Regiment of Foot, youngest surviving son of the deceased Hugh Maclean, Esq. of Coll.

5. At Duobair, in the 81st year of his age, James Hogg, Esq. one of the magistrates of that burgh.

6. At Bught, near Inverness, William Fraser, Esq. younger of Kulbokie, W. S.

— At No. 17, Duke Street, Simon Fraser Grant, youngest son of James Grant, Esq. W. S.

7. At Edinburgh, John George, youngest son of Colonel Foulis, of Cairney Lodge, Fifeshire.

— At Hermitage Place, Jane, eldest daughter of Mr Walter Cowan, merchant, Leith.

— At his house, Lauriston Place, Edinburgh, Mr John Lind-ay Donaldson.

8. At Edinburgh, Mrs Hannah Waddell, relict of Mr David Sommerville, merchant, Edinburgh.

— At No. 34, Great King Street, aged seven, Charles, youngest son of Archibald Jerdon, of Bonjedward.

9. At Newlands Manse, Miss Ann Brown, 38, Castle Street, Edinburgh.

— At Berlin, the celebrated writer, Frederick Von Schlegel.

— At No. 23, Castle Street, Edinburgh, William L. Paterson, son of Mr Paterson, Preston.

10. At King's Place, Leith Walk, Mr Alexander Reid, late merchant, Leith.

11. At Edinburgh, Miss Amelia Ann Buchanan, third daughter of John Buchanan, Esq. 64, George Street.

— At Edinburgh, Ann Carmichael, youngest daughter of the Rev. Andrew Jameson, minister of St Mungo, Dumfriesshire.

— At Leven, Fifeshire, Mrs Margery Rintoul, relict of William Henderson, Esq. Lieutenant, Royal Navy.

— At Uitenhage, South Africa, Mrs Elizabeth M'Bean, wife of the Rev. Alexander Smith, late of Glasgow.

12. In Southwark, London, aged 71, John Vancouver, Esq. brother of the celebrated circumnavigator, Captain Vancouver, Royal Navy.

— At Pisa, Elizabeth Janet, eldest daughter of John Campbell, Esq. of Stonefield.

13. At Dunfermline. Mrs Patrick Wilson.

14. At No. 15, James's Square, James Robertson, Esq. civil engineer, late of Jamaica.

— At his house, Archer's Hall, Mr John Brand, bowmaker to the Royal Company of Archers.

— At London, Mrs Mansfield, wife of John Mansfield, Esq. of Midmar.

15. At No. 2, Great Stuart Street, Christian Jane, young daughter of the late Walter Laidlaw, Esq. of Hyndhope, Selkirkshire.

— At Balgiedie, the Rev. William Gibson, minister of the United Associate Congregation in that place.

16. At Caprington Castle, Sir William Cunningham, Bart. of Caprington.

— At Leith, Alexander, eldest son of Mr Thomas Thomson, Glasworks there.

— At her house in Crichton Street, Mrs Agnes Pringle, widow of Mr James Simpson, bookseller, aged 91.

17. Mary, only daughter of Mr Callender of Woodburn, by Falkirk.

— At Naples, John Maberley, jun. Esq. of Magdalen College, Oxford, second son of John Maberley, Esq. M. P.

— At No. 10, George Street, Edinburgh, Thomas Dunbar, student in medicine, son of the Rev. William Dunbar, minister of Applegarth, Dumfries-shire.

18. At his house in George Street, James Ferrier, Esq. late one of the Principal Clerks of Session, in the 86th year of his age.

— At his seat at Ramsay, in the 77th year of his age, Sir William Curtis, Bart.

— At Garleghaw, parish of Kirkcolum, by Stranraer, Agnes, aged 1 year; on the 25d, Janet, aged 3 years; same day, Grace, aged 3 years; and on the 25th, Mary, aged 7 years—all daughters of Mr Archibald Nisbet, farmer there.

19. Lieutenant-Colonel John Dalgleish, of West Grange, Perthshire.

21. Mrs Macdonald, Garvamore.

— At North Fod, Mrs Euphemia Stenhouse, relict of James Stenhouse, Esq. of North Fod.

— At No. 17, Ainslie Place, Mrs Mary Forbes, youngest daughter of Lord Medwyn.

— At Edinburgh, James, youngest son of Mr Auld, Lauriston House.

— At St Andrew's, Archibald Johnston, Esq. of Pittovie.

— At Golland, James Anderson, Esq. of Golland.

22. Mrs Jane Dalzell Dewar, wife of Lieut.-Colonel Balmain, of the Hon. East India Company's service.

21. At Huntlyburn, near Melrose, Miss Mary Ferguson, second eldest daughter of the late Dr Adam Ferguson, Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh.

— At his son's house, Northumberland Street, Dr Le Sessler.

— At Ferrygate, Jane, youngest daughter of the late Francis Walker, Esq. Whitelaw.

— At Queensferry, Mrs Taylor, in the 92d year of her age.

— At Edinburgh, the Right Hon. Lady Anne Wharton Duff, second daughter of the late, and sister of the present Earl of Fife, and wife of Richard Wharton Duff, Esq. of Orton; and on the 26th, Sophia Henrietta, their eldest daughter.

— At Culrossie, Ross-shire, Duncan, second son of Hugh Rose, Esq. of Gullullich.

25. At Pisa, Grace, third daughter of Admiral Sir Charles Hardy.

— At the Manse of Cairney, Ogilvie, Elizabeth wife of the Rev. Wm. Cowie, minister of that parish.

25. At Comrie, the Rev. Patrick M'Isaac, minister of that parish.

— At No. 6, Union Street, Edinburgh, after a short illness, Alexander Shaw, Esq. aged 53 years.

26. At Bellevue Crescent, Mr Charles More.

— At Minto Street, Newton, Isabella M'Farlane, eldest daughter of Mr M'Farlane, Long Island, America.

— At No. 23, Windsor Street, aged four years,

Robert, only son of Captain Deans, of his Majesty's ship Clio.

26. At sea, on board of the ship Clyde, Duncan, eldest son of the late Rev. Charles Cunningham, Daily.

— At No. 5, Claremont Street, Miss Barbara Wilson, youngest daughter of the late John Wilson, Esq. of Hallrude.

26. At Portsmouth, Lieut. John Robert Irving, of the Royal Marine Artillery, eldest son of John Robert Irving, Esq. of Bonshaw.

27. Mrs Ann Wellwood, relict of Robert Scott Moncrieff, Esq. of Newhall.

— At Denboig, Miss Euphemia Balfour, daughter of the deceased Henry Balfour of Denboig, Esq.

— At No. 17, Melville street, James Sandford, eldest son of James Edmond Leslie, Esq. junior, of Leslie Hill, county of Antrim, Ireland.

— At London, Hugh Drummond, Esq. second son of John Drummond, Esq. of Charing Cross, banker.

— At Liverpool, Catherine, second daughter of John M'Culloch, Esq. surgeon.

28. At her residence, Ewell Grove, Lady Reid, widow of Sir Thomas Reid, Bart.

29. At Covington-hill-head, Mr James Stodart, aged 72.

— At Bath, Lieut.-Gen. James Dickson, of the East India Company's service, aged 81.

— At Coul House, Andrew Mitchell, Esq. of Coul.

30. Miss Margaret Campbell of Currieth.

— At Lauder, Mr John Bathgate, student of divinity.

— At No. 12, Raeburn Place, Edinburgh, John Allan, youngest child of Mr James Graham, writer.

31. At Dunfermline, Mrs Margaret Hunt, wife of Mr John Macdonald, writer there.

— In the Isle of Gurnsey, Robert Rule, Esq. late surgeon of the 58th Regiment of Foot.

— Peter Stuart, Esq. formerly proprietor of the Oracle, London and ruling paper.

Feb. 1. At Gayfield Square, Louis de Maria, Esq. one of the Depute Clerks of Session.

— At the Manse of Monquhitter, the Rev. Alexander Johnston, in the 81th year of his age, and the 56th of his ministry.

3. At Edinburgh, Mrs Cockburn Ross of Shandwich, relict of John Cockburn Ross, Esq. of Shandwich.

— At Lanfine, Nicol Brown, Esq. of Waterhaugh.

4. At London, John, second surviving son of the late Thomas Buchan, Esq. of Auchnacoy.

— At Elgin, James Miln, Esq. of Milnfield, in the 84th year of his age.

6. At Grangemuir, Thomas Bruce, Esq. of Grangemuir.

— At his house in Pall Mall, London, Sir Mark Wood, Bart.

7. At Dalkeith, Mrs Agnes Burd, relict of Mr Melville Burd, in the 82d year of her age.

— At his house, No. 5, Park Street, Henry Hair, Esq.

8. At Edinburgh, Robert Heron Maxwell, fourth surviving son of Lieut.-Gen. Sir John Heron Maxwell of Springkell, Bart.

— At No. 52, North Castle Street, Mr Alexander Johnstone.

— At Glasgow, the Rev. Thomas Grierson, for some years minister of the Relief Congregation in Langholm, and afterwards in the Castle Wynd Chapel, Edinburgh, much esteemed, and deeply regretted.

9. At Edinburgh, Mrs Elisabeth Lawrie, relict of the Rev. James Dick, late Minister of the Gospel at Currie.

— At Brussels, Lady, the wife of Sir John Rousset Whiteford, after a month's painful confinement, in consequence of severe injury received from her clothes accidentally taking fire.

9. At Peterhead, Mr James Arbuthnot, late postmaster there.

10. At Rome, his Holiness the Pope, Leo XII. His health had been slightly affected for two or three days, when, on the 9th of February, the physicians declared that his life was in the most imminent danger. Next morning, he expired at nine o'clock. His late Holiness was of a noble

family. His name, before his advancement to the papal throne, was Hannibal de la Genga. He was born at Genga, on the 2d of August 1764; was elected Pope on the 27th of September 1823, and died in his 69th year.

10. At Edinburgh, Miss Marjory White, daughter of the late Valentine White, Esq. of Bracklach.

— At Myles, Mr George Turnbull.

— At St Andrews, in her 83d year, Miss Janet Thomson, daughter of the late Mr Henry Thomson, merchant, St Andrews.

— At Wellington Square, Ayr, Robert Thomson, of Daljarrok, Esq.

— At Brighton, the Dowager Countess of Min-

to

11. At No. 31, Broughton Place, Maria Welsh, eldest daughter of Matthew Welsh, Esq. of Grenada.

— At Inverleith, Elizabeth, second daughter of the late James Rocheid, Esq. of Inverleith.

12. At St Andrews, Miss Imrie, sister of the late Lieut-Colonel Imrie, of Queen Street, Edinburgh.

— At No. 15, Howard Place, Mrs Duncan Robertson.

— At Newton Hall, William Hay Newton, Esq. of Newton, aged 82.

— At Edinburgh, Barbara, eldest daughter of John Wardrop, Esq. of Strathavon, banker in Edinburgh.

— At her house in St James's Square, London, Emily, Marchioness of Londonderry. The deceased Lady was the consort of the late Marquis of Londonderry, and sister of the late Earl of Buckinghamshire.

13. At his hotel in Rue St Honore, Paris, Francis Henry Egerton, Earl of Bridgewater.

— At the Relief Manse, Kelso, the Rev. John Pitcairn, minister of the Relief Congregation, in the 61st year of his age, and 37th of his ministry.

14. At Bayshill Lodge, Cheltenham, Mrs Rooke, wife of Captain Frederick William Rooke, Royal Navy, and daughter of the late Alexander Wallace, Esq. banker in Edinburgh.

15. At Pearsie, Charles Wedderburn, Esq. of Pearsie.

— At No. 76, Albany Street, Mrs Christian Hogarth, wife of James Ballantyne, printer.

— At Blackwall, London, James Dewar, Commander of the City of Edinburgh steam-ship.

— In Regent Street, London, Lieut-General Sir Philip Keating, C.B. and K.C.H.

— At Falkirk, Barbara, only daughter of the late Mr Bell, tea-merchant there.

— At Hawick, Dr Walter Graham, senior, aged 66 years.

— At London, Mr Thomas More, late of the Royal Bank, Glasgow.

— At Durham, George Augustus Lindesay, Esq. Lieutenant of the Royal Navy, aged 32, only brother of Henry Bethune of Kilcoquhar, Esq.

— Robert Thomson, Esq. late of Gilmour Place, Edinburgh.

18. At Inchgarth, near Forfar, Anna Strachan, eldest surviving daughter of the Rev John Skinner, minister of the Episcopal Chapel in Forfar.

— Mary, wife of James Hume, Esq. of Carol-side, in her 76th year.

— At Peebles, Mrs Isabella Welsh, relict of Mr James Laidlaw, late in Huddleshope.

19. At Bath, David Haliburton Dallas, only son of Lieut-General Sir Thomas Dallas, K.C.B.

— At Cupar-Fife, Mrs Gibb, in the 69th year of her age.

— At Edinburgh, Mr John Webster, writer.

20. At East Linton, Anne, wife of Mr Robert Moir, surgeon.

21. At Edinburgh, Francis Hamilton, third son of Alexander Somervell.

— At Sidmouth, Lieut-Col. Neil Cockburn, late of the 4th Veteran Battalion.

22. At his house in the Society, Alexander Wight, Esq. W.S.

— At Kinnoul Manse, the Rev. Lewis Dunbar, M.A.

23. At Glasgow, Miss Jane Milne, daughter of the late Andrew Milne, Esq. merchant, Bo'ness.

— At Camelon, Mrs Elizabeth Bell, wife of Mr Thomas Aitken.

25. At Leith, Robina R. Aitken, relict of Geo. Knox, Esq. American Consul at Hull.

Feb. 25. At Rome, Giovanni Torlonia, Duke of Bracciano, long known as a celebrated banker there.

19. At Seaforth House, near Liverpool, Anne Mackenzie, eldest daughter of John Gladstone, Esq.

— At Banff, James Chalmers, Esq. merchant there.

22. At Everton, near Liverpool, Miss Livingston, eldest daughter of the late Dr Livingston, of Douniehill, physician in Aberdeen.

26. At London, Mrs General Macleod, relict of Lieutenant-General Macleod of Macleod.

— At Edinburgh, Mr Francis Allan, upholsterer.

— At Carron, aged 87 years, Mrs Elizabeth Banks, relict of the late Mr John Banks, Carroo.

— At Edinburgh, Mary King, wife of Mr John Stevenson, bookseller.

— At Leith, William Allison, rope and sail cloth manufacturer there.

27. At her house in Charlotte Square, in the 75th year of her age, Mary, widow of Francis Lord Seaforth.

— At Drumcherry, Clementina, eldest daughter of the late Robert Stewart, Esq. of Garth.

— At Barrowfield Mill, James Alexander, Esq.

28. At New Cumnock, the Rev. William Reid, minister of that parish.

— At Brownrigg, aged 69, the Rev. William Kirkpatrick, D. D. late minister of the Scotch Church, Liverpool.

March 1. At his residence, Charles street, Bedford Square, London, Thomas Earnshaw, Esq., the late eminent chronometer maker in Holborn, aged 80 years.

— In Upper Berkeley Street, London, Mrs Jane Drummond, in the 72d year of her age.

— At Glasgow, James Huie, Esq., collector of excise.

2. At Hilton, near Dunfermline, Mr David Whyte, factor on the estate of Pitfirrane.

Lately, At Bombay, Lieut-Gen. Sir Thomas Bradford, K.C.B. Commander-in-Chief at that Presidency, and recently Commander of the Forces in Scotland.

— At St Thomas-in-the-Vale, Jamaica, in December last, Charles M'Innes, eldest son of Geo. M'Innes, Esq. Old Aberdeen.

— At No. 16, Albany Street, Mary Anne Hope, youngest daughter of the late Alexander Ritchie, Esq. of Beachill.

— At Exmouth, in his 88th year, Charles Barling, Esq.

— At Birmingham, the Rev. Charles Curtis, brother of the late Sir William Curtis, Bart.

— At Paris, at an advanced age, Francis Plowden, formerly a distinguished member of the English Chancery Bar, author of a History of Ireland, and father of the present Right Hon. Ladies Petrie and Dundonald, &c.

— At Holbeck, near Leeds, Betty Jackson, aged 106 years.

— At Paris, Miss Haggerston, daughter of the late Sir Thomas, and sister to the present Sir Carnaby Haggerston, Bart.

— At Madras, Mrs Harriet Lawrie, wife of James Dalnahoo, Esq. Assistant-Surgeon in the Hon. East India Company's service.

— On board the General Harris, East India-man, at Saurer, off Calcutta, George, youngest son of the Rev. Dr Barclay, minister of Kettle, Fifeshire.

— At Singapore, in April 1828, William Barry, eldest son of David Barry, Moray Street, Leith Walk, and late merchant in Leith.

— At Burntisland, Mr Dickson, Chief Magistrate.

— At No. 11, South Nelson street, Edinburgh, John Marshall, Esq. writer.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

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DEBATES IN PARLIAMENT ON THE SILK TRADE.

IN the last session of Parliament, Mr Courtenay, the Vice-President of the Board of Trade, represented that he would examine the operation of the new system on the Silk Trade, &c. with a mind rendered as free from preconceived opinions as a sheet of blank paper. He, however, took care to intimate at the same moment, that he was a member of the Free-trade sect. Mr Vesey Fitzgerald, the President of the Board of Trade, exhibited similar conduct. While this was the case with them, Mr Goulbourn, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, warned Parliament against inferring from the language of Mr Courtenay, that any change of system was intended; and assured it, that Ministers only required time to give proofs of their devotion to Free Trade. The Duke of Wellington and Mr Peel likewise declared it to be their intention to take the path of Mr Huskisson.

These uncouth and irreconcilable differences rendered it sufficiently obvious that the professions of the Board-of-Trade Ministers were not of the smallest value. We were fully convinced at the time, that no examination of the kind named by Mr Courtenay was intended. This gentleman possibly spoke in sincerity; we cannot assert that he did not; but that his superiors prompted or permitted him so to speak, solely for purposes of public delusion, is a matter on which we have no doubt whatever. The two speeches he has delivered in the present session, might almost justify the suspicion that he has been strictly

prohibited from acquiring the least knowledge touching the Silk Trade; for they certainly display an absence of such knowledge alike perfect and extraordinary. Mr Fitzgerald's speech abundantly warrants the opinion that Government has never looked at the state of the trade with the intention of doing any thing beyond completing what Mr Huskisson commenced.

The distress which prevailed to a large extent in the Silk Trade in the last session, continued to increase, and at the commencement of the present one, it had risen to a magnitude perfectly appalling. Mr Fyler made his motion in the House of Commons for a committee to enquire into its causes under these circumstances. Three years ago, the trade was deprived of its monopoly over the home market—the only market it possessed—and ever since it has been in great suffering. At the beginning of the term it was overwhelmed with bankruptcy and want; for somewhat more than a year it revived a little, but its revival would not allow profits to the masters, or a sufficiency of necessities to the workmen; and then it again sunk into the extreme of wretchedness. During this term several millions of capital were lost in it, and numbers of the manufacturers were utterly ruined. At the moment when the motion was made, half a million of people engaged in it were struggling with loss, ruin, hunger, and nakedness.

Its members, who were necessarily much better acquainted with the working of the change of system, and the

nature of their business, than other people, almost unanimously ascribed their sufferings to the change, and stated themselves to be prepared to establish their conviction by conclusive proof. Appearances were throughout in favour of their conviction. While they possessed this superiority in point of knowledge, their sincerity was wholly above doubt.

The case, looked at with regard to the collective interests of the empire, was this: A most important manufacture, which employed many millions of capital, and half a million of souls, was demonstrably in the deepest distress; and was represented, on the best authority, to be in imminent danger of extinction. Public morals, revenue, and every public interest, were sustaining severe injury from the wretchedness of so large a part of the population. Touching the part of the community more immediately interested, it was this: Half a million of the King's British subjects were enduring the most bitter evils, which they alleged had been brought on them by the acts of Government, and were supplicating Parliament for enquiry and relief.

The body of the nation believed the allegations of the petitioners.

With the full knowledge of all this, Ministers opposed the motion. If they had enquired, according to the professions made in the last session by the President and Vice-President of the Board of Trade, and had been satisfied that a Parliamentary enquiry would establish the correctness of their own opinions—if they had not been persuaded that such enquiry would fully prove the ruinous operation of the change of system—they would have supported the motion with great zeal, in order to rid themselves of odium, and disabuse the public mind. No man of common sense can arrive at any other conclusion. This abundantly justifies our preceding remarks on their conduct.

When we look at what the House of Commons was intended to be in regard to both the nation and the individual—at the state of the manufacture and of the souls engaged in it, and at the professions of Ministers in the last session and their conduct in the present one—when we look at all this, coupled with the fact, that rigid, impartial, dispassionate enquiry was

only prayed for, we are lost in astonishment that this House could venture, on any ground whatever, to reject the motion. It, however, did reject it almost unanimously. Not only the interested Minister, ex-Minister, and foreign merchant—not only the party slave, the mercenary hireling, and the crack-brained visionary—but even the professed enemies of free trade, voted against it. Measures which, according to the asseverations of the silk manufacturers, would not only deprive them of profits, but utterly destroy their capital, were, in the absence of all proof to the contrary, supported by land-owners who regularly insist that they ought not to be deprived of rents, and that their land ought not to be rendered worthless.

Such are the signs of the times; and terrible are the things which they shew to be approaching.

On examining the reasons on which the House made its decision, we will look first at the speech of Mr Vesey Fitzgerald. His argument against compliance with the motion was, that it would increase the distress of the Silk Trade, and encourage the prevalent belief that Parliament intended to return to the system of prohibition.

If enquiry had caused an increase of distress, it would have fallen exclusively on those who supplicated for it. They were, masters and workmen, anxious to have it with all its risks. This might suffice for the first part of his argument; but we will add more. There is no man possessed of the least knowledge of business, who does not know that compliance would have yielded considerable instantaneous benefit to the trade. The throwsters and manufacturers, from the belief that it would lead to some change or other in their favour, would have set their hands to work, to accumulate stocks at a cheap rate while wages were so low. Nothing but the impression that a change of a pernicious character would flow from it, could possibly have caused it to produce injury; and could not have given birth to such an impression.

And now, what effect had Mr Fitzgerald's speech? It greatly enlarged the distress. In proof, we may cite a case mentioned by Mr Fyler, in which it caused a manufacturer to discharge two hundred of the four hundred workmen he employed.

As to the belief which had been spread that the old system would be returned to, we will inform Mr Fitzgerald what gave rise to it. Not only did Lord Ellenborough, and other subordinate members of the Ministry, express themselves in public strongly against Free Trade before they reached office, but those who are above them said what amounted to the same in private society. When the Wellington Ministry was formed, the system for official men to eat their words and trample on their principles was unknown; therefore it was believed that the influential part of this Ministry would act on the opinions *in office*, which it had affected to hold *out of it*. In addition to this, Mr Huskisson and Mr Grant had declared, that if the new system should work perniciously, it ought to be abandoned; and the world saw that it was working perniciously. Further, the professions made by Mr Fitzgerald and Mr Courtenay in the last session, connected with the existence of the distress, were in themselves sufficient to create the belief. But if the latter had been encouraged by a committee, what evil would this have produced? None. The committee would not have destroyed hopes, without proving them to be unjust.

How an argument like this of the President of the Board of Trade happened to be even addressed to the House of Commons, we cannot tell. Official men, in these days, venture on most unaccountable exploits. The House, however, not only listened to it, but admitted its validity, and in consequence refused to enquire whether measures which it determined to pass would or would not confiscate the property, and take away the bread of hundreds of thousands of people.

Mr Fitzgerald says—"I lament to say, that the petitioners have been led to think that a departure from that system (the prohibitory one) has caused their distress, and that a return to it would remove the cause. *This has been impressed upon them by too many who are capable of reasoning better, and who ought to have disabused them.*"

This venomous insinuation comes with an excessively ill grace from a member of the Wellington Ministry—from one of those men who, *when they were out of office*, were willing to join

in giving currency to the impression—from one of those Ministers who so recently made such a revolting display of every thing that honest men would shun, on the Catholic Question. It is below further notice. The members of the Silk Trade are of necessity far better acquainted with the operation of the new system on their business than other people; and many of the documents they have put forth contain much more talent and correct knowledge than can be found in any of the speeches of Mr Huskisson, Mr C. Grant, or Mr Vesey Fitzgerald; yet we are to be persuaded that they are the blind instruments of men wholly unconnected with, and anxious to delude, them! This will mislead no one.

We will for a moment defer noticing Mr Fitzgerald's doctrines touching consumers and consumption, and now look at his grand cause of the distress; this is neither more nor less than overtrading. The change of system has produced benefit, and not injury; the import of foreign silks has increased, not diminished, the trade of the British manufacturers; and the latter, through their overtrading, have been the sole parents of their own sufferings. So avers the President of the Board of Trade. His first proof he draws from the import of raw and thrown silk, and in the management of it he far outdoes Mr Huskisson himself.

The prohibition of foreign wrought silks ceased in July, 1826. As the change of system consisted solely in the removal of this prohibition, it might naturally be taken for granted, according to the ancient nature of fact, that the new system came at that time into operation. No! says Mr Vesey Fitzgerald, it did no such thing—it came into operation at the end of 1823!! How, in the name of wonder, could it come into operation two years and a half before the prohibition was abolished? The duty on raw silk, he replies, was not levied after 1823, therefore it then commenced, although the prohibition remained so long afterwards! Was the repeal of the duty a change of system? No; the duty was imposed solely for purposes of revenue, and its repeal did not partake in the least of such a change. The admission of foreign wrought silks constitutes the only new

system that has been adopted, or that is complained of.

Why does Mr Fitzgerald make this bungling and most pitiful attempt at deception? Because the removal of the duty caused a large increase in the consumption of silk, not only in the trade, but in other quarters. He therefore compares the import of raw and thrown silk in the five years ending with 1823, with that in the following five years, to shew the increase of consumption which has been produced by the admission of foreign wrought silks, although such silks were prohibited during one-half of the latter period!

While the heavy duty was levied, the clearances at the custom-house shewed, with tolerable correctness, the yearly consumption. The steadiness with which the silk manufacture increased under the old system, forms a remarkable contrast to the fluctuations it has experienced under the new one. The increase in the consumption of raw and thrown silk was, in 1820, in round numbers, 230,000 lbs.; in 1821, it was 280,000 lbs.; in 1822, it was 120,000 lbs.; in 1823, it was 25,000 lbs. Here was a constant yearly increase. But when the duty was reduced to a nominal one, the importers cleared their silk to a large extent on its arrival; and in consequence, the custom-house returns gave the annual imports, but furnished no longer a correct account of the annual consumption. In 1824, under the nominal duty, the increase in round numbers was 1,560,000 lbs.; in 1825, there was a decrease of 400,000 lbs.; in 1826, there was a decrease of 1,350,000 lbs.; in 1827, the increase was 1,960,000 lbs.; and in 1828, it was 330,000 lbs. Although the state of the silk manufacture has varied very greatly, still, it is evident, that enormous fluctuations like these cannot possibly have taken place in the annual consumption of silk; and, of course, that while the custom-house returns shew the import, no reliance can be placed on them for shewing such consumption. The latter may be the same in two years, and yet 1,000,000 lbs. more, or less, of silk, may be imported and cleared in one of the years, than in the other.

With regard to his first term of years, about 650,000 lbs. more of silk were cleared in 1823 than in 1819;

that this was real increase of consumption, is proved by the fact, that about 1,560,000 lbs. more were cleared in 1824 than in 1823. This increase took place under the system of prohibition. With regard to his second term, about 550,000 lbs. more were cleared in 1828, than in 1824; and it is evident, that, in the present year, there will be a very large decrease, and, of course, that there has been no real increase of consumption since 1824 of any moment.

In the five years ending with 1824, there was an increase in the consumption of silk under the prohibitory system, of more than 2,200,000 lbs.; in these five years, the consumption was considerably more than doubled. Conceding that the clearances were excessive in 1824, and allowing 500,000 lbs. for the excess, this will give an increase of 1,700,000 lbs., or 340,000 lbs. yearly on the average. If consumption had continued to increase in the same proportion to the end of 1828, it ought to have been in this year greater by 1,360,000 lbs. than in 1824. When the state of the silk trade, in the early part of 1829, is compared with its state in the early part of 1825, it is manifest, that an infinitely greater excess of silk was cleared in 1828, than in 1824; making a proper allowance for this excess, and assuming, as we may safely do, that if the old system had been persevered in, the consumption would have regularly increased as it did before the change, it seems arithmetically certain, that, under this system, the real consumption of silk would have been greater in 1828 by some millions of pounds, than it really was under the new one.

Mr Fitzgerald says,—“ Since the reduction of the duty on raw silk to a nominal sum (a penny per lb.), coarser and heavier fabrics have been made; and silk has been more freely used in many ways, not connected with the silk manufacture in its proper sense.” This is correct: A large portion of raw silk has been consumed in different ways, without ever going into the hands of the silk throwster or manufacturer; and in some silk fabrics, a larger weight of it has been worked up by a diminished quantity of labour. He allows, for this, one-fourth of the increase in the clearances; and we may take the one-

fourth at about 400,000 lbs. yearly. Having premised this, we will divide the last nine years into three periods, and shew the clearances of silk in each. In the three years ending with 1822, there were cleared, in round numbers, 6,700,000 lbs. of raw and thrown silk. This took place with prohibition and the heavy duty. In the succeeding three years, ending with 1825, there were cleared 10,000,000 lbs. The prohibition continued through all these years, but in the two last the duty was taken off.

In these three years there was an increase in the consumption of 3,300,000 lbs. under the prohibitory system. If we allow 800,000 lbs. on account of the reduction of duty, the increase was 2,500,000 lbs.

In the three years ending with 1828, there were cleared 11,000,000 lbs.: the prohibition was abolished during two years and a half of this period, and the duty was reduced during the whole. Putting the reduction of duty out of sight, there was in this period an increase in consumption of 1,000,000 lbs.; but allowing, on account of it, 1,200,000 lbs., there was one of 600,000 lbs.

In the middle of 1825 the trade became greatly depressed; and in the early part of 1826 the stocks of silks, in consequence of the approaching change, were extremely light. We may therefore safely conclude, that all the silk cleared in the second period was really needed for consumption. In the beginning of 1829 the stocks were excessively large; it is a known fact, that they were far larger then than they were in the early part of 1826. It is therefore apparent, that a considerable portion of the silk cleared in the last period was not needed for consumption. Mr Fitzgerald practically confesses this, for he charges the distress on excessive manufacturing, and this must have taken place in the last three years.

Thus, then, without regarding the effects of the reduction of duty, there was an increase in the consumption of silk in the last three years of the prohibitory system of 3,300,000 lbs. This was a real increase. In the first three years of the new system, there has been one of only 1,000,000 lbs.; and he owns that it has been an increase of importing and manufacturing, but not of real consumption. Looking at

the great stocks held at the beginning of the present year, and at the enlarged consumption of silk in trades distinct from the silk one, it seems certain that in the last three years there was a decrease in the consumption of British silks. There was such a decrease, when, if consumption had increased as it did under prohibition, there would have been an increase of 3,000,000 lbs. or 4,000,000 lbs. If the prohibition had been preserved, and had operated as it did before its removal, this enormous quantity of silk would have been consumed in this country in the last three years, more than was consumed.

While the consumption of British silks has thus declined, or at the best has remained stationary, the manufacture of those kinds of them which employed the most labour, has been destroyed. Foreign fancy silks have annihilated British ones, and in consequence, the same quantity of silk employs in its manufacture far less labour than it employed before the change of system. This is sufficient to refute the charge of overtrading, and to prove that the distress has been caused by the change.

Mr Fitzgerald's next proof of overtrading, was the additional number of spindles employed by the throwsters since 1823. His assertions on this point were at variance with those of Mr Fyler, and they have been contradicted in the public prints by individuals acting on behalf of the throwsters. They deserve no farther notice.

Mr Huskisson, Mr C. Grant, and the other advocates of Free Trade, all in like manner pleaded overtrading, and insisted that the new system had greatly benefited the Silk Trade. They ascribed the distress partly to smuggling; Mr Fitzgerald did the same, and it had previously been done by the Prime Minister.

Our readers will remember, that when the prohibition was abolished, Mr Huskisson and his supporters declared it would destroy smuggling; and about a year ago, they triumphantly asserted it had destroyed it. These very people now confess that their nostrum has failed, and that the Silk Trade is injured as much as ever by smuggling. As they must admit that smuggling was as practicable under the old system as it now is, how did it operate before the change? Did it

keep the trade in continual suffering? Did it constantly bind prices to a point which would not allow profit to the master, or necessities to the workman? No. The trade made rapid advances, and was upon the whole highly prosperous; in general, the masters gained large profits, the workmen had high wages, and its effects were not felt. The trade has now been for four years in constant distress; for about half the term, its distress has been excessive, and it has no prospect of improvement. This is sufficient to dispose of the plea of smuggling.

To prove that the new system has had no share in producing the distress, Mr Fitzgerald and his supporters give us nothing but empty negatives to grapple with. We will now advance something of a different kind to prove the contrary.

In the first place, French silks are superior to British ones, not only in the eye of fashion, but in the actual quality, and in consequence they command a higher price. The British ones must be sold cheaper, or remain unsold. The new system limits the price of silks; if the British manufacturers ask more than a certain sum, the mercers send their orders abroad; they are, therefore, compelled to accept the price fixed by law, however inadequate it may be, or lose their market. This price fixed by law compels them, from the comparative inferiority of their goods, to sell at a lower rate than their foreign rivals, and at such a rate as will not allow profits to themselves, or adequate wages to their workmen.

In a case like this, it is the height of absurdity to speak of overtrading. Let the manufacturers, when they have a short supply of goods, and are fully employed, raise their prices to the point necessary for yielding adequate profits and wages: and what will be the consequence? Foreign silks will at once glut the market, and overwhelm them with distress. One-half may be permanently taken from their consumption of silk, and still they will be in the same circumstances. Losing prices form their only means for preventing their trade from being wholly taken from them; and they cannot reach a higher degree of prosperity than full employment at such prices. A decisive proof of this may be found in the fact, that in the last year, al-

though their prices were so ruinously low, there was a large legal import of foreign silks. Need we ask what this import would have been, if their prices had been remunerating ones?

That which is called the overtrading of the last two years, excluded, by the low prices which it caused, a vast quantity of foreign silks, which would otherwise have been admitted. If less silk had been consumed, more foreign silks would have been imported; the workmen would have had less employment and far more distress.

In the second place, the manufacturers prepare a plentiful supply of goods for the market, and still there is a constant import of foreign ones: the latter, of course, constitute an excess. More silks are thus brought into the market than can be sold; the excess at the first is but little felt, but it soon accumulates until it creates a ruinous glut. When the manufacturers are fully employed, and obtain a small advance on ruinous prices, such a stimulus is given to the import of foreign silks as speedily produces a destructive glut in the market. Although there was such a superabundance of British silks in the last year, nearly seven hundred thousand pounds worth of foreign ones were imported in the legal manner. Are we to be told that this import had no share in producing the glut and distress? When, therefore, the manufacturers gain for a moment the highest point of prosperity attainable to them; viz. full employment at inadequate prices, this produces an import which soon replunges them into ruin.

Suppose that, with a duty of 3s. per quarter, foreign nations could supply this country with all the wheat it consumes at 40s., how would this operate? The import of foreign wheat would soon produce excess, and bring down the price to less than 40s.: the British farmers could only sell their own wheat, and exclude the foreign by selling at such a price; if they would not accept it, their wheat would be unsaleable; and by accepting it, they would cause the import of foreign to be insignificant in quantity. If the farmers should raise the cry of distress, would any man have the hardihood to say to them—"Your distress is not caused by the foreign corn, because scarcely any is imported; it evidently flows from your over-production?"

No; upon this the very Mr Huskisson would not venture. All men would see that the low price sprung from the cheap rate at which foreign wheat could be imported, and not from the actual import.

It is evident, that if the farmers should strike one-half, or two-thirds, permanently, from their production, it would not enable them to obtain the least advance of price.

It is likewise evident, that if they could for a moment get up the price to 45s.—and this would be far from a remunerating one—it would cause such an import as would soon bring it down again. And it is further evident, that the market would be almost always glutted.

This case contains an exact description of the state in which the Silk Trade is placed by the new system. Every man must admit, that in it, putting overtrading and overproduction wholly out of sight, it would be utterly impossible for the farmers to be other than constantly distressed: and if he admit this, he must admit likewise, that, putting overtrading and overproduction wholly out of sight, it is impossible for the Silk Trade to be other than distressed under the new system.

In the third place, some kinds of foreign silks are so much superior in quality to British ones, that the latter cannot be sold at any price; other kinds are not only better, but cheaper, than British ones, and in consequence the latter can be sold no longer. These kinds employ, in proportion, infinitely the most labour. The workmen, who before the change were employed in fabricating them, have thus had their employment wholly taken away, and have been thrown on the other branches of the trade. This has caused a great glut of labour, and an abundance of suffering.

More we need not say to prove how far the new system has operated to produce the distress of the Silk Trade. Let us now examine the benefits which its friends allege it has yielded. Their main argument is, that the consumers draw great advantages from it. Mr Huskisson represents, that through the cheapness of silks produced by the new system, "luxuries and comforts are opened to a large class who could not before obtain them." Mr Fitzgerald asks, "Is such the fashion, or the

patriotism, of this country, that its public and its consumers would be content to pay for our domestic manufacture the augmented prices which monopoly would claim?" The advocates of Free Trade triumphantly proclaim in a body, that the cheapness we have named is of vast benefit to the consumers.

Every man must admit that this can only be true, if the cheapness do not in any way reduce the means of the consumers for buying silks. If a family can buy the silks it uses annually for five pounds less than it formerly paid, and has not had its income reduced, it unquestionably is a gainer from the reduction. But if ten pounds be in any way taken from its annual income, by the reduction in the price of silks, it is unquestionably a loser.

Has, then, this reduction diminished the means of the community for consuming silks?

From that large part of the community which the silk manufacturers compose, it has taken away these means almost wholly.

The advocates of cheap silks admit that the different portions of the community are dependent on each other, and that the sufferings of one must injure the others; they continually proclaim that the agriculturists cannot prosper, if the manufacturers do not. They must, therefore, of necessity, confess that the distress of the Silk Trade must injure the rest of the community. The penury of half a million of people will inevitably lower to a certain extent general prices, and of course the income of the population at large. If this number of people earn when in prosperity ten millions per annum, and have this sum reduced to six millions by bad wages and loss of employment, this will cause a difference of four millions in their expenditure with the rest of the community. Such a difference cannot fail of affecting general income. Suppose this case: A farmer formerly paid twelve pounds per annum for the silks required by his family, he can now buy the same quantity for eight pounds; consequently he gains apparently four pounds from the distress of the Silk Trade. This distress, however, causes corn to be a shilling per quarter lower than it otherwise would be, and cheapens other agricultural produce in an equal degree; in consequence he sells

his corn, &c., for twelve pounds less than he could obtain if the trade were flourishing. He thus loses three times more from the distress of the Silk Trade on the one hand, than he gains from it on the other.

Suppose another case. A workman now buys the silks consumed by his family during the year for three pounds, for which he formerly paid four pounds ten shillings; he therefore gains thirty shillings from the distress of the Silk Trade. This distress, however, by diminishing the consumption of cottons, woollens, &c. &c., causes general flatness of trade, takes one shilling per week from his wages, and compels him to be idle for a month. He likewise thus loses three times more from the distress of the Silk Trade on the one hand, than he gains from it on the other.

Then the loss of revenue, the loss caused by pauperism, the increase of vice and crime, &c. &c., must not be overlooked.

We shall be sufficiently near the truth for our purpose, if we assume that on the average each member of the British population formerly expended a pound per annum in the consumption of silks, and that this expenditure is now reduced to thirteen shillings and fourpence. Each individual thus gains six shillings and eightpence per annum, or about three halfpence weekly from the distress of the Silk Trade. Now, if this distress have any effect whatever on general prices, it must take more than this sum from individual income; and that it has some such effect, is a matter wholly above dispute.

The great mass of the working classes derive scarcely any benefit from the cheapness of silks, because they cannot afford to buy them; and they suffer the most severely from the effects of the distress on general trade and prices. The poor man throughout the country has his insufficiency of necessaries reduced, that articles may be cheapened which he does not consume.

The system for cheapening silks is likewise employed for cheapening all other articles. Corn, cattle, gloves, ships, lace, &c. &c. are all made as cheap as possible, for the benefit of consumers. That consumers may buy cheaply, producers are ground to powder. There might be some sense in

this, if the people of this country consisted exclusively of consumers; but, unhappily for them, they produce as well as consume, and they cannot consume if they do not produce. To serve them as consumers, they have that taken from them as producers without which they cannot consume. To serve him as a consumer, the silk weaver has corn, ships, gloves, &c. made cheaper,—what is his real gain? His means as a producer are so much reduced by the cheapening of silks, that he cannot consume half the corn, &c. which he could do when they were dear. To serve him as a consumer, the farmer has cheap silks, ships, &c. granted him,—how far is he really benefited? The cheapness of agricultural produce keeps him so poor as a producer, that he cannot afford to buy the cheap silks, &c. The cotton or woollen manufacturer has corn, silks, ships, &c. made cheap to him,—what is his actual profit? The cheap corn, &c. operates so perniciously on the consumption and price of cottons or woollens, that his profits, or wages as a producer, are taken away; in consequence, he is restricted to a much smaller portion of the cheap articles than he could command when they were dear. So it is with the community at large. Every man, in his character of producer, has his means of consumption taken away, that his ability to consume may be enlarged; and it follows, that the cheap commodities are in reality far dearer to the consumers, than they were when at almost double their present prices.

Who compose the large class which, according to Mr Huskisson, has such "luxuries and comforts" opened to it through the cheap silks, as it could not before obtain? Female servants, dress-makers' apprentices, shop-women, &c. Do they really enjoy a greater command over luxuries and comforts than they did when silks were dear? No; the general suffering reaches their means of consumption. They now wear had silks, instead of good stuffs, prints, &c.; in this there is no gain of comfort; and as to luxury, prints of the first class, and some other articles, have been for some time, in the eye of fashion, less vulgar, and of course greater luxuries, than silks. To the mass of the lower orders, silks are at present more unattainable in regard to price than they ever were.

We have said sufficient to prove, that the cheapness of silks does not benefit, but greatly injures, the consumers. The fact is before the eyes of all, that in respect of ability to buy them, silks are now much dearer to the community at large, than they were under the system of prohibition.

But if we concede that the consumers are benefited, we must enquire how far the benefit is sanctioned by right and justice. These award to the silk manufacturer the same protection of property and bread, which they award to the rest of the community. A law for robbing Mr Huskisson of his estate, would not be more unjust than one for destroying the capital of the silk throwster. There would be much more atrocious guilt in an act of Parliament for depriving the silk weaver of food, than in one for stripping Mr Huskisson of his pension, or Mr Vesey Fitzgerald of his official salary. The same protection of property, profits, and employment, which is given to the landed interest, the cotton, linen, and other trades, is the sacred right of the Silk Trade. How, then, stands the case? The landowner has his property and rent secured to him by law; the cotton, woollen, and linen manufacturers have their capital and profits, as far as practicable, secured to them by law; but by law, the silk manufacturer is stripped of both profits and capital. If consumers are benefited by the cheap silks, the benefit is extracted from the bankruptcy and starvation of those by whom the silks are fabricated—from the most atrocious legal robbery that was ever perpetrated.

In the next place, it is asserted that the new system has been the parent of huge improvements in the Silk Trade. Mr Fitzgerald says—"Under the paralyzing effects of undue protection, the goods of this country were

distinguishable at first sight, by their inferiority, from those of France; but imitation and improvement, under the stimulus of competition, have been at work, and it has been more than once difficult to maintain a seizure after it has been made."

The following extract from the Report of the House of Lords, made in 1821, throws great light on the "paralyzing effects of undue protection:"—"With respect to the quality of our silk manufacture, it is stated, not only by persons interested in the trade, but by some American gentlemen examined by the Committee, that, setting the question of price aside, it is in many respects *fully equal* to that of the French; equal in the article of piece goods, inferior in ribbons, very greatly superior in gloves and hosiery, as well as in poplin and other mixtures of wool and silk; but that in price we are from 20 to 25 per cent dearer."*

This was the case five years before the prohibition was removed. We may add, that when the removal took place, Mr Huskisson and his advocates stated British silks to be equal, nay, some of them asserted they were superior, to foreign ones.

What is the case at present? The superiority of various kinds of foreign silks has about destroyed the manufacture of such kinds in this country. Foreign broad silks, from their superiority of colour and texture, command higher prices than British ones, and the latter will scarcely be looked at by the upper classes. Foreign ribbons maintain their superiority, and foreign poplins are now imported. The preference for foreign silks, on account of quality, is much greater now than it was when they were first admitted. With regard to price, they pay a duty of from 32 to more than 40 per cent, and still exterminate various kinds of British ones.

* We extract the following from the evidence given before the Lords' Committee.

Mr Hale, a silk manufacturer.—"I do not consider them (the French) superior in any one branch; I think, for the same quantity of silk, we could put our work together, and finish it in a complete state of manufacture, to a greater advantage; it would have a better appearance, and sell better. I saw no colours there (in France) that I conceive were dyed better."

Mr Davison, a wholesale silk dealer.—"I think we can make almost every description (of silk goods) quite as well as they (the French) can. The ribbon trade is very much improved." On being asked if our silk manufacture had "improved greatly in late years," his reply was, "Very much so indeed."

Two American gentlemen, who were examined, both gave it as their opinion, that the best English silks were in quality fully equal to the best French ones.

But then we are told, there has been so much improvement in machinery. Mr C. Grant says,—“Before the year 1824, the Silk Trade partook little or nothing of the spirit which inspired other manufactures. *The improvements in machinery had not then been adopted in that manufacture.* There were some manufactories in which he understood that, in consequence of the improvements in machinery, the spindle was now brought to such a state of perfection that it made no less than 7000 revolutions in a minute.”

Let us turn again to the Lords' Report of 1821.—“A portion of which difference (of price) is perhaps to be accounted for by a piece of machinery which has been for some years in use at Lyons, and which is described to be an inestimable advantage in weaving the finer and varied patterns of silk. This machinery is now known, and has been brought to perfection in this country, by a gentleman who has shown very considerable skill and industry in making himself master of it.” Mr Thorpe, a ribbon manufacturer, stated in evidence before the Committee—“I have understood it (the machinery in France) to be very good, and the best looms we have in the ribbon trade are what are called French looms, and which have been lately introduced.”

With regard to the machinery which drives the spindle at so furious a rate, statements have been published in the newspapers by individuals engaged in the trade, which assert that, from its expensive and wasteful character, it is extremely doubtful whether it possesses any advantage over the old machinery; and they assert further, that it was in use under the old system.

The silk manufacture of this country is at this moment, in regard to both quality and cheapness, more inferior to that of France, than it was eight years ago. How, in the name of common sense, is this to be accounted for, if improvements have been travelling so swiftly? This single fact is sufficient to prove, both that these boasts are fallacious, and that improvement made much more rapid progress under the old system, than it has done under the new one.

Then the increase in the imports of raw silk are pointed to as evidence of

the virtues of the change. In refutation, we need only refer to what we have already said of these imports. Allowing for the effects of the reduction of duty, about 600,000 lbs. more of silk were cleared in the last three years of free trade than were cleared in the preceding three years of prohibition; and have they been consumed? No, reply Mr Fitzgerald and his friends, they have only produced a ruinous excess of silks! It cannot be doubted, from the much larger stocks held by the merchants and manufacturers in the early part of 1829, than in the same part of 1826, that the increase of clearances in the last three years is merely an increase of stock. Our conviction is, that the consumption of British silks was less in these years than in the three preceding ones. Then a large falling off in the present year is matter of certainty. And did not the consumption of silk increase under the old system? The witnesses examined by the Lords' Committee, in 1821, represented, that at that time, notwithstanding the heavy duty on the raw article, the silk manufacture was rapidly increasing in all directions; and the truth of this is proved by the custom-house returns. If the prohibition had been preserved, and the manufacture had continued to increase, as it did before its removal, the consumption of silk in the last three years would have been greater by some millions of pounds than it was.

So much for the pretended benefits of the new system; they, at any rate, form no reason against a return to the old one. Let us now look at the other reasons urged against such return.

Mr Fitzgerald represents that prohibition would, by raising prices, destroy consumption, cause other articles to be substituted for silks, promote smuggling, and create permanent causes of ruin to the trade. He says it would be “ruinous,”—would be “fatal to the manufacture itself.”

It is quite certain that, under prohibition, the competition in the trade would keep prices from rising above remunerating ones. A comparatively small advance of price would afford both masters and workmen all they require, and more they could not obtain. It must be remembered that the high prices of the old system arose,

in a considerable degree, from the heavy duties which have been removed. Granting, for the sake of argument, that the advance of price would cause cottons, &c. to be substituted for silks, more of them would be consumed, and of course they would require more labour. It was said some time since, that the cotton weavers had betaken themselves to the weaving of silks; and in this case, the silk weavers might betake themselves to the fabrication of the cottons, stuffs, and mixed goods, called for in lieu of silks.

The better classes now wear foreign silks principally, for which they, in most cases, pay a higher price than can be obtained for British ones. Restore the prohibition, and these classes will buy British instead of foreign silks. In this case, a very large additional quantity of British silks will be consumed, and the consumers will have to pay no advance of price worthy of notice. Farther, the manufacture of fancy silks is nearly destroyed in this country by foreign ones; restore the prohibition, and this manufacture will be restored. In this case, a vast additional quantity of British silks, in respect of labour, will be consumed; and on the whole, the consumers will not be called on for any material advance of price.

The workmen are now compelled, when they can procure employment, to toil sixteen hours per day, to the destruction of both comfort and constitution. Let them have adequate wages, and they will only labour the proper number of hours. It will then require almost one-fourth more hands to do the same quantity of work.

Upon the whole, then, the matter stands thus: If prohibition, on the one hand, should diminish, to a certain extent, the consumption of common silks, and thereby diminish employment; it would, on the other, mightily enlarge employment by increasing the consumption of cottons, &c., transferring the manufacturing of fancy silks, and the best plain ones, from foreign to British workmen, and enabling the workmen to shorten their hours of labour. What is the balance? It evidently is, that prohibition would create infinitely more employment than it would take away.

As to smuggling, it could not prevail more than it has done under the

new system. From the difficulties which surround it, our conviction is, that it never can prevail to any great extent. Prohibition would impose on it many checks which do not now exist. It would not have more facilities than it had in the last six years of the old system, and it then did not prevent the Silk Trade from flourishing.

Under prohibition, the silk manufacture, in spite of heavy duties on the raw article, smuggling, and other disadvantages, improved, increased, and flourished, regularly and greatly; and it then had far greater disadvantages to contend with, than it would have in future, should prohibition be restored. With this notorious fact looking him in the face, Mr Fitzgerald asserts that prohibition would be fatal to the manufacture! If public men will thus voluntarily brand and destroy themselves, the fault is not ours.

In making such a display of himself, he has associates. Mr Baring, who, according to his wonted custom, spoke on one side and voted on the other, states, that the Silk Trade is "a condemned one," but still he will not return to prohibition. He believes that a trade of this magnitude and value will perish, and he will rather see it perish, than endeavour to save it by prohibition. Does he prove by fact and argument, that prohibition would be a greater evil than the loss of the trade, or would produce any evil whatever? He does not attempt it. Let not Mr Baring imagine that conduct like this will escape what it deserves. The men who oppose prohibition, from the delusion that the trade will flourish under the new system, are infinitely more excusable than those who oppose it, and still believe that, under this system, the trade will be ruined.

And Mr C. Grant promulgates this delectable information:—"With this broad assertion, we would conclude, that the restrictive system could not be maintained in this country. The proof of that assertion was to be found in every part of the history of trade. He would not stop to enquire what might be done by an unimportant or infant community, but by a great and powerful nation, dependent for its commercial prosperity upon foreign intercourse. The maintenance of a restrictive system in an

advanced stage of society, was utterly and totally impracticable. (Hear, hear.)" These cheers, we opine, must have proceeded from the Learned Boys who grace the House of Commons, under the character of being the only seers and statesmen in the empire.

In what chapter of the history of trade is the marvellous intelligence to be found, that, in this country, a restrictive system cannot be maintained? When England abandoned such a system, she enjoyed the fullness of peace and prosperity; she acted solely from choice; and, up to that moment, she added restriction to restriction, until her system was rendered essentially a prohibitory one. The occasional relaxations she made, only formed petty exceptions to the general rule.

If any credit be deserved by the history of the world, infant and unimportant communities have alone acted on the principles of Free Trade; in proportion as nations have advanced in power and civilisation, they have adopted the restrictive system.

England was greater, more powerful, and in a more advanced stage of society, when, a few years ago, she abandoned her restrictive system, than she now is; and still she found the maintenance of it neither impracticable nor difficult: she abandoned it voluntarily. It will be conceded, that France is great, powerful, and in an advanced stage of society; and yet, she has been so far from finding it impracticable to maintain even her prohibitory system, that she has hitherto continually enlarged it. Instead of suffering from it, her trade, in late years, has been much more prosperous than that of this country. America holds no mean rank in power and civilization, yet she has constantly enlarged her restrictive system, until it is now nearly a prohibitory one; and she has never found any difficulty in maintaining it. The greatest and most privileged of foreign nations maintain, and flourish under, their restrictive systems; while the maintenance of its system of Free Trade is costing the British empire its existence.

These are Mr C. Grant's *FACTS*; he associates with them another fact, viz. that the new system came into operation in the Silk Trade in 1824. He asserts this, while he admits that the prohibition was not removed until 1826!

Are fallacious arguments found so useless in supporting the new political economy, that the desperate expedient is thus resorted to, of asserting common historical facts to be directly the reverse of what they really are? Let Mr Grant be assured that this will not do: the public mind has so far retrograded, that it can be deluded by the most flimsy sophistries; but, however, it cannot yet be deluded by outrageous fictions like these.

With regard to the question before us, was this country compelled to abolish the prohibition enjoyed by the Silk Trade? No; the abolition was entirely a matter of choice. Would it now have the smallest difficulty in restoring and maintaining this prohibition? Not even Mr Huskisson, or Mr Grant, can give any other answer than—No!

But, says Mr Fitzgerald, "under prohibition, the trade was a scene of offensive and arbitrary laws, restrictive of the fair exercise of the inclinations of the people, and regardless of their wants. They were laws which no one felt to impose any moral obligation; and thus an habitual indifference to the breach of law was engendered in the public mind. I will remove from the statute-book, if I can, legal crimes, which the people do not consider as moral crimes. I would not arm the common informer with a power to enter the houses of individuals. I would not permit even the King's officer, for the sake of a fiscal regulation, to violate the sanctity of an Englishman's abode!!!"

Lovely patriotism—exquisite morality—inimitable philanthropy! Who could have expected such a display from a member of the Wellington Ministry? Good people of England, smuggle not a part only, but the whole, of your brandy and hollands, your tea and tobacco, your silks and linens, for one of his Majesty's Ministers intimates to you, that the laws which forbid you to do so, are offensive and arbitrary, restrict the fair exercise of your inclinations, and impose no moral obligation! Ye merchants and shipowners, grocers and tallow-chandlers, brewers and maltsters, spirit dealers, and the innumerable other people who are subjected by law to the intrusion of custom-house and excise officers, lock your doors against them; for a member of the Cabinet intimates

to you, that it is unjust for them to violate the sanctity of your abodes!

Seriously, could any thing be conceived more thoroughly disgusting and despicable than this? One of those Ministers, who so recently, in regard to the "settlement" of the Catholic question, trampled in such a tyrannical manner on popular rights, now pules about the rights of the people! A law which prohibits the people from buying foreign silks when they can buy British ones equally good in point of comfort, and more serviceable, is, forsooth, offensive and arbitrary; it prevents them from supplying their wants, and imposes no moral obligation. And for what purpose is this monstrous doctrine pleaded? The enactment of a law, which, according to their declarations, will ruin half a million of souls. To save from punishment a few solitary individuals who would never be in danger of it if they did not intentionally violate the laws, and who violate them solely from caprice or the desire for unjust gain, this tender-hearted Minister will make a fiscal regulation, which, more than five hundred thousand innocent people assert, will strip them of property, and take away their bread!

We will not leave this point without asking, Is a law which, by prohibitory duty, restrains the mass of the people from wearing cheap foreign linens, eating cheap foreign corn, and drinking, what they cannot find adequate substitutes for, foreign hollands, brandy, and wine,—is such a law a whit more oppressive, arbitrary, and unworthy of imposing moral obligations, than one which prohibits them from wearing foreign silks when they can wear British ones fully as good in essentials, and nearly as cheap? We put this question to the new Cabinet patriots and moralists.

Passing from Mr Fitzgerald's reasons for not returning to the old system, we will now look at his remedies for removing the distress of the Silk Trade.

In the last session, Mr C. Grant broadly hinted that it might be advisable to destroy the throwsters outright for the benefit of the manufacturers; or, in other words, to utterly ruin and starve half of those engaged in the trade, for the advantage of the other half. The new Ministerial press eagerly seized the atrocious hint, and

loudly called on its masters to adopt it, and remove the duty on thrown silk, even though it might totally ruin the throwsters and their workmen. Such is the system of wholesale confiscation and robbery, which is now openly advocated in this country. Mr Fitzgerald does not venture to adopt the whole at once, but he adopts a part, with an intimation that he may in due time do the same with the other part. Too merciful to give instant death, he dooms the victim to expire through lingering tortures.

His first remedy, therefore, for removing the distress of the half million of people engaged in the Silk Trade, is one which confessedly will add largely to the losses and sufferings of almost half of them.

The remainder of these people are to draw this benefit from the remedy: they are to be enabled to buy a part of the silk they manufacture a little cheaper. While he gives them this, his next remedy compels them to lower their prices much more than it will enable them to do. Our belief is, that the benefit intended them by the reduction of the duty on thrown silk, will be principally monopolized by the importers and other intermediate dealers. With the one remedy he enables them to sell one per cent cheaper; with the other, he compels them to sell ten or twenty per cent cheaper. To gild the matter, a drawback is to be allowed on exported silks, which will amount to a trifling part of the difference of price between British silks and foreign ones.

His remedies are simply these:—1. Both throwsters and manufacturers are to be compelled to reduce considerably their prices. 2. A vast additional quantity of foreign silks is confessedly to be brought into their glutted market. These are the remedies for relieving a trade overwhelmed with bankruptcy, loss, and starvation! Oh, sage and compassionate Ministry!—Oh, enlightened and property-protecting House of Commons! What powers of language could do justice to your merits!

But then this is to destroy the smuggler. Oh, the smuggler—oh, the smuggler! exclaim members of Parliament. At the very mention of this ill-reputed personage they hold up their hands in horror, and to destroy him, vote away half the fortunes and

breed of the community. It can only put down smuggling by allowing foreign silks to be legally imported at as cheap a rate as they can be smuggled at, and it is intended to do so. If it have this effect, what will be the benefit to the Silk Trade? Smuggling, from the difficulties which surround it, can never take place to any very large extent; Mr Fitzgerald admits his belief that its extent is greatly exaggerated: but a legal import has no limit save consumption. The benefit, therefore, to the Silk Trade, will be comprised in this,—the smugglers are to be prohibited from bringing their comparatively trifling quantity of cheap silks, and the foreign manufacturers are to be allowed to bring as many equally cheap as the country may wish to buy; practically, the smugglers, instead of being restricted to the supplying of a very small part of the market, are to be suffered to supply the whole. Take this illustration: Fifty thousand quarters of foreign wheat are annually smuggled at 30s. per quarter; to prevent this, the ports are opened, by law, to all foreign wheat at the same price.

Such are odd benefits; they are worthy of their parents, however fatal they may be to those on whom they are forced.

But British silks will be so cheapened as to exclude foreign ones. This stands on the false principle, that while prices can be lowered here, they cannot abroad. France exports to this country a large quantity of silks annually; and if she lose this export, it will cause such distress in her Silk Trade as will bring down her prices. The case, therefore, is this—foreign silks will be imported to an unlimited extent, or their price will fall until they offer the same temptation to the smuggler which they have hitherto done.

Such silks, however, are preferred, not because they are cheaper, but because they are superior in appearance to British ones; and they will be bought without reference to the cheapness of the latter.

We have said sufficient to prove that Mr Fitzgerald's remedies are, in every point of view, infinitely worse than worthless. How far we have proved that they are, in more respects than one, a disgrace to the country, we will not say.

In regard to the declamation touching the injustice of excluding East India silks, we will observe, that the new measures will not only depress the price of East India raw silk, but greatly injure the production of it, in favour of that of France and Italy. The East Indies will lose more from them than they will gain, even though they be suffered to send us their wrought silks at a low duty. Mr Fitzgerald ludicrously states, that such sufferance ought to be received as a boon by the shipowners. The shipowners will be allowed to bring wrought silks instead of the raw article, and for such a boon they will not thank the Right Honourable donor.

Upon the whole, these matters are manifest: The silk manufacture improved, increased, and flourished far more in proportion under the old system, than it has done under the new one. The latter has arrested its progress, blasted its prosperity, involved it in the extreme of suffering, and brought it into danger of comparative extinction. It has already nearly destroyed some valuable branches of it. The new measures of Government must accelerate its downfall. While a return to prohibition is essential for both its relief and its preservation, not a single valid syllable has been, or can be, pleaded against such return.

Mr Paulett Thompson, of course, made a bitter speech against the silk manufacturers; but it contains nothing worthy of notice. We are, however, tempted to give this extract:—“He confessed he was anxious to give the manufacturers of every country an equal chance, and to do away with all restrictive duties.—He thought the arts of industry should be perfectly free from all legislative enactments, which could only tend to impede their progress, and diminish their vigour. Industry should, he thought, be left altogether to its own resources. It was, as a modern writer had described it, like the wild weed which was self-sown on the mountain side, and which gathered strength even from the rude blast by which it was constantly assailed. It flourished most where it was least protected; but, if transplanted into the more fertile soil of the garden, or into the warmth of the hot-house, its shoots lost their vigour, and its flowers faded.”

Far be it from us to perpetrate any

injury on this very finely composed extract in the way of refutation. Mr P. Thompson is, we believe, a young man, and it is evident that he has begun to teach before he has begun to learn. We will hint to him, that it will do him no harm if he make his complete ignorance of the history of the world somewhat more of a secret. Being a young man, it is natural to imagine that he occasionally coquets—if political economists ever be guilty of any thing so antiquated as communication with the fair sex—with young ladies; and we shrewdly suspect that the “modern writer” is no other than some lovely and romantic girl of sixteen, whom he prevailed on to assist him in preparing his speech. We of course speak thus, on the assumption that he is unmarried. By the way, what has become of his bill for abolishing the Usury Laws?

From what we have said, it will be seen that Mr Huskisson had the inconceivable hardihood to take part in the debate. If this Right Honourable pensioner had been for a moment visited by the feelings which never forsake high-spirited men, shame would have kept him from Parliament on the occasion, or he would only have entered it to say,—“These wretched beings charge upon me their sufferings. The bankrupt declares my measures ruined him—the famishing workman insists they took away his bread—the criminal asserts they forced him to his guilt; to them these hundreds of thousands of my fellow-creatures ascribe their losses, starvation, and misery. I am accused of having produced a mass of ruin and suffering too horrible for description. I will not speak in my defence, for I stand in the situation of a man arraigned on the highest charges, and whose word ought not to be trusted. I therefore implore you to grant immediate and unsparing enquiry; let the matter be sifted to the utmost; if I am innocent, let my character be purified in the only way it can be from these terrible imputations; and if it be proved that I have erred, take my pension, my fortune, my all, to make the redress as ample as possible.” Instead of this, what was his conduct? Virtually he thus spoke:—“Disbelieve what these wretched creatures assert—disregard their misery—crush their trade still

farther, without evidence and in contempt of any additional sufferings you may heap upon them—proceed in scattering around you confiscation, beggary, and starvation; and I assure you—I do not condescend to offer proof or reasoning in support of it—that you will at some distant period or other reap from it an abundant harvest of prosperity!”

So in effect spoke Mr Huskisson, and the House of Commons most obsequiously obeyed him.

There is one point in this matter which ought to be most seriously reflected on by every man in the three kingdoms who attaches the smallest value to the security of property. The silk throwsters declared that the new duties of Ministers would destroy their property, which amounted to several millions; and, without one tittle of evidence to disprove this—nay, on the understanding that it might be true, and that the extermination of the throwsters would be beneficial—these duties were adopted by Parliament. When the principle is thus openly acted on, that the property of whole classes ought to be annihilated on the mere assertions of some ignorant, imbecile, profligate Ministry, or to attain some speculative public good, we ask, whose property is secure?

We place this before every man who for the moment possesses a fortune. Let him not deceive himself by dreaming that this principle of robbery will be confined to the silk throwsters. To-day he may possess fifty thousand pounds worth of land, and to-morrow some law may intentionally render it worthless, and make him a beggar. This moment he may have fifty thousand pounds vested in trade; the next, some law may intentionally annihilate the sum, and make him a bankrupt. This year he may have fifty thousand pounds in the funds; the next, some law may intentionally destroy half the amount. The landowner and fundholder have no more right to protection of property than the silk throwster. If the right be destroyed to one, it is destroyed to all. The poor man's bread is as insecure as the rich man's wealth. What is the evident deduction? It is, that people who have any fortune left ought either to transport it with all convenient speed to

some foreign country, where protection of property is enjoyed, or to take measures for forming the next Parliament of members who will be bonest enough to restore to the Englishman that protection of property of which he has been plundered.

We cannot conclude without a word to the landed interest. Men who so recently insisted that they ought to have remunerating prices for their agricultural produce, and that they ought not to be robbed of their property vested in land, joined in this attack on the property of the silk manufacturers. Do these simple and criminal men imagine that in this they destroyed none but the property of others? When the motion for abolishing the Corn Law is made in Parliament, to the irresistible argument, You voted away the property of the

silk manufacturers, therefore you are bound to suffer your own to be voted away—they will be speechless. Granting that they can save this law, what do they expect to reap from these labours to take from the mass of the community the means of consuming corn at any price. Corn cannot command a higher price than consumers can afford to give; and if they thus assist in grinding down wages and destroying employment, a prohibitory law will not prevent wheat from falling to 30s. per quarter. The property of the manufacturers and traders must be protected, or that of the landowners will be annihilated.

We regret that time and space will not permit us to do justice to the able speeches of Mr Fyler, Mr Robinson, Mr Sadler, Mr Attwood, and the other advocates of the Silk Trade.

THE MILLENNIUM.

It is utterly impossible that things should remain long in their present state. This is an axiom to which every one assents the moment it is stated; and from it the sagacious and the enlightened will, without fairly incurring the imputation of a propensity to indulge in visionary speculation, deduce the following corollary—that there must shortly be some alteration. But will the change be for the better or for the worse? This is an extremely natural question, and one which it is much easier to propound than to resolve satisfactorily. Some are inclined to look at the dark, and others at the flattering side of the picture; of course, there is a prophecy and a theory,—the one the result of undoubted inspiration, and the other an infallible deduction from undeniable premises,—for each view of the case; and the hopes and the fears of mankind oscillate between the anticipation of good and the foreboding of evil. Both in the moral and in the physical world, in the elements and in the seasons, in the condition of society, in the habits, the opinions, and the principles of the age, are to be discerned, we are told, the symptoms of an approaching convulsion: and there certainly was a comet last year, notwithstanding the doubts which some

people professed to entertain of its genuineness. In this alarming crisis, our sentiments are looked for with natural anxiety,—most sober, respectable, and intelligent people, suspending their own opinions in the meantime. Month after month have our oracular pages been consulted on the subject, but in vain; and many are they who have exclaimed in the bitterest tone of impatience and disappointment, “Heavens! why is there no prediction in *Maga*?” On the Stock Exchange, in the coffee-rooms, in the club-bouses, and in all other places of general resort, people run about enquiring, “Has North vaticinated?” The answer is, No;—and the Stocks fall, and the apprehensions of the public rise to an alarming extent. But be the consequences what they may, we shall for the present resign the tripos to those inspired individuals by whom it has been so worthily preoccupied, and whom we have no desire whatever to push from their stools. We will merely, *en passant*, recommend to all modern prophets to preface their oracles, after the manner of Tiresias, with a *Quidquid dicam aut erit aut non*; or else to follow the example of that sensible Irishman, who never foretold events until after they had come to pass. From the neglect to adopt some

precaution of this sort, many dilemmas are apt to arise which we need not point out to the judicious.

It is true, that we have anxiously consulted the signs of the times ; and upon these have formed an opinion, which it is our intention to promulgate for the public good : but that opinion is the result, not of inspiration, but of deliberate conviction. In pursuing our enquiries, we have launched into a wider field, we believe, than any of our contemporaries, not confining our observations merely to Europe, or even to the earth,—but occasionally glancing at the whole planetary system. At first sight, this may appear to have been rather unnecessary ; but he who duly revolves in his mind our present condition, and our future prospects, must feel ultimately convinced, that it is scarcely possible to extend one's enquiries too far on so vast and comprehensive a subject. From a careful review of all the circumstances which can be imagined to bear in any degree upon the question, we have come to the conclusion, that the Millennium is not so far distant as some people are apt to imagine. Indeed, Mr Irving, and other singularly favoured mortals, have even been enabled to fix the precise date of that important epoch. This is the advantage which divine inspiration possesses over mere human reasoning and foresight!

We have had no spring ; and the deficiency has been ascribed to the storms by which the political world is agitated having extended themselves to the elements, to the indignation of Heaven at the moral depravity of the age, and to divers other causes,—all of them, it is conceived, equally remote from the true one. In fact, this unseasonable privation is, we submit, not the effect, but mediately the cause, of most of the extraordinary conversions, and other events, which have lately astonished and perplexed us. Due attention has not been paid to the important philosophical fact, that the sun is an immense body of fire, which is constantly consuming itself. Now, the immortal Newton, whose theory is generally preferred to that of Sir Richard Phillips and his disciples, has told us that gravitation, or the force by which the earth and the other planets are retained in their

respective orbits, is in the direct ratio of the mass of the attracting body. Here is a frightful prospect!—the density of the sun, and consequently the force of gravity, constantly diminishing! Thus, the radius of the earth's orbit is gradually increasing, and we are continually receding from the centre of our system. Again, this force of gravity varies also inversely as the square of the distance : the farther we are from the sun, the less powerful, in a much greater ratio, is its attraction. So that here are two distinct causes constantly and powerfully co-operating to throw us to a remoter distance from the source of light and heat! It is a sense of duty alone which induces us to avow the conviction which has been reluctantly forced upon us. The orbit of this our planet will become gradually more and more eccentric, until it shall at length revolve “ a comet with a fiery tail,” visiting God knows what regions of heat and cold, or possibly fly off in a tangent through infinite space. In consequence of the frightful rapidity with which it is clear that the sun has been wasting away of late, the deviations of the earth from its proper course have been unusually great, to the manifest deterioration of the seasons, and producing at the same time a corresponding eccentricity in the conduct and opinions of its inhabitants. Hence sudden changes in the minds of men, and the constitutions of kingdoms ; hence mercurial morality, and political harlequinade, and other singular results, which of course are but a prelude to something still more extraordinary, and more miraculous. Which is the most simple theory—that the one we have just developed, or that which insists upon an alteration in the laws of nature, as the consequence of a fluctuation in human principles and opinions?

Now, having taken this cursory view of what may be called the external relations of the earth, let us revert to its superficial and internal affairs—to its moral regime, its polity, and its earthquakes. One of the most remarkable characteristics of the age is undoubtedly the increasing wealth, consideration, and influence of the Jews, and the ungrateful and bigoted obstinacy which they oppose to the benevolent efforts of a Society, established for the sole purpose of con-

verting them to Christianity. The avarice of this misbelieving race has ever been proverbial—"Nescio quid curæ semper abest rei."—(We do not make this quotation in allusion to a peculiar and vital ceremony of the Jewish faith. Heaven forbid that we should indulge in illiberal and ungenerous reflections upon the religious tenets of any class of people!)—The crime of ambition is now to be added to their other enormities. Ignorant and unreflecting people are congratulating themselves that the question of emancipation has been for ever set at rest. Deluded beings! you have decollated the hydra, but other heads are springing up from the wound. The whole race of Israel clamours at the gates of your Constitution for admission to its privileges, its honours, and, above all, to its emoluments. In the dark vista of futurity, we behold a rapacious Jew administering the finances of this once flourishing and fortunate empire. To be sure, an effectual security against any misappropriation in this quarter would be furnished by a legislative provision, that no Chancellor of the Exchequer should attend a synagogue in his robes of office. But who shall guarantee our religion (for it will not be a mere question of an establishment) against the dark and traitorous designs of that Coryphæus of the Israelitish cause, who, taking advantage of the present commercial distress of the country, has already frightened the potentates of Threadneedle Street into submission, by announcing, with all the pomp of arrogance and the insolence of triumph, that he was a Count, two Barons, and a Marquis? What more may not this man's ambition lead him to attempt? It has been lately stated in the first court of judicature in the empire, that a society for the promotion of the Jewish religion has been established for a considerable time in some remote region, artfully fixed upon as being out of the jurisdiction of the laws of this country. Several Ministers of State are said to have been already converted; and of one high in office, in particular, it is rumoured, that the price of his return for a certain Jewish borough was his consenting forthwith to undergo the odious ceremony of circumcision. Even a Prince of the blood royal, whose physiognomy is supposed to betray his

natural predilections, has been accused of a leaning to Judaism, Infidelity, Socinianism, "and the rest." We have good reason to believe that all these remarkable incidents are merely the precursors of an awful crisis, which cannot be either precipitated or delayed by mere human agency; and we therefore give ourselves up to the course of events with patience and resignation; only ejaculating a prayer, that if ever a Jew should be seated upon the throne of these realms, he may prove a Solomon.

Turning our regards to the East, we behold two of the mightiest and most extensive dynasties of the earth engaged in a conflict, which remorseless ambition, hereditary jealousy, religious animosity, and large guns constructed upon a new and exterminating principle, all conspire to render more terrible and more deadly. The flames of discord are spreading with frightful rapidity over two or three quarters of the globe. In the meantime, many enthusiasts declare it to be their belief, that the subjugation of the Turk will promote the interests and the extension of Christianity. What unaccountable perversity and blindness, not to perceive that the inevitable result will be the conversion of the whole Russian empire to Mahomedanism! All sacred and profane history abounds with instances of conquerors having adopted the religion of the conquered; and the creed of Mahomet is peculiarly adapted to seduce a licentious and semi-barbarous victor, revelling in all the intoxication of triumph, seeking only the gratification of his own rude appetites, unenlightened by education, untamed by the cultivation of refined and liberal pursuits, and unrestrained by the principles of that faith, which he professes indeed, and practises in its outward forms and ceremonies, but to the spirit of which he is altogether a stranger. From the ashes of Constantinople the religion of the Koran will rise like a phoenix with renovated vigour. We foresee the period when the Russian and the Moslem, the barbarian of the north and the barbarian of the east, bound together by a common policy and a common creed, confederates, as they are now opponents, in arms, will unite to carry devastation, terror, and Islamism, to the remotest corners of the earth. The most obstinate antagonist

to be encountered by this new and formidable force will be the Jewish religion, which, according to appearances, will then prevail in all the western states of Europe. The conflict, like that of the sons of the dragon's teeth in mythological history, will be a war of mutual extermination, until there shall survive but a select remnant, destined to be the agent of universal regeneration, and to establish the moral and physical, the religious and the intellectual, perfections of man upon the wreck of his race and the ruins of all existing institutions. Thus good ariseth out of evil.

In Italy, one Pope has died, and another has been elected to prelatize in his place. This latter is a man whose days have already exceeded the term of threescore years and ten, which is allotted for the ordinary duration of human life. Verily, old age and decrepitude appear in our times to be recommendations for promotion to the high places; because, no doubt, they hold out to future aspirants the prospect of a more rapid succession. This argues a love of novelty; a revolutionary spirit, which bodes no good to the existing order of things. We therefore anticipate that a still farther change will, at no very remote period, take place in the quarter we have just been mentioning.

But the most striking feature of the age is undoubtedly the extraordinary and unprecedented quantity of intellect which it displays. Yet as in nature a too lavish profusion is ever succeeded by barrenness, so the mind of man becomes exhausted by a wild and extravagant luxuriance. When, therefore, we consider the portentous pitch of excellence to which Maga has attained, the unlimited circulation which it enjoys, and the consequent universal diffusion of knowledge and intelligence, we are overcome with extreme melancholy, anticipating a recurrence to the ignorance and barbarity of the dark ages. It is permitted to the faculties of the mind to be cultivated to a certain extent—to be pushed up to a certain point, beyond which all motion is retrogressive. This maximum elevation of human reason is to be attained only by a slow, wearisome, and painful progress; but the labour of many ages may be entirely undone in the course of a very few years; and when knowledge once be-

gins to relapse, it rolls downward with the rapidity of the stone of Sisypheus, into the horrid gulf out of which it was originally propelled. We are now oscillating upon the very brink of this gloomy abyss, and all the efforts of the Schoolmaster are insufficient to counterbalance the downward tendency of an overgrown population and an enormous national debt—of present confusion and distress, and prospective tumult, anarchy, and war. What a hideous picture! The man who loves his country with a sincere affection, unwilling to witness the decline of her prosperity and glory, already hesitates only between pistols and prussic acid, Waterloo-bridge and a running noose. But self-destruction will no longer be regarded as the work of insanity, and a suicidal patriot will necessarily be pronounced a *felo de se*. Thus the very cause which would seem to promote the crime of suicide, by exhibiting it in the light of a reasonable and merely precautionary step, will have a tendency to counteract itself, by holding out the prospect of interment in unconsecrated ground. The obvious connexion of this subject with the question of dissection, induces us to allude briefly to an odious measure which has lately formed a theme of Parliamentary discussion, for the purpose of stigmatising the gross infringement upon the liberties, and the atrocious outrage upon the feelings, of the poorer classes of his Majesty's subjects which it involves. The body of the friendless and unclaimed pauper (mark the total dereliction of humanity, the contemptuous defiance of all the better feelings of our nature, displayed by the abettors of this measure in the selection of the friendless and the destitute for their horrid purposes!) is to be hacked and hewn into small bits for the purpose of gratifying the cannibal-propensities of a cruel, unfeeling, and bloodthirsty profession! We restrain our indignation, and shall say no more upon this topic, which, as subjects for dissection will shortly, alas! be too plentiful, it is now unnecessary to discuss. We have only noticed it as an additional evidence of the present unnatural state of society, and as one of those remarkable signs of the times which have induced us to conclude, that we are upon the verge of some signal catastrophe. We are taught to believe

that the millennium will be preceded as well by the total extinction of the light of science and of wisdom, as by the utter extermination of all natural and religious feeling.

The inhabitants of this country have good reason to congratulate themselves upon its possessing no volcanoes—no treacherous beds of martial pyrites and bituminous matter, prepared to ignite, explode, and devastate, whenever they shall be affected by the atmosphere, or called into action by the enormous and judgment-seeking depravity of man. Thus this favoured island, though otherwise subject to considerable vicissitudes in its temperature and climate, will be in a great measure exempt from the convulsions of the elements and the throes of nature, by which the new order of things will be ushered in. But gratitude for this signal mark of favour is effectually intercepted by ignorance of its existence: for how can they who are altogether blind to the impending danger contemplate any partial deliverance from it? It has been our object to open the eyes of our fellow-countrymen to a knowledge of their real situation, and to present them with a brief and general outline of the causes which are co-operating to give to the age what may be called a Millennial tendency. In pointing out what there is in the future to be dreaded, and what to be hoped, we have purposely avoided dwelling upon the peculiar advantages and resources which this country possesses, because we feared to check that incipient migratory impulse which promises to carry away a portion of our overflowing population to the antipodes. If the supernumerary artizans of the manufacturing districts can be inoculated with a mania for colonizing up-

on the banks of a Swan river, it is well; and what remains of our spinning-jennies, our power-looms, and our steam-engines, may possibly be snatched for a time from the incendiary and the leveller; though, after all, it matters but little whether our manufactures and commerce be abruptly annihilated by a revolutionary *coup-de-grace*, or left to drag on a languishing existence until they expire from mere inanition.

There are some, no doubt, who will reproach us for divulging the exclusive information which we possess of the future history of mankind, and which is entirely the result of our own superior wisdom and discernment—fearing lest people should sink into a state of despondency when they come to be acquainted with their own horrible prospects. We consider these to be the scruples of men who are inclined to sacrifice too much to overstrained delicacy, and nervous apprehension. For our own parts, we take a kind of melancholy pleasure in alarming the fears of such as repose any faith in our representations. No one is so securely upon his guard as the man who is thoroughly frightened. A little wholesome panic does not necessarily imply despair; though it is true there is now mighty little room left for hope. At all events, we have done what we conceived to be our duty; *liberavimus animam nostram*; our conscience is now at rest. Even if we err, excess of caution is not likely to do much harm; and if all that we have prognosticated should come to pass—if the Millennium should in reality be as near at hand as we have supposed—then we shall certainly congratulate ourselves no little upon our own wonderful penetration and foresight.

SKETCHES OF ITALY AND THE ITALIANS, WITH REMARKS ON ANTIQUITIES
AND FINE ARTS.

(Continued.)

XXXII. RECOLLECTIONS OF NAPLES.

IN the year 1796, I accompanied the Princess of Anhalt Dessau from Rome on a flying visit to Naples, where, through the friendly agency of my worthy friend Heigelin, the Danish Consul, the Princess and her suite were soon established in a commodious and elegantly furnished residence above the Villa Reale, overlooking one of the noblest promenades in Europe, with the celebrated group of the Toro Farnese before our windows. Our prospect included the whole bay as far as Cape Minerva, and in the blue distance of this splendid scene appeared the singularly-shaped isle of Capri.

The Princess, ever sincerely desirous to remain incog., had travelled from Lugano to Naples under the name of Madame de Sollnitz; but her servants, thinking themselves degraded by her assumption of a lower rank, everywhere proclaimed her a princess of the royal house of Brandenburg; and not only to landlords, cooks, and waiters, but to any one who would listen to them. The consequence of this publicity was a considerable aggravation of her travelling expenditure, as, according to the long-established tariff of all the hotel-keepers in Europe, a prince or duke must pay twice as much, but a king or emperor three or four times as much, as a count or baron. At Naples, however, we were indebted to this treachery of the servants for an early visit from the intelligent and gentlemanly Prussian painter, Philip Hackert, who, with graceful promptitude, asserted his inherent claim to attend a Prussian princess as cicerone. He escorted us to every object worthy of notice in Naples and its vicinity, and was prevented only by indisposition from accompanying us to Salerno and Pæstum. These attentions were enhanced in value by our knowledge that no painter in Europe was so well paid for his professional labours, and that he was such an economist of his time as to apportion it to his various objects with mathematical accuracy.

Persevering industry, a love of order, and a knowledge of human nature, were the foundations of Hackert's fortune, which probably surpasses that of any painter since Rubens. He was also well versed in statistics and finance, and, had accident thrown him into the career of politics, he would probably have raised himself to the same eminence as a statesman, which he has attained as a landscape painter.

Hackert was employed by the King of the Two Sicilies to negotiate the transfer from Rome to Naples of the treasures of fine art belonging to the Farnese family; and the consummate ability with which he conducted and accomplished this delicate mission, was repaid by the enduring confidence and liberality of his royal patron, who assigned to him a winter-residence in the Francavilla Palace at Naples, and the old palace at Caserta for his summer abode; besides many other substantial proofs of kindness and favour. The prudent artist ensured to himself the permanent enjoyment of these advantages, by asking no favours for himself or others; by a careful avoidance of all interference in politics; and by declining the posts of honour and badges of distinction which were tendered to him. His rare sagacity in this respect proved that, during his intercourse with the titled and the powerful, he had studied the mazes and perils of a courtier's life as successfully as the characters of trees and aerial perspective. His ambition never soared beyond the title of *Pittore di Camera*; and his advice to his brother George, when appointed engraver to the King of the Two Sicilies, was literally this: "Brother, you must beware of smoking, because the king hates the smell of tobacco; and you must never accept a court order, because the name of Hackert requires no such distinction."

The King listened with pleasure to the conversation of this intelligent artist, and often stood by him to observe the progress of his paintings. The Queen, too, honoured him with her favour, because he promoted her hus-

hand's favourite pursuits of the chase and fishing; and never troubled himself about the measures of the all-powerful minister Acton. In Hackert's fine collection of gems and valuables, were several costly rings presented to him by the Queen of Naples; also a ring sent to him by Catherine of Russia; in testimony of her approbation of his large picture of the battle of Tscheme, painted to commemorate the courage and self-devotion of Vice-Admiral Spiridow, who refused to abandon his burning flag-ship, and was blown up in her. When Count Orloff requested Hackert to undertake this picture, and to introduce the blowing up of the Admiral's ship, the painter told him that it was not in his power, because he had never seen a ship blown up. "Is that all?" said the Russian; "then you shall see one." Purchasing an old man-of-war, employed as an hospital-ship, Count Orloff ordered the magazine to be crammed with powder, and the vessel to be blown up for the instruction of the artist, who now accomplished without difficulty the grand picture, ten feet high, which adorns one of the historical saloons in the palace of Peterhof.

Hackert's table surpassed all others in Naples in its perfect appointment, and in the refined cookery and flavour of its viands. The selection of the various dishes was truly eclectic, the hospitable painter having culled from the best culinary works of France, Italy, and Germany, the most approved and exquisite receipts. Following, too, with classic taste, the example of the Greeks and Romans, his guests never exceeded or fell short of the Muses or Graces in number. He gave two dinners in honour of the Princess of Anhalt Dessau at Naples and Caserta, in which refined taste and lavish magnificence were harmoniously blended; even the Angora cat Marchesina, the painter's pet, dipped her whiskers into a silver dish.

When dining at Caserta, the Princess was expressing in enthusiastic terms her admiration of William Tischbein's historical picture of the "Judgment of Brutus." At the name of Tischbein I observed a flush of resentment darkening the features of Hackert, and, knowing them both to be incapable of professional hostility, I was unable to interpret this angry impulse until evening, when Hackert

took all his guests to see the exotic animals in the royal menagerie. Here he summoned a black ostrich, and as it came trotting towards us, he said with a bitter smile to the Princess, "Is not the head of that ostrich the very picture of Tischbein's?" This curious comparison gave me at once a clue to the source of Hackert's resentment. Tischbein, although designed by nature and education for an historical painter, was passionately addicted to a pursuit of a much less elevated character. A zealous disciple of Lavater, he had long studied with deep interest the resemblances between human and animal features, and had exultingly proclaimed his discovery that Hackert had the physiognomy of a fox. The landscape-painter, to whom this discovery of the enthusiastic physiognomist had been told with ill-natured exaggeration, thought himself insulted by the comparison, and, instead of wisely joining in the laugh, he carefully inspected all the wild animals in the menagerie, and endeavoured to revenge himself by proclaiming Tischbein an ostrich.

Totally unconscious of any offensive meaning in these comparisons, Tischbein did not hesitate to tell any one who came in his way the animal resemblance he had discovered in his features. Meeting one day Dr Dommeier, he seized him vehemently by the arm, and said, in his impassioned manner, "No, my worthy friend! you are no dog! That was an unfortunate mistake. You are an ox!"

To my infinite mortification, the Princess declined to avail herself of Hackert's proposal to invite Lady Hamilton to tea. In vain did our obliging host repeat his assurance, that this celebrated Englishwoman would esteem it an honour to exhibit before her, in all their classic variety, her well-known mimetic talents. The Princess assigned some unsatisfactory excuses, and remained inexorable. Her principal objection, as she afterwards acknowledged, was the great intimacy of Lady Hamilton with the notorious Countess L——u, and the, if possible, still more notorious Lady N. When the old satyr, Lord B., once discovered these three Susannas together in a boudoir, he started back, exclaiming with his wonted sarcasm, "A présent le bordel est rempli, et je m'en vais." A more gallant remark

might have been expected from one who, notwithstanding his grey hairs, was passionately enamoured of the Countess L——u. During her stay in Naples, whither her hoary lover was prevented from accompanying her by illness, he sent her by special messengers presents of the finest flowers twice or thrice a-week, accompanied by hillets doux, of which some highly impassioned extracts found their way to the public ear; and, when his fair friend wished to visit the crater of Vesuvius, the noble Lord's gallantry prevailed over his love of money, and he employed a number of men to hew steps up the steepest parts of the road to facilitate her ascent.

The cultivated taste of the princess found infinite gratification in the society of the celebrated historiographer of the Phlegrean fields, Sir William Hamilton, a fine old man, and youthful as Anacreon himself. A worshipper of every thing beautiful in fine art, he derives from the philosophy of the graces, the rosy hours and feelings which embellish the evening of his life. At every fresh addition to his matchless collection of antique Grecian vases, his enthusiasm flashes out with youthful ardour; and when he obtains a vase distinguished by fine drawings, or eminent beauty of form, his rapture is boundless, and comparable only with the exuberant delight of children over their Christmas presents. Happy, thrice happy, is the

man, who can, in advanced age, exult with loud and boyish rapture over the attainment of a favourite object!

Sir William Hamilton's collection of vases will, to the tasteful and cultivated traveller, alone repay the cost and trouble of a journey to Naples. There is, indeed, throughout Europe, with men of classic taste, but one opinion of these celebrated vases, most of which are above 2000 years old. The fine drawings which adorn them afford a standard by which we can measure the elevation of the art of painting in the times of Zeuxis, Timanthes, Parrhasius, Apelles, Apollodorus, and others; and they certainly justify us in estimating the often-disputed excellence of ancient painting, by the acknowledged perfection of ancient statuary.

It is to be regretted, that the drawings upon the most remarkable and beautiful of all these vases are so licentious, as to compel the proprietor to keep it, like that masterpiece of sculpture, the Satyr at Portici, under lock and key. An inundating stream in Sicily, which had washed away large portions of its banks, developed an ancient tomb, in which this remarkable vase was discovered in perfect condition. The owner of the soil regarded this precious work of art as common earthen-ware, and Sir William, who was accidentally in that vicinity, heard of, and purchased it for a trifle.—*MATHISSON the Poet.*

XXXIII. MOUNT VESUVIUS.

My pilgrimage to Mount Vesuvius was undertaken without any companion but an experienced guide. In the small town of Torre del Greco, which was almost totally destroyed by the eruption of 1794, I found the inhabitants rebuilding upon the still warm lava, and rendered fearless of all future danger by a conviction, that, after the last tremendous effort, the exhausted mountain would require at least a century to recover itself. The old houses were hurried deep in the lava, above which the roof and belfry of the church were still visible. The great mass of this destructive Phlegeton rolled over this unfortunate town on its way to the sea. Here we hired asses, which conveyed us through a wild chaos of ashes and scoria to the cell of the hermit; and, after consign-

ing our donkeys to the care of the eccentric recluse, of whom more anon, we began the difficult ascent towards the crater. During the last eruption, the highest portion of the margin was undermined, and fell into the abyss; but the tremendous element beneath arose in its strength, and immediately hurst out from three new craters on the north side of the mountain. The lava, now two years old, was still in glowing heat beneath the surface, and so warm above, that we could nowhere remain a minute on the same spot. A bundle of straw, which the guide had brought with him to prove the heat, was pushed into a crevice: the ignition was immediate, and a bluish flame shot high above the surface. Our progress up the steep acclivity of yielding cinders was infinitely toil-

some; but at length we reached the goal, and stood upon the rim of the crater. Looking down into the gulf, I beheld an undulating mass of smoke, through which the red lightning darted, while the deep thunder rolled beneath us, shaking the ground under our feet; and slender columns of smoke, ascending with various degrees of rapidity from the mass below, emitted as they rose a kind of hissing explosion, which resembled no sound I had ever heard in art or nature. The atmosphere was so insufferably hot, that I hastened our return, remarking with surprise, that while my forehead was streaming with perspiration like a rain-spout, the brow and face of the guide were as dry as the pumice-stone beneath his feet. The daily habit of wandering through this fiery region had rendered him so insensible to heat and fatigue, that he seemed to partake of the nature of a salamander. On our descent, which was rapid and easy, the guide shewed me the lava-cliff which had nearly melted under the feet of Wutky, the landscape-painter, while he was collecting ideas for a picture, regardless of the red-hot stones which fell around him like hail; a degree of professional ardour surpassing that of Vernet, who was, at his own request, tied to the mast in a hurricane, that he might be enabled to study the storm-scenery without losing either his head or his feet.

The hermit, who was a travelled man, did honour to his appointment as master of the ceremonies to Vesuvius, and set before me an excellent breakfast of baked fish and omelettes, assisted by a bottle of *Lacrimæ Christi*, which well supported its ancient fame. The hermitage is built on a small promontory, sufficiently elevated to protect it

from the lava, which, during an eruption, must flow to the right or left; and when the volcano throws out a shower of stones, the recluse finds protection under the bomb-proof arch of his cellar. While seated at breakfast on a stone-bench before the hermitage, my salamander recommended to me to fix in my memory the view of Naples from this point, as preferable to any other. He might have taken a running lesson in the school of Hackert, who maintains, that the most comprehensive and favourable view of Naples is from the pinnacle of Brother Felix. The hermit, however, was wearied of his abode on the finest Belvedere in Europe, and looked back with regret to the years he had passed in the flat and sandy regions of Brandenburg, where he earned a scanty support by teaching Italian at Berlin and Potsdam. His regrets, that the course of events had not been more favourable to his wishes, reminded me of a tall and stately monk, with whom I dined at the monastery of Monte Cavallo, near Albano. Although in possession of a comfortable and assured support, and commanding from his windows the superb view of Rome and its environs, of the Alban hills, and the mountains of Ahruzzi, he complained bitterly of the unvarying sameness and mortal ennui of monastic life; and his pallid features were flushed with ungovernable emotion as he told me, that he had too late discovered that he was much better qualified to wield the sword than the censer. How few men are exempt from this propensity to repine at their vocation! and yet common-sense tells us, that every pursuit in life has its peculiar drawbacks and annoyances.

XXXIV. THE VIPERS OF LUGANO.

At the foot of Mount Salvador, on the lake of Lugano, is a villa of considerable extent, the proprietor of which has been compelled to abandon it, and neither by war, nor pestilence, nor ghosts, hut by the incredible multitude of vipers in its vicinity. This tribe of serpents, which, since the classical work of Fontana on the viper, and his experiments on its poison, has regained its ancient importance, is annually increasing in this favourable locality; and to an extent so formidable, that the founder of the deserted villa must

have been half-mad to build in such a spot, if this pandemonium of serpents contained a twentieth-part of the numbers observed there a few years later. Vipers are, notoriously, migrating serpents; and those of Mount Salvador take their departure when the summer heats become oppressive, and swim in mighty columns across the lake, to the cool and shady woods of the opposite shore. There they remain until late in the autumn, and return to the sunny side of the lake, where they pass the winter and spring

on the chalk slopes beneath Mount Salvador. In their winter quarters, they coil and twist themselves together into knotted clusters, from which their

peeping heads project, and give to the whole mass the appearance of the imposing ball-thistle, or of the head of Medusa.

XXXV. THE GAME OF MORRA.

Two men stand opposite to each other in pugnacious attitude, with open mouths, and flashing eyes. Instead of weapons, however, they extend their fingers, and one of them, gazing with wild eagerness at the other's hands, calls out a number. This game, called by the Italians *La Mora*, or *La Morra*, is played by the lower classes in Rome and in the country with passionate enthusiasm. According to the rules of this diversion, the players extend simultaneously any number of fingers, and he who first calls out the collective number of fingers on both sides, wins the game. In an instant the hands of both are again extended, and the sport is followed up with continually increasing noise and rapidity. The secret of winning is, for the player to be well aware of the number of fingers he means to shew, that he may have to count only those of his adversary; but the lightning-quickness of their movements hardly admits of reflection; and indeed there is no game which demands such rapidity of perception and entire self-possession as

La Morra, nor can any other Europeans compete with the Italians in a diversion, which appears exclusively adapted to their habits and character.

The classic antiquity of *La Morra* has induced me to describe it so minutely. It was known before the time of Varro, who calls it *micare* (*digitis*); and we learn from Cicero that a proverb had grown out of it. A man of perfect integrity was called, *dignus, quicum in tenebris mices*. At that period, this game was practised, not only for amusement, but for the drawing of lots, especially in the decision of commercial disputes; and the Emperor Augustus made two criminals, a father and son, draw lots for life or death through the *Micatio*.

The *Morra* is played also in France, especially in the southern provinces, where it is called *La Monrre*. I have nowhere seen it in Germany; but the obsolete game of *Fingerlein snellen*, which name corresponds with the Latin phrase, was unquestionably the *Morra* of the Italians.

XXXVI. THE ROMAN CATACOMBS.

The catacombs of Rome had, even in boyhood, laid a strong hold of my imagination, in consequence of reading the old romance of Octavis, written by Duke Antony Ulric of Brnns-*wick*; who, with accurate calculation of the romantic effect, assigned to the persecuted Christians secure abodes, and the uninterrupted exercise of their religion, in these dark and fearful caverns. Nor did my youthful associations entirely lose their influence until, descending into the catacombs near the church of St Sebastian, I discovered the impossibility of considerable numbers residing in them without the certainty of being discovered by the vigilant agents of the Cæsars, and dragged to a horrible fate in the amphitheatres. It is probable, however, from the quantity of human bones discovered in the catacombs, that they were employed as places of sepulture for the Christian martyrs by their re-

latives, who could not afford the expense of funeral pyres. At all events, this charnel-house has been a mine of wealth to the Papal government, which supported, by well-contrived legends and traditions, the popular belief that the Christian martyrs were interred here, and sold their relics to the highest bidder. Even fragments of elephant and whale bones have been sold as relics of the colossal St Christopher.

The origin of these wondrous labyrinths is no longer a mystery. They were unquestionably *Puzzolan-pits*, and the excavations, commencing in the Saturnian centuries, were carried on under-ground with a view to save every square foot of surface for agricultural purposes. These caverns were continued in all directions, and to distances at present unknown. They extend far under the campagna, and, according to tradition, as far westward as Ostia, and southward, it is said,

even under the bed of the Tiber. This powerful cement, called Puzzolan earth, from the place where it was first discovered, is still employed; and, in subaqueous building especially, its cohesive powers are invaluable. Vitruvius has a remarkable passage on the origin and properties of this celebrated volcanic sand. In the sixth chapter of his second book, he says: "There is a kind of dust which, by a natural process, produces extraordinary effects. It is found in the vicinity of Baiæ, and about the cities near Mount Vesuvius. Blended with lime and powder stone, it forms an enduring cement for buildings, and even binds firmly together the piers which project into the sea. The properties of this dust appear to arise from the following causes. In that district are many hot springs, heated by subterraneous fires of sulphur, aluminous earth, and bitumen. These fires, and the hot vapours rising from them, penetrating the crevices of the earth, consume its moisture, and make it dry and light. The tufo found there is also an absorbent, and free from moisture; and when the dried dust, the tufo stone, and the lime, all which are formed by the action of fire, are mixed together in water, they immediately unite, and rapidly harden into a cement for building, which no flood, however powerful, can separate."

This puzzolan dust, (*Pulvis Puteolanus*), blended in certain proportions with lime and pounded bricks, formed the antique mortar, which resists the action of air and water; and, like the pyramids of Egypt, defies the tooth of time. It is susceptible also of a polish, surpassing often in brilliancy the finest-grained marble. Its durability is probably owing to the glittering particles of puzzolan, glazed by volcanic process.

Many adventures, both wonderful and disastrous, have been experienced in the catacombs. Stimulated by the hope of finding coins, gems, and other valuables, a working goldsmith from Paris descended into these subterranean labyrinths at sunrise, near Frascati. Provided with tapers, and with a cord which proved too slender for

his purpose, this clue of Ariadne snapped as he was crawling through a narrow and dangerous passage; and, when his last taper expired, he was left to the sole and terrible expedient of going forward in blind uncertainty. He persevered, and, after fatigue and suffering indescribable, found an exit during the following night, and reached the surface, exhausted, pale, and hollow-eyed as a spectre, near the Villa Medici. This adventure is attested by credible witnesses, who saw and listened to him after his re-appearance; and certainly this escape from almost inevitable destruction is one of the most remarkable on record. Less fortunate than this enterprising Parisian, several young men of the Collegium Germanicum plunged imprudently too far into these mazy depths, and, like the diver in Schiller's ballad, were never seen again.

Subterraneous galleries of a similar description, with lateral chambers, and labyrinthine passages diverging in all directions, have been discovered in Egypt under the Necropolis near Alexandria. Their origin is assigned to the Ptolemies, and even to the remote period of the Pharaohs. There are similar caverns near Syracuse in Sicily, which date from the classic age of Greek colonization. They exist also under Naples and its vicinity, extending probably as far as Puzzuoli.

The most credulous of all believers in the domestic settlement of the early Christians in the Roman catacombs, was the Abbé Richard. This man, whose opinions on all other subjects were sound and judicious, became a fanatical seer as soon as he passed the threshold of these consecrated caverns, in which he discovered every accommodation requisite for the personal security and spiritual sustenance of the early Christians, and liberally distributed the numerous chambers and galleries into mass-altars, chancels, halls, schools, and dwellings, sufficient to accommodate all the inhabitants of modern Rome. These bold assertions of the Abbé carried with them an authority, which proved highly profitable to the Romish clergy.

XXXVII. THE DUKE OF BRASCHI.

The Braschi palace, one of the most splendid and extensive edifices in Italy,

and displaying in its interior objects of luxury and fine art in lavish abun-

dance, is the creation of a man who did not bring with him to Rome the means to build a modern puppet-show. This miracle was accomplished without either Aladdin's lamp or the philosopher's stone, by the nephew of Pope Pius VI., once a common citizen of Cesena, and now the Duke of Brascchi. This accident of birth, and the vampire spirit of monopoly which is the ruling principle of the papal government, obtained for him the privilege of receiving into his cellars and warehouses, at unconditional prices, the largest portion of all the grain and oil produced in the papal states; and how unfairly he repays the growers of these most important objects of rural economy may be inferred from the prevalent belief in Rome, that his profits average one hundred per cent. These exclusive privileges explain the blighted state and prospects of agriculture in the Roman states, in which the traveller sees large surfaces of fertile soil producing only thistles and broom, instead of the corn, wine, and oil which, under a more paternal government, they would abundantly yield. The olive harvest of last year was materially deficient, and, to the infinite dis-

may of all housekeepers, innkeepers, and cooks, the large stone reservoir, which supplies all Rome with oil, fell to so low an ebb, that, in the event of another unproductive year, the Duke of Brascchi will in all probability be exposed to imminent peril, from the effects of popular effervescence. To the Romans and Neapolitans, oil for dressing fish, and snow for cooling purposes, are much more essential than an abundant supply of grain.

During this low level of the oil, two corpses became visible at the bottom of the reservoir. When taken out, being in perfect preservation, like embryos in spirit, they were immediately recognised as the bodies of two oil-porters, whose sudden disappearance, eighteen months before, had never been accounted for. These poor fellows, with probably too much wine in their heads, had doubtless lost their equilibrium while pouring the contents of their oil-tubs into the reservoir, and fallen into the oil, which, for eighteen months afterwards, had been daily employed to dress and flavour the food of more than 100,000 people.—*MATHISSON, 1796.*

XXXVIII. GAVIN HAMILTON.

In the house of a sculptor, near the Borghese palace, I saw a colossal statue of Antinous, which that most fortunate of treasure-seekers, Gavin Hamilton, discovered in the soil and rubbish of Palestrina (the ancient Præneste). At the time of this excavation the opulent Duke of Brascchi, a nepote of the Pope, was collecting antiques, regardless of expense, to dignify his recently finished palace, in compliance with the long-established custom of the Roman nobles. Having previously commissioned Hamilton to find him a colossal statue, as an indispensable item in his gallery, the discovery of the Antinous was happily timed, and the Duke did not hesitate to give the required price of 9000 scudi to the proprietor, who told him that to any one but a nepote of the Holy Father the price of this admirable statue would have been doubled.

Nor was the eulogium of the seller exaggerated. The enchanting beauty of this statue, which was adorned with Bacchanalian attributes, was sung in sonetti and canzone; and Visconti pronounced it the finest statue hitherto discovered of the so often and so variously sculptured favourite of Adrian. The naked surfaces were all perfect, and the drapery alone required partial restoration.

The superstitious Romans, wondering at the frequent discoveries of this indefatigable excavator, applied to him a ludicrous tradition, borrowed from the dark ages of Faust and Paracelsus; and circulated a report that he had promised his soul to the devil, in consideration of which his satanic majesty had undertaken to point out, by the hopping of a small blue flame, the exact spots under which the works of ancient art were buried.

XXXIX. THE MUSEUM GABINUM.

In a delightful grove, at the Villa Borghese, is an edifice of classic de-

sign, resembling somewhat a temple, and called the Museum Gabinum.

Here are assembled the numerous and remarkable busts and statues which the British painter, Gavin Hamilton, discovered amidst the rubbish and substructions of the ancient city of Gabii. This fortunate excavator, who appeared to trace antiquities with a divining-rod, was immeasurably delighted with a result so splendid and comprehensive; and the prince Borghese, to whom, as lord of the soil, one-third of the booty belonged, purchased the whole, and raised for its reception an edifice, combining with due attention to the effects of light and shade, a classic elegance and propriety worthy of the days of Vitruvius. Amongst the most remarkable statues in this rich and important museum are several of Roman emperors, and of distinguished as well as notorious members of their families. Here is the finest head of Tiberius which has yet been discovered; adorned with the crown of oak leaves, in allusion to his conquest of Germany. The bust of Marcus Agrippa surpasses every other head of this great soldier and patron of architecture, which has escaped the devastation of the middle ages. The features of this time-honoured man bear the impress of masculine sense and firmness, daring energy, and old Roman honesty. The statue of Agrippina, the wife of Germanicus, is superlatively lovely, and remarkable for nobility of countenance. It is indeed a personification of womanly dignity, adorned with more than human beauty. The magnificent statues of Caligula, as Imperator; of

Nero, as Pontifex; and of Adrian, as Heros, afford abundant evidence how well the universal principles of true proportion were understood, and applied at the period of their sculpture. It is important also to the student of ancient history to observe, that the only genuine statue of Germanicus (as Heros) was discovered in friendly contiguity with those of several contemporaries, who were, according to history, his enemies. In two busts of Domitius Corbulo, who subjected Britain to the Roman yoke, I discovered a strong resemblance in the eyes and profile to the great Frederick of Prussia; a coincidence which reminded me of the striking likeness to Catherine of Russia discoverable in a marble bust of Messalina in the Capitoline museum. One of the most classical and perfect specimens of ancient sculpture in the Museum Gabinum is a Gnomon, the dial of which is adorned with the heads of the twelve superior deities, and the twelve signs of the zodiac. The workmanship of the whole is of the highest order of excellence and finish, and the redundant locks of the Thunderer are exquisitely chiselled. A curious illustration of the mysteries of a Roman lady's toilet may be found here, in the bust of a female with a movable wig. This head, which is well sculptured, is said to be the bust of Julia Pia, the wife of the Emperor Septimius Severus. Several instances of similar wigged busts occur in the Capitoline museum.—MATHISSON, 1796.

XL. LIMITED NATIONAL PRIDE OF THE ITALIANS.

The national pride of the Italian rarely extends beyond the bounds of his native city. It has even narrower limits. In Rome, the Trasteverini pride themselves upon their uncontaminated Quirite blood; and, notwithstanding their poverty and low rank in the social scale, they despise the illustrious mongrels on the other side of the Tiber. They regard as foreigners all people who reside without their own walls, or beyond the river; and, until lately, no genuine Trasteverino could marry out of his own caste without degradation. The Albanese boast that Albano is the mother-city of the mighty Rome; the people of Velletri, that their city was the birth-place of

Augustus Cæsar; and, when I was lately in Cori, the ancient Cora, my hostess told me, that I had the honour to be in a city 700 years older than Rome, and once the mistress of the whole papal territory. "Therefore," she added, "you ought not to despise the mean streets and low houses." The same feeling prompts every little town in the Roman states to dignify its gate with the proud inscription, "*Senatus, populusque*," &c. Thus all the patriotic enthusiasm of the Italians is borrowed from periods of antiquity; and, where these are not sufficiently imposing, the people assist them with romantic fictions. Hence the wondrous traditions asso-

ciated with the ancient history of the smaller cities throughout Italy, some of which are orally current amongst the inhabitants; for instance, the ring of Æneas at Civita la Vigna: while others exist in old chronicles, as at Orvieto (*Urbs veterum*) and Fiesole.

In Cori, I heard the following tradition of a contiguous place, called Civita la Penna:—"A beautiful nymph was pursued by a heathen Moorish king, who once reigned over the moun-

tains of Cora and Norma. She ran from Cora to the steep precipice of Civita la Penna; and when she heard the heathen calling after her, she sprang from the cliff into the valley, where she was changed into a lake, which still bears the name of La Nymfa."

From this lake issues a river which threads its devious course through the Pontine marshes, and was called by the ancients *Nymphæus*.

XLI. THE SEASON OF CRIME IN ROME.

It is a fact, confirmed by long observation, that in Rome the period of penance and fasting is the period of crime. Almost every deliberate murder, or other crime of sufficient magnitude to involve capital punishment, is committed at this season. On the other hand, crimes of such enormity rarely occur during the period of games and festivals. The joyous

spirit which then prevails moderates the bad passions of the Romans, and appears even to elevate and purify their character. These results afford important materials for reflection; and I suspect that a fair comparison, in this respect, of the Roman people with the saturnine inhabitants of northern Europe, would be somewhat unfavourable to the latter.

XLII. ROMAN PROVERBS.

The Italian proverb of "*Aspettare e non venire*," &c. has long been familiar to every nation in Europe; but the "*Trinity of Wisdom*," from which it is borrowed, is comparatively unknown. It consists of a number of verses, of which I have selected the best. In some of them, fine moralities are conveyed; others are humorous only; but most of them are founded in a practical knowledge of human nature:—

La Trinità della sapienza.

Tre sorte di persone sono odiose:

Il povero superbo,

Il ricco avaro,

Il vecchio pazzo.

Tre sorte d'uomini da fuggire:

Cantori,

Vecchi,

Innamorati.

Tre cose imbrattono la casa:

Galline,

Cani,

Donne.

Tre cose conservano l'amico:

Onorarlo in presenza,

Lodarlo in assenza,

Ajutarlo ne' bisogni.

Tre cose sono desiderabili:

Sanità,

Buona fama,

Ricchezze.

Tre cose da morire:

Aspettar e non venire,

Star a letto e non dormire,

Servire e non gradire.

SONGS OF THE AFFECTIONS.

BY MRS HEMANS.

VI.

THE SOLDIER'S DEATH-BED.

Wie herrlich die sonne dort untergeht ! Da leh
Noch ein Bube war—war's mein Lieblingsgelanke,
Wie sic zu leben, zu sterben wie sic.

DIE KAUFHA.

*Like thee to die, thou Sun !—*My boyhood's dream,
Was this ; and now my spirit, with thy beam,
Ebbs from a field of victory !—yet the hour
Bears back upon me, with a torrent's power,
Nature's deep longings :—Oh ! for some kind eye,
Wherein to meet Love's fervent farewell gaze ;
Some breast, to pillow Life's last agony ;
Some voice, to speak of Hope and brighter days,
Beyond the Pass of Shadows !—But I go,
I, that have been so loved, go hence alone ;
And ye, now gathering round my own hearth's glow,
Sweet friends ! it may be that a softer tone,
Even in this moment, with your laughing glee,
Mingles its feeling while ye speak of me :
Of me, your soldier, midst the mountains lying,
On the red banner of his battles dying,
Far, far away ! And oh ! your parting prayer !
Will not his name be fondly murmur'd there ?—
It will !—a blessing on that holy hearth !
Though clouds are darkening to o'ercast its mirth.
Mother ! I may not hear thy voice again ;
Sisters ! ye watch to greet my step in vain ;
Young brother, fare thee well !—on each dear head,
Blessing and love a thousand fold be shed,
My soul's last earthly breathings !—May your home
Smile for you ever !—May no winter come,
No *world*, between your hearts !—May even your tears,
For my sake, full of long-remember'd years,
Quicken the true affections that entwine
Your lives in one bright bond !—I may not sleep
Amidst our Fathers, where those tears might shine
Over my slumbers ; yet your love will keep
My memory living in th' ancestral halls,
Where shame hath never trod.—The dark night falls,
And I depart.—The Brave are gone to rest,
The brothers of my combats ; on the breast
Of the red field they reap'd :—their work is done—
Thou, too, art set—farewell, farewell, thou Sun !
The last lone watcher of the bloody sod,
Offers a trusting spirit up to God.

VII.

THE CHARMED PICTURE.

Oh ! that those lips had language !—Life hath pass'd
With me but roughly since I saw thee last.

THINE eyes are charm'd—thine earnest eyes,
Thou Image of the Dead !
A spell within this sweetness lies,
A virtue thence is shed.

Oft in their meek blue light enshrined,
A blessing seems to be ;
And sometimes there, my wayward mind
A still reproach can see.

And sometimes Pity—soft and deep,
And quivering through a tear ;
Ev'n as if Love in Heaven could weep,
For Grief left drooping here.

And oh ! my spirit needs that balm,
Needs it midst fitful mirth,
And in the night-hour's haunted calm,
And by the lonely hearth.

Look on me *thus*, when hollow Praise
Hath made the weary pine,
For one true tone of other days,
One glance of love like thine !

Look on me *thus*, when sudden glee
Bears my quick heart along,
On wings that struggle to be free
As bursts of skylark song.

In vain, in vain !—too soon are felt
The wounds they cannot flee ;
Better in child-like tears to melt,
Pouring my soul on thee !

Sweet face, that o'er my childhood shone,
Whence is thy power of change,
Thus, ever shadowing back my own,
The rapid and the strange ?

Whence are they charm'd—those earnest eyes ?—
I know the mystery well !
In my own trembling bosom lies
The Spirit of the Spell.

Of Memory, Conscience, Love, 'tis born—
Oh ! change no longer, Thou !
For ever be the blessing worn
On thy pure thoughtful brow !

VIII.

THE DREAMING CHILD.

Alas! what kind of grief should thy years know?
 Thy brow and cheek are smooth as waters are
 When no breath troubles them,

BEAUMONT & FLETCHER.

AND is there sadness in thy dream, my Boy?—
 What should the cloud be made of?—blessed child!
 Thy spirit, borne upon a breeze of joy,
 All day hath ranged through sunshine, clear yet mild:

And now thou tremblest!—Wherefore?—in *thy* soul
 There lies no Past, no Future. Thou hast heard
 The sound of presage from the distance roll,
 Thy breast bears traces of no arrowy word:

From thee no Love hath gone: thy mind's young eye
 Hath look'd not into Death's, and thence become
 A questioner of mute Eternity,
 A weary searcher for a viewless home:

Nor hath thy sense been quicken'd into pain,
 By feverish watching for some step beloved;—
 Free are thy thoughts, an ever-changeeful train,
 Glancing like dewdrops, and as lightly moved.

Yet now, on billows of strange Passion toss'd,
 How art thou wilder'd in the cave of Sleep!
 My gentle child! midst what dim phantoms lost,
 Thus in mysterious anguish dost thou weep?

Awake! they sadden me—those early tears,
 First gushings of the strong dark River's flow,
 That *must* o'ersweep thy soul with coming years—
 Th' unfathomable flood of human woe!

Awful to watch, ev'n rolling through a dream,
 Forcing wild spray-drops but from Childhood's eyes!—
 Wake, wake! as yet thy life's transparent stream
 Should wear the tide of none but summer skies.

Come from the shadow of those realms unknown,
 Where now thy thoughts dismay'd and darkling rove,
 Come to the kindly region all thine own,
 The Home still bright for thee with guardian Love!

Happy, fair child! that yet a Mother's voice
 Can win thee back from visionary strife!—
 Oh! shall my Soul, thus waken'd to rejoice,
 Start from the dream-like Wilderness of Life?

WHAT'S TO BE DONE ?

We have all heard or read of a poor ass, which pined away in melancholy mood between two hay-ricks, because he found it impossible to decide whether the dexter or sinister mound was most worthy to be saluted by the first bite. They both shed their balmy fragrance upon the air, and each pouted out its tempting sides with an equality of beauty and curve marvelously perplexing. Poor fellow ! there he stood, ruminating upon the point of etiquette, a subject upon which your genuine donkey studieth much, and acquireth strange and intricate notions. The sight must have been most moving and most melancholy to any of our species who might have beheld him in his embarrassment.

We have, however, great doubts whether there ever existed so stupid a *four-legged* ass upon the face of the earth. But, supposing the tale to be really true, we could find it in our heart much more easy to commiserate with such an ass as this, than with those of our own species, who, surrounded by a thousand sources of joy and comfort, and having well-known and unperformed duties, are ever exclaiming, "What's to be done ?" The most delicious clover that ever was raked together by the blooming nymphs of the valley, never afforded so exquisite a treat to long-eared quadruped, as man experiences when conscious that he hath not left undone those things which he knows he is bound to perform. His mind is then filled with joy, and gladness, and gratitude, and praise. Light is his slumbers ; and his dreams are soothing and airy as the flutterings and warblings of the feathered songsters of the woods. The whole creation hath then for him a new, and pure, and glorious charm ; and he seemeth to have a feeling, as far as in this frail and ephemeral state he may be able, of "Good-will on earth and peace toward man." There is not one among the innumerable comforts which man enjoys, that doth not acquire a double zest from such reflections.

But no—he gazeth listlessly upon his duties, and neglecteth them till they either accumulate, or, by perpe-

tually recurring to his mind, they seem to address him in the language of reproach ; and then he endeavours to avoid or forget them, *for the present*, by engaging, with feigned avidity, in schemes of idle folly or mis-called pleasure ; or saunters, grovelling on, with his feelings benumbed, into the paths of apathy and dreaming procrastination. Alas ! this is no imaginary picture. Well do we remember the worthy Dr Smithers, who was the rector of a village scarcely a mile from the small town whereat we were first bewildered in the mazes of Greek verbs. He was a good man withal, and truly he might well be called a *gentle* man, for "he bore his faculties so meekly," that he would not, by any *act* of his, have given pain to a worm ; but he seemed ever to be in perplexity, and enquiring "What was to be done ?"

"November skies were chill and drear," when the weak, though really worthy couple, were sitting by their fireside, and Mrs Smithers addressed her spouse, "Really, my dear Charles, it's high time that we settled what's to be done with the boy. He's now near sixteen, and yet"—

"Ah ! I know what you would say," yawned the prebendary, for so high up what he sometimes hoped should be the episcopal ladder had the good man climbed, "I have often thought of it. Charles, you know, my dear, is no common youth, or it would be easy to dispose of him. But, I have several plans in my head—I have been thinking—yes—let me see—Well, just at present—I hardly know what's to be done—however"—and thus he would go on prosing for some half hour or so, with the kind intention of satisfying his wife's mind by what he *said* ; yet most especially bewildered within himself, and continually thinking, "What's to be done ?"

He had thought proper, on taking possession of his prebend, which was in fact little better than a nominal honour, to take his doctor's degree, and consequently became a marked character in our thinly-populated neighbourhood. The advancement of one grade in society was gratifying to him,

not so much perhaps on his own account as on that of his daughter and his son Charles ; and, though last not least, because his dear Emilia looked with most benign complacency upon his well-powdered wig. Well do we remember it, and the awe with which it inspired us in our hoyish days. It was a full-blown caxon, one of the last of the cauliflowers ; and might be seen, aurnounted by a most orthodox " fire-shovel " hat, moving to and fro about the little market-town above the doctor's slender figure, which, supposing the wig to have been really one of Flora's sportive productions, might well have represented the stalk thereof.

The whole neighbourhood was delighted when the Doctor's promotion was made known ; for he was a general favourite, and never suspected to have been unduly puffed up by his new dignity save once, and that was upon the occasion of his walking into the " County Ball " room with his wife hanging upon his arm, his " tail " consisting of his daughter Emilia and the aforesaid Charles. It was a proud day for the good man, for the great ones of the land thronged around him, and offered their congratulations ; and the son of the Lord Lieutenant danced with Emilia ; and anon there came about him, and were introduced unto him, some odd dozen of people, who either remembered him at Oxford, or had met him at Squire Smith's, Brown's, Jones's, or Robinson's. Then was the Doctor sensible that he had become a " lion," and he felt that there was an opening made for the way of his children in the world, and his fond paternal heart leaped within him for joy, and he resolved, in every possible way, to avail himself of every advantage in his power for the welfare of those so dear to him. So, when he got home, he sat himself down seriously to consider " What was to be done ? "

Weeks and months rolled on, but he had come to no decision. Indeed, it was unlikely that he should, seeing that dreams and visionary hopes and wishes were all that occupied his fancy, and could form no solid basis whereon to commence his plans. In this dilemma he consulted our uncle, a military man, who retained to the last that decision and energy of character so essential in his profession,

and of which the Doctor stood so woefully in need.

" What's to be done ! " exclaimed the veteran, repeating the words with which his reverend friend concluded what he meant to be a distinct explanation of his hopes, expectations, resources, &c. " What's to be done ! I'll tell you what's to be done. Send your boy to college as soon as he can be admitted. Neither you nor I are young. Don't talk about your family, but *act—act—act*. A pretty tale should I have had to tell in America, when the French sloop was rounding a point in the Penobscot river, to take a position which must have given her the command of our station, if I had begun to snivel, ' What's to be done ? ' There she came with the tide, and we had just as much chance of stopping her, as you and I have of being obeyed if we were to cry, Halt ! to the quick march of old Time. So, keeping a wood between her and our line of march, we took a fresh position, leaving her to amuse herself with the empty stockade ; and—well—well—you know the end—I won't bore you with an old story—we took *her*—changed the tables. It was a devilish—I beg your pardon, Doctor, it was a deuced—I mean a monstrous good joke, to see the fellows when we opened our fire upon them. Well—well—the affair stands thus. Time is either your friend or your enemy. The fellow's never neutral, Doctor—make him your friend, say I, and lose not a moment."

Some other advice our uncle gave concerning the arrangement of the Doctor's pecuniary affairs and expenditure, which shared the same fate as that we have related ; for your practised " what's to be done " man hath ever some expedient for putting off his decision for a time ; and the good man found it impossible to refuse his consent to Charles's accepting an invitation to spend a few days with the son of a neighbouring gentleman, who had considerable influence in the county. These few days became weeks, because it would be long ere poor Charles would be again able to spare time for such enjoyments : and then another invitation came from another friend, and was accepted, and prolonged for similar reasons. But, in the meanwhile, the Doctor was not idle. Oh

no—he was busily employed, saying unto himself, “What’s to be done?” and labouring hard to come to a decision. Did the Doctor imagine himself a hero, or philosopher, about to strike out some new and undiscovered path to happiness, and that his mind was as a council to direct him in the unknown road, when it was incessantly ejaculating this querulous cry?

Whether he sat by the fireside, gazing upon the changing forms therein, or walked in his garden, with his hands in his breeches pockets, or hanging behind him, there ever came over his mind a thousand noble resolutions. And ten thousand goodly images and fairy prospects, of future happiness and greatness for his son, passed before the eyes of his enraptured imagination; and he identified himself, as he meant to be, and to act, in them all successively: but he had not yet decided on the *exact* course which he would pursue at the *present moment*. So he continued enquiring “What was to be done?” and persuading himself that he was winning his onward way to the realization of his splendid visions, ere he had taken a single step on his journey.

During this mental process of his father’s to decide upon what was to be done with him, young Charles was doing his best to forget the small quantity of Latin and Greek which he had been compelled to learn at school, and acquiring tastes and habits in which it was but little likely that he would be able to indulge, in the event of “any thing happening to his father,” as the modern phrase for the termination of man’s mortal career runs. And thus another year rolled round; and, as my uncle predicted, time, not having been made their ally, had become their enemy, for Charles was less fit for college than at its commencement. Then the Doctor appeared to have girded himself with resolution, and was determined to begin, *immediately after Christmas*, to “read” steadily with his son.

In the meanwhile his daughter Emilia, whose personal charms were highly extolled by the “butterflies” of the day, received instructions in the showy accomplishments of music, dancing, and drawing, on which so much time is expended in youth, and so little in maturer age. But Emilia’s parents, like too many more,

could not perceive that their daughter wanted those essential qualifications, without which, the utmost skill and attention of a master can effect but little for his pupil. She was a good girl, but had “no ear” for music, and her voice was barely “passable;” and as for drawing—no similitude of any thing in heaven above, or in the earth beneath, could be discovered in her portfolio. There were trees like cabages, and castles like bandboxes, and figures, miscalled human, which, small as they were, if they could have been charmed into life, would have terrified the whole village. But then she danced very fairly: that is to say, she could go through the ceremony without attracting much notice. For the rest, we have little to say of her. We have frequently in later years thought that, if her mind had been cultivated in youth, she would have been a different character; for we are not of the creed of the Mahometans, but believe that women have souls; and it is grievous in our eyes to witness how sadly they are sometimes neglected by parents.

Matters were in the state we have described at the Rectory, when we were under the necessity of losing sight of the family for several years. It had been our misfortune to lose our parents when very young, and we were consequently under the orders of our good uncle before mentioned. We were then about eighteen years of age, and, as is customary with unfeathered bipeds at that period, thought very highly of our own abilities, and felt no sort of doubt that we should make a very considerable figure in the age we were about to live in. We had “done schooling,” and our uncle intended us for the army; but we preferred the navy, for a much better reason than we have been able to give for many of our preferences in after life, namely, because the flag of our country was then roaming upon the ocean, conquering, and to conquer, and, “like an eagle in a dovecote, fluttering” the enemy. We had already, in our mind’s eye, a fine seventy-four, of which we purposed taking the command, and performing very extraordinary feats in the Channel, which we selected to be the scene of our exploits, in consequence of the facility with which we could run our prizes into Portsmouth or Plymouth, and

thence run up to London to arrange the affairs of our prize-money and promotion, and run down to see our uncle, and refresh the old gentleman with the recital of particulars which it would be impossible to put into the Gazette. This was all very fine, our uncle said, but still he never would talk seriously about the navy, although he confessed that the life of a soldier, and the state of our army, were not *then* exactly as he wished them to be. *Therefore* he deferred presenting us with a pair of colours until we had seen something of the world; and he made no secret of his policy, but told us his plans and reasons in that open, straightforward, manly manner, for which (as well as his other virtues) we always respected him, and shall ever reverence his memory. The idea of "seeing the world" intoxicated our young imagination, and the few first days, after a journey to London was announced, were spent in great and consequential hurry, running to and fro, and doing nothing. But when the *last* day that we were to spend among the endeared scenes of our youth arrived, and we felt that, on the next, we were to be launched forth into the world, a tender melancholy sense of the important nature and uncertain event of the desperate plunge we were about to take came over our mind. We took a solitary stroll to feast our eyes, perhaps for the last time, upon the river, and the hall, and the little park and the church, and the three beech-trees on the mount, and then slowly returned to bid adieu to certain juvenile property which we possessed in our uncle's small domain.

The house was of stone, dug from a neighbouring quarry in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and the back was a perfect and beautiful specimen of the architectural style of that age; but the front had been modernized in the days of the first George. Since that period no innovation had been permitted, and it stood, in solid, elegant simplicity, on the hill side, its square grey outline strongly defined against an avenue of towering elms. The whole seemed to be an emblem of its veteran possessor,—firm, venerable, and respectable. The "grounds" consisted of only fourteen acres, divided near the centre by the house, offices, and kitchen-garden, the latter with its moss-clad stone walls, much too conspicuous for mo-

dern taste. But the whole arrangement was delightful to its owner, inasmuch as it afforded an occasional change of pasture, under his own eye, to two favourite chargers, which we used to notice were always grazing in front of the house whenever there was company at dinner. We have since had some doubts whether old Inglis did not confine them to that moiety of their domain on such occasions, in order that they might be noticed by the guests, and afford his master an opportunity of relating certain stories wherein they made, each in his turn, no inconsiderable figure. For our own parts we had, from our earliest recollection, a sort of accredited license to roam wheresoever we would, and do whatever we pleased within the fences of that beautiful little place, subject only to the *surveillance* of old Inglis, who was ever more ready to join in our schemes than to interpose his deputed authority: so that we have frequently since made it a question of debate within ourselves, whether we were not what is commonly called "spoilt?"

On the day in question we found ourselves, towards evening, sitting under the walls of an old ivy-clad ruin of a round tower, built at the lower extremity of the garden, no one knows when or why. We had, in happier hours, penned up a glittering rill of the pure element which issued from a spring above the house, and after supplying the wants of the inmates, made its rustling way over a narrow pebbly bed to that spot which we had chosen for our waterfall. Never shall we forget the triumphant delight with which we, after almost a fortnight's toil, heaping up stones and "puddling" clay, sat down to watch the rising of the sparkling water. It seemed a long time ere the element had attained the brink of our barrier. Then we gazed thereon most intensely; and our cup overflowed with joy when the first trickling came down to the rocky basin we had formed beneath. And, anon, we beheld the falling element swell into picturesque beauty. The spot which, an hour before, had been nothing more than a hole in the earth, dark, damp, and dismal, was now all life, and motion, and beauty; and a cheerful melody came forth from its depths—and all appeared to be the work of our own hands. The Blan-

dusian fount could not have been half so clear. There might be a greater fall, we allowed, at Tivoli ; but then it could not be more romantic ; and as for the cataracts and plunges of the Niagara, Nile, and Rhine, it was allowed generally that they were terrific rather than beautiful. But in ours there was nothing alarming, the main fall being precisely four feet three inches. There we might sit and read, or muse in security—and not we alone, but, in after times—oh yes, even then we had strange dreams respecting the future ; and when we left that great work of our own hands on the first night of its completion, we inwardly and proudly breathed, “ Exegi monumentum ! ”

This wonderful performance was achieved in the thirteenth year of our age, by and with the aid of Corporal Inglis ; and, on the morning after its completion, our uncle, who, during its progress, had kept aloof, from a high notion of honour that he might not rob us of our laurels, walked with us, hand in hand, to the spot, to see and approve. We revealed then to him our intention of planting a willow, and of framing a rustic seat, &c. &c. and he forthwith put his hand into his pocket, and gave us a convincing proof of the high estimation in which he held our abilities ; and then he bestowed upon us some good advice, which we did not *then* value mayhap quite so much as we ought, but which we have often thought of, and, we hope, derived benefit from since. The main purport thereof was to impress upon our mind that happiness was the result of employment.

“ Never be without a task of some sort, boy,” said the Colonel : “ let it be useful, if possible ; but, at all events, let it be harmless. The mind and body both require exercise. Use them, work them both, boy. They’ll both get stronger, and make you a man sooner,” (this was then a proud inducement,) “ and a happier man. Habit is second nature. The habit of thinking and acting for yourself, sir,” (the appellation “ Sir ” always indicated that our uncle was getting upon military ground,) “ will produce decision of character, without which a man cannot be fit for any command. There is scarcely any sort of knowledge that may not be useful to a sol-

dier. Perhaps this little work of yours may lead you to look into the nature of the channels of rivers, a matter of no small consequence sometimes in a campaign. But, at all events, one employment or one acquirement always paves the way for another, and enables a man to feel an interest in something or every thing that is going on around him. And then he stands a fair chance of promotion and happiness ; and there’s little risk of his being reduced to the rank of those poor devils, who saunter about with their hands in their pockets, looking confoundedly stupid, blinking and winking, and yawning, “ What’s to be done ? ”

Between this period and that of our going forth into the world, five years had glided by ; and, during their progress, we had framed the rustic seat, and planted the willow, and studied and read for many an hour beneath its shade ; and we had never felt at a loss about “ What was to be done,” save upon one subject. That subject was utterly incomprehensible to us. It was a strange and intense internal commotion with which we were ever affected whenever we saw a certain young lady, or even when her name was mentioned. We felt that we should have been delighted to make her a present of every description of property we had, and of ourselves into the bargain ; and, doubtless, had an opportunity presented itself, we should have decided the matter by throwing “ the lot ” at her feet. But the Colonel was a widower ; and Maria had a mother, and brothers and sisters ; and, moreover, was somewhat elevated above us in society : consequently we met but seldom ; and then amid scenes of humdrum formality. So we knew not what was to be done. This was the first secret we ever kept from the Colonel, and an irksome one it was : but we *could* not tell him. Once or twice we had resolved so to do, but *her* name “ hung fire,” as the corporal would have said, upon our lips. Therefore, on the day before our departure, we magnanimously resolved, that, if we could not suppress, we would conceal the state of our feelings, and endeavour, as soon as we got into “ the world,” to do something which might prove us to be worthy of the high aspirations of our soul.

It was at this crisis that we first committed the sin of rhyming at any length.

The next morning we accompanied our uncle to London; and looked about us, and went into company; and saw such sights, and did such things, as all the people in "the world" have been seeing and doing there ever since, up to the present moment. We then proceeded to the Netherlands, and visited, and minutely inspected, all the fortresses and fields connected with Marlborough's campaigns. The delight and pride which the Colonel evinced in that progress we shall never forget. The days of his youth seemed to have returned upon him: his step was as the tread of a giant; and the hours we spent on horseback and on foot were unconscionable. But we feel the recollection of those days so strong upon us, that we will not trust our pen further—we remember that we are not *now* writing either his life or our own. Suffice it to say, that our wanderings far and wide upon the Continent occupied the space of three years; and then we once more found ourselves at home.

During our absence, poor Mrs Smithers had been gathered to her fathers. Her death was a sore bereavement for the poor Doctor: but some of the "coterie" of the little market town scrupled not to say that the event would not have taken place had Doctor Stemwell been called in sooner. It seemed, according to their account, that the Doctor had formed an acquaintance with one Drystaff, who came from nobody knew where, (for in those days the medical ordeal was not so severe as at present,) and "set up" as surgeon, apothecary, &c. in the town. This gentleman having, at first, little practice, was ever to be found among the loungers in the "news-room" enquiring "What was to be done?" And there the Doctor and he met so constantly, and their time was so similarly employed, or rather unemployed, that an intimacy was the natural result.

Now, it came to pass that, when this union of congenial souls was firmly cemented, the old-established practitioner, poor old Lingeron, departed this life, and left his patients, "no son of his succeeding," to be scrambled for by the surviving operators. The Smithers family, as a matter of course,

medically speaking, fell to the share of Drystaff: and, in due time, it was his lot to attend the good lady in her last illness. At first no "danger" was apprehended. The disorder was "a sort of a temporary affection," as Drystaff said; the patient had merely taken a cold. Then, when a week or two had elapsed, and the poor woman was evidently worse, notwithstanding the prognostications and daily visits of her medical attendant, and of the little liveried boy with the basket, whom our uncle used to call his armour bearer, the Rector began to be uneasy, and expressed his anxiety by saying that really he did not know "What was to be done?"

Now, whether there was any ground for the suspicion, or whether the notion took its rise from a feeling of envy, which doth "merit as its shade pursue," so it was, that a prejudice against the medical abilities of the aforesaid Drystaff had gone forth among certain of the dwellers in the little market town. Unhappily, too, for the practitioner, the idea was cherished by the fairer portion of Dr Smithers' acquaintance; and one day the good man was startled from his apathy by two ladies, who were the mothers of families, and moreover well stricken in years, and consequently might be considered fairly entitled to speak and to be heard in such a case. They had been to the Rectory for a morning call of enquiry, and the Doctor gallantly escorted them back into the town. Thus they had him to themselves, and they lifted up their voices, and ceased not to speak disrespectfully of his medical friend until the walk was terminated; and then took leave of their companion with mournful shakings of the head, and warning upliftings of the hands, and affirmations that they knew well what they should do if they were in his place.

Poor man! they had certainly succeeded in shaking his confidence in Drystaff's abilities for the moment; but then he knew not exactly "What was to be done?" If he employed another medical man, he felt it would be a breach of friendship; and so, in melancholy mood, he went to "the news-room," the general place of refuge for the ennuyés of a country town; and there, after a brief interval, he was joined by the subject of

his late conversation. As they were alone, they spoke, of course, (after first agreeing upon the precise state of the weather,) concerning the patient. "My dear sir," said the reverend Doctor, "I really begin to be seriously uneasy about my dear wife's situation. Now, do tell me, as a friend, what you think exactly of her case?" Drystaff forthwith proceeded to shrug his shoulders, to take a pinch of snuff, to stir the fire, which needed it not, and to talk in a mystical, fuliginous style, concerning divers of the numerous ills which flesh is heir to; and concluded by saying that nothing was to be done without time, and that they should soon ascertain the effect of some medicine, of a different sort from any he had hitherto exhibited; and then, he had no doubt, he should be able to give a very satisfactory account. So, with little variety, matters went on thus for another month; and then, certain symptoms of an alarming nature induced the patient herself to wish for the advice of Dr Stemwell, a physician whose celebrity was great throughout the country. And when he came, he certainly did say that he wished he had been sent for sooner; but he might perhaps have expressed the same wish had any other apothecary been in attendance. So, all that can be said is, that the poor woman's time was come. We have already stated the event.

The plan of steadily reading Latin and Greek with his son Charles, which the Doctor had resolved upon, was necessarily procrastinated from time to time during his mother's illness; and, after her death, the worthy widower's mind was certainly, for a considerable period, in a state very unfit for such an undertaking. Another year had thus slipped by, and then the long-talked-of course of study was commenced, and the Doctor discovered, with no small dismay, that Charles had retrograded sadly in his learning; inasmuch as that they were obliged to retrace, with toil and difficulty, the path which, two years back, had been comparatively easy. Let it not be supposed that this achievement was well performed; no—your "What's to be done?" man cannot long persevere in any one plan; he is ever wearily shifting his ground. The books were continually changed—sometimes a week passed without any reading; and that

ruinous day, "to-morrow," was continually presenting itself as more fit for the surmounting of difficulties than that which was at the moment winging its way into the past.

Another year had thus gone by, and Charles had imperceptibly stepped into manhood without being even entered at college; and then the question of, "What's to be done?" annoyed the Doctor on a subject that wounded his feelings excessively. He had made a discovery, which at first he was unwilling to acknowledge, though somewhat similar hath occurred to many a fair scholar. He found that time, "edax rerum," had marvellously rusted his Greek and Latin. He could not discern the beauties of Sophocles; there was a sad indistinctness in many parts of Herodotus, and even the *Kypsa Padias* of Xenophon was provokingly perplexing without the Latin translation. "What was to be done?" Cicero himself was obscure, though certainly his style appeared as beautiful as ever. Virgil had ever been his favourite, because of the aptitude of that author for quotation, in which the worthy Rector loved to indulge. Consequently he had frequently dipped therein, and might he said to be nearly "up" in the *Æneid*. So, for the next six months, they employed themselves re-reading that beautiful poem, with a book or two of the New Testament, by way of variety. The Doctor, however, knew too well how little he was doing for his son, not to feel at times exceedingly uneasy. But he could not decide upon "What was to be done?" Now, as he was by no means what is commonly termed a fool, notwithstanding the apparent folly of his conduct, it is proper here to state, that he had long since discovered that his income was not proportioned to the style of living which he had deemed necessary to adopt when his clerical honours had been conferred on him. His parties were not frequent, nor was there any manifest extravagance in his habits. But there had ever been a lack of system in all his domestic arrangements; and since the death of his wife, matters appeared to be worse managed than before; and there seemed but little chance of amendment, for his daughter Emilia, with whom he consulted on the subject, was utterly ignorant of all household concerns, and candidly confessed she did

not know "What was to be done?" So the decision rested with himself; and he gloomily pored over his Christmas hills, wondering how it was that they could amount to so much, and resolving to reduce his expenses, if not his establishment, but could not decide on the precise step most proper to be taken for the effecting of so desirable a purpose; and was consequently content, *for the present*, to dwell over the old mental enquiry.

Thus much it was necessary to say, in order to account for his not having adopted the plain straightforward course of sending Charles to some one of the numerous respectable young clergymen, fresh from their reading, who would have been happy to receive him as a companion; to cheer and employ their time in the retirement of a country village. There was, however, another plan which appeared likely to answer the purpose quite as well, and would not interfere with his domestic arrangements; and that was, to engage the son of an old friend, whose widowed mother had contrived to economize so well for many years, as to be enabled to send him to Oxford, where he was at this period "reading for his degree." Therefore young Blackwell came to the Rectory; and, after a visit of some few weeks during the vacation, it was settled that he should consider himself as one of the family, and return and take up his abode with them immediately after his "great go." As the young man was thus secure of a title for orders from the Doctor when he should attain the age of three-and-twenty, besides other "considerations," the arrangement seemed perfectly to the taste of all parties. The good Rector was particularly delighted: for, during his late enquiries about "What was to be done?" he had been harassed with a sad conviction that it was absolutely necessary to do something in order to reduce his expenditure. Yet he could not part with his old servant Peter, because Thomas, the boy, was fit only to wait at table, and do indoor work, and knew nothing about the garden; and there was not a better manager in the county than his cook; and as for parting with Martha, who had been his dear wife's own maid, and who was now transferred to Emilia,—that was quite out of the question; and the services of the kitchen-girl were absolute-

ly necessary,—besides, her wages were so very trifling. For these reasons, therefore, was the Doctor, as usual, utterly at a loss. But now, as there would be an addition to the family, he resolved to make himself perfectly easy, and to feel convinced, malgre some certain misgivings, that it was right and proper to let matters go on as usual until the time should arrive for Charles's departure for Oxford. And then, when his family would be reduced to only two persons, he might easily curtail his expenditure.

It was some months before our return that young Blackwell became an inmate of the Rectory. He was a strange fellow; alternately bashful and presuming; awkward and uncouth in his manners, yet aping every mincing dandy, of a certain grade, that fell in his way, and ever talking of this, that, and the other thing, custom, and mode, being "gentlemanly." He had withal an exceeding good opinion of himself, and seemed to consider the situation in which he stood as a tacit acknowledgment of his superior abilities, though it afterwards appeared that he had *barely* passed his examination. Some of his contemporaries have indeed averred to us their belief that he would have been plucked, had not one of the examining masters been acquainted with his poor mother: but this we consider as a libel, firmly believing that the gentlemen appointed to perform so important a duty are no respecters of persons.

Our uncle made up a little dinner-party for the avowed purpose of introducing the said youth, of whose father he had known somewhat, to some clergy and gentry of the neighbourhood; and, with that true "gentlemanly" tact and kind feeling which ever marked his actions, endeavoured to make his guest feel at his ease, and, if possible, to "bring him out." But, after a multitude of vain endeavours, the old gentleman gave the thing up in despair; and scrupled not to tell us shortly afterwards that the fellow was a fool.

During the progress of these events, poor Emilia had been suffering from the effects of her parent's "What's to be done?" system. Left entirely to herself, her time was divided between the contents of the circulating library (then much more "trashy" than at present) and hearing and telling town "news;" and the latter occupation

being more amusing, and perhaps rendering her more acceptable in society, soon engaged almost the whole of her time. The worthy Rector too, at first, listened with interest to her town and village gossip, inasmuch as it served to beguile the tedious progress of time, which ever marches heavily along with the man who has no pursuit or settled plan of action. But, it is due to the character of the Rector to add, that, when his daughter's news assumed the character of scandal, as, in due course, it inevitably did, he was exceedingly alarmed, and began to think seriously upon the manner in which the dear girl was spending her time. The result was, as usual, "What's to be done?" Divers plans, ay and excellent plans too, flitted before him as he lay cogitating on his pillow, or "daunting" in his garden with his hands in his pockets. He would write to an accomplished lady whom he had formerly known, who resided at Bath, and received into her establishment a limited number of young ladies, who had the advantage of the best masters, and were introduced into the best society under her own eye. But then the state of his finances, considering that Charles *must* go to Oxford, compelled him to relinquish that idea for the present; and other schemes were abandoned for similar reasons.

It may perhaps appear that we are unworthily reflecting upon the Doctor for an indecision for which poverty were a sufficient excuse. But the fact is, that the state of his finances was the consequence of his want of decision. He knew that if his children lived, they must arrive at years of maturity; and he knew that unto him only could they look for support; and when he dared to think, he felt that he was not treading in a path that was likely to terminate in their happiness.

"At thirty man suspects himself a fool;
Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan;
At fifty blames his infamous delay;
Yet lingers on till sixty—and again,
In all the magnanimity of thought,
Resolves and re-resolves. Then dies the same."

This was the state of the Doctor's mind. He spent his days in fruitless conviction of error, ever enquiring, "What's to be done?"

He never, but on one occasion, attempted to justify his procrastination to our uncle, who was acquainted with

the exact state of his affairs; and then he averred that, considering the position which he held in society, he really did not know how he could consistently do otherwise than he did; for that any reduction in his establishment would have a very strange look, and really he didn't know what people would think. There would have been no difficulty, he allowed, if he had never kept more than one man-servant, and so on; but *now* "it" would have a very strange appearance. To all this, and more of the like calibre, the veteran listened with a considerable degree of pain, and then responded in this wise. "My dear Doctor, you and I have known each other too long to render it necessary that we should talk nonsense, and endeavour to bamboozle one another. Shew me the man that would think the worse of you for doing your duty to your wife and children, and I'll prove the fellow to be unworthy of your friendship. Your position in society indeed! Have you a friend or acquaintance who is ignorant of the value of your living? It is worth eight hundred, and by G—d!—I beg your pardon—how the devil you have muddled that sum away every year lately, seems marvellous; but no matter, so it seems to be. What would be your opinion of a general who allowed his men to stand upon a hill to be swept away by the enemy's fire, because he didn't know what they might think of his taking a fresh position behind it? But I know how you argue. You endeavour to wheedle yourself into an approval of delay which you feel and *know* to be dangerous; but you cannot—nor can you deceive your *real* friends, every one of whom would think much more highly of you if it were not for this blot—I would not heedlessly wound your feelings—this foible in your character. Zounds, man! if you don't change your cursed position, as you call it, very soon—and you may do so now with honour—you'll be forced from it in disgrace. By Heaven! I cannot think of the thing with patience, so I'll say no more about it. I shall swear if I do—I know I shall. God!—bless you! There, there's my hand, Doctor; you know you may command me in any way;—but here comes Inglis—I want to speak to him—the fellow has got an idea of committing matrimony."

The reason why we have chosen to speak of the worthy Doctor, rather than of some others of the class of "What's to be done?" people who have come under our cognizance, is, that from the *certainly* of his resources he seemed to be in less danger of suffering from giving way to habitual procrastination. His duties were simple and specific: well understood and admitted even in the midst of neglect. When these are numerous and complicated, the abandonment of mind to that miserable state of weakness which we have endeavoured to describe, must be more speedily fatal to happiness. Besides, this *one*, if such a mode of speaking of any mortal being may be allowed, was the Doctor's *only* failing. All his other duties, wherein this master-vice did not interfere, were performed with the strictest and most conscientious exactness; and his name will not cease to be spoken of with respect, till the present generation shall be gathered to their fathers.

Never was the assertion, that "as the twig is bent the tree's inclined," more fully proved than in the case of Emilia and Charles Smithers. The latter felt that he had lost much time; but, notwithstanding, lost much more before he went to Oxford; and, when there, exhibited a complete counterpart of his father's conduct, neglecting, and ever bewailing the neglect of his duties. The event was as might be expected. After putting off the evil day from time to time, he at length went up for his examination, and was "plucked." He was then transferred to Cambridge, where, it was hoped, his classics might pass; but there, the mathematics started up as a lion in his way; and truly it might be said, that, when poring, or rather dreaming, over what appeared a chaos of figures and problems, he knew not "What was to be done?"

From amid these difficulties, the poor fellow was summoned home to a scene of deep distress. His father was on his deathbed on his arrival; and a few weeks terminated his mortal career. Then was poor Charles left in the world, in his twenty-fourth year, without profession or property; for it appeared that the Doctor's estate was not even adequate to defray the expenses of dilapidations which had been for years in progress at the Rectory, unheeded or neglected.

The Colonel, with his usual goodness of heart, resolved to uphold him at college, provided his pecuniary assistance was likely to be serviceable; but he never took a step without previously reconnoitering; and after exchanging some letters with Cambridge friends, was compelled to abandon the idea, as being little better than sending the poor youth on a "forlorn hope," in which his character afforded small chance of success; and where defeat, after past occurrences, would stamp him with irremediable disgrace.

From that period, Charles Smithers's life has been one of a very different nature from that which he might in his youth have fairly anticipated would have been his lot. His first useful occupation was that of an assistant at the grammar-school where we were both educated; but the worthy clergyman at its head was compelled to tell our uncle, that he could not retain him in that situation, consistently with the duty he owed to his pupils. Perhaps the painful feelings which must have been his lot, in the midst of those whom he had known and felt upon an equality with in happier days, might have rendered him unfit for his office. They must have been acute; for, till his parent's death, he had no idea of his circumstances, or perhaps he might, ere habit had grown too strong, have shaken off his hereditary apathy.

The next effort made by our uncle was, perhaps, injudicious, for he never reflected thereon with pleasure, and we have often thought, was persuaded into it contrary to his better judgment; but he was not of those who, when they have taken an active part in any thing that is unsuccessful, endeavour to throw the odium of defeat upon their colleagues. Among the intimate friends of the late Doctor, a sum was raised, sufficient to purchase for poor Charles a share in an academy in the vicinity of London, where the higher classics were not read. This sum was to be considered as a loan, in order that feelings of gratitude and honour might stimulate him to exertion. All went on well apparently for some years; and Emilia went to live with her brother, having no other resource, in consequence of the very superficial nature of her education.

The next time we heard of Charles was when his partner died, and he became, in consequence, sole proprietor

of the establishment; and, shortly afterwards, he took unto himself a wife, as a matter of course, one of the "What's to be done?" species. Thus left to himself, old and incurable habits assumed their ancient sway, if, indeed, they had ever been conquered; and in a very short space of time, his school dwindled away, and left him, like his poor father, to lament over his darkening prospects, and saunter about, enquiring and wondering "What was to be done?" Nothing *was* done; or he might, even then, have repaid his friends, and retained their confidence and respect; but he lingered on, with the expenses of a large and useless establishment, till "poverty came upon him like an armed man."

The first intimation we received of his difficulties was from the London Gazette, where our uncle discovered his name in the list of bankrupts, when looking over its pages for military intelligence. It appeared afterwards that the poor fellow had been gradually sinking; that he paid his tradesmen's bills very honestly as long as his capital lasted, and then began to contrive excuses, which answered the purpose very well for a certain length of time, at the end of which, as he had not even then quite made up his mind about "What was to be done?" his landlord settled the point for him by making a seizure for rent, whereupon the butcher, baker, grocer, cheesemonger, &c. "upon that hint, did speak," in terms by no means so respectful and polite as whilom they had used when "soliciting his favours," in their various and respective "lines." This failure made a sad impression upon all of us. We had learned, from the best authority, that the late master of the academy left behind him no less a sum than seven thousand pounds, the whole of which he had accumulated in the house where Charles Smithers became a bankrupt, while his friends were congratulating themselves on the success of their endeavours in his behalf. It seems that, at the death of his partner, he might be said, after deducting the amount of his debts, and of the bond held by our uncle, (which the parties concerned agreed should never be demanded,) to have been worth fifteen hundred pounds, besides the "good-will" of the school, which he might have retained, with all its advantages,

to this day, had he taken a partner more competent than himself, to superintend the duties. To this course, divers friends had urged him in vain although he acknowledged that he frequently felt his own deficiency. He could not be charged with extravagance nor inattention, if staying at home, and letting things go on in their old course, were an adequate defence against those imputations. His was an abandonment and sheer wreck of property, respectability, and future prospects, in the face of conviction, merely because he never could decide the question, "What's to be done?"

The exertions and interest of friends, after a while, procured for him a subordinate situation in one of the public offices, which he yet retains, and above which he is never likely to rise, unless he can overcome his habitual inanity, of which there seems little probability. He is now the father of four children, who are brought up in such a manner as to render it too probable that the third generation of Smitherses will pursue the steps of their forefathers, and go forth into the world without knowing "What's to be done?"

Emilia was kindly invited, from respect to her father, to spend a few months, after her brother's misfortunes, with several families in our neighbourhood. It was a painful sight to see that poor girl. Many people thought her handsome, and she was herself of that opinion; and, in the weakness of her poor untutored mind, deemed that, having lived near the metropolis, (to her, synonymous with living among the "world" therein,) she must be superior to the country ladies around her. She was at that critical age when the unmarried fair are said to change the question of, "I wonder whom I shall have?" into that of, "I wonder who will have me?" And truly she did seem determined to solve the question, and set about it with a spirit to which we had not supposed any of the family could have been roused. She made some desperate lunges; and, we really think, might have carried the point with a good-tempered fox-hunting squire, had it not happened that, one rainy morning, they were left *tête-à-tête* together, *accidentally*, for two long hours. Determined to make the agreeable, the poor girl rattled on with town

talk and gossiping nonsense, and the squire laughed and seemed well pleased; for the learned and deep blue among the daughters of Eve found no favour in his eyes: and so far, all went on well; but, alas! Emilia knew not where to stop, and thinking mayhap of rivals, or having nothing else to say, she ventured upon divers of those evil reports, usually as false as malicious, which, ever and anon, disgrace every petty gossiping circle in the united kingdoms. Squire Henchman, whose heart lay, as folks say, "in the right place," listened at first with surprise, then with pain, and took leave with pleasure; and thenceforth was no more seen dangling after the fair Emilia, who felt much at a loss about "What was to be done?" As time rolled on, matrimonial views gradually assumed the aspect of a forlorn hope.

At our uncle's decease, he left her a small annuity, by the assistance of which she is enabled to live with two elderly maiden ladies of a somewhat similar mental calibre; and, though we may risk the chance of being accused of scandal for the avowal, we much fear that their time is not spent in such conversation as becomes Christians who are instructed to "do unto others as they would that others should do unto them."

Much as we abominate such sort of discourse, truth, however, compels us to say, that we verily believe it hath not its rise so frequently from feelings of envy, hatred, and malice, as in the stagnant and noisome wilderness of an uncultivated mind, ever seeking, but apparently never knowing, "What is to be done?"

P. W.

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE CONDUCT OF BISHOP BROWN.

In January, 1827, the Bishoprick of —, the poorest, I should imagine, or almost the poorest, of sees, became vacant, and Lord Liverpool having looked about for some learned and pious person to adorn the Episcopal bench, fixed his regards at last on Lawrence Brown, Dean of —. The Dean had acquired considerable celebrity as a scholar, by an edition of Aristophanes, in which he had combined the singular merits of the very worst text, and the silliest possible notes, "explanatory and critical." He had written an exceedingly ingenious article, in the Quarterly Review, on the "Probable use of the Æolic Digamma in the lost works of Menander." He had preached sermons before the University of Cambridge, proving that the study of mathematics led to infidelity, with so much effect, that, the day after the conclusion of his course, seventeen young gentlemen who had been studying for honours at the particular request of their parents, abandoned their design, and burnt their Newtons. In 1818, he had preached a most energetic sermon in favour of the Six Acts, in which he boldly pointed out to the poor the duty of submission to their superiors. In 1820, he preached some most impressive discourses on "Adultery," in which he proved that it was very unbecoming in ladies of rank to form any criminal

connexions with persons of an inferior station in life. Since his promotion to his deanery, he had discharged the duties of his office with great decorum, and was generally supposed to keep a remarkably good table. His elevation to the Episcopal bench was hailed by all parties as a valuable accession to the sanctity of that venerable body, and a proof that Lord Liverpool, in the distribution of his ecclesiastical patronage, looked to merit as the only qualification for preferment.

The opinions of the new Bishop on the subject of the Catholic Question were remarkably strong. He had written much against the Catholic claims, particularly on the subject of securities; and, in the first month of the Session of 1827, he made a speech against concession, which was highly applauded. Lord Liverpool was so pleased with the new Bishop's zeal in defence of the Protestant Constitution, and with the talent with which he conducted that defence, that he is reported to have expressed himself highly gratified at finding the propriety of his choice so strongly confirmed, and to have hinted his determination to advance still farther a person who appeared so well fitted for the most prominent situations. Unfortunately, however, the nation was deprived of the services of Lord Liverpool, and exposed to a month of uncertainty re-

specting his successor, during which time the Bishop's mind partook of the perplexity and vacillation which influenced the opinions of the public. The appointment of Mr Canning was hailed by him as putting an end to this feverish period of excitation; and I must own that so much was the Bishop dazzled by the splendid talents and courteous manners of that great Statesman, that he owned that even on so vital a question as that of concession to the Catholics, he felt staggered at finding his own opinion in contradiction to that of so great a man. With regard to the Ministers who entered into opposition to Mr Canning, he most emphatically asserted, "that the great respect which he entertained for them, could not restrain him from observing that, in this respect, their conduct required explanation." I must add, that he shewed that he could give ample weight to a satisfactory defence; for on some occasion since the Duke of Wellington's return to office, when this speech was repeated to him, he said with energy:—"And ample was the explanation given by all except Lords Eldon and Westmoreland."

I know, that during this summer the state of Ireland made such an impression on his mind that he owned "he did not see his way clearly," and that he made application for the vacant bishopric of Rochester. Happily, however, the death of Mr Canning and the dissolution of Lord Goderich's Ministry dispelled the doubts which had obscured his mind, and restored him to his usual clearness of thinking on political subjects. He published, in January, a pamphlet explaining some parts of a sermon preached in December 1827, which had been supposed to betoken approbation of the battle of Navarino; and shewed that that action was, in a Scriptural sense, "untoward." He also preached another sermon on the text, "He that shall humble himself, shall be exalted;" in which he shewed clearly that no man could have humbled himself more than the Duke of Wellington had done by his conduct and confessions in the last session of Parliament, and that, therefore, he deserved to be exalted. And he publicly congratulated his audience on their now possessing a Minister firmly and irrevocably pledged to oppose any further concessions to Popery.

I do not know whether his Grace wished to shew that he understood the above text as well as the Bishop; but the fact is, that in the first week of February, the subject of our memoir was promoted to the bishopric of ———; one much superior in point of emolument to the one which he held before. This year the Bishop again appeared in his place in the House of Lords, and presented ten petitions against the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts; on which occasion he said, that the safety of the Church consisted in firmly opposing innovation in every form. A few days after, came the immense majority in the Commons for the repeal, and the determination of Ministers to concede the measure. And on this occasion, the Bishop said in his place, that he had, on a previous occasion, expressed his alarm at the proposed innovation; but that if there was any thing which could have stilled that alarm, it was the decided majority of the representatives of the people which had expressed their opinion that the repeal of these measures would not tend to decrease the security of the Church Establishment. He was free to confess, he said, "that he was not ashamed to follow the example of his Majesty's Ministers, and that he did not think that it became him to offer any opposition to a measure which was called for imperatively by the voice of the country."

That the Bishop's vote and conduct on this question did not proceed from any disregard to the welfare of the Protestant Church Establishment may be collected from his presenting no less than 385 petitions against the Catholics from his diocese, and asserting that they were signed by all the male adults of his diocese, except Socinians and Atheists.

As long as Mr Huskisson was in office, the Bishop was a great admirer of free trade; though with great candour he withdrew his countenance from that gentleman after his infamous resignation; and on presenting a petition from the unemployed barbers of his diocese, warmly asserted that "he did not envy the feelings of that man who had sacrificed the happiness of these industrious men, to vague and untried theories, and delusive speculations."

On the debate on the Catholic Ques-

tion in the Lords, he expressed himself convinced that the Catholic religion was hostile to liberty; that the Catholics, consequently, never would be tranquil until they had gained all that they wanted; and that nothing could be granted to them, until they had previously been tranquillized.

I know, however, that the Bishop even then felt inclined to consider the question with a view to its practical effects; because, when Mr Middlecourse published his pamphlet on securities, in which he proposed that every Catholic member of either House should be compelled to vote according to his conscience, the Bishop said that he should be perfectly satisfied with that arrangement, provided it was found practicable.

On the Clare election, the Bishop observed that he decidedly thought that if O'Connell were elected, it was very doubtful whether he would try to take his seat.

Soon after Mr George Dawson's speech at Derry, the Bishop remarked that it was highly unchristian to impugn the motives of men for a mere change of opinion; that it was clear that something must be done—things could not remain as they were.

Soon after, he shewed his impartiality by asserting that he approved of the principle and establishment of the Brunswick Clubs, though he could not exactly say that it was right for any person to become a member of one.

On the recall of Lord Anglesea and the letter to Dr Curtis, the Bishop observed that he thought his Majesty's Government were quite right in recalling a Popish Lord Lieutenant; but that he agreed with the Duke that it was better to let the question rest. He was more convinced than ever of the impolicy of mooted the question of what was called Catholic Emancipation.

A few days before the meeting of Parliament, the Bishop had an interview with the Duke of Wellington; and he seemed lost in thought for some time after: said that the Duke was a most astonishing man; that the state of Ireland was very alarming; and that the Protestant Church Establishment must be preserved unimpaired.

For some time after the King's Speech, the Bishop preserved a strict si-

lence, so that some people said that the Bishop was going to rat, and some said that he was not; and the Bishop himself said that he should vote according to the dictates of his conscience, which made people think that he had not decided whether to rat or not. However, on the second reading of the bill in the Lords, a Peer having said something about principles, all the House burst into a roar of laughter; and the Bishop, after he had recovered from his amazement, arose, and having, after the manner of Bishops, folded his arms over his breast, spoke glibly, after the manner of Bishops, to the following effect, as reported in the Times.

"The Bishop of ——— said, that he must enter a most distinct protest against the doctrine, that any one of their Lordships was to be required to act consistently. (Cheers.) He himself had been hitherto a zealous, because a conscientious opponent, of what was called Catholic Emancipation. He was free to confess, that he still thought that the measure was dangerous. He had not, therefore, changed his opinion on this subject. (Cheers from the cross-benches.) But he was compelled to add, that he felt it his duty to change his vote. (Loud cheers.) He had, it was true, hitherto voted, and spoken, and written, against Emancipation. But he had never said, that the time might not come at which it would be his duty to take a different view of the question. (Cheers.) He had never acted on any theoretical ideas of expediency, but had always adapted his conduct to circumstances. And as the circumstances of the case were altered, (hear, hear,) so his conduct must vary in proportion. (Cheers.) The state of Ireland imperatively called on their Lordships to pass the present measure. That country was in a state of the most frightful anarchy. Noble Lords might ask whether the state of Ireland had not been just as bad for the last four or five years. He believed that such was not the case. He believed that there were circumstances connected with the present bearing of the question which were known only to his Majesty's Ministers, and which he thought they did right in not revealing—(cheers)—but which, he had no doubt, if known, would amply justify the present measure. Such was his confidence in the wisdom

and firmness of the Noble Duke at the head of the Government, that he was confident that he would never propose such a measure on insufficient grounds. The Noble Duke had said that the time was now come; and he must say, it appeared to him that the time was come. And he must say, that if any thing could strengthen his conviction, that this was the proper time, it was the consideration that at no time could any change he made with greater safety than when the Noble Duke had the management of affairs. He had long wished to see this question taken up by Government (loud cheers); and he had always felt, that until it was made a Government question, it could be productive of nothing but mischief; but that the instant Ministers declared that it could be passed with safety, then, and not till then, it became him to abandon any preconceived opinions of his, which of course could not be founded on such information as was possessed by them. (Cheers.)

"He was fully prepared to find himself assailed with the charge of apostasy. He was sorry to differ from the heads of the Church, and from so many noble lords, for whom he entertained such a high respect; but he had learned to despise the cuckoo-note of inconsistency. Public men must sometimes subject themselves to ohloquy for the public good. He well knew the price which he must pay for the luxury of doing what he believed to be right. In the discharge of his duty, his tenderest feelings had been violently lacerated, and domestic ties—all that was dearest—(here his Lordship appeared deeply affected, and paused for several moments before he could master his agitation)—But he would not detain their Lordships with

his own private feelings. He felt deeply the ungenerous conduct of his opponents. He deprecated such personalities, and such acrimony, as most contrary to his Majesty's most gracious recommendation at the beginning of the session. He would only say, that he believed that the opposition to the present Bill originated, and was carried on, in a spirit of the harshest faction and the grossest stupidity. (Cheers.) He must advert more particularly, however, to one charge which was more precise, and to which he could return the most triumphant answer. He meant that of having urged the necessity of securities in opposition to Mr Canning, and of now consenting to a measure which provided no securities. His answer was, that it was false that the present Bill provided no securities. It contained the only security he had ever wished for. He meant the clause preventing Catholic Bishops from taking their titles from the sees of the Established Church. (Hear, hear.) With this security he had always thought that the measure of Emancipation would be harmless to the Establishment, and productive of good to the country. He hoped that it would have all the effects its fondest advocates anticipated: that the tempest of discontent might be stilled beneath its influence, and the waves of contending faction be hushed in the repose of peace.

—"*Simul alba nautis
Stella refulsit;
Defuit saxis agitatus humor,
Concidunt venti, fugiuntque nubes,
Et minax, quod sic volvere, ponto
Unda recumbit.*"

The right reverend prelate sat down amidst loud and continued cheering.

Lays of the Periodicals.

OUR OUTSIDE'S BLUE, WITH A YELLOW BACK.

OUR outside's blue, with a yellow back,
Like—any thing else that is yellow and blue;
Oh, yes! we are smart without, but alack!
Our contents are of a less bright hue.

He who listens to grave debates
On Catholic and on Currency questions;
The wight condemn'd by cruel fates
To hear advice or friendly suggestions;

The man with a stranger for a guest,
(Being a Christian and not an Arab)
A luckless friend of the family, prest
By a doating mother to fondle her cherub;

The ingenuous youth of Cockayne, sent
To be lectured on produce, labour, and wages;—
Are bored—but not to that extent
As the man who eons our crack-jaw pages.

The butterfly roves amid vernal bowers,
Beautiful, interesting creature!
Soaring in air and feeding on flowers,
But ours is a totally different nature.

The caterpillar loves the ground,
Because, oh! it hath not wings to fly,
Tasting of cabbages, rotten and sound:
And we are like to it exceedingly.

Oh! there is many a gaudy hue
For ornament to mortals given;
But yellow and celestial blue
Are the brightest tints in the bow of Heaven!

OH! HE WAS GREAT IN COCKNEY LAND.

On! he was great in Cockney Land, the monarch of his kind,
'Tis said he died of plithysie by the ignorant and blind;
'Twas we assassinated him—ah! regicidal deed;
And he has left Endymion for those who choose to read.

From book to book we hurry us, reviewing as before,
From Log-books writ in Arctic seas to Log-books writ on shore;
From arid plains in Afrie to the icy Polar main,
As though we had not murder'd him, the glory of Cockayne.

Remorseless,—nothing heeding the reproaches of his race,
And martyring King Rimini, who reigneth in his place;
But he is made of sterner stuff, unsentimental fellow!
And lives, delighting still to ease his nether man in yellow.

OH! DID I NOT FORETELL.

Oh! did I not foretell
The present charming crisis?
The system's working well!
Low wages, and high prices.

I said, just ten years past,—
Foreseeing all this evil,—
We're going very fast,
All, mark me! to the Devil.

It passed unheeded hy,
That warning of the prophet;
Nor Minister was I,
Though no one else was so fit.
And now all people seek,
My counsel and opinion;
But, curse me if I speak,—
I'm no Dictator's minion.

Why! none will buy my hook
About the Reformation;
And yet the Asses look
To have a thriving nation!
Sure men are idiots born,
Or else they've lost their senses;—
They will not try my corn,—
Let 'em take the consequences!

See the base Aristocrat
The loaves and fishes carving,—
And Majesty grow fat,
Whilst all the poor are starving.
Expunge that horrid debt;
Let taxes be abolished;
Reform the House,—and let
The Parsons be demolished.

BRIGHT OLIVE-GREEN.

Bright olive-green is her outside gear,
And the sage Buchanan is blooming there;—
Oh! bright is the green, and wise the sage,—
But far beyond either her magic page.

"Maga, dost fear not to expose
Thyself to the rage of terrible foes?
When the Whig looks grim, and the Cockney hig,
Oh! dost thou not tremble at Cockney or Whig?"

"The Devil a hit! Let Whiglings wage
Their puny war, and the Cockneys rage:
Their wrath is great, hut their wits are small,—
Therefore do we fear them not at all."

On She goeth in matchless force,
Like the Sun rejoicing in his course:
May She be blest! the Maga queen,—
Flourishing always,—an evergreen!

THE MURDERER'S LAST NIGHT.

"LET him, to whom experience hath been allotted, think it a duty to impart it. We know not of how long a growth goodness is; nor how slow an approach, even a protracted culture makes towards perfection. A life of holiness may end in an apostle. As the tree, that hath felt all the winds of heaven, strikes root in that direction whence they oftenest blow, so goodness must have known vicissitude, to know when to resist and when to bend. To know ourselves is to have endured much and long. We must trace and limn out the map of our whole nature to be sure where it is desert, and where it is fruitful—to know the 'stony ground,'—to discover which needeth the plough, and which doth not. That piety, which is built on ignorance, holds up the shield where the arrow comes not; and sleeps unmailled when the enemy is at the gate. It dismounts to pursue the Parthian; and would dig a deep trench around the tents of the Nomades. It is long ere we root out the weaknesses of our nature, or know the art to preserve the virtue we have attained. For goodness by over earnestness may unwittingly be changed from its own essence, as he who knoweth not the vintage shall make vinegar of wine. When we have stubbed up and consumed the first growth of our sinfulness, there ariseth a second crop from the ashes of that which was destroyed. Even, as 'the flax and the barley were smitten; for the barley was in the ear, and the flax was balled: but the wheat and the rye were not smitten, for they were not grown up;' so will SELF-SATISFACTION arise, after worldly pride and vanity have been withered up. Let him who has found inward peace content himself that he is arrived at the Pillars of Hercules, beyond which, there is no safe way. That self-integrity which deems itself immaculate is dangerous. Well hath it been said, 'make no suppletories to thyself when thou art disgraced or slighted, by pleasing thyself with the supposition that thou didst deserve praise—neither do thou get thyself a private theatre and flatterers, in whose vain noises and fantastic praises thou mayst keep up thy good opinion of thyself.' Be the act never so good, yet if it be performed rather with reference to him who does

than to that which is done, there is a taint in it for which Eve is hardly answerable. It is but as a fair tower which the builder has set on an unknown quicksand, and which the floods shall damage or carry away. Oh! whosoever thou art that redest this, forget not these words, but grave them as on marble, and in golden letters. 'While the altar sends up a holy flame, have a care thou dost not suffer the birds to come and carry away the sacrifice—and let not that which began well end in thine own praise or temporal satisfaction, or a sin!'"

Until my twenty-seventh year I resided in the small cathedral town of C—r in which I was born. My parents—especially my mother—were of a serious cast. She had been educated as a Quaker, but following her own notions as to religion, she in the latter part of her life became attached to the tenets of that sect known by the name of Moravians, and last of all to those which, when held in connexion with the ritual of the church of England, are termed "Evangelical;" or, in dissent from it, "Methodistical."

She was warm and fanciful in her devotional practice; for which the belief as to the palpable and plenary influence of the Holy Spirit upon the human mind, in which she was bred, may help to account. Of these aspirations I, an ardent and sensitive boy, soon learned to partake. My mind was never naturally prone to vice; and my imagination, though forward, was pure. I was brought up by my excellent parents in the practice of virtue; and I loved it. With an outward conduct thus guaranteeing inward persuasions—with professions borne out by an unquestioned and pure, if not altogether unostentatious piety of behaviour, what wonder that I soon became a distinguished votary of the peculiar principles to which I had attached myself. It is difficult for a young man to know himself looked up to—be the cause what it may—without his feelings and his conduct being affected by such homage. Nature had endowed me, if not with eloquence, at least with considerable fluency of speech; and as my natural diffidence—which

at first was great—wore away, whether by extempore prayer or seasonable exhortation, the effects I produced exceeded those, the fruits of zeal, of those about me. I became admired as one more than usually gifted, and was gradually exalted into a leader. The occasional tendency to gloom and nervous irritability to which my temperament inclined me, was yet only marked enough to throw no unbecoming seriousness and gravity into the features of so young an apostle. It was strange to see persons of all ages and both sexes admiring at the innate seriousness of so early a preacher, and owning the sometimes really fervid earnestness of my appeals, my warnings or my denunciations. I began more and more to feel myself in a station above that of my fellows, and that I had now a character to sustain before the eyes of men. Young as I was, could it well have been otherwise? Let me however speak the truth. Spiritual pride at last crept upon me. Devotion by insensible degrees became tainted with self, and the image of God was, I fear, sometimes forgotten for that of his frail and unworthy creature. True it was, I still, without slackening, spoke comfort to the ear of suffering or repentant sin—I still exhorted the weak and strengthened the strong. I still warned the besotted in corruption that the fruits of vice, blossom as she will, are but like those of the shores of the Dead Sea, seeming gay, but only emptiness and bitter ashes. But, alas! the bearer of the blessed message spoke as if the worm that bore, could add grace to the tidings he conveyed to his fellow worm. I was got upon a precipice, but knew it not—that of self-worship and conceit; the worst creature-idolatry. It was bitterly revealed to me at last.

About the year 1790, at the Assizes for the county of which the town of C—r is the county town, was tried and convicted a wretch guilty of one of the most horrible murders upon record. He was a young man, probably (for he knew not his own years) of about twenty-two years of age. One of those wandering and unsettled creatures, who seem to be driven from place to place, they know not why. Without home; without name; without companion; without sympathy; without sense. Heartless, friendless, idealess, almost soul-less!

and so ignorant, as not even to seem to know whether he had ever heard of a Redeemer, or seen his written Word. It was on a stormy Christmas eve, when he begged shelter in the hut of an old man, whose office it was to regulate the transit of conveyances upon the road of a great mining establishment in the neighbourhood. The old man had received him, and shared with him his humble cheer and his humble bed; for on that night the wind blew, and the sleet drove, after a manner that would have made it a crime to have turned a stranger dog to the door. The next day the poor old creature was found dead in his hut—his brains beaten out with an old iron implement which he used—and his little furniture rifled and in confusion. The wretch had murdered him for the supposed hoard of a few shillings. The snow, from which he afforded his murderer shelter, had drifted in at the door, which the miscreant, when he fled, had left open, and was frozen red with the blood of his victim. But it betrayed a footstep hard frozen in the snow, and blood,—and the nails of the murderer's shoe were counted, even as his days were soon to be. He was taken a few days after with a handkerchief of the old man's upon his neck. So blind is blood-guiltiness.

Up to the hour of condemnation, he remained reckless as the wind—unrepenting as the flint—venomous as the blind-worm. With that deep and horrible cunning which is so often united to unprincipled ignorance, he had almost involved in his fate another vagrant with whom he had chanced to consort, and to whom he had disposed of some of the blood-bought spoils. The circumstantial evidence was so involved and interwoven, that the jury, after long and obvious hesitation as to the latter, found both guilty; and the terrible sentence of death, within forty-eight hours, was passed upon both. The culprit bore it without much outward emotion; but when taken from the dock, his companion, infuriated by despair and grief, found means to level a violent blow at the head of his miserable and selfish betrayer, which long deprived the wretch of sense and motion, and, for some time, was thought to have anticipated the executioner. Would it had done so! But let me do my duty as I ought—

let me repress the horror which one scene of this dreadful drama never fails to throw over my spirit—that I may tell my story as a man—and my confession at least be clear. When the felon awoke out of the death-like trance into which this assault had thrown him, his hardihood was gone; and he was reconveyed to the cell, in which he was destined agonizingly to struggle out his last hideous and distorted hours, in a state of abject horror which cannot be described. He who felt nothing—knew nothing—had now his eyes opened with terrible clearness to one object—the livid phantasma of a strangling death. All the rest was convulsive despair and darkness. Thought shudders at it—but let me go on.

The worthy clergyman, whose particular duty it was to smooth and soften, and, if possible, illuminate the last dark hours of the dying wretch, was not unwilling to admit the voluntary aid of those whom religious predispositions and natural commiseration excited to share with him in the work of piety. The task was in truth a hard one. The poor wretch, for the sake of the excitement which such intercourse naturally afforded him, and which momentarily relieved his sick and fainting spirit, groaned out half articulate expressions of acquiescence in the appeals that were made to him; but the relief was physical merely. The grasp of the friendly hand made waver, for a moment, the heavy shadow of death which hung upon him—and he grasped it. The voice breathing mercy and comfort in his ear, stilled for a second the horrid echo of doom—and he listened to it. It was as the drowning man gasps at the bubble of air which he draws down with him in sinking—or as a few drops of rain to him at the stake, around whom the fire is kindled and hot. This, alas! we saw not as we ought to have done—but when the sinking wretch, at the word “mercy,” laid his head upon our shoulder and groaned, we, sanguine in enthusiasm, deemed it deep repentance. When his brow seemed smooth for a space, at the sound of Eternal Life, we thought him as “a brand snatched from the burning.” In the forward pride (for pride it was) of human perfectibility, we took him—him the Murderer—as it were under our tutelage and protection. We prayed with him—we

read to him—we watched with him—we blessed his miserable sleeps—and met his more wretched awakings. In the presumption of our pity, we would cleanse that white, in the world’s eye, which God had, for inscrutable purposes, ordained should seem to the last murky as hell. We would paint visibly upon him the outward and visible sign of sin washed away, and mercy found. That that intended triumph may not have helped to add or to retain one feather’s weight in the balance against him, let me humbly hope and trust. That I was a cause, and a great one, of this unhappy delusion, let me not deny. God forgive me, if I thought sometimes less of the soul to be saved than of him who deemed he might be one of the humble instruments of grace. It is but too true that I fain would have danced, like David, before the Ark. Within and without was I assailed by those snares which, made of pride, are seen in the disguise of charity. The aspirations of my friends, the eyes of mine enemies, the wishes of the good, and the sneers of the mistrustful, were about me, and upon me; and I undertook to pass with the Murderer—*HIS LAST NIGHT*—such a last!—but let me compose myself.

It was about the hour of ten, on a gusty and somewhat raw evening of September, that I was locked up alone with the Murderer. It was the evening of the Sabbath. Some rain had fallen, and the sun had not been long set without doors: but for the last hour and a half the dungeon had been dark, and illuminated only by a single taper. The clergyman of the prison, and some of my religious friends, had sat with us until the hour of locking-up, when, at the suggestion of the gaoler, they departed. I must confess their “good night,” and the sound of the heavy door, which the gaoler locked after him, when he went to accompany them to the outer-gate of the goal, sounded heavily on my heart. I felt a sudden shrink within me, as their steps quickly ceased to be heard upon the stone stairs—and when the distant prison door was finally closed, I watched the last echo. I had for a moment forgotten my companion. When I turned round, he was sitting on the side of his low pallet, towards the head of it, supporting his head by his elbow against

the wall, apparently in a state of half stupor. He was motionless, excepting a sort of convulsive movement, between sprawling and clutching of the fingers of the right hand, which was extended on his knee. His shrunk cheeks exhibited a deadly ashen paleness, with a slight tinge of yellow, the effect of confinement. His eyes were glossy and sunken, and seemed in part to have lost the power of gazing. They were turned with an unmeaning and vacant stare upon the window, where the last red streak of day was faintly visible, which they seemed vainly endeavouring to watch. The sense of my own situation now recoiled strongly upon me; and the sight of the wretch sitting stiffened in quiet agony, (for it was no better,) affected me with a faint sickness. I felt that an effort was necessary, and, with some difficulty, addressed a few cheering and consolatory phrases to the miserable creature I had undertaken to support. My words might not—but I fear my *tone* was too much in unison with his feelings, such as they were. His answer was a few inarticulate mutterings, between which, the spasmodic twitching of his fingers became more apparent than before. A noise at the door seemed decidedly to rouse him; and as he turned his head with a sudden effort, I felt relieved to see the gaoler enter. He was used to such scenes; and with an air of commiseration, but in a tone which lacked none of the firmness with which he habitually spoke, he asked the unhappy man some question of his welfare, and seemed satisfied with the head-shake and inarticulately muttered replies of the again drooping wretch, as if they were expected, and of course. Having directed the turnkey to place some wine and slight refreshments on the table, and to trim the light, he told me in a whisper, that my friends would be at the prison, with the clergyman, at the hour of six; and bidding the miserable convict and myself, after a cheering word or two, “goodnight,” he departed—the door was closed—and the Murderer and I were finally left together.

It was now past the hour of ten o'clock; and it became my solemn duty to take heed, that the last few hours of the dying sinner passed not, without such comfort to his struggling soul as human help might hold out. After reading to him some passages of

the gospel, the most apposite to his trying state, and some desultory and unconnected conversation,—for the poor creature at times seemed to be unable, under his load of horror, to keep his ideas connected further than as they dwelt upon his own nearing and unavoidable execution,—I prevailed upon him to join in prayer. He at this time appeared to be either so much exhausted, or labouring under so much lassitude from fear and want of rest, that I found it necessary to take his arm and turn him upon his knees by the pallet-side. The hour was an awful one. No sound was heard save an occasional ejaculation between a sigh and a smothered groan from the wretched felon. The candle burned dimly; and as I turned I saw, though I scarcely noticed it at the moment, a dim insect of the moth species, fluttering hurriedly round it, the sound of whose wings mournfully filled up the pauses of myself and my companion. When the nerves are strained to their uttermost, by such trifling circumstances are we affected. *Here*, (thought I,) there has been no light, at such an hour, for many years; and yet here is one whose office it seems to be to watch it! My spirit felt the necessity of some exertion; and with an energy, for which a few minutes before I had hardly dared to hope, I poured out my soul in prayer. I besought mercy upon the blood-stained creature who was groveling beside me—I asked that repentance and peace might be vouchsafed him—I begged, for our Redeemer's sake, that his last moments might know that untasted rapture of sin forgiven, and a cleansed soul, which faith alone can bring to fallen man—I conjured him to help and aid me to call upon the name of Christ; and I bade him put off life and forget it, and to trust in that name alone—I interceded that his latter agony might be soothed, and that the leave-taking of body and soul might be in quietness and peace. But he shook and shivered, and nature clung to the miserable straw of existence which yet floated upon the wide and dismal current of oblivion, and he groaned heavily and muttered, “No, no! no!” as if the very idea of death was unbearable, even for a moment; and “to die,” even to him that must, were a thing impossible, and not to be thought of or named. And as I wrestled with the adversary that had dominion over him, he buried his

shrunken and convulsed features in the covering of his miserable pallet; while his fingers twisted and writhed about, like so many scotched snakes, and his low, sick moans, made the very dungeon darker.

When I lifted him from his kneeling position, he obeyed my movement like a tired child, and again sat on the low pallet, in a state of motionless and unresisting torpor. The damp sweat stood on my own forehead, though not so cold as on his; and I poured myself out a small portion of wine, to ward off the exhaustion which I began to feel unusually strong upon me. I prevailed upon the poor wretch to swallow a little with me; and, as I broke a bit of bread, I thought, and spoke to him, of that last repast of Him who came to call sinners to repentance; and methought his eye grew lighter than it was. The sinking frame, exhausted and worn down by anxiety, confinement, and the poor allowance of a felon's gaol, drew a short respite from the cordial; and he listened to my words with something of self-collectedness—albeit slight tremblings might still be seen to run along his nerves at intervals; and his features collapsed, ever and anon, into that momentary vacuity of wildness which the touch of despair never fails to give. I endeavoured to improve the occasion. I exhorted him, for his soul's sake, and the relief of that which needed it too much, to make a full and unreserved confession, not only to God, who needed it not, but to man, who did. I besought him, for the good of all, and as he valued his soul's health, to detail the particulars of his crime, but *his eye fell*. That dark enemy, who takes care to leave in the heart just hope enough to keep despair alive, tongue-tied him; and he would not—even now—at the eleventh hour—give up the vain imagination, that the case of his companion might yet be confounded with his, to the escape of both—and vain it was. It had not been felt advisable, so far to make him acquainted with the truth, that this had already been sifted and decided; and I judged this to be the time. Again and again I urged confession upon him. I put it to him that this act of justice might now be done for its own sake, and for that of the cleansing from spot of his stained spirit. I told him, finally, that it could no longer prejudice him

in this world, where his fate was written and sealed, for that his companion *was reprieved*. I knew not what I did. Whether the tone of my voice, untutored in such business, had raised a momentary hope, I know not—but the revulsion was dreadful. He stared with a vacant look of sudden horror—a look which those who never saw cannot conceive, and which—(the remembrance is enough)—I hope never to see again—and twisting round, rolled upon his pallet with a stifled moan that seemed tearing him in pieces. As he lay, moaning and writhing backwards and forwards, the convulsions of his legs, the twisting of his fingers, and the shiverings that ran through his frame were terrible.

To attempt to rouse him seemed only to increase their violence—as if the very sound of the human voice was, under his dreadful circumstances, intolerable, as renewing the sense of reality to a reason already clouding, and upon the verge of temporary delirium. He was the picture of despair. As he turned his face to one side, I saw that a few, but very few hot tears had been forced from his glassy and blood-shot eyes; and in his writhings he had scratched one cheek against his iron bedstead, the red discoloration of which contrasted sadly with the deathly pallidness of hue, which his visage now shewed: during his struggles, one shoe had come off, and lay unheeded on the damp stone-floor. The demon was triumphant within him; and when he groaned, the sound seemed scarcely that of a human being, so much had horror changed it. I knelt over him,—but in vain. He heard nothing—he felt nothing—he knew nothing, but that extremity of prostration to which a moment's respite would be Dives' drop of water—and yet in such circumstances, anything but a mercy. He could not bear, for a moment, to think upon his own death—a moment's respite would only have added new strength to the agony—He might be dead; but could not “die;” and in the storm of my agitation and pity, I prayed to the Almighty to relieve him at once from sufferings which seemed too horrible even to be contemplated.

How long this tempest of despair continued, I do not know. All that I can recall is, that after almost losing my own recollection under the agitation of the scene, I suddenly perceived

that his moans were less loud and continuous, and that I ventured to look at him, which I had not done for some space. Nature had become exhausted, and he was sinking gradually into a stupor, which seemed something between sleep and fainting. This relief did not continue long—and as soon as I saw him begin to revive again to a sense of his situation, I made a strong effort, and lifting him up, seated him again on the pallet, and, pouring out a small quantity of wine, gave it him to drink, not without a forlorn hope that even wine might be permitted to afford him some little strength to bear what remained of his misery, and collect his ideas for his last hour. After a long pause of returning recollection, the poor creature got down a little of the cordial, and as I sat by him and supported him, I began to hope that his spirits calmed. He held the glass and sipped occasionally, and appeared in some sort to listen, and to answer to the words of consolation I felt collected enough to offer. At this moment the low and distant sound of a clock was heard, distinctly striking one. The ear of despair is quick;—and as he heard it, he shuddered, and in spite of a strong effort to suppress his emotion, the glass had nearly fallen from his hand. A severe nervous restlessness now rapidly grew upon him, and he eagerly drank up one or two small portions of wine, with which I supplied him. His fate was now evidently brought one degree nearer to him. He kept his gaze intently and unceasingly turned to the window of the dungeon. His muttered replies were incoherent or unintelligible, and his sunk and weakened eye strained painfully on the grated window, as if he momentarily expected to see the first streak of the dawn of that morning, which to him was to be night. His nervous agitation gradually became horrible, and his motions stronger. He seemed not to have resolution enough to rise from his seat and go to the window, and yet to have an overpowering wish or impulse to do so. The lowest sound startled him—but with this terrible irritation, his muscular power, before debilitated, seemed to revive, and his action, which was drooping and languid, became quick and angular. I began to be seized with an undefined sense of fear and alarm. In vain I combated it; it grew upon me; and I had al-

most risen from my seat to try to make myself heard, and obtain, if possible, assistance. The loneliness of the gaol, however, rendered this, even, if attempted, almost desperate—the sense of duty, the dread of ridicule, came across me, and chained me to my seat by the miserable criminal, whose state was becoming every minute more dreadful and extraordinary.

Let us not scorn or distrust our obscurest misgivings, for we are strangely constituted; and though the evidence for such conclusions often be in a manner unknown to ourselves, they are not the less veritable and just. Exhausted by the wearing excitement and anxiety of my situation, I had for a moment sunk into that confused absence of mind with which those who have been in similar circumstances cannot be unacquainted, when my miserable companion, with a convulsive shudder, grasped my arm suddenly. I was for a few seconds unaware of the cause of this emotion and movement, when a low, indistinct sound caught my ear. It was the rumbling of a cart, mingled with two or three suppressed voices; and the cart appeared to be leaving the gate of the dismal building in which we were. It rolled slowly and heavily as if cumbrously laden, under the paved gateway; and after a few minutes, all was silent. The agonized wretch understood its import better than I did. A gust of the wildest despair came suddenly over him. He clutched with his hands whatever met his grasp. His knees worked. His frame became agitated with one continued movement, swaying backwards and forwards, almost to falling;—and his inarticulate complaints became terrific. I attempted to steady him by an exertion of strength—I spoke kindly to him, but he writhed in my grasp like an adder, and as an adder was deaf: grief and fear had horrible possession. Myself, almost in a state of desperation—for the sight was pitiful. I at last endeavoured to awe him into a momentary quiescence, and strongly bade him at last to *die like a man*; but the word "Death" had to him only the effect it may be supposed to have upon a mere animal nature and understanding—how could it have any other? He tried to bear it, and could not, and uttering a stifled noise, between a yell and a moan, he grasped his own neck: his face as-

sumed a dark red colour, and he fell into a state of stifled convulsion.

When despair had wrought with him, I lifted him with difficulty from the floor on which he had fallen. His relaxed features had the hue of death, and his parched lips, from a livid blue, became of an ashy whiteness. In appearance he was dying; and in the agitation of the moment I poured a considerable portion of the wine which had been left with us into a glass, and, after wetting his temples, held it to his lips. He made an effort to swallow, and again revived to consciousness; and holding the vessel firmly in his hands, got down with difficulty and at intervals, the entire draught. When he found it totally exhausted, the glass fell from his hands; but he seized and held one of mine with a grasp so firm and iron-like that the contrast startled me. He seemed to be involved in a confused whirl of sensations. He stared round the cell with a wildness of purpose that was appalling; and after a time, I began to see with deep remorse, that the wine I had unguardedly given was, as is always the case, adding keenness to his agony and strength to his despair. He half rose once or twice and listened; all was silent—when, after the pause of a minute or two, a sudden fit of desperation seemed to seize upon him. He rushed to the window, and hurriedly surveying the grates, wrenched at them with a strength demoniac and superhuman, till the iron bars shook in their embeddings.

From this period my recollections are vague and indistinct. I remember strongly remonstrating with the poor creature, and being pushed away by hands which were now bleeding profusely with the intense efforts of his awful delirium. I remember attempting to stop him, and hanging upon him, until the insane wretch clutched me by the throat, and a struggle ensued, during which I suppose I must at length have fainted or become insensible; for the contest was long, and, while consciousness remained, terrible and appalling. My fainting,

I presume, saved my life, for the felon was in that state of maniacal desperation which nothing but a perfect unre-sistingness could have evaded.

After this, the first sensation I can recall is that of awakening out of that state of stupor into which exhaustion and agitation had thrown me. Shall I ever forget it? The anxiety of some of my friends had brought them early to the gaol; and the unusual noises which had been heard by some of its miserable inmates occasioned, I believe, the door of the cell in which we were, to be unlocked before the intended hour. Keenly do I recollect the struggling again into painful consciousness, the sudden sense of cheering daylight, the sound of friendly voices, the changed room, and the strange looks of all around me. The passage was terrible to me: but I had yet more to undergo. I was recovered just in time to witness the poor wretch, whose prop and consolation I had undertaken to be, carried, exhausted and in nerveless horror, to the ignominious tree—his head drooping on his breast, his eyes opening mechanically at intervals, and only kept from fainting and utter insensibility by the unused and fresh morning-air, which breathed in his face as if in cruel mockery. I looked once, but looked no more.—Let me hasten to conclude. I was ill for many weeks, and after recovering from a nervous fever, was ordered by my physicians into the country. This was the first blessing and relief I experienced, for the idea of society was now terrible to me. I was secluded for many months. Time, however, who ameliorates all things, at length softened and wore away the sharper parts of these impressions, but to this hour I dare not dwell upon the events of that awful night. If I dream of them, although the horrors fall far short of the appalling reality, yet for the next sun I am discomposed, and can only seek for rest from that Almighty Power, who, in his inscrutable providence, thought fit I should read a lesson so hideous, but—so salutary.—Reader, farewell.

[The excellent relater of the foregoing extraordinary narrative has now been dead for some years. In giving it to the public, I am only carrying into effect his own more than once expressed wish and intention. In attempting to do this, I have adhered as closely as possible to the strong and impressive language in which it was narrated to me. Should there be any breast to which this singular key is fitted, it will not have been given in vain.—T. D.]

SOUND MORALITY.

BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHEARD.

"It is a grand thing, true and genuine morality! If I were a minister, I wad never preach up onything but just pure morality," said Cuddy Caudrife to his neighbour shepherd, Michael Moody, one morning as they sat on the top of Lochfell, and cast their eyes over the fair dales of the West Border.

"An' what for wad ye no be preachin' ought but morality, Cuddy? We hae muckle need o' hearing some other sort o' doctrine than cauld morality, an' to hae some other thing to put our trust in, too, beside that."

"Quite wrong, my good fellow, I assure you. There is no doctrine which should be inculcated at all times, and in all places, but that of sound morality, because it is the bond of society and good manners, and goes to counteract the enormous mass of general turpitude within us."

"I dinna think that observation is quite applicable to us as Scotsmen."

"And wherefore not applicable to Scotsmen?"

"Because ye ken it is reported that we are unco subject to the Scots fiddle. Now, if there war sae *verra* muckle turpentine within us, ane wad think it should act as a preventative."

"Whew! There's nae body can ever get a solid argument frae you, but aff ye flee at a tangent into the wilds of absurdity."

"I'll tell you what, my friend Cuddy. As I take it, there's just as muckle solidity in your morality as your turpentine—a aff in a bleeze. Hae ye ony kind o' notion that ye are a man o' sound moral principles?"

"I hope and trust that there has never been any great moral turpitude perceivable in my character or demeanour."

"Maybe sae, maybe sae. I hope it is true; but let us bring things to the test. The first an' leading error that we shepherds fa' into, is that o' kissing the lasses. That's weel kend to be our besetting sin. Now, I dinna think ye are *very* guilty o' that, for there winna ane o' the lasses let you come near her, or touch her. But Cuddy, wasna there since a kind o' queer story about a wild young wife, a neighbour o' yours? Was there nane

o'—what is't you ca' the thing, then? Moral something?"

"I don't know if there was any great depravity or moral turpitude in the action, supposing it to be true, for argument sake, if the consarcination of their conjugality is taken into account."

"There for it! There goes sound morality, full sail afore the wind o' delusion! I'll tell you what, neighbour Cuddy, when a man has to modify the law o' God to suit his sinfu' propensities, it is a braw easy way o' squaring his accounts. The moral law is gayan explicit on that point; and yet, try it a point by point, an' you will find that you have not only broken the whole law, by being guilty of one breach, but broken the sum total of all the righteous commandments. For instance, I dinna ken if ever you *killed* ony o' your neighbours; but that you haeua used a 'lawfu' endeavours to preserve their lives, I ken weel. For do you no mind when we were gawn awa' to the courting aince, that ye persuadit me against my ain conviction, to venture on the ice, and after I had gaen down ower the lugs, and was within a hairsbreadth o' being drowned, ye war a' the time lying laughin' sae, that ane might hae bound you wi' a strac? What kind o' morality was that? I trow, right near mortality to me. And mair be token, I dinna think ye wad steal ane o' your neighbour's sheep, but weel do ye like to get a pluck o' his gerse at a quiet corner."

"My dear fellow, there was no moral turpitude there. That was probably because I know that neighbour to be daily getting part of his grass from me."

"Ay, that's just the way wi' a' you grand moral men! Ye never square your actions to the law, but the law to your actions. But that is just the way wi' poor human nature; whenever she tries to uplift hersell, she is degraded. And particularly in this, that I never yet knew a grand disclaimer on the principles of sound morality, who ever was an upright, charitable, and amiable character; and I hardly ever knew a man of humility, who placed his hopes on the works of

another who had stood in his stead, that was not a model of what the other inculcated. But the best way o' settling a' these points atween herds, is by instances, and as I remember a beautifu' ane, I'll just tell you it.

Weel, ye see there are twa towns stand near other, no very far frae here, and we shall distinguish them by the twa names that their neighbours ca' them, *The Gude town*, and *The Bad town*. They belang baith to the same parish, but far frae being friendly wi' ane another; for the fo'ks o' the gude town scorn to associate wi' the others. Now, there was a body in the bad town that they ca'd Betty Rae, wha let out lodgings to poor fo'ks, at a penny the night, and a weel filled house she often had, though her lodgers warn a just the maist respectfu' i' the community. Yet, I believe mony a good Christian, and mony a humble heart, wha hadna great routh o' the things o' this world, were obliged, at times, to take shelter aneath Betty's roof. Ilk ane paid his penny as he came in, and there were nae questions asked; and whatever else they wanted was a' paid for aforehand.

Weel, there was ae night, amang others, a woman and her daughter came in for lodgings, paid their twopence, and went away to a bed in the end where the women slept, without asking for any thing to eat or drink. The womau had the appearance of having seen better days, for in her manners she was a lady, although in her looks much emaciated; and the little girl, scarcely ten years of age, was as beautiful as a cherub. Betty had learned long before to read in the looks and bearing of her customers the precise state of their finances; so, when she returned from shewing this pair to their bed, she said to the rest o' her burly customers, 'I fear that puir body an' her bit lassie are rather run short o' the needfu', for I'm unco far mistaen gin they haena mair need o' their supper than ony o' us hae the night, an' yet they hae ordered nae-thing. I hae just been thinkin', if ye could hae spared me happenies a-piece, I wad hae added twa or three mysel', an' bought something good for them. For, dye ken, the poor wee lassie's greetin o' hunger?'

"Hoh! deil hae them! wha cares

for rattans like them?" quo a gruesome Scots tinkler.

"I waudn't be mynded to help wonysooken trash for my own peart," said an English gaberlunzie.

"The buddies 'll mubby hae something alangs wee thum. Far de they cumm frae?" said an Aberdeeu man.

"And, by my shoul and body, man, and whst is the matter where they come from, or where they are going either, if they are to be after dying of hunger in the first place? And, be Jasus, if you will all give a penny a piece, I will give my last one, before the dare shouls should be under the death-warrant of hunger," said a ragged Irishman.

"Hersel pe hafing no shange, else she would pe kiffing tem a pawpee," said Nicol Shaw, an old Highlander, who sat with a snuff-horn in his hand, and which horn had a snuff-spoon, a hare's foot, and a necsepikie appended.

"O, but I'll gie you change, honest man," said Betty Rae. "What is the soom ye want changed?"

Shaw winked with the one eye, and looked silly with the other, like one caught in a fault, brushed his nose with the hare's foot, and replied, "She pe fery pad shange in tis pad town."

Paddy losing patience, cursed them all for hard-hearted rascals, and pulling down a decanter of tin, he ran out, and after an absence of about ten minutes returned with a penny roll, and a brimming decanter of sweet-milk, warm from the cow.

"Where got you these, Paddy? How came you by these?" was asked by all.

"Pray thee don't be after bothering people with so many questions just now," said Paddy, and rushed with his earnings ben to the poor woman's bed.

"Oho, mistress, and so you thought to chate us out of your swate company, and go supperless to bed? But may Shant Patrick be my namhe* if you shall do so. Oh botheration, no! And this little dare shoul too? Why Paddy Murphy would rather be after wanting his supper twenty times than the swate little darling should be famishing with hunger. And, oh, I declare and sware that she must be after

dying already, for her belly is not bigger nor a paraite. That's my swate honey! Take your snpper heartily! And when it is done you shall have plenty more."

In this manner did Paddy Murphy run on all the while the half-famished pair were at their meal. A Scotsman would have tried to discover their names, friends, or qualities. An Englishman, if they had any connexion with any mercantile house; but Paddy had no conception of any thing of the sort. When he returned to the kitchen he could neither tell who they were, whence they had come, or whither they were going, but only that they were there; that he was sure of, and had been very hungry, but he had cured them of that disease.

There having, by this time, been some interest excited about the two strangers, Betty Rae went to reconnoitre farther, and returned with word that the poor woman was very ill, and like dying, for that "the meat had taken her by the heart, and she was a' drawn together wi' pain." She added farther that the woman was a minister's daughter, and belonged to the Highlands, but her husband had been killed in the wars, and she was left destitute, and far from home.

"But, poor woman, she'll never see hame," said Betty, mournfully, "an' what's to come o' her bit bonny helpless bairn, the Lord only kens!"

This observation made Paddy wipe his eyes, but he could do no more, for he had spent his last penny on a roll for her, and stolen the milk, by milking some of Squire Hardy's cows; and so Paddy was obliged to content himself with blessing them a hundred times or two, and praying that Jasus and Shant Patrick would take the swate darlings under their care. But old Nicol Shaw, hearing they belonged to the Highlands, after a good deal of hesitation and exclamations of pity, actually, at last, untied his cotton neckcloth. Below it there was another one, which he also loosed; and from a knot in the inner corner of that, and which corner lay exactly in the hollow part of his neck, he took a small parcel of gold pieces, and gave his hostess one in exchange for silver. What part of that he gave to the sufferer next day he kept to himself. The rest of the lodgers suspected that he had given her nothing; but in this they were wrong, as afterwards became manifest.

The next day, the mother was so ill as to be unable to lift her head, and old Betty Rae, who had long been compelled, by the uncertain characters among whom she dealt, to give nothing for nothing, was sadly puzzled how to act, for a sick person in her dormitory was a blow to her business; so, after a private conference with Nicol Shaw, she set away over to the good town, to the parish minister, to lay the case before him and his session.

Now, this parish minister, it is well known, is the most brilliant and most strenuous preacher up of good works in the whole kingdom. Sound morality is with him, like you, all and all; the only path to Heaven and to happiness; yet no kind or disinterested action has ever been recorded, even in the traditions of his parish, of this man. So, when told that Betty Rae wanted him, he said, he had nothing to say to Betty Rae; she was always seeking something for some of her delinquent customers. Betty, however, told the servant girl, that she would not leave the manse till she had spoke with the minister, who was obliged to lift his window reluctantly, and ask the intruder's business.

"Troth, sir, it is joost neither less nor mair than this. There is an officer's widow taken ill at my bit house owerbye yonder, and lying, I fear, at the point o' death. She has a follower, too, poor woman! a dear, kind-hearted, little girl. An' ye ken, sir, I canna afford to maintain them, an' get skeel for them, an' nurse them; sae ye maun consider, an say what fund is to draw on for this purpose."

"Draw on your own funds, Mrs Rae, since you have been so imprudent as to encumber yourself with such lodgers; get quit of them the best way you may. Your house, by drawing beggars about it, is a perfect nuisance in the parish."

"I won my bread as honestly, and a great deal hardlier than ye do, sir, an' yet I dinna joost trust to my good works awthegither. But I hae nae ither means o' keeping mysell out o' your parish funds, and think I rather deserve praise than blame for my poor exertions. But that's naething to the purpose; tell me what's to be done wi' the poor lady an' her bairn, for, as the head o' the session, you are bound to see after her, that I ken; an' gin I dinna get a satisfactory an-

swer, I'll lay her down at your door in the course of an hour."

There was nothing terrified the minister so much as this, and that Betty kend weel. So he then judged it proper to come to terms with this hostess of the poor, by asking to what parish the woman belonged, and what was her name?

"Alack-a-day, sir, I fear she is far frae her native parish," said Betty; "for they ca' it Abernethy, on a great river ca'd the Spey, that rises somegate i' the Heelands, near the North Pole; and her name's Mistress M'Queen, and she's a minister's daughter. An' as ye hae daughters o' your ain, sir, an' dinna ken what they may come to, ye should open your heart to the condition o' the poor woman, wha has seen better days."

"Why, Mrs Rae, there is only one rule in our parish laws, which is this:—We must convey her to the next parish. That parish to the next again, and so on, till she reach her own. I have no power of ordering anything farther."

"Than ye may save yoursell the trouble of ordering that, sir, for if ye offer to lift her out o' her hed just now, and pit her intil a cart, ye may as weel hing her ower a hawk at aince, or cut off her head an' be done wi' her. Sae, for the sake o' Christian charity, ye maun think o' some ither plan for the present; for I am mistaen gin ye be lang fashed wi' her. A little wine, or as muckle siller as wad hire the carter, wad hae been a mair feasible award frae ane that's sae keen o' good warks."

"Why, Mrs Rae, since she is so very badly, it would be dangerous to take her out—Most dangerous! and the person who did it might be tried for murder. Therefore, I think your best way is to keep the woman and child, and I shall represent the case at our quarterly meeting."

"Ay, ay, sir! weel I ken that's a get off, for fear I hring her to your door. But take ye care, an' be upon your guard, for I maun e'en try to look to mysell, as weel as you. An' O, it will be lang afore ye find out ony redress for me. As the auld sang says,

'To seek for warm water aneath cauld ice,

I trow it is a grit follye.

I hae askit grace of a graceless face,

An' there is nae mercy for mine or me."

But auld Betty Rae was only hard and niggardly by habitual practice, it being hy pennies and half-pennies that she made her livelihood; for she had many of the tender feelings so natural to a woman, and so inherent in a true Christian. She never thought of parting with the stranger, unless she could procure a better lodging for her, which she had little hope of, knowing the fountain head at which she had to apply. But she *did* hope to secure some remuneration for the expense and trouble she was likely to incur. She was mistaken. The minister, who had on his dressing-gown, retired to his study, to continue the penning of his splendid eulogium on good works, but left such poor devils as Betty Rae to the practice of them.

As Betty went home, she could not help entertaining some severe reflections on, "the hale fashionable principle o' gude warks," as she termed it; and as she was huying some wine and cordials from Christopher Little, she says to him, "Gudesake, gie me fair weight an' measure, Kirsty! But I believe ye're a man o' sound morality?"

"Ay, just sae an' sae, Bessie, neighbour like."

"Ye dinna expect that your gude warks are to tak ye till Heaven then—do ye?"

"If we had nae ither grip, I fear you an' I wad hae haith hut a poor chance, Bessie."

"Ay, like enough. But d'ye think our minister's are sure enough to tak him there?"

"Our minister's! O I coudna say about that, for it is the first time ever I heard tell o' them."

"Ah, ye've a way, Kirsty! But there's nae fun i' my mind; for I hae a poor dying widow lady i' my house, an' the minister winna help me wi' ony thing hut a cart to take her away in."

"She maun be ill-looking, I fear. An' in that case the parson's resolution is quite orthodox—because ye ken, Bessie, gude warks shoudna be extendit to aught that's no heautifu' in itself—Eh?"

Bessie smudged and leugh at the shopman's insinuations, and returned home with a physician, who prescribed to her patient; and in short, for a whole quarter of a year there was not a good thing that the bad town could produce, that Mrs M'Queen was not

treated with. Neither did Betty ever apply any more to the minister; and instead of doing her house ill, the singular act of benevolence raised her character so high among her motley customers, that they were proud of counting acquaintance with her; and her house became so well frequented, that she was obliged to take in an assistant, and raise the price of her lodgings. She grew particularly attached to the little girl, Annabell M'Queen, a perfect pattern of comeliness and kindness of heart. Betty often insinuated to the sufferer, that she should write to her friends in the north, but this she always declined complying with, from what motive was not understood, but it was most probably from an aversion at being found in such mean circumstances.

However, after three months' confinement in Betty Rae's house, the poor woman was enabled to proceed on her journey homeward. Nor did she travel far on foot, for, near the village of Graitney she got into a coach, and the driver afterwards declared that she paid her fare; and was set down in Edinburgh. No farther word was heard of her for many years, but the act of benevolence made Betty Rae's fortune. It was blazoned over the whole country what she had done, and what the minister of the gospel had refused to do; and there was not a lady in the parish, and but few in the district, who did not send Betty presents. It was calculated that she got at least fifty presents, every one of which amounted in value to the whole sum expended on the invalid. And to crown all, at the next quarterly meeting of the heritors, a gentleman (Mr Ker of Holm) laid the case before the others, to the great shame and prejudice of the minister, and got a liberal allowance for Betty.

Now, mine hostess of the mendicants chuckled in her sleeve, and took all this bounty with great thankfulness and humility, after saying, "Dear sirs, dear sirs! I had nae merit at a' in sheltering the poor woman. How could any Christian soul turn out a poor sick creature to dee at the back o' the dike? Od, we may easily ken that by oursells. How wad any o' us like to be turned out wi' a poor little orphan i' our hand, to dee at the back o' the dike? I had nae merit at a', and I wish ye wadna mention it ony mair, for fear ye mak me as proud o' my

gude works an' sound morality, as the minister is o' his."

Now the truth is, that Betty had *some* merit, but not half so much as the country supposed, or that you, Cuddy Cauldrife, are at this moment supposing; for there is another person whom we have long lost sight of, like the greater part of our lady novelists, who introduce characters for the mere purpose of showing them off (*vide* The Lairds o' Fife, Rich and Poor, and a thousand others.) But we must not quite lose sight of them all, though in a short tale like this one cannot get the most made of them. However, it will be remembered, that on the night of Mrs M'Queen's arrival in the Bad town, there was lodged at Betty's house a Scots itinerant tinker, or gipsie, a character well known; an Englishman, who was an excise spy, and a great blackguard, and who subsequently got himself shot in an affray with smugglers, and well deserved it; an Irishman, who was on his way to the east country for harvest, and who was at no loss to beg his way till he found work; and an old Highlander, ycleped Nicholas Shaw, but more commonly denominated *Old Nick*, or *Nicol*, in courtesy. This old carle, it will be remembered, changed half a guinea with the landlady, in order to give the sufferer a part of it; and had a short conference that night with Mrs M'Queen, from which he returned greatly agitated.

Now, this old Nicol Shaw was not a beggar, though he had very much the appearance of one; for Nicholas in his own country of Strathspey, was accounted a very independent man: But an Englishman, or even a Scots Lowlander, has no conception to what extent Highland frugality can be carried, especially when there is any family object in view. The attachment of a genuine Highlander, in the first place, to his family; in the second place, to his kinsfolk; and in the third and last place, to his whole clan, is beyond what any man but a Highlander can comprehend; and even in all these three, there are but very small shades of difference; for, in spite of existing circumstances, he still looks upon the clan as in reality one family, of which the chief is the parent—a charity extending beyond these,—her nain-sell does not comprehend.

Old Shaw was one of those true-

ly patriarchal characters. He had occupied extensive possessions as a farmer, mostly from the Laird of Grant, but a small part from the Duke of Gordon; and these he had parted among his sons always as they had been married, with a stipulation, that every one was to pay him so much annually; but to save his sons from paying that annuity, he subjected himself to every sort of toil, and every privation. He had, at this time, gone all the way from Badenoch to Norwich, in the vicinity of London, as topsman, on a drove of cattle belonging to Mr Macpherson of Corrie-Beg, a neighbour of his; and though he had, by that means, realized a considerable sum, amounting to seven pounds, yet, in order to save every farthing, he had taken up his abode at 'the cheap lodgings' for a night.

But, slack, for worthy old Nicol and his well-earned purse both! For it was not destined that either of them should leave the town so soon as intended. One word from the sufferer—the mere mention of her name and her family, riveted Nicholas Shaw to the spot; and that very night he entered into an agreement with Betty Rae, under the most solemn promises of secrecy, that he was to pay all expenses incurred by the lady and her daughter, and the lodgings too, *if he could*. In the mean time, Betty was to try to get some assistance elsewhere, and better lodgings, if she could obtain them, at any expense save his own; for being uncertain of the duration of her illness, he was, of course, uncertain of his ability to answer all demands. Betty could make nothing of the minister; could get no better lodgings, but she made her own lodgings as comfortable as it was in her power to make them, and that with the resolute purpose of charging nothing for them, should exigencies render such a sacrifice necessary. And when the nursing is taken into account, really Betty had a good deal of merit. Every thing, however, was paid punctually to a farthing, lodgings, nursing, and outlay, by old Nicholas, before ever Mrs M'Queen left her lodgings; so that there was scarcely ever such a wind-fall come to the lot of a poor woman, as did that night to Betty Rae, in the arrival of Mrs M'Queen at the "cheap lodgings."

But worthy old Nicol had now to begin a new occupation. For, terrified that his funds should run short before the lady got better, he had no other resource but to begin the begging, which he practised with such effect, as to have rendered his success proverbial over all the dales of the West Border. His custom was to traverse all the remote places in the forenoon, and pick up whatever was offered to him; but it was towards the evenings that his success was altogether unparalleled. He let his beard grow, and wore a tremendous *skean-dhu*, or Highland dirk, in his breast, so that he became a most frightful and dangerous looking chap; and then, ere the sun went down, he began to ask lodgings, or 'te quarter,' as he called it. One look at him was enough; he was dismissed with a penny, and very oft he induced goodwives to make it "te tree pawpee to pay her supper and her bed." Then away to another house, and another, always with the same request for lodgings, without the least intention of accepting of them if offered; and never was he refused the penny at least, to pay for his bed. When any body appeared to hesitate about letting him in, he took care always to show the handle of his dirk in his coat breast, which settled the bargain, and the halfpence were produced.

I heard a gentleman (Mr Knox) say, that when he heard the genuine Highland twang at his door one night very late, he determined on letting the old man in for the night, and accosted him thus: "I think you travel unco late, friend? Whs are ye that is gaun asking quarters at this time o' night?"

"O, she just pe te poor heelant pody tat whone of te Sassenach will pe lhetting witiin him's toor for te sake of Cot."

"That's very hard, man. What ails a' the fo'k at you, think ye?"

"Oo, she hafe cot te wort of peing fery pad on te tief and te moorter!" and as he said that, he put his hand to the handle of his *skean-dhu*.

"Aih! L—— preserve us!" exclaimed Mr Knox, "baith a thief and a murderer! Gudesake gae away about your business! There's a saxpence t'ye, gang and get lodgings where you best can."

In this manner did he persevere on every night till midnight, aye as long as there was a light in a window in

the whole valley ; and always the later it grew, his alms grew the better, and were the more readily bestowed. About ten at night, he would go through whole villages, insisting on having "te quarter" at every door ; and from every house he extracted something that the inmates might be quit of him. And then when no more was to be got, he lay down and slept in an out-house till the morning. His earnings averaged about half-a-crown a day. But twice every week he visited his cheap lodgings, attending to every wish and want of the broken-hearted sufferer and her darling child, without once hinting at the means he took of supplying their wants. Their discourse together was always in Gaelic, and Betty often remarked how the old patriarch's face would glow with a thankful benevolence when he perceived Mrs M'Queen's advancing state of convalescence. He begged for her till she recovered, and never quitted her till he landed her safe in the bosom of her own and her husband's friends in Strathspey.

Now, Cuddy, this is what I call SOUND MORALITY—pure practical morality, unadulterated by any self-interest or theoretical quibbling. I have often envied the feelings of this old Highlander. There are traits of benevolence in his character that do honour to human nature. To think of a respectable and independent old farmer begging night and day to supply the couch of distress, appeared to me rather like a romance than a portraiture of real life."

"Why, Mr Moody, it has only this fault. It wants generalization for true and splendid magnificence ; and the moral excellency of the action depends on the proximity or remoteness of the consanguinity of the parties."

"That's surely an extraordinary grand speech for a herd, Cuddy ; I gie ye credit for that speech. 'The proximity or remoteness of consanguinity !' Ha ! ha ! ha ! Excellent ! Well, then, the deed had all the moral excellency that could attach to it in that respect, for twelve years afterwards it came out that old Nicol Shaw and Mrs M'Queen were no otherwise related than being of the same clan, and he had heard her father preach twice or thrice at the distribution of the Sacrament of the Supper.

I said twelve years afterwards, for

it was just so much that a handsome carriage stopped at the door of the cheap lodgings in the Bad town, out of which a beautiful lady looked and asked for old Betty Rae. The woman of the house answered that "Betty had gi'en up husiness lang syne, an' leaved like a leddy now," and pointed out the house. The carriage drove up to the door of a cleanly thatched cottage, and this beautiful creature, entering without ceremony, in one instant had old Betty in her arms. Betty was confounded ; and when the divine creature asked the raised-looking dame if she did not know her, she replied—

"Oo, deed no, deed no ! how should I ken a grand lady like you ? But I's warrant ye're outhier Lady Annandale, or Lady Queensberry, or Lady Westcraw, come to speer about the auld story o' the officer's widow ?"

"Ah ! dear, dear Betty, and do you not remember your own child, who sat so often on your knee ? Do you not remember little Annabell M'Queen ?"

"Aih, gude sauf us to the day ! ir ye her ? Oh, the blessings o' the God o' Heaven he on your bonny face. But ir ye really her ? Aih wow ! How is your dear blessed mother ? Is she leeving yet ? And how's auld Nicol Shaw, poor man ? But gude sauf us to the day, where are ye gaun this gate ? O, ye maun forgie an auld doited body, for I'm sae happy, I neither ken what I'm doing or saying. I hae good reason to hless the day ye entered my poor door. It was a visit of an angel o' heaven to me ; and there has never a night gane ower this auld head on whilk I hae nae prayed for your welfare, and your mother's, at the throne o' grace."

To cut short a long story ; that was a happy meeting—Annabell was on her marriage jaunt—A lovelier flower never bloomed on the banks of the Spey, and she was married to a baronet, a most amiable young man, while her mother was still living, healthy and happy, in the house of Colonel M'Queen, her husband's father. But neither of them ever forgot, or ever will forget, auld Betty Rae and the cheap lodgings i' the Bad town."

MOUNT BAKER,
14th May, 1829.

WILL AND SANDY. A SCOTS PASTORAL

BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

It happen'd once upon a day,
 In the most pleasant month of May,
 Upon a year foretold langsyne,
 The eighteen hundred twenty-nine,
 Of which enlighten'd martyrs said
 'Twould see the dire foundation laid
 In kingdom or in isle adjacent,
 Of Scotland's ruin and debasement.
 Alack for my old native land,
 Of the bold heart and ready hand ;
 Of the wild mountain, moor, and bracken,
 I hope these prophets were mistaken.

Man cannot tell, chance as it may,
 A simple tale I only say,
 Of two young blithesome shepherd blades,
 With their good collies and grey plaids,
 Who chanced to meet, near fall of night,
 Upon Mount-Benger's lofty height.
 The sun lay swathed, in vapours pale,
 Beyond the moors of Megget-dale,
 And the mild gloaming's lovely hue,
 Her shades of purple and of blue,
 And radiance of her cherub breast,
 From golden window of the west,
 Told to the shepherd's practised eye
 That they were harbingers of joy ;
 Angels of love sent forth to borrow
 For him a goodly day to-morrow.

It was a scene that even the hind
 Could not survey with careless mind,
 Although accustom'd well to see
 Nature in mountain-majesty ;
 For every ray the welkin threw
 Slept on St Mary's mirror blue,
 In blushing glories, out of number,
 Like beauty in a mimic slumber.

The Yarrow, like a baldrick bright,
 Upon the vale lay bathed in light ;
 And all her burns and branching rills,
 Like silver serpents of the hills ;
 While far around the eastern heaven,
 The dark-blue mantle of the even
 Was softly heaving up the sky,
 So silent and so solemnly,
 As if day's fading beauties bland
 Were shaded by an angel's hand.

One portion more of mortal prime,
 A splendid shred of living time,
 Down in the shades of Death was fading,
 And o'er its bier the pall was spreading.

SANDY.

Ah, Will ! here we can look abroad,
 On all the goodness of our God.
 We see the heavens benignant smile
 On this beloved and favoured isle ;

Our Maker prompt the land to bless,
 And our hearts glow with thankfulness.
 But what avail these blessings sent,
 If by our rulers all misspent?
 It grieves me more than I can tell
 To see the King we loved so well,
 And Hero firm, whose course sublime
 Has been the marvel of our time,
 Betray the trust in them reposed,
 Abandon faith, and undisclosed,
 To have their perjured measures driven
 On, in the teeth of earth and heaven.
 Confound them all! For I assever
 They're all mansworn, and d—— for ever.

WILL.

Take time, take time, dear neighbour Sandy,
 Ere with rebellion's hurr I brand thee.
 There's such a thing, can you not see,
 As fierce and fell necessity;
 And here, I solemnly protest,
 I think that all's done for the best.
 If't will not work as hoped—what then?
 The Senate must annul't again;
 But glad am I, as one approver,
 That that most sickening plea is over;
 For ay since I could climb a hill,
 We have been bother'd with that Bill.
 Ruin awaited the denial—
 'Tis fair and just to make the trial.

SANDY.

Poor Will!—Daft Will! think on the time
 When o'er these heights and rocks sublime,
 Our fathers for the sacred cause
 Of truth, and liberties, and laws,
 From wrath of Popish tyrant's slaves,
 No shelter found but in their graves;
 Hunted like handits to the last,
 Their forms lay bleaching in the blast,
 Till found by shepherds on the waste,
 With Bibles in each bloody breast;
 And these were all were left to tell
 Their names, or in what cause they fell.
 Who thinks of that must think with pain,
 Of setting up that race again—
 Who, like the devil, let them get
 But one small finger in the state,
 And soon they'll wrench a hole therein,
 Will let both Pope and Popery in;
 And the Reformed religion must,
 Once more degraded, bite the dust.

WILL.

The Lord forbid! as I should pray it,
 I dare not think it, far less say it:
 But wiser men than you or me
 In this expediency agree.
 As counterbalance to your clamours,
 I take the Reverend Doctor Chalmers,
 Whose heavenly and whose hold appeal
 On my conviction placed the seal;

Thomson and Inglis, men of note ;
 Frank Jeffrey and Sir Walter Scott ;
 The world more to their judgment looks
 Than kings or queens, or lords or dukes :
 When ruling heads like these combine,
 What's to be thought of yours or mine ?

SANDY.

Of Chalmers I shall say but little ;
 He meddled with a point right kittle,
 And said what ill became that day
 A Protestant divine to say.
 The best of men deceived may be ;
 They have been so, and so was he ;
 But he'll yet live to change his boast,
 And see his error to his cost.
 I grieve for Thomson's dereliction ;
 But he's so given to contradiction,
 That, feud and ferment to prolong,
 He'll take a side he knows is wrong :
 Jeffrey's religious belief
 Is something like himself—a brief ;
 And though Sir Walter may be steady,
 He's more than half a Pope already,
 Which I can prove a strict reality,
 From something said in Old Mortality :
 But though an angel stood on high,
 Even in yon bright and beauteous sky,
 And swore with right hand to the heaven,
 That Popery's rights should back be given,—
 I would distrust the dire award,
 And dread a demon's voice I heard.

“ See yon—and hold your peace for ever,”
 Cried startled Will, with quake and quiver,
 And pointed to a dreadful guest
 That reared his pale form in the west.
 Standing upon a frieze of gold,
 He fill'd the west with human mould ;
 His eye scowl'd with the gleam of death,
 As if in sorrow and in wrath ;
 His right hand like a polar ray,
 Was heaved above the milky way ;
 The evening star kish'd like a gem,
 In buckler of his diadem :
 And altogether such a lightness,
 Such angel features and such brightness,
 Never appeared on Scottish sky,
 Or startled shepherd's fearful eye.

Will saw in it the guardian sprite
 Of Erin, smiling with delight ;
 But Sandy knew the visitant,
 For Angel of the Covenant,
 Rising in wrath with lifted hand,
 Indignant o'er a guilty land :
 To swear in language motion'd stronger,
 The church's time should be no longer.

With beating hearts and bristling hair,
 Our shepherds left their mountain lair ;
 For the last moorcock of the fell,
 Had mounted from the heather bell,
 With rigid wing and crow elate,

And silent sunk beside his mate.
 Hush'd was the pipe of grey curlew,
 And lonely plover's plaintive whew.
 The bleating kid had sought its dam,
 The ewe cowered down beside the lamb;
 And bogles of the darksome cleugh,
 Put on their robes of deadly hue
 The harden'd sinner to belay,
 And turn his steps another way;
 An eirier scene man never saw,
 From the dark cone of Benger-Law.
 The eastern emerald glimmered high,
 The polar bear had oped his eye;
 While, worst and dreadfulest hy far,
 The giant of the western star
 Frown'd in his majesty sublime,
 O'er shadows of the western clime;
 Sooth it was time, one's spirit feels,
 For our two herds to take their heels!

MOUNT BENDER,
 May 4, 1829.

FOR THE ALBUM OF MISS —, FRENCH TEACHER, AT MRS GIBBORN'S
 SCHOOL, ENFIELD.

IMPLORED for verse, I send you what I can;
 But you are so exact a Frenchwoman,
 As I am told, Jemima, that I fear
 To wound with English your Parisian ear,
 And think I do your curious volume wrong,
 With lines not written in the Frenchman's tongue.
 Had I a knowledge equal to my will,
 With airy *Chansons* I your leaves would fill;
 With *Fables*, that should emulate the vein
 Of sprightly Gresset, or of La Fontaine;
 Or *Scenes Comique*, that should approach the air
 Of your own favourite—renown'd Moliere.
 But at my suit the Muse of France looks sour,
 And strikes me dumb! Yet what is in my power
 To testify respect for you,—I pray,
 Take in plain English—our rough Enfield way.

C. LAMB.

TO EMMA, LEARNING LATIN, AND DESPONDING.

DROOP not, dear Emma, dry those falling tears,
 And call up smiles into thy pallid face,
 Pallid and care-worn with thy arduous race:
 In few brief months thou hast done the work of years.
 To young beginnings natural are these fears.
 A right good scholar shalt thou one day be,
 And that no distant one; when even she,
 Who now to thee a star far off appears,
 That most rare Latinist, the Northern Maid—
 The language-loving Sarah* of the Lake—
 Shall hail thee Sister Linguist. This will make
 Thy friends, who now afford thee careful aid,
 A recompense most rich for all their pains,
 Counting thy acquisitions their best gains.

MARY LAMB.

* Daughter of S. T. Coleridge, Esq.; an accomplished linguist in the Greek and Latin tongues, and translator of a History of the Abipones.

COLLOQUIES IN IRELAND RESPECTING RECENT MEASURES.

"WELL, what do you think of 'the measure?'" The question was addressed by a comfortable, well-conditioned citizen to a large, dark-complexioned man, of a hrawny, muscular make, and inclining to corpulency.

"Think of it!" he answered; "I think of it as I always thought, that it is most ruinous. The Constitution has received a fatal blow. It may linger a little while, but it cannot survive much longer. It were almost time to think of writing its epitaph."

"And yet," rejoined the other, "how many able men think otherwise. What you consider poison, has been recommended as an 'elixir vite' to the state, as the only infallible remedy that possesses the property of conferring an almost perpetual longevity upon our institutions!" The dark man's countenance grew darker, as he sighed, and pronounced with bitter emphasis, "Aye, 'Motley is all the wear!' This is the age of quackery of every denomination, medical, literary, theological, and political! But is it not surprising that, in the present case, the falsehood of the theory has not been collected even from the extravagance of its pretensions? Surely none but the veriest political quacks could have the audacious folly to characterise the late measure as one which is to effect the regeneration of Ireland."—"In truth," the other answered, "their estimate of it is extravagant, and savours not a little of quackery; but if it do no more than a tithe of the good upon which they calculate, it will be productive of no mean advantages."—"There are," said his friend, "a certain class of dupes, who, when the political empirics to whom they had pinned their faith have become bankrupts in public confidence, still imagine that they will pay a shilling or two in the pound. If it were not so melaucholy, it would be amusing to see their credulous hankering after the most exposed and exploded delusions. But they will be undeceived soon enough. The day is coming when they will see cause to bewail their blighted hopes and their misapplied confidence with a vain and a late repentance."—"Aye, time will soon put the measure to the proof. You know I was as strenuously op-

posed to it as yourself; but now that it has taken place, I wish I could look at it more cheerfully than you do."

"I do not, I assure you," said the other, "look forward despondingly from choice: but it is impossible for me to shut my eyes to the fact, that the constitution of 1688 'has been broken in upon,' and that the best safeguard of the Protestant Church has been abandoned."—"May not," it was replied, "the circumstances of the times both admit and require the modification which has taken place? There are many who say it is excellent, many who say it was necessary. I confess that I am not so confident as the one, nor would I, I hope, have proved so pusillanimous as the other. Nevertheless, as the measure has taken place, I could wish to practise the make-believe upon myself, that it will not be very injurious."—"I," said his unbending friend, "can practise no such make-believe. It is a measure which contaminates the very lifeblood of the state. The more I consider it, the less I can endure it. The King, in setting his seal to it, has repealed the principle which seated his family on the throne."—"You will not," it was answered, "on that account, renounce your allegiance?"—"No," was the reply. "While I deeply deplore the Emancipating Bill, it has been duly enacted by an authority to which I am bound to submit. I will only say, that I could wish the case were one with regard to which respect might be more compatible with obedience. You know me too well to suppose that I will ever be found amongst the movers of sedition. Yet I am astonished at the apathy with which the nation has regarded this great counter-revolution."

"That am not I," said one who had hitherto sat an almost unobserved, and apparently inattentive, listener to the preceding dialogue;—"that am not I. Public opinion has been long drifting to leeward respecting the great question which has been at length decided. The emancipators were daily gaining strength and confidence. Year after year added to their friends and diminished their enemies; and their eventual triumph might be easily foreseen."

This was pronounced in a tone

which, if it did not command respect, certainly arrested attention. The speaker looked like one who was accustomed to deliver his opinion with authority. He was about the middle age, and his ample forehead and meditative eye bespoke an intellect at once capacious and penetrating. His manner was calm and assured, and the expression of his countenance benign and elevated, being, compared with that of the former speakers, as much removed from the smirking mutability of the one, as from the solemn and unbending sternness of the other. The conversation was, for a short time, suspended, and both seemed much better disposed to listen than he seemed to speak. At length, the dark-complexioned gentleman observed, "It is true, the people have not spoken out as they should have done. Had the example of Penenden Heath been universally followed throughout the empire, the result might have been different. Enough, however, had been done to show Ministers how the people felt, and the present measures would never have been proposed had their petitions been regarded."

"It may be so," was the reply; "but that is now a fruitless consideration, and we ought to look at the measure as it will be judged of by posterity, more with reference to its intrinsic merit than its popular estimation. Much has been said of intimidation. But surely Ministers would have been as culpable in suffering themselves to be intimidated from doing what was in itself right by the clamour of one party, as in being bullied into what was in itself wrong by the agitation of another."

"Doubtless, if the measure was good, the clamour against it was unreasonable, and ought to be despised. Ministers were not more culpable in neglecting the public sense, than they would have been in attending to the public nonsense. What I blame them for is, that they *did* attend to what ought to be despised, while they neglected what was worthy of all their reverence. But, indeed, I might observe, that the ground which you have taken in their defence, they have themselves abandoned. They rest their justification for the introduction of the Emancipation Bill, *not* upon its merits, for they tell us that their old objections to the measure remain, but

upon the circumstances in which they were placed in consequence of the formidable attitude assumed by the Roman Catholic Association. They confer freedom upon others by an act which proves that they themselves were abject slaves. But it was fitting that they should have forgotten they were Englishmen, when they consented to the surrender of the Constitution."

"I do not praise them, I do not praise them. I merely wish to avoid, as far as it is possible to do so, regretful retrospections. What has been done, cannot now be undone, and we had better endeavour to make the best of it. It was a maxim with the great Duke of Ormond, whenever he got into a difficulty, to spend the time which others would have misemployed in bewailing their calamity, in trying to get out of it. The measure is not altogether bad. It has its fair side as well as its foul one."

The citizen here eagerly interposed a wish to bear the *fair* side of "the measure" explained. He was prepared to listen with a predisposition to be convinced that "whatever is best;" while his more saturnine companion almost averted his ear from a theme which was but too distasteful. His attention, however, was not altogether distracted from the following observations, as they were uttered, with a calm reflective seriousness, by one whom he could not but regard with an involuntary reverence.

"Whether the removal of the Roman Catholic disabilities has or has not removed a great national grievance, I will not pretend to say. But it has, certainly, removed a great cause of local and general irritation. As ordinary wounds, in the body natural, may be aggravated, and rendered exceedingly dangerous, by inflammation supervening from other causes; so, in the body politic, a fevered and irritable state of the public mind will frequently exasperate local discontent into national excitation and disturbances, such as may effectually baffle both the energy of the magistrate, and the skill of the statesman. In such a state were the Irish Roman Catholics from the period the penal laws were so far relaxed as to give them the enjoyment of the elective franchise. It was like giving to slaves the privilege of using fire-arms. They might be employed,

for a season or two, in defence of their owners; but must, sooner or later, be used for the vindication of themselves. All men become intolerant of servitude, in proportion as they approximate to freedom. And by raising the Roman Catholics two degrees above what they were, while the Protestants still remained two degrees above them, we only increased the desire and multiplied the facilities which prompted and enabled them to overcome the remaining obstacles to their complete and unqualified emancipation. It is absurd to calculate on gratitude, as a restraining motive, in a case where the advantages conferred must necessarily operate in stimulating the acquisition of the advantages withheld. Upon the view of the question which this topic opens I do not mean to enter. It is sufficient to observe that the Roman Catholic community were placed in an *unnatural* position, which rendered them morbidly susceptible of the distinction between them and their Protestant fellow subjects; a distinction which became insulting in proportion as it ceased to be protective; by which the one party were provoked without being humbled, while the other was elated without being secured. The fair side of the late measure, therefore, I consider to be this, that by the removal of an invidious distinction we may hope for the removal, in part at least, of that irritation which must, while it lasted, have rendered the evils of Ireland as remediless as they are deplorable."

"Yet I do not know any one who has exposed more successfully than yourself, the folly as well as the wickedness of appeasing local discontent by the sacrifice of the Constitution."

"I am not aware that I ever maintained that by Catholic emancipation the Constitution must necessarily be sacrificed. Time was when I was an emancipator myself. If a change of opinion on that important question be a proof of political baseness, I must, myself, plead guilty to the charge. It may, however, operate something in my favour, in procuring a mitigation of sentence, that I did not change *with* the tide, but rather *against* it. When opinion ran high against the Catholics, and it was profitable to maintain ultra doctrines in favour of the disqualifying laws, I was in fa-

vour of emancipation. When the contrary took place, and the strongest advocates of exclusion began to waver in their attachment to the Protestant cause, I felt it my duty to resist concession. Nor am I without a hope that you will be able to reconcile this apparent inconsistency in my political conduct. I advocated the Roman Catholic claims when I had good reason to believe that the grant of them would be received with gratitude, and be productive of tranquillity. I opposed such grant when I had reason to believe that it would only operate as a bounty on insolence, and tend to perpetuate discord."

"I can very easily reconcile the inconsistency which you describe; but I cannot altogether reconcile the inconsistency into which you seem to have fallen in the present conversation. You have described the fair side of the measure that has taken place, and insist that it will 'subdue irritation;' now how is that consistent with 'perpetuating discord?'"

"Thus—I look upon the late measure as one that will certainly abate *present* discontent, while it endangers *ultimate* security. I said the measure has its fair side;—it also has its foul one. *It was too long delayed.* It was delayed until supplication amounted to dictation; and what should have been a boon, became a surrender. Whatever I might have been disposed to do for respectful petitioners, I never would have capitulated with incendiaries. By so doing the present Government may have procured some immediate ease, but it has been at the expense of establishing a principle that will eventually lead to the dismemberment of the empire."

"The objection founded upon delay was strongly urged by Sadler, but as strongly, I think, met by Peel; who stated, in substance, that if delay was dangerous, the *longer* the delay the *greater* the danger. It certainly seems an objection not likely to be removed by an adjournment of the Question from session to session."

"Mr Peel argued on that occasion as like a sophist, as he acted unlike a statesman. It is true that the objection would not be removed by *merely* deferring the measure; but all that gave force to it might be obviated by taking care, in the first instance, to silence and repress sedition. I cannot

listen to those who tell me the Government were obliged to yield to force. The falsehood is too silly and too disgusting to be endured for one moment. No. They resolved upon carrying the measure; and, provided they gained their point, they cared not at what expense of character or consistency. They forgot, if indeed they ever knew, that *the manner* in which such a measure was carried was fully as important as the measure itself, and must, in fact, go a great way in determining its character for good or for evil."

"I always objected to it upon principle, without reference either to the *time* or the *manner* in which it might be done; and I see no reason to alter my deeply-seated conviction."

"There is one point upon which you and I have always, and, perhaps, must always differ, agreeing, as we do, upon many others of at least equal importance."

"What is that?"

"We agree that the Roman Catholic religion is intolerant"—

"And my objection to the repeal of the penal laws amounted simply to this, namely, that I would not *tolerate intolerance*."

"But we differ in this; whereas you conceive that, from the unchangeable nature of Popery, it must always produce the *same* effects, I am of opinion that these effects may be materially modified, if not altogether obviated, by a change of circumstances. Papal supremacy and domination may be stranded and dismantled, by the tide of public opinion receding from it, long before there is any voluntary abandonment of its arrogance, or formal relinquishment of its pretensions. And our wisdom would have consisted in watching the ebb of that tide, and mitigating our penal code in proportion as there was an abatement of hostility in the dispositions, if not in the principles, of those against whom it was directed."

"But, if the *principles* remained the same, how is that abatement of hostility in the *dispositions* to be ascertained? May not the disposition be repressed, by virtue of the penal laws, and manifested, if their repeal should give rise to any opportunity of attacking our Protestant institutions with advantage?"

"That is a difficulty which must be left to the sagacity of the experi-

enced statesman. To lay down any general rules upon the subject would be absurd, and might be injurious. They could not assist the man of comprehensive mind and keen insight into human affairs; and they might mislead the mere empirical practitioner. Important political problems are not to be solved by rule of thumb. To me, however, I will confess, the indications that the papal power was practically defunct, were much more decisive ten years ago than they are at present."

"If you are sure it was dead then, it cannot be alive now."

"I am not so sure of that. There is such a thing as political as well as animal galvanism, by which a kind of spasmodic, unnatural vitality, is communicated to systems which would otherwise be defunct or exploded. We keep them alive by means which are intended to terminate their existence. It appeared to me that, for the last twenty years, the penal laws bore the same relation to Popery that the string bears to a paper kite. What seemed to be keeping it *down*, was in reality keeping it *up*. Cut the string, and the kite tumbles. Of late, the ease was somewhat altered. Popery became more offensively popish than it was for the last half century. The gentry, the commonalty, and the priesthood, who were before disunited, became combined. Their pretensions became disgustingly arrogant; and their menaces most insolent, if not alarming. Now these are the only circumstances under which concession could have been inexpedient. Because it must act, in such case, as an encouragement to those very practices, to repress which it should have been employed. *And yet they are the very grounds of expediency which our rulers pretend for their justification!* They defer concession, while it might be made with grace and advantage! They have recourse to it when it will no longer be received as a boon, and can only operate as a bounty on sedition! The signal distinction has been reserved for them, that, both in their opposition to, and advances of, the same measure, they have been equally wrong and equally mischievous. They created, by the one course, the very difficulties which render them inexcusable for adopting the other."

"So then," interposed the citizen,

"you do not give them much credit for the plea of necessity which has been urged so strongly?"

"In truth, such a plea would never have been hazarded, if they did not calculate upon the gullibility of honest John Bull to a degree that moved my astonishment."

"And they have been justified in their calculations," rejoined the sterner friend, "to a degree that moves my indignation."

"The people were taken by surprise. The Duke is the true Field Marshal of the senate. The lines of Torres Vedras could not have caused more astonishment to the French, than the demonstration which he made at the opening of Parliament caused to the friends of the Protestant constitution. If we could allow his measure to be unexceptionably good, we might not so severely criticise his means of carrying it. He acted with consummate generalship."

"For 'generalship,' read 'duplicitry.'"

"Nay, nay. It does not amount to that. The Duke never deceived me. You will bear me witness that I ventured more than twelve months since, to prognosticate what has since taken place. Indeed my suspicions were aroused by the very complexion of his Cabinet arrangements. I could not imagine why Lord Eldon should have been left out of the Cabinet, if it were not that he was known to be impracticable and uncompromising, to a degree that might have seriously obstructed the intended arrangements."

"Yes; looking back upon these things it is easy to see that there must have been, from the beginning, a design to carry the Catholic Question; and I must do you the justice to say, that you early saw through it; and, had the public been as sharp-sighted, I have no doubt it would have been prevented."

"I think it but justice to the noble Duke to suppose that he acted sincerely for the best."

"If that be justice, I fear I do him foul wrong. His conduct appears to me to be as unprincipled as his measure is impolitic. Can any thing be more flagitious than his invasion of the elective franchise? But it *was* deserved, because it *is* endured. Slaves may well be emancipated, when Britons are indifferent to the privileges

of freemen. The noble Duke, instead of taking such measures as would have gradually raised the Roman Catholics to the level of Protestants, has reduced the Protestants to their level; and chooses to call the measure, by which he has effected this curtailment of constitutional rights, and this confusion of constitutional distinctions, Emancipation!"

"I am not surprised that you feel strongly on that subject. The Disfranchisement Bill is one, respecting which I find it exceedingly difficult to pronounce a positive opinion. It is, however, the only accompaniment which could have rendered the repeal of the disabling statutes safe at the present crisis. I am satisfied, from information on which I perfectly rely, *that it vests the elective franchise virtually in the Protestants*, and thus paralyses the influence of the priests at contested elections. You, therefore, who dread Popish legislators, ought to be thankful for Protestant electors."

"I ought to be thankful for permission to breathe! Like the stork in the fable, I was one of those who assisted the Duke out of his difficulties, and I ought to be thankful that I have not lost my head! It is, however, but a poor consolation to enjoy that, or any other privilege, upon sufferance; and when I can have no security that, before another year pass away, it will not be invaded. A *principle* has been established which violates all principle, and which would justify any invasion of constitutional rights, which could be conceived by the most arbitrary Minister, or sanctioned by the most accommodating Parliament."

"The principle, if indeed it may be called a principle, *is* a bad one. But, in perfect fairness, may we not rather look upon it as *the exception* than as *the rule*? You see I speak doubtfully. I endeavour to put myself in the place of the Government, and to feel the difficulties in which they were placed as *they felt them*. They had resolved to emancipate. Then came the question, how it could be done most safely. The measure of ninety-three has been acknowledged to have had this defect, that while it enfranchised the mob, it left the gentry in a state of disqualification. The object, therefore, of the present Eman-

cipating Bill was, to restore things to a more natural state, by disfranchising the mob, and enlarging the privileges of the upper classes. If this could have been done without any invasion of Protestant rights, no doubt it would have been better; but I fear it was impossible. Either they must have disfranchised Protestants and Catholics indiscriminately, and without respect of creeds, or they must have given up the project of disfranchising altogether. That was the difficulty in which they were placed. They felt that concession *must* be made. That was the bane of which the Disfranchising Bill was intended as the antidote. And it remains for us to consider, not whether *in itself* it is good or bad, but whether we would have concession *with or without it?*"

"You state their case well. But the experiment is a fearful one. It appears to me a kind of tampering with one of the great arteries of the Constitution. Such quackery is always hazardous, and seldom unattended with danger."

"Yes, when it is quackery. But there are cases in which we must invade the very seat of life in order to its preservation. I have argued upon the supposition that it was *necessary*, at the *present moment*, to concede the claims of the Catholics. If that be allowed, I think it would follow, that it was *expedient* to pass the disfranchising bill, as one of the conditions of concession. I endeavour to separate the view of the question taken by the Government, from that which I have taken myself, in order that I may be the more fully enabled to do justice to their intentions."

"I acknowledge myself under the influence of feelings which render it impossible for me to do Ministers the impartial justice which you have done them; nor can I sufficiently admire the calmness and serenity with which you have brought yourself to contemplate these things. I feel like one who has been cheated and injured. My confidence in public men is overthrown."

"It does not so much surprise as grieve me that it should be so. The Duke says, that he and his colleagues have felt it necessary to sacrifice their political existence. Some of the Ministers I know; and I believe them to be men of as much honour and prin-

ciple as is often to be met with in public life—as, indeed, I have ever met with in the course of my experience. You knew the Chancellor of the Exchequer when he was chief Secretary here?"

"I did."

"And did you ever know a more honest man—one who acted more sincerely for the best?"

"Never."

"His patronage was very extensive, and his friends and connexions very numerous. Can you point out any instance in which he abused the one for the promotion of the other?"

"Certainly not. No man could have discharged his arduous duties better. I have often said, that if ever there was an honest public man he was one; and therefore"—

"Softly, my good friend, let me draw the conclusion;—and therefore he was actuated by honest motives in giving his assent to the present measures, because he believed, however erroneously, that he had but a choice of evils, and that he was choosing the lesser instead of the greater.—Is not this the fairest, as well as the most charitable, conclusion to which we can come, in a case where previous character goes, so confessedly, to justify our most favourable opinion? I know him thoroughly. So do you. We both know a hundred instances in which he evinced, that he only valued place inasmuch as it gave him an opportunity of acting upon principle. And because there is *one* important instance in which we differ from him, are we to make our dissent from his judgment amount to an impeachment of his integrity? That would be to treat our friends with a degree of injustice with which, I hope at least, it would be far from either of us to treat our enemies."

"Aye, 'there's the rub.' Had it been an enemy I could have borne it, but"—

"Let me finish the sentence for you—but, if you could divest yourself of the pain of heart which you feel at the passing of the late bill, you would be less disposed to impute to those who were instrumental in carrying it, motives which are belied by the whole tenor of their lives. But it is more important to advert to the effects of the measure, which has now become the law of the land, than to

lose time in either justifying or condemning those by whom it was promoted."

The citizen had hitherto listened to the conversation with an intense and anxious interest. He was a stockholder to a considerable amount, and was about to invest a large sum of money in the purchase of land. But the late measures had given a shock to all his prejudices; and whether he retained his stock, or expended it in the manner proposed, he began to be doubtful of the security of his investment. He listened, therefore, like one who desired to feel his way through difficulties of no ordinary magnitude, and was particularly arrested by the concluding observation of the last speaker, who seemed disposed to say something respecting the present effects of the Emancipating Bill, which has now become the law of the land, and with which we must take up, for good or for evil.

"Ay," says he, briskly, "that is a subject which I wish exceedingly to hear discussed. How will the measure work? What will be its fruits? Has it come to bring amongst us peace or a sword?"

"He were a rash man who should undertake dogmatically to pronounce," replied the speaker, from whom the answer was expected. "It is our duty not to despond; but the measure has taken place under circumstances which, as far as we can at present judge, forbid any very sanguine expectations. It is not a boon, but a surrender—it is not the best of benevolent policy, but the wages of turbulence. It is understood in Ireland to have been given, simply because it could not, and it dared not have been withheld. This does not sound well, or bode happily. The Church is in great danger."

"Danger!" exclaimed the dark-complexioned man, with unusual warmth and energy,—"The Church is overthrown—*Causa finita est*. Peel boasts that he has had his revenge. As far as his hostility to the establishment coveted vengeance, he has, indeed, provided amply for its gratification. He has made arrangements, which leave the Church of Ireland exposed to the machinations of enemies, whose hatred of her prosperity will be united with abhorrence of her principles; and who will, in consequence,

be stimulated by passion, and constrained by conscience, to labour for her overthrow. Mr Peel has had his revenge; and Hunt, and Cobbett, and Carlisle, and all the lawless and the godless, will have their triumph. But how will England fare in the day of liberal exultation? Is it to be to her the close of a period of most unhappy strife? Is it to be the commencement of a period of national degradation and ruin? How will the new auxiliaries conduct themselves in her *effete* legislature? How will Ireland profit by the opportunities now liberally afforded her? Nothing so likely to answer these questions as the history of the innovations already made. If England were not sinking into imbecility, the late Bill never would have been enacted; and the arguments, by which the framers of it endeavoured to justify their political apostasy, never could have been entertained."

"I could wish to believe," resumed his calmer friend, "that you misrepresent the probable effects of the measure, as much as I am sure you misrepresent the conduct of Mr Peel. He did not boast that he 'had his revenge on the Church establishment.' The phrase he used was not an unhappy one. It was, that the consciousness of having done the best he could, under existing circumstances, for the national institutions, was, at the same time, his defence, his consolation, and his revenge. Whether what he did *was* the best, is another question; and I am persuaded we will best come to a sound conclusion on the subject, by strictly confining ourselves to matters of which we may be thoroughly cognisant, and leaving all consideration of motives to Him who alone can thoroughly appreciate them, before whom all hearts are open, all desires known, and from whom no secrets can be hid."

The reply was prompt and energetic,—"And is not apostasy a matter of fact? Has not the British Parliament consented to legislate under the influence of intimidation? May I not say, therefore, that Ireland is *already* the conqueror of her mighty ruler? Greece captivated victorious Rome by the blandishments of her arts—Ireland terrifies enervate Britain by the fierceness of her turbulence. Has she not sapped the foundation of her moral strength,—that strength by which

England always purchased triumph? Has she not overthrown the monuments which men had built up to their reputation? Has she not caused senators to abandon respect for fixed principles—to disregard their own character for honour and consistency—and familiarized the people to the sight of revered political champions casting away, as idle prejudices, maxims which, for many years, they had maintained as essential to the existence of British institutions? Has not Ireland, as is on all hands admitted, seen Cabinets vanish before her displeasure? And, while every thing in the sister country was uncertainty and irresolution,—while stars fell from the political firmament, as the fruit of the fir-tree when the wind shaketh it,—while

Crests stoop'd and rose, and stoop'd again,
Wild and disorderly,

has she not adhered rigidly to her Anti-Anglican system? Has she not consolidated and disciplined, by midnight outrage, her millions for the field, when war shall call them? Has she not, in that senate where she defied British rule, put forth an eloquence that cast into dim eclipse the 'pale lustre' of the 'law parliament,' and perplexed the boy politicians who held the national authority? Has she not, *as she was*, done all this? And now that she is emancipated, without being mitigated—disenthralled, while yet unappeased—what may she not aim at, and what not accomplish?"

This was uttered with a tone and air of sternness and energy, that for a moment imposed silence upon the hearers. The citizen was electrified. He almost came to the resolution of abandoning his residence in Ireland. All that he had ever heard of the massacre and bloodshed which would attend the triumph of Popery, seemed about to be suddenly realized. He looked intently at the former speaker, who remained silent and meditative. The subject was one upon which he evidently did not wish to enlarge, but when he saw that something was expected from him, he at length said,—

"The Emancipating Bill was passed under circumstances most deplorably disadvantageous. And I am not surprised that you, who would have opposed it under any circumstances,

prognosticate so much of evil; when even I, who have ever viewed the subject under a different aspect, cannot altogether divest myself of serious and melancholy apprehensions. The measure, looked at in itself alone, may be considered as the repeal of every principle which has hitherto guaranteed the inviolability of our institutions. It is the very *spring board* of revolution, by the aid of which every political mountebank may henceforth throw his summersets, for the amusement of the mob, and at the expense of the country. But it often happens that things are not so fatal in their consequences as they are objectionable in themselves; and I am as far from being convinced of the *certainly* of those dangers, which our friend has so glowingly described, as I am from approving of the policy which causes him to consider them so very imminent and alarming. It is true that our system has got a blow which it cannot easily recover. Public confidence has been shaken to such a degree, that it cannot easily be restored. But we may escape better than we deserve.

"There is a Providence that shapes our ends,

Rough hew them how we may."

No one who ponders our history attentively, can venture to say that it is to the *wisdom* of former statesmen we are indebted for our present renown. May we not, therefore, hope that the *folly* of our present politicians will not subvert it, or prevent its transmission to posterity."

"You said," interposed the citizen, "that Ministers, by the present measure, have purchased peace for themselves, at the expense of danger to their successors. How can that be?"

"I but expressed my fears. I spoke of the *tendency* of the measure. Far be it from me to prescribe limits to the power of an overruling Providence. Perhaps, after all, our wisdom in such cases is, to act upon the maxim, that 'sufficient for the day is the evil thereof.'"

"But the shepherd is not, therefore," replied the dark-complexioned man, "to let the wolf into the sheep-fold."

"No. Neither should it be our policy to multiply the wolves without the sheep-fold. If we do, we may be perfectly convinced, that, notwithstanding

standing all our precautions, they will, sooner or later, overpower the shepherd."

"I am curious," says the citizen, "to know what you would have done. You disapprove of the policy which has been pursued, and yet you are, in a certain sense, an emancipator. The Government have repeatedly asked those gentlemen who have objected to their measures, what plan they had to propose for the pacification of Ireland; and they have asked in vain. Nothing satisfactory or practicable could be suggested."

"Were I in the Duke of Wellington's place, I would not have hesitated to tell Parliament that it had been fully my intention to have opened the session, by recommending to their consideration the Catholic claims; but that the conduct of the Catholic Association rendered it impossible to do so; that while Ireland remained in its present state of turbulence, the question could not, with any view to a final and satisfactory adjustment, be entertained; that no good, but the contrary, has ever yet resulted from concession that appeared to be extorted from weakness; that the Irish Catholics must be made to feel that we are strong enough to repress sedition, before they can be made to believe that any policy of a different kind proceeds from benevolent intentions. I would then, without giving any pledge respecting Emancipation, call for such an enactment as the exigency required. And after I had crushed the agitator; after I had rescued the people from that worst of all the plagues by which they were infested; after I had thus rendered it impossible to ascribe my conduct to weakness or pusillanimity, I would have had but little objection even to precisely such a measure as has been proposed and carried. As it stands at present, it may be considered the demagogue's apotheosis. The order of 'liberators' has been legitimated. And instead of silencing the movers of sedition, and putting them to shame, it has magnified and made them honourable. Whether this is the foundation of peace and gratitude and lasting reconciliation, or the beginning of troubles, which will shake the Constitution to its centre, can only be fully known to Him in whose hand is the issue of all things, and who can, when it listeth him, still not only the

noise of the waves, but the madness of the people. But, assuredly, if the existence of the penal code was but little calculated for promoting peace, the circumstances attending its repeal are quite as little calculated for quelling turbulence."

The citizen said, "Your plan, no doubt, would have been the best. But, could it have been adopted? What is desirable is not always practicable. Consider how the country, how Parliament, how the Cabinet, were divided; and the difficulty of carrying decided measures on either side of the question, without some compromise, by which both parties might be, to a certain degree, conciliated. The Duke had a very difficult task to perform. Had both plans been before him to choose, he might, perhaps, have preferred yours. But he felt, in all probability, that he had no choice; and that his measure must be carried, even as he has carried it, or relinquished."

"I will not undertake to say," was the reply, "that you overrate the difficulties in which the noble Duke was placed; neither am I quite sure that I have made sufficient allowance for them. We who are exempt from the responsibility which belongs to a Cabinet Minister, cannot easily conceive the cares and the anxieties which must press upon him; nor too scrupulously avoid harsh and uncharitable imputations. I have not ventured to ascribe unworthy motives to the noble Duke. His error, if it was one, was an error of judgment. And although as a politician I cannot praise what he has done, I never can cease to feel pride and gratitude for his services as a soldier."

"I have often," said the citizen, "heard you speak glowingly of his peninsular campaigns."

"They have never yet," replied the other, "been thoroughly appreciated."

"The results we all know, and they are splendid indeed."

"But the admirable dispositions which led to those results; the prudence, the vigilance, the temper, the energy, the management, the diplomatic skill, the knowledge of character, the accurate estimate of his own resources, and those of the enemy, the combination of firmness and forbearance which he displayed when pressed by the most unreasonable demands of

his half-crazed and altogether impracticable associates in the command of the Spanish army; these are qualities which *are not* generally known, at least in the degree in which he exhibited them; and which, positively, render the history of the Peninsular War as interesting as one of those tales of romance which the Scottish Prospero has created."

"He was well served. He has himself said, that whenever he got into a scrape, his men took him out of it."

"He is the only man in the world whom it would become to say so. That he was well served, is most true. But that is only saying, in other words, he made a good use of his materials. Others there are, and not a few, who, when his exploits are recounted, will always receive their meed of praise. Murray, Beresford, Hill, Graham, and, though last, not least, the gallant and ill-starred Picton, will ever rank high in our military annals, and 'be, in our flowing bowls, richly remembered.' But his was the presiding mind by which their talents and their energies were combined and directed; and much as I value every individual who held a distinguished command in Spain, there is no one in whom I can recognize *all* the qualities, both mental and moral, which go to complete the great general, in such perfection as they were found in Arthur, Duke of Wellington."

"How melancholy," said the dark-complexioned man, "is the reflection, that he who so nobly contributed to preserve the British Constitution, should now have conspired its overthrow! Not knowingly, not intentionally, perhaps;—but most fatally, most effectually! Vain are his victories! They have preserved us from the lion, only that we might be destroyed by rats. Had we but a glimpse into futurity, we never would have considered the short tenure by which we were to hold our liberties, worth the blood which was shed in their defence. Better to have died upon the threshold of all that was dear to us, than purchase 'the bubble reputation' with the certainty of being, in no long time, the authors of our own and our country's degradation!"

"The Duke meant well. I believe he was as sincerely bent upon serving

his country in the cabinet as in the field. But it is not often the great general proves also the accomplished statesman. Their peculiar habits and talents are very dissimilar,—even as different as the genius of peace and war. In ancient times, they were often united; in modern, seldom. The great Duke of Ormond is the most distinguished example that at present occurs to me. Cromwell, also, proved himself a good general and a great statesman. Strafford, who was a great statesman, would, I have no doubt, have been a good general. But the pursuits and the objects of both are so different, that the rarity of their union is much more a matter of regret than of wonder. The Duke, with all the talent, all the energy, and all the decision, which fit him so admirably for military command, possesses not the depth, the penetration, the philosophic comprehension, the clear insight into the true and only foundation of our policy, which might enable him to perceive and to appreciate the value of our cherished and venerable institutions. He has, therefore, given up as antiquated prejudices, principles for which, if he could understand them according to their real worth, I am persuaded he would lay down his life. Of this I was convinced from the moment he consented to the repeal of the Test and Corporation acts. It amounted, although he did not see or intend it, to the repeal of the Established Church. Henceforth, the Third Estate of the realm is indebted to the forbearance of the order of liberators for its existence! The Dissenters had no grievance to complain of. The acts in question were, as it were, the barley corn which they paid for their life-estate of toleration. They did no more than procure the recognition of a State religion; and provide, in the least objectionable way, for its preservation. And this repeal, which could not redress any existing wrong, amounted to a divorce between Church and State, and must, if not overruled by a gracious Providence, lead to a kind of free trade in Christianity, which will sap the foundation of the sublimest and best considered system of religious faith which the world has ever yet witnessed, and leave us, to all intents and purposes, 'without God in the world!' Had the Duke known the value of the Church, even as an

engine of State, he would not have so easily consented to expose it to danger."

"You agree, then, with Lord Eldon on that subject."

"Our conclusions are the same; but we have arrived at them by very different routes. Lord Eldon is an able man, and a good man, but not a philosopher. He is a great lawyer, as Wellington is a great soldier. Neither of them are great statesmen. Had Lord Eldon seen, in its causes, the evil which he so resolutely combatted in its effects, the British Constitution might still have remained 'the envy and the admiration of the world.'"

"Oh! well," said the dark-complexioned man, "I really do not think you do Eldon justice. I venerate him, as the ablest and the most incorruptible champion of the Protestant cause. What more could be done by man, than he did, to oppose the iniquitous measure while it was in progress? Look at his exertions, night after night, and I defy you not to forget his years. He more resembled a young aspirant for political celebrity, combatting for the golden spoils of office, than an aged warrior, upon the verge of the grave, making his last struggle for the Constitution."

"The proverb says, it is too late to lock the stable door when the steed is stolen. I admire the old man for what he did, and pity him for what he suffered. I cannot, however, but lament what he left undone. I need not repeat to you, that I would have conceded, when he resisted concession, as I would have resisted concession when Wellington conceded. That was one mistake; another was, not recruiting for such men as Sadler to serve in Parliament. See what a sensation he has created; and that at the eleventh hour of the day. Had talents and principles such as his been *timely* employed in the service of the State, Wellington never triumphed over France more completely than we should have triumphed over infidelity and radicalism. But the disease was suffered to come to a crisis before the danger was perceived; and then our state physicians had recourse to the very measures that were contra-indicated by the symptoms!"

"Lord Eldon never was Prime Minister. The station which he filled was sufficiently important to engross

all his time; and he, in all probability, never thought it would become him to interfere, in the manner in which you think he ought to have interfered, in causing the return of members of his own principles to serve in Parliament. I do not think it quite fair to condemn a great man, who has performed his own part so very well, for omissions in a part not properly belonging to him. Had others done their duty with but half the zeal with which he did his, the Church and State had still been secure from the assaults of Atheists and Papists. But
'Victrix causa diis placuit, sed victa Cætoni.'"

It was answered: "If Lord Eldon never aspired beyond the praise of a most profound, laborious, and incorruptible Lord Chancellor, he has merited and obtained his reward. Perhaps he has done more towards giving clearness, fixedness, and, as it were, a kind of tangibility, to our Chancery law, than any one who ever held the seals before him. Vesey's reports speak for themselves. But when he looks beyond the verge of his own court, and rises into the character of a Statesman, he must be judged by another standard. It was his duty, I think, to have pointed out to his colleagues the necessity of raising a mound against the tide of liberalism, which was encroaching so rapidly upon them, by seeking out and promoting men of sound religious and political principles, who would have been able to give a reason for the faith that was in them, and to rebuke and expose the insolence and the sophistry by which it was assailed. He did not do so."

"That was not his fault. It was one of the evils inevitably flowing from a divided Cabinet."

"Had Eldon, and those of his party who thought with him, resolutely, while they were yet a party, gone out of office, they must have speedily returned to power with augmented reputation, and might have governed the country upon their own principles. I, for one, would not have rejoiced in such an event; because I neither did nor do wholly approve of those principles. But the neutrality which they adopted, amounted to an abandonment of all principle. It was a kind of agreement that they would cease to do good, upon condition that their an-

tithetical colleagues would cease to do evil: a condition, the observation of which by the one party was scarcely less to be deplored, than its violation by the other. Do not, therefore, say, that the evil which I have lamented arose out of a divided Cabinet. A divided Cabinet rather arose out of it. Had the friends of social order been but fairly represented, by individuals who could have commanded, like Sadler, the attention and the respect of the House of Commons, the Cabinet need not, and would not, have been divided."

"Omissions, no doubt, there were on the one side, as well as commissions on the other," replied the dark-complexioned man, mournfully; "but it is now fruitless to lament these things. What is to be done?"

"Aye," rejoined the citizen, "what is to be done?"

"Even," was the answer, "to trust in Providence." *"Quicquid est corrigere nefas, fit levius patientia."*—We are not worse off under inconsiderate emancipators, than we should have been under unrelenting exclusionists."

"But would you have us, like the lazy waggoner, do nothing for ourselves? Are we not to put our shoulder to the wheel; and, taught by our enemies, try whether we too may not accomplish something by '*agitation*'?"

"I must first know your plan of agitation before I can venture to decide upon it. It may be such as would only make matters worse, and take you out of the frying-pan into the fire."

"The Papists," said the citizen, "are bearing their triumph with moderation."

"But how," replied the other, "will the Forty-Shilling Freeholders bear their disfranchisement? I have just had communications from the North of Ireland, which inform me that Lord Charlemount has already begun to dispossess them, in great numbers, of their little holdings. One of these poor creatures lately came to T. W——, who is, you know, a most violent Orangeman, to beg of him to procure some shelter for him and his family, upon Lord Northland's estate. T. W—— replied, that he was not as yet precisely informed of Lord Northland's views respecting the disposal of his property, but that he rather suspected his lordship was not disposed to increase the number of his cottier-

tenantry. '*And is this,*' said the poor man, '*what we are to get by emancipation? May the curse of God, and of my nine children, alight on those who procured it!*' Another Forty-Shilling, when told of his political annihilation, resolved to live in spite of fate. '*I will,*' says he, '*be a Ten-Pound Freeholder.*' '*How can that be?*' says another. The reply was: '*I have five acres of ground. When the bill passes, I'll keep the ground, and damn me if I pay any rent.*' It may be folly to talk thus; but it proceeds from suffering, and evinces the existence of a grievance much more real than that, to remedy which violence has been done to the Constitution. These poor creatures are, literally, like the dog in the river, who, in grasping at the shadow, lost the substance. They are beginning to discover their mistake; and I much fear that we are doomed to witness years of turbulence and bloodshed. The demagogues, by their means, have gained their end, and will, of course, leave them to their fate; and if their frenzy should impel them to make any desperate effort for the recovery of their political privilege, they will be put down by a strong hand, without experiencing from their late leaders either sympathy or commiseration. Such may be the melancholy State-necessity to which the conduct of these infatuated beings may give rise. Nothing could be more impolitic than the withdrawal of any considerable number of troops from Ireland."

"And yet that is the great boon which was promised by the emancipators as one of the first fruits of the measure!" said the dark-complexioned man. "For my own part, I do not pity the wretches who were the instruments of the demagogues in destroying the Constitution. They are about to receive the just reward of their crimes; and that, too, in the most appropriate manner,—at the hands of those who stirred them up to sedition."

"You would be right," replied the other, "if folly was always to be condoned with guilt. But these misguided creatures must be entitled to some compassion, until you can bring yourself seriously to propose that the lunatic asylum should be supplanted by the gallows. They have suffered their own teeth to be drawn, in order to cure

O'Connell of the toothach! When they discover their mistake, it is likely that they will be very angry; especially when they find that those *for* whom they sacrificed every thing are ready, upon the first opportunity, to sacrifice *them*; and the gentry will, I fear, precipitate the crisis, by their inhuman eagerness to banish them from their estates. Government should be on its guard against this, and do every thing that can possibly be done to prevent it, if they can, or, if not, to guard against the immediate consequences of the sweeping dispossessions which are likely to take place, and which, if they should be suddenly and simultaneously enforced, must fill and infest the country with swarms of handed desperadoes, whose hands, like so many Ishmaels, will be against every man, because every man's hand will be against them; and whose warfare against social order will only be the more effectual, because it will never assume so decidedly an insurrectionary character as to attract the indignation of Parliament."

"So much the worse," said the citizen; "if they broke out at once, they could be put down immediately, and the country would at last have peace."

"Aye," was the answer, "the *precluding system* would at once put them down. But it would be a dreadful remedy! We must be well convinced that there is no alternative before we should have recourse to it."

"Any thing," rejoined the dark-complexioned man, "is preferable to the state of semi-barbarous legislation, sanctioned by a system of midnight outrage and murder, with which we are threatened. You, who reside in this well-defended city, can form but a faint idea of the perils with which we in the country were beset during the late disturbances; and which must again assail us, if the consequences of the disfranchising bill should be what you suppose."

It was replied: "I know well what you have suffered, and what you may suffer again. Captain Rock laughed at the legislators who imagined that he was put down, only because he was triumphant; and who referred, as proofs of the peaceable state of the country, to empty gaols and the absence of prosecutions; the true explanation of these extraordinary phenomena being simply this, that the dread of his ven-

geance was stronger than the terrors of the law. Therefore it was that I thought Government most indiscreet in their conduct on a late occasion. You know the almost providential circumstances that led to the discovery of the murderers of Marr. Many were engaged in that guilty conspiracy, not from choice, but from compulsion. They had reason to dread the vengeance of the principals, if they refused to become accessories to the plot. And when, upon the most incontrovertible evidence, they were convicted, Government, in its clemency, extended pardon to them, because, poor fellows, they were not to blame, *their only crime being, that they dreaded the resentment of assassins more than they respected the laws of the land!* THOSE ARE THE VERY PERSONS WHOM I WOULD HAVE ESPECIALLY SELECTED AS EXAMPLES. And until the laws become more terrible than the disturbers, we shall never have peace. There may be an apparent tranquillity. The external surface may not exhibit any very violent evidences of disorder. But the low fever of discontent will continue, nevertheless, to prey upon the vitals of the country, until Ireland almost realizes Shakspeare's appalling description of Scotland in the time of Macbeth, which, doubtless, you well remember. The lines, I think, are these:

"— Alas! poor country;
Almost afraid to know itself! It cannot
Be call'd our mother, but our grave: where
nothing,
But who knows nothing, is once seen to
smile;
Where sighs, and groans, and shrieks, that
rent the air,
Are made, not marked; where violent sor-
row seems
A modern ecstacy; the dead man's knell
Is there scarce ask'd, for who; and good
men's lives
Expire before the flowers in their caps,
Dying, or ere they sicken."

"Positively," said the dark-complexioned man, "these lines appear almost prophetically descriptive of that part of the country where I reside; a man might as well live in the neighbourhood of a tiger-infested jungle! Human life is cheaper than the most ordinary human sustenance!"

"But," said the citizen, "will not the late measure considerably ameliorate that dreadful state of things? Nothing, I know, can be worse than

the demoralized state of the peasantry in the south of Ireland. We were told that all this arose from the want of emancipation. Now that they have obtained that great boon, may we not hope for some amendment?"

"Will emancipation," said the dark-complexioned man, "which has, recollect, disfranchised the Forty-shilling Freeholders, lower the rents, induce absentees to reside, and introduce habits of benevolent economy amongst our gentry? Will it procure employment for the myriads of unfortunates who will soon be turned adrift, from the inhuman policy of those whose ends they have served, and whose purposes they can no longer answer? Hitherto, they were stepping-stones, for the attainment of political power; now they are looked upon as stumbling-blocks to the realization of agricultural advantages. Will the change which has taken place in *their* condition be productive of content or of discontent? Answer that question for yourself; and the answer to it will go near to tell you the future prospects of Ireland."

The citizen was perplexed; but the personage, whose words carried most of weight, promptly answered,

"Real grievances are frequently borne without complaint, where imaginary ones are most intolerable. It is extremely probable that the actual condition of the peasant cannot be made better, and may be made worse by emancipation. But a man suffers, not according to the degree in which he is actually oppressed, but according to the degree that he fancies himself under the influence of oppression. This is emphatically true of the Irish, who are an imaginative people, and who were made, by the speeches of their orators, hypochondriacally sensitive respecting their disqualifications. The disease was in their minds, rather than in the actual circumstances of their political condition. And now that they have been relieved from the galling sense of inferiority, which was so irritating, they will bear without a murmur, hardships and grievances, which would not be before endured."

"You remind me," said the dark-complexioned man, his features half relaxing into a smile, "of a case which I have seen reported in one of the Medical Journals. A man, in all other respects perfectly in his right

mind, fancied that, in taking a drink of water, he swallowed a young alligator. He smiled at his friends, who endeavoured to reason him out of his error, and pointed out to them the precise spot where the animal was, inviting them to feel it, and declaring that he never could be well until it was removed. A skilful surgeon was consulted, who wisely affected to fall in with the notion of his patient, and to perform an operation for the extraction of what caused so much uneasiness and alarm. The patient most cheerfully put himself into his hands; and the surgeon, who had taken care to provide himself with a young alligator, after a little preliminary scarification, produced it, as the identical one that had been swallowed, and from the annoyance of which the poor hypochondriac had suffered so severely. He appeared greatly gratified at the sight, and felt, for a short time, perfectly well; until he again fancied, that, although the reptile itself was removed, *yet its removal was not before it had deposited its eggs in his stomach*, which were quickly about to give birth to a brood of young alligators, which would never let him have peace. The baffled surgeon desisted from further experiments upon the mind diseased; and death speedily put the unfortunate victim of this extraordinary malady beyond the reach of his imaginary tormentors. Now, such I conceive to be precisely the case of Ireland. The Catholics have been relieved from an *imaginary* grievance, but not until the seed had been sown of other grievances, which will be just as fruitful of agitation and disturbance. The late measures have only unmanacled the maniac, without at all abating the delirium which rendered him dangerous. There still remain two great parties unpropitiated, the Forty-shilling Freeholders and the Priests. The one have been injured, the other have been insulted. If, therefore, they should continue to disturb the existing order of things, their hostility would be most formidable. Without *them*, the agitators could have done nothing—without the agitators, *they* may do a great deal. But they will not long want leaders. Even if there were fewer ostensible grievances to be complained of, these are not times in which a thriving trade will be lightly abandoned."

"Your hypochondriacal illustration," was the reply, "is ingenious and amusing; nor am I prepared to say that it is not, in many points, strictly just. Grievances, whether real or imaginary, will never be wanted, 'to point the moral and adorn the tale' of the trading agitator, who thrives upon public calamity, and can only live in troubled waters. Whether the late measures will increase or diminish his stock in trade, is another question. My opinion is, that, *for the present*, they will diminish it. We shall soon see whether or not they have a tendency to separate the gentry from the priesthood and the lower orders. And if it should appear that they have, we can have little hesitation in pronouncing that agitation must become either less prevalent, or less alarming. Between the agitator with Catholic grievances at his back, and the agitator without them, the difference is almost as great as between the rattle snake, and the comparatively innocuous English adder. I am one of those who continue to believe, that the Catholic Association, when at its worst, might have been effectually suppressed, by vigorous measures on the part of the Government, and its leaders made amenable to the laws of the land. I must, therefore, believe that there would be even a *still greater* facility in suppressing any association less powerful. And the priesthood and the commonalty, *when separated from the gentry*, never could form any society for political purposes, that would not be more contemptible than dangerous. In agitation, as well as in any other business, there may be such *over-trading* as must effectually defeat itself."

"We have been taught to believe," said the citizen, "that great numbers of the Roman Catholic gentry, now that their grievances are redressed, will come over to the Established Church. They were, hitherto, retained in the external profession of an almost exploded creed, more by the shame of being suspected of abandoning it from interested motives, than any deeply-seated conviction of its truth. Now that such profession is no longer a *point of honour*, may we not hope that its contrariety to reason and Scripture will be acknowledged, and that it will be relinquished?"

This was anxiously addressed to the last speaker, who quietly observed,

"There is something in what you say; but I fear the expectations of those, who look for numerous and sudden conversions, as the *immediate* consequence of the repeal of the penal laws, are more sanguine than well-founded. They do not sufficiently consider *all* that is implied in a deliberate change from one religion to another. It implies a paramount conviction of the importance of religious truth. It implies a clear discernment of the nature of religious differences. It implies a candid and humbling acknowledgment of previous errors. It implies a triumph over cherished and habitual prejudices. Now, all this cannot be effected by emancipation. The penal laws may have created, and, I believe, did create, an additional difficulty to the calm and dispassionate consideration of the Protestant religion, which was thus prevented from making the way which it was otherwise well calculated to make, amongst honest and single-minded enquirers. But it is a great mistake to suppose that, because these laws were positively *repulsive* from the Established Church, their repeal must be positively *attractive* towards it. It is one thing to have a motive less for hating an enemy, another to become his friend. Prejudice is much more easily exasperated than affection conciliated. I am, therefore, prepared to wait and expect the progress of time in gradually softening the hostility with which Roman Catholics have been taught to regard our holy religion; nor should I be surprised to find that a generation must pass away, before their prejudices have been appeased, or their temper subdued, or their condition improved, to such a degree as might permit and enable them to appreciate it as it deserves, and to give it the preference to which it is entitled."

"And where will be the Established Church *then*?" asked the dark-complexioned man, with a stern energy. "They may look for it, but they will not find it. Its place will know it no more. Its doom has been sealed from the moment Papists were admitted into Parliament. The question now arises, and it is a deeply interesting one, how it may best comport itself in the new circumstances in which it is placed. Shall our Church still continue a hanger on upon the State, until, having become an object of little regard, she may safely be cast

away? Is she still to continue digesting as she may the invectives of those whose business it will henceforth be, even in that assembly summoned for her defence, to asperse her with the vilest calumnies, and to bear the more mortifying contempt of what may be styled her defence? Is she to endure all this, and to be content with a station in which, because of the dishonours heaped upon her, she cannot discharge her duty to God and the country? And is she to be solicitous about preserving the miserable pittance, and the ambiguous privileges, of a left-handed alliance with a State that has not kept its first love; and which will assuredly annul the solemn compact binding Church and State together, (when it may be safely broken,) with the same remorseless facility, with which she has already condemned the Church to a degradation little short of concubinage? Will the Church endure this utter abandonment? However she act, the day will soon come when her external constitution shall perish; and as she comports herself during the brief space as yet allotted to her, will she leave a remembrance, such as shall cause men to rejoice in her overthrow, or which, like the celebrated 'Eikon Basilike,' may contribute to her restoration."

"You have stirred a question full of difficulties," said the milder and calmer friend, with a countenance expressive of a more painful interest than he had before exhibited; "you have stirred a question full of difficulties. Even I cannot look at the probable fate of our Church Establishment, unmoved. If, however, it be the first of our institutions to fall, it will also be the first to rise. Nothing but a degree of barbarity to which the world will never again be condemned, can finally prevail against it. Whatever be the untried form of being which our still happy Constitution may be destined to assume, I cannot bring myself to believe that the beauty, the wisdom, the moderation, and the simplicity of our venerable Establishment will be disregarded. It has been, of late, mismanaged and abused. It is, accordingly, at present exposed to prejudice and obloquy. Possibly, trials are in store for it, through which alone it may be purified for the high and holy purposes which it is yet intended to accomplish. These are things not to be talked of lightly; and

which I seldom suffer my mind to dwell upon, except in moments of meditation and prayer. The bitter chalice with which we are threatened, may indeed pass away from us. But whatever may happen, we will best commend ourselves to the favour and the protection of Providence, by learning to say, from the heart, 'Thy will be done!'

"But is it not also the duty of the Church to renounce and abhor the iniquitous connexion which thus threatens to bring calamity and destruction upon it?" said the dark-complexioned man.

"I never yet," replied his friend, "knew a wife who sued for a divorce, and who did not render herself liable to a suspicion altogether as discreditable as that which she endeavoured to impute to her husband. No. I do not think it would become our venerable spiritual Mother thus to play the vixen, even although she has been grievously abused. In patience let her possess her soul, while she commends her cause to Him who judgeth righteously. Though oppressed, she will not be forsaken; though cast down, she will not be destroyed. Let her not, by any act of her own, forfeit her claim to the place and the consideration to which she is entitled. A calm and dignified deportment in adversity often touches the hearts of generous adversaries, who would only be rendered more obdurate by bitter and vehement protestations. I must not, however, forget to mention, that my apprehensions for the Church are very different from yours. I apprehend dangers from Radicalism; you from Popery. The vice of the present day is not a tendency to believe *too much*, but rather *too little*. I therefore only fear the Papists, in as much as they may conspire with the Radicals. I much doubt whether they would, even if they could, establish their own system in its ancient supremacy; and I am sure that any attempt at such domination would cause them a more signal overthrow than they have experienced since the Reformation."

"I have just seen," said the citizen, "a little publication written, I believe, by one who is a good churchman; and he has no apprehension that the Church is in danger. His words are these: 'But the chief ground of alarm is for the Church

Now, I would ask, what is the real political foundation of the Church's security—I mean of the Protestant ecclesiastical establishment? What but the ascendancy of wealth, numbers, and power in the Protestants of the united empire. As long as this ascendancy shall remain, the ecclesiastical establishments of Great Britain and Ireland must, humanly speaking, be secure. While that ascendancy exists, it must prevail in the legislature, at least against Popery and Popish establishments. If that ascendancy were destroyed, it is impossible the Church could long stand. But this can never be but by the increase of Popery; to make out, therefore, danger to the Church, it must be proved that the removal of the civil disabilities has a tendency to increase Popery.* This, I confess, appeared to me very good sense. While the Protestants continue ascendant in wealth, numbers, and power, I cannot conceive the Church in danger."

The graver friend replied, "Neither can I. While the Protestants continue ascendant, Protestantism must prevail. But I can easily imagine measures on the part of Government materially affecting the Protestantism of the country, and therefore weakening or endangering the ascendancy, which it seems on all hands admitted that it is desirable to maintain."

"Not," replied the citizen sharply, "longer than the Protestantism, to which it owes its origin."

"But it is a mistake to suppose that the political ascendancy of the Protestant Church is a mere index of the prevalence of Protestant principles," was the reply. "It is more. It is not only a consequence of their vigour, but a cause of their increase and continuance. It is, as it were, the *fruit-bearing seed*,—at once the product of present, and the pledge of future fertility. I have read the little tract which you have mentioned with much interest, because I revere the writer as a most excellent and amiable man. But did he sufficiently consider how materially the religion of a country may be affected by its government, when he wrote the passage which you have recited? In Henry the Eighth's time, the belief of the sovereign, in all its successive varieties,

was recognised as soon as promulgated; and received the sanction of Parliament and the assent of the people. In the time of Edward the Sixth, when the government became decidedly Protestant, Protestantism prevailed. In the time of the first Mary, when the government became decidedly Popish, Popery prevailed. Again, when Elizabeth ascended the throne, and declared for Protestantism, Protestantism resumed its ascendancy; although there is some reason to believe that, if the nation at that time had been polled upon the subject, a large majority would have declared in favour of Popery. But the judicious measures of Elizabeth converted what was, at first, but an ascendancy of power, into an ascendancy of wealth and numbers. Now, the weakness or the impolicy of some of her successors may reverse all this; and, by a series of ill-judged measures, sap the foundations both of our moral worth and our political greatness."

The citizen observed: "In the tract which I have mentioned, the ingenious writer assigns strong reasons for an opinion that the late measures must check the progress of Popery."

"Admitted," it was answered, "but will they check the progress of Radicalism? Observe, I am not one of those who apprehend that Popery will be again triumphant. In truth, I do not believe the Papists themselves expect to be so. And I would be gratified if I were able to think that they are sufficiently Popish not to join with Socinians and Infidels for the overthrow of the Established Church. But I fear that their hatred of our system is much stronger than their love for their own,—and the 'measure,' as it is called, has taken place under circumstances, which have diminished our friends, while they have increased our enemies."

"I confess," said the dark-complexioned man, "that my feeling towards the Established Church has undergone a material change. I hitherto revered it as the fortress of liberty,—the strong-hold, upon the defence of which depended the security of the Constitution. Traitors have now been admitted into the citadel. The wooden horse has been drawn within the walls. And the Established Church

* Observations on the Roman Catholic Relief bill; in a letter to a friend, by a Protestant.—*Dublin, R. M. Times, Grafton Street.*

can no longer serve as a rallying point for the friends of the Protestant cause. Under these circumstances, I see not what end its connexion with the State can answer; and I declare myself favourable to that project of Church reform which Lord Winchilsea lately intimated in Parliament."

"Lord Winchilsea," it was answered, "may be a very honest man; but he is certainly not a very wise one. His intentions may not be less remarkable for sincerity, than his conduct for indiscretion. His zeal is, most assuredly, not according to knowledge. His project of Church reform I scarcely know how to characterise. It would, however, have come from him with a better grace, if it flowed less obviously from pique and resentment. Whether the title of the Bishops to their seats in the House of Lords be or be not affected by the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts, the policy which confers upon them that distinction, is not at all affected by it; and it would be more consistent in those who objected to the repeal, to mitigate than to aggravate the evils which were likely to attend it. If Lord Winchilsea thought the exclusion of the Bishops from the House of Lords a good thing, he should not have objected to the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts; and if he thought the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts a *bad* thing, he ought not to make it *worse*, by accelerating the degradation of the Bishops."

"But Lord Winchilsea," said the dark-complexioned man, "is probably of opinion, that so far from degrading the Bishops, they would be morally exalted by being relieved from the necessity of attending Parliament. To how many temptations are they at present exposed! How embarrassing the circumstances in which they are placed! And how difficult the zealous and conscientious discharge of their spiritual duties! For my part, I am persuaded they would gain in character more than they would lose in station, by relinquishing the political distinction which they at present possess, and which, while it is utterly inadequate for any purposes of defence, is just sufficient to render them suspected and invidious."

"That thoughts such as you have just expressed," was the answer, "should be familiarly entertained,

and that men should listen to them, without being conscious that they strike at the very foundation of our civil institutions, is proof that a *moral* revolution has already taken place, and that a *political* revolution cannot be very far distant. When the Bishops are banished from the House of Lords, 'then let them which be in Judea flee into the mountains.' The destruction of every thing ancient, venerable, or valuable in our institutions, will be near at hand. You say that the Bishops have a spiritual character to maintain, and that they are disabled from doing so creditably, by the nature of their political engagements. But have we not, all of us, a spiritual character to maintain? And do we possess advantages, in cases of temptation and difficulty, which are not equally possessed by the highest and the most exemplary of the clergy? Are we likely to stand where they are likely to fall? Or is the morality of our conduct a matter of indifference, while that of theirs is a matter of importance? I am willing to grant, that if improper men be made Bishops, they may, both in Parliament and out of it, give rise to a scandal against religion. But as long as the office is *properly* filled, Parliament is rendered venerable by the exalted moral worth, and the high theological attainments, of its spiritual Peers, while the Church derives a certain degree of security and stability from the presence of honest and able defenders. It is now unfashionable, and would, I suppose, be called "*illiberal*," to regard the clergy as the third Estate of the Realm; or to allude to their scanty Parliamentary privileges, as being but a poor compensation for those peculiar powers which they formerly exercised in Convocation. But let us not altogether forget that they are a *distinct profession*; and that their interests require to be guarded by *professional* superintendence and advice, quite as much as those of lawyers or soldiers."

"The clergy," said the citizen, "are excluded from the House of Commons; might they not, as reasonably, be excluded from the House of Lords?"

It was replied, "They are admitted into the House of Lords; might they not, as reasonably, be admitted into the House of Commons? This would appear to me to be just as good reason-

ing, and much better policy. In the House of Commons, the interest of the Church is not only unrepresented but misrepresented. And what is perhaps worse, the balance between the two great parties has been destroyed. Lawyers may be considered the *natural* allies of the Whigs; churchmen are the natural allies of the Tories. If, therefore, there be a perpetual influx of the one, while there is a perpetual exclusion of the other, it is not difficult to pronounce which must finally prevail."

"But are you serious," replied the citizen, "in desiring that the clergy should be admissible into the House of Commons?"

"I have never," replied the other, "heard an objection to it, that was not either vulgar, malevolent, impertinent, or absurd. If I were as sure that it were practicable as I am convinced it would be useful, I should look forward more hopefully. But it is a subject upon which I had rather not enlarge at present. Have you seen the last Number of the Quarterly Review?"

"I have," said the citizen. "Its last article is gloomy and alarming."

"The Quarterly Review," said the dark-complexioned man, "is rattling. I have ceased to take it. I should consider myself guilty of abetting and encouraging the basest political apostasy, if I could continue to purchase it any longer. Like most other publications, it is a trading speculation; and its proprietor will turn it to the best account he can. It is, however, rather too much that he should pocket, at the same time, the bribe of treachery, and the reward of honest service."

"Does not Southey," asked the citizen, "write for that Review?"

"He does," replied the graver friend, "but he is not the editor; much less is he the proprietor. Had he the control of it, it would have been very different from what it has been; and, perhaps, still more so, from what it threatens to be. The Quarterly Review has become the weather-cock, instead of the compass, of the Government;—and, because of the general ability with which it is conducted, is more likely than any other publication to mislead the public mind. But this is not an age in which it will, gene-

rally speaking, be either condemned or detected. Mankind love to be well deceived. Few take the trouble of thinking for themselves. And still fewer are competent to the task of thinking to any purpose. Were it otherwise, Murray would not dare to brave the resentment of that powerful party whom he has hitherto served, by a treacherous betrayal of their most cherished principles. His publication never will become decidedly revolutionary. It never will lead the public mind to the verge of the political precipice. But it will get it, as it were, upon an *inclined plane*, by means of which it may gradually and imperceptibly lower it to any level that present notions of expediency may seem to require. This is a sad state of things."

"But is there," said the citizen, "no remedy for this?"

"It were difficult to find one," was the reply. "The Quarterly Review possesses a momentum, scarcely at present to be resisted. It will be read, and it will, I fear, produce the effects intended, notwithstanding all that may be said against it by the few who are conscious of the mischief which it is likely to do. The tone of public morals is very low, and principle has been altogether lost sight of."

Here the conversation terminated. I could observe, that the citizen was still perplexed respecting the validity of his landed and funded securities. The dark-complexioned man appeared thoughtful and meditative; and seemed disposed, for the first time, to give a quiet consideration to subjects, the very mention of which had before produced vehement exacerbation. The philosophic friend exhibited the same cheerful equanimity which distinguished him throughout the argument; as if no event could find him unprepared, while he trusted, amidst the fluctuation and uncertainty of present things, in that graciously superintending Providence, in whom is no variableness, neither any shadow of turning, and by whom, (however the profligate politician may dispose of earthly concerns,) all things may be made to work together for good to those who truly love and serve Him.

Dublin, 12th May, 1829.

SKETCHES ON THE ROAD IN IRELAND.

No. III.

Of all the rivers of Ireland, though the Shannon be the mightiest, and the Blackwater the most romantic and picturesque, commend me to the Suir, for quiet, cultivated, rural beauty. The Barrow adorns Carlow, the Nore Kilkenny, and the Suir Clonmell, and as their springs are near, and towards the end of their course, they again approach together, and mingle their waters before flowing into the sea, in a grand estuary below Waterford; they are commonly known to the country people, by the fanciful and pretty name of the three sisters.

Spenser, who has sung the streams of Ireland, in strains as sweet as those in which Milton has celebrated the English rivers, traces the birth of these three linked graces, to the embraces of the giant Blonius with the nymph Rheissa, and thus glances at their course and confluence before reaching the flowings of ocean.

"The first the gentle Shure, that making way
By sweet Clonmell, adorns rich Waterford;
The next the stubborn Newre, whose waters gray,
By fair Kilkenny and Rose-ponds board;
The third the goodly Barrow, which doth horde
Great heaps of salmon in her deep bosome;
All which, long sundred, do at last accord
To join in one, ere to the sea they roam,
So flowing all from one, all one at last become."

It is the Suir, too, which waters the valley of Iverk, or the golden vale in the county of Kilkenny, of which there is a well authenticated tradition preserved among its inhabitants, that, when William the Third, entering the pass at the head of his troops, gazed for some time on the goodly land that lay before him, rich with waving woods and fertile fields, interspersed with small clear rivulets stealing down its verdant banks, like threads of silver on the green enamel, into the placid river, wending its noiseless way beneath, while the fields more near it were sprinkled with sheep and lowing kine; William (albeit unused to dwell with any extraordinary rapture on the beauties of external nature) turned to the officers about his person, and exclaimed, in a tone of delight and admiration, "This is indeed a country worth fighting for!"

Clonmell, the birth place of Larry

Sterne, and the capital, *i. e.* assize town, of the richest and most riotous shire in Ireland, is a busy, cheerful, dirty-looking town. The approach from the Two-mile Bridge is splendid; the cultivated fertility of the rich lands on either side the river is agreeably relieved by the magnificent range of Galtee mountains, which form the back ground of the scene, and which, though many miles distant, seem, in their dusky and gigantic grandeur, towering almost over the head of the spectator. The best part of Clonmell, like that of most of the good towns in Ireland, is composed of barracks. In the time of war, they used to gather in recruits here from all quarters, and drill them in their military exercise, previously to passing them on to Cork, for embarkation to foreign service. It was likewise a depot for various military stores, and its communication with Waterford by the river, renders it a favourable situation for inland trade.

There is a curious mode of conveyance for land passengers, established in the south of Ireland, by a Signor Bianconi, or, as I usually heard him called, "Misther Bynanne," whose head-quarters are at Clonmell. There is a vehicular machine, peculiar, I believe, to Ireland, called "an outside jaunting-car!" To those who have never been so fortunate as to see the like, it is not easy to describe it; yet as it is a kind of conveyance greatly and deservedly popular, for journeying in fine weather, it would be unpardonable to omit some attempt at its delineation, in these our Sketches, which purport to have particular reference to the road, and the things which journeying thereupon presents to our observation. Let the Unhibernian reader, then, imagine to himself a low-hung platform, upon small wheels, from either side of which there hangs down a lateral conveniency of wood and leather, projecting over the wheels, like a trunk deprived of its lid and front side. In this the passenger deposits his legs and feet, the latter resting on the bottom of it, and he sits

upon the surface of the platform, which is generally furnished with a stuffed cushion for his greater ease and contentment. Such machines are usually drawn by one horse, and made to carry six persons, who are thus drawn along sideways, sitting dos-à-dos, three and three; the platform, however, is made of such breadth as to admit of a narrow space being railed off between the backs of those admitted to the honours of the sitting, and this intermediate box, called the well, serves for the conveyance of prog or forage, or other entertainment for man and beast, while the railing on each side of it, which the sons of luxury also provide with a cushion, serves as a rest for the shoulders of any weary and weak-backed wight. At the fore end of the well above said, and on an elevated single seat corresponding to the breadth of the well, which at the other end is guarded by a rail, the Jehu, who handles the ribbons, sits enthroned. In bygone times, an instrument called a jingle, shaped like a coal-heaver's hat, and set on four wheels, was much in fashion amongst that class of the Irish, who consider a row and a roll in the mud very appropriate episodes to a day's "*diversion*;" but from the time that a notorious and rather unamiable person, called Crawley, a schoolmaster, who battered his wife's brains out with a hammer, was carried in one of these to be hanged, they rapidly declined in popular esteem. In these latter days, it is obvious that the march of intellect amongst the lower orders, would not permit any vulgar prejudice to arise against a particular mode of conveyance, from a cause which did not logically or mathematically imply its incompetency, or inconvenience; but in the less improved times of which we speak, a most unphilosophic antipathy arose to the whole genus of the vehicle which bore the ferocious phrenologist, Mr Crawley, to that last stage of life, —the gallows; and no sooner did a jingle make its appearance on the road, than the "Rock-boys" shouted, "There's the machine that bloody Crawley was tuk to be hung in!" adding

some biting sarcasm on the driver, or the company then in it, inasmuch, that ultimately the jingle was almost abandoned for the jaunting-car. It was in such conveyances that the alumni of Ireland's only university, used to take their pleasure jaunts to the bathing village of Black Rock about four miles from Dublin, in search of holiday felicity. There is a story of a party of these dashing youths tilting against a victualler's cart as they whirled along the Rock-road, enveloped in the cloud of dust that always overhangs it, and of their being all but canted in among the legs of beef and mutton, which gave rise to a humorous Horatian ode commencing,

*Sunt quos vehiculo, pulverem Blackrockium,
College isse juvat, mcatque fervidis,
Evitata rotis, &c.*

To return to Clonmel and "Misther Byanne."—Taking the hint from the national vehicle I have vainly attempted to describe, he extended its sides so as to carry four on each, removed the shafts, and yoked a second horse abreast of the other, placed awkwardly enough indeed, for the breadth of the machine is not sufficient for the two, and the second animal looks as if he were fastened at one side of the car, to run along with it rather than to draw it after him. The common inconvenience of such a carriage, except in summer, is, that the passengers' feet and legs, being the surface over which the current of air passes, as it rushes by the side of the car, get miserably cold on a long journey, and this the Signor endeavours to obviate by providing store of hay under the feet, and a rude tarpauline-looking apron, fastened at each end over the legs. Such are the stage cars upon which the country shopkeepers, and persons of that class, are conveyed from town to town in the pursuit of their various callings, at the rate of about six miles an hour including stops, and at an expense of little more than half what it would cost them to travel outside the stage or mail coaches.

From Clonmel, as a centre, they radiate to Cork, Waterford, Kilkenny,

* Not the troops of the renowned Captain, whose military sway has been almost as powerful as the ecclesiastical authority of his namesake Saint Peter, in Ireland. The Rock-boys here spoken of, are the boys of the Black Rock, a bathing place near Dublin.

Mallon, and all the considerable towns of Munster; and their success has been such, that, as I was informed, their projector has already realized a considerable fortune, while he has materially promoted the internal commerce of that part of the country, by the increased facility of intercourse. The Signor himself, a smooth, shaven and shorn, quakerly-looking man, was pointed out to me as a curiosity, in the main street of Clonmell, filling up way-bills, and settling the passengers on a number of his cars which were starting at the same time in different directions, and I was especially called on to observe, that he was more civil and obliging, and earnest to please, than the meanest of his clerks, though he was a very *strong*, that is to say, rich man now.

"But, t' our tale." The reader who went along with us in our last sketch, will perhaps remember, that we wished him good night, or should have done so, at the conclusion of a social potation of whisky-punch, in the inn at Clonmell, about which town we have just been relating some interesting particulars. The inexperienced toper who takes Irish punch by way of a sleeping-draught, would do well to remember that there are exceptions to the rule of *in medio tutissimus ibis*. If he take a sufficient quantity, there's no doubt he'll sleep afterwards, though he should lie down on the river's brink, with his feet in the stream, and that almost as soundly, for a limited time, as if he thought proper to reverse this position of his body. What the feelings might be of his body in the one case, or his spirit in the other upon the awaking, which in either must ensue, I shall not, however, pretend to determine. If he take *very* little, it will of course make very little difference to him in any way, but the effects of a medium quantity are sometimes any thing but somniferous. Such at least did I find my friend the Attorney's most ably compounded mixture, and in vain I called upon the "blessed barrier betwixt day and day," to dull my senses to the quick pulsation of the punch-provoked blood-vessels. In vain I tried to fix my fancy on the cluster of soothing images which Wordsworth strings admirably together with such ingenuity and harmony—

"A flock of sheep that leisurely pass by,
One after one; the sound of rain, and bees
Murmuring; the fall of rivers, winds, and seas,
Smooth fields, white sheets of water, and pure
sky."

All these I thought of by turns, but without effect;—sleep would not come,—and in despair of winning rest, by courting it, I jumped up, and paced the room for the sake of the easement of variety. It was yet several hours to day; and, as I looked from my window, scarcely a star could be seen to relieve the heavy deep darkness of an October night; the intensity of the nocturnal silence, too, was painful, only broken by the monotonous return of the tick-tick of the clock, which, although at the bottom of three pair of stairs, I thought I heard as distinctly as if I had been standing inside of it. Then, by degrees, the sense, by attention becoming sharper, I could distinguish the trampling of the horses upon the litter in their stables, and I was grateful when, at distant intervals, the cock put forth his single solitary crow, "piercing the night's dull ear." Suddenly, however, the silence was torn up, by a thundering noise at the street door below, which made me start, as Macbeth may be supposed to have done, when he heard the "knocking at the gate," after the murder of Duncan, there being a great similarity between the effects of whisky punch, and a guilty conscience, upon the nerves. The noise at the door was several times repeated, and I was myself thinking of descending to ascertain the cause, when I heard the shuffle of some one in the hall moving towards the door inside. "Who's there?" called the inside voice. "It's me, Paddy Byrne," said the person outside; "let me in, an' doant be keepin' me."

"An' who the devil are you?" rejoined the angry boots, who judged by the first answer that it was not a person of sufficient consequence to justify his being disturbed at an unreasonable hour: "is it drunk you are, or what d'ye mane be risin' a row this a-way in the middle o' the night?"

"Let me in, I tell you, Paddy," said the man outside, with increased earnestness; "sure you know me well, and me name's Tim Doolan. We're all kilt, and robbed, and ruined, up at the Mount; an' I'm bruk loose, an' come down for help. Ocb! is it keep-

in me here all night you're goin' to be afther doin'?"

"Why, thin, is it yourself, Tim Doolan?" said Paddy, now opening the door—"It's dead asleep I was, an' did'nt know your voice; an' dramein' I was, too, and that I was at home in my ould moddher's cabin, an' Captain Rock's min was brakein' open the door."

"Thin bad look (luck) to the same Captain Rock!" rejoined the second voice, which I now more distinctly heard within the house—"I wish it was only dramein' of 'im I was this blessed night, instead of seein' him brakein' in an' robbin' our place, an' frightnin' the ould mistress and Miss Louisa out of their seven senses, an' tied meself up for an hour an' a half (half), so they did; only I bruk loose the minute they wint away; an' I'm come down to look for the polis, or some help to go after thim, the ruinatin' thieves."

I had by this time heard enough of the man's communication to induce me to hurry on my clothes, and go down to learn more distinctly what had happened. Two or three people, roused by the noise, had got about him by the time I got down stairs, and then and there I extracted from a long and most confused detail, that the house of a lady, about three miles distant, where he was servant, had been attacked, broken into, and robbed, and that the ladies, without any gentleman in the house, had been left in the most deplorable state of agitation and alarm, while he had run into town for assistance.

"Well, well," said I, when the story came to an end, "the less time lost in talking the better—some persons should gallop off instantly. I shall go myself, if you think I could be of any use."

"Good look to your honour!" said Tim—"Sure you'll be of all the use in life—it's jist what I wanted—some gentleman that could spake a word to comfort the ladies, sir; for there's the ould lady is frightened clane out of her life; and my young mistress isn't much better, I suppose, though she doesn't take on so much; for she's

always as quiet as a lamb, the crethur."

This was enough to fix my determination of setting off to the scene of the depredation, and we speedily got ready. A serjeant and two men of "the Peelers," were found somewhere about the house, upon whom we prevailed, in the absence of their officer, who was some five miles off at a ball, to accompany us; and having got some posting horses in the stable, for the due return of which I satisfied the not unwilling hostler, by promising to be accountable, we started off for Mount Evelyn, which I understood to be the name of the place that had been attacked, and guided by Tim, we reached it in half an hour's riding. The heavy darkness of the night was now stealing away with a laggard pace, and just enough of day appeared to give an imperfect view of the dwelling we approached, which seemed to be one that, under different circumstances, one could not have looked upon without much pleasure. A lawn of smooth verdure surrounded it, which, rising regularly and gently to the centre, where the house stood, gave occasion, no doubt, for the name of "the Mount" which it bore. A belt of planting, rising from the skirts of the lawn on either side, thickened as it approached the back of the house, and seemed to conceal the offices from view; while the neatness of the small modern-built mansion itself attracted attention, surrounded by a broad border of pleasure-ground, to which the long low windows, opening like glass-doors, gave ready access.

"Sure enough, it's a sweet purty little place," said Tim, as he guided us through the gate, "an' little I thought to see it all bruck, and smashed to pieces by thim villains."

"What do you mean by smashed to pieces?" I asked.

"Sure, sir," he answered, "didn't they smash in the windy all in one crash wid a big stone, that they brought round from the back yard; and isn't the whole place trampled to pieces?"

We were now near enough to see that Tim's report was at all events

* In order to present the Irish pronunciation of the word to his ear, the English reader must suppose a sound of the double vowel, analogous to that in the word "poor." If custom were not all in all in pronunciation, one might be disposed to say, in Hibernian fashion, that the wrong pronunciation was the right one.

partly true. The pretty little mansion was defaced by the recent marks of lawless violence,—the flowers and little shrubs were trampled down into the clay of the border, in the front of the house,—and the fractured glass and sashes of one of the large windows, showed where the robbers had forced their entrance.

Having desired our guide to go forward and acquaint the inmates of the house that we had come for the purpose of offering whatever assistance was in our power, in circumstances so unpleasant, he soon returned with the ladies' thanks and wishes that we should go in. It is a horrid thing to look at a house that has been violently robbed; the ravages of war are melancholy to look upon, but they do not bring so immediately and forcibly upon the mind the revolting idess of ruffian violence, as the devastation of the midnight burglar and plunderer. If the detestation excited by an ordinary scene of this kind is considerable, it was extreme upon the present occasion, on the first view of the objects which presented themselves to my observation. The apartment into which we were shown had evidently been the abode of elegance—vases, in which flowers had been placed, were broken in pieces, and scattered with their contents upon the ground—a harp was overturned upon the floor—and the fragments of a lady's work-table lay beneath the window along with the huge stone, with which the robbers had broken in. Scraps of paper and broken wood strewed the carpet, and every thing around bore some mark of the violence which had lately been used. Both the ladies of the house were in the room when we entered, and the man had not exaggerated when he told us the elder lady was frightened out of her senses. She walked about looking here and looking there, talking incoherently to herself and to the younger lady, who appeared to be her daughter, and who seemed to try in vain to bring her to a calm understanding of what had taken place. The young lady was, to my thinking, almost, if not altogether, the most beautiful creature I had ever seen. The agitating circumstances in which she had been placed gave an air of disorder, and a more vivid interest to the expression of features, whose beautiful correctness would have

put to shame the ablest efforts of the statuary; and the beseeching earnestness of her dark blue eyes, and low sweet emphatic voice, when she spoke to her mother, was far more touching than I am able to tell.

I need hardly say, that every topic which I could suggest to reassure the ladies, and dissipate their alarm, was speedily made use of; and the elder lady having been with some difficulty persuaded to retire to rest, and leave the arrangement and protection of the house to us, we began to ascertain rather more distinctly the circumstances of the robbery, and to determine what was proper to be done.

From all we could learn, it appeared that only two of the robbers had been seen inside the house, although many more, or "an army of Captain Rock's men," as Tim Doolan averred, had been heard talking outside. They had taken all the money that was in the house, which was not much; but they had been content with rifling the one room, and had not even gone near the place where the plate was kept; so that, after all, they had destroyed more than they had carried off as booty. I had left the house to consult with the serjeant of police, as to the means to be taken for the pursuit of the robbers, when Tim came after me to say, that "the young mistress wanted to spake to my honor agin, iv I plased." I obeyed the summons as willingly as ever I did any other in all my life, and I was then informed by the young lady that they had sustained a more serious loss than she had ventured to mention before the servants. They were, she said, engaged in a law-suit about a small part of their property, to which a claim had been set up by an adverse party; the deed under which they held the whole, had been intrusted to their solicitor, to make some extracts from it, in the papers he was preparing for counsel on their behalf; and it was only the day before, that as he was about to set off for Dublin, he had ridden over from Clonmel and returned it to them, not wishing to leave a document of such consequence in his office. The deed had been locked up in a bureau, which was the very first that the robbers had rifled, and every thing in it had been carried off. "It is," she continued, "of the very utmost importance that it should be recovered;

and yet I dread to make it known that it is gone; for, if it be irrecoverable, the only chance of retaining our property, will rest in the supposition, that we have it safe."

I did not immediately make any reply to this statement, which was delivered in the most distinct manner, and in the sweetest voice in the world; for I was struck with surprise at the calmness and caution which it exhibited, but which I have since learned to think is often to be found in the gentle, yet firm mind of woman, when the holder nerves of a man could not serve him to such good purpose. The young lady, however, seemed to attribute my silence to a different cause, and apologized for troubling me with the statement, which the offer of my assistance and advice had induced her to make. "I am very sorry, and ashamed," said she, "thus to intrude our concerns upon your attention; but the few neighbours that we had, have almost all gone away from this, since the country has become so disturbed, my brothers are both in the army, and far away from us, and my poor father is now"—no more, she would have said, but she had touched a chord which vibrated too strongly for all her firmness. The strength of calm good sense, with which she had pushed back, as it were, the feelings of terror and distress that had so naturally crowded upon her, was no longer of avail; her feelings rushed upon her, with the force of pent up waters which have broke their bounds, and after an ineffectual struggle, she held down her head, and wept bitterly.

There are several things even in this dull world that affect a man deeply, as when his child, the image of its mother, whom he loves, for the first time looks up, and smiles in his face, or when his aged parents give him their benediction, and with uplifted hands, and earnest faltering voice, ask of God to bless him; or when he hears the shout of his own signal cry upon the field of battle; but there is nothing that more immediately shoots through the very heart and midriff of a man, than the tears of a beautiful woman, when he believes them to be shed sincerely. I said to Miss Evelyn—I know not what; but I inwardly wished that she had bade me attack a battalion single-handed,

in her cause, or do some other desperate thing, which would extinguish all doubt as to my devotion to it; and even the duty of thief-catching, which I determined forthwith to enter upon with all the energy in my power, seemed no longer ignoble, when in connexion with the hope of doing her a service.

While I was in the house, the policeman had gathered some information important to the matter in hand. "The devil a one it was, but the ould soger that done it," said the sergeant.

"And who is the old soldier," said I.

"A desperate karakter," he replied, "a desarter he was, long ago, and he always has arms, and robs every where, but we never can get a hold of him. I hear that he was seen in these parts these two days past; and a woman that he does he with, was in Mrs Evelyn's kitchen yesterday, lookin' on, I'll be bound, at every thing was doin' in the house. An' sure, sir, it's not contint with robbin the house they wor last night, but they've driv away five cows off one of the fields, an' that's another thing makes me think it's the ould soger's work, for cattle stalin is his reg'lar trade."

"If he be a regular trader, as you say, sergeant, you ought to know where to meet him at market," said I.

"That's a good joke, sir," he replied; "he me soul, sir, he's too ould a soger for that, any how."

"Well, well—but if they have taken cattle, they will be more easily traced; have you observed any marks?"

"O, to be sure, sir, I seen the thrack of the basties asy; it's across the country they've gone with them."

"Then let us follow instantly," said I; and away we went, and spent the day in a fruitless pursuit. For a short distance we could follow the traces of the cattle, and the feet of two or three men in the clay gaps, through which they had passed; but at the crossing of a narrow country lane, which joined the road at a mile's distance, these traces were lost, and nothing but the most provoking perplexity was derived from the enquiries that we made of the country people, who, sometimes in jest, sometimes in earnest, led us astray, or tantalized us with just enough of information not to be of the

least use. As we returned, very late in the evening, towards the place from which we had set out, we were surprised, by information from one of the sergeant's company, whom we met on the road, that about an hour or two before, the "ould soger" had been seen near the high-road to Cork, a few miles farther on, and that the cattle were suspected to be not far off. This we found in the sequel to be true, and that this fellow had actually stolen the cattle from his confederates who assisted in the robbery, and had the audacity to drive them back for the night, near the point from which they were taken, rightly judging that that was the last place where his companions would choose to seek them, or that their owners would suspect them to be in.

"Suppose we were to turn about, sir, agin, an' come upon him," said the sergeant; "who knows but we might ketch him yit."

"By all means," said I, "if there be any chance, move on."

There was no hope of going far, for our horses were very tired, and the night had closed in extremely dark, or, as the sergeant expressed it, "as dark as blazes," an odd kind of simile, which might form a pleasant companion for the "lucus à non lucendo" paradox. After riding three or four miles, the sergeant proposed a halt at "Jim Barry's cabin;" "a very decent man he is, sir," added he, "that sells beer, and the like, an' lets lodgin's to poor people sometimes. We can give the horses a dthrink of male and wather, an' maybe get some information from Jim, as often I did before."

As the horses stopped, forth came the identical Jim Barry, who, speedily recognising the sergeant's voice, addressed him with much respect, and in a confidential tone—"Och, Mr Waddy," said he, "it's yourself I'm glad to see, only that I don't see you at all, by reason that it's so dark a night, God bless it—but sure there's a quare woman within that I dunna like at all at all, an' she driv tree cows into the stable, sir, an' says she's waitin' for her husband that's comin afther her, an' is to go on to Cark (Cork) to sell the cattle; bud it's mysell that's thinkin' thim bastes wasn't honestly come by, and anyhow it's mortal quare for a lone woman to be drivin them by night this-a-way."

"True for you, Jim," said the sergeant, "so I'll jist make bould to spake to her for a minute, if you'll hould my horse an' this gentleman's for a minute, an' see that they get a good drink. The ould soger's comrade, I'd bet a guinea," he added, turning to me; "jist hould back a little bit, sir, if you plaze, till I cross-examine her, an' may be we'd find out something worth knowing."

I attended to his hint, and held back a little, while he entered the cabin, but so near, that I could hear and observe all that went on. "God save all here but the cat, an' she, if she sneezes," said the sergeant, as he entered the house.

"God save you, Mr Waddy," replied a tall, big-boned woman, in a long grey cloak, who sat on a wooden bench, called, in country phrase, "the settle," or settle-bed, which serves the office of a bed by night, and when folded up, makes a wooden sofa for daylight use.

"Your sarvent, ma'am," said the sergeant, "since you know my name. It'll be a hard job drivin' home the cattle from the fair of Ownykilbey this dark night."

"Och, it's asy to drive one's own any way," said the woman.

"Wor you at the fair to-day, ma'am?" asked the cross-examiner.

"No, in troth, Mr Waddy," she replied; "What id I be doin there?"

"Little enough," said he, "like a many a one else; but you wouldn't have e'er a baste to sell, ma'am?"

"Sorrow a one, Mr Waddy; I'm a poor lone widow, that has hardly to put on me, let alone cattle to sell at the fair."

"Within, ma'am, I heard you had the like to dispose of," he continued, "so you'll pardon my bouldness in makin' free to ax."

"No offence in life, sir," she replied.

At this point of the dialogue the woman seemed all at once to become aware that she was discovered, and burst forth with a kind of howl, "Och, Jim Barry, yon tief of the wurlt, what is it you are afther tellin' the gentleman?"

The sergeant at once changed his tone to that of severity and authority. "Where did you get thim cows, ma'am?" he asked.

"Why, thin, Mr Waddy," said

she, "them's tree cows, that the mas-ther driv off Coolnaroan yisterday, and he gev them to my husband to drive to Cork, to the slaughter-butcher, fair an' asy, an' no one be a bit the wiser bud him that gets the money."

"Your husband! ma'am," said the sergeant; "it's lately come t'you to have one; I thought it's what you wor a widow just now?"

"It's true, for you," said she, "but I married a soger yesterday."

"A soger! and is it he that's drivin' the cattle to Cork? Quare garri-son duty, any how, ma'am;—an' what's become of him now, that he's off guard?"

"Och, a mighty cute, sharp man,—you are entirely, Mr Waddy," replied the woman, in an admiring tone, "sure there's no deccavin you any way."

This compliment had its effect, for he continued, in a kindlier tone, "I must make so bould as to look at the bastes, ma'am."

"It's mighty cnrous you are about thim cows, Mr Waddy, as if you never teen the like before," said the woman; "is there nothin' else you'd be afther takin a likin' to but them?" and, as she spoke, she most lovingly threw her arms about the neck of the sergeant, accompanying the action with various fond and flattering expressions. Had the woman been younger and handsomer, or had the sergeant's gallantry been strengthened by a few tumblers of punch, I should now have much feared for the success

of this examination; but happily the circumstances were on virtue's side, and he shook her off, rather unceremoniously, with "Arrah, be asy, ma'am; I like noane of your soart."

"Have an eye to her, Jim Barry," he added, "while I look at the cattle, and don't, on any account, let her escape,—I hould you responsible for her."

After an inspection of the cows, there was no doubt, from some marks on their horns, that they were the same which had been stolen by the thieves that we were in search of; and the sergeant said it was almost certain that the "ould soger" was lurking somewhere in the neighbourhood, ready to join the woman at break of day, as he knew her to be a companion and close confederate of his, who assisted him both in his plans for plunder, and in disposing of it when it was obtained. It was, therefore, his advice, that we should keep the woman in custody, and stop for the night at the cabin where we were, and he had sanguine hopes that, by starting early in the morning, we might lay hands on the man that we had no doubt was the leader of the attack on Mount Evelyn.

I readily assented to his plan, the rather, that I was too much fatigued to go anywhere else that night; and Jim Barry having supplied me with some supper, and the only bed he had in his house, I betook myself to repose, with better chance of success than I had the preceding night.

THE DIVER.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

"WHERE is the knight or the vassal so brave,
To dive in the gulf below,
When into its black and devouring wave
This golden goblet I throw?
Who brings that goblet again to me,
Let him have it, and hold it, for his it shall be."

Thus spoke the King from the rocky steep,
Which o'erhanging the wild sea rose,
And into Charybdis' howling deep
A golden vessel he throws.
"I ask again, is there one so brave,
That he fears not the whirlpool's eddying wave?"

The knights and the vassals in silence hear,
And gaze with a troubled eye
On the raging waves now echoing near,
But none will the venture try.
Thrice look'd the King on the nobles around,
"Is there none dare dive in the depth profound?"

Still nought but silence and fear were there,
When forth from the throng around
Stepp'd out a young Page, right gentle and fair,
And cast his cloak on the ground;
And the Knights and Ladies, in sore amaze,
With wonder and fear on the brave youth gaze.

And now from the edge of the perilous steep
He looks on the waves so black,
While the waters engulf'd in her caverns deep,
Charybdis loud howling throws back,
As with noise like the sound of distant thunder,
Foaming they rush from the black tide under.

It boil'd, and it bubbled, and roared, and hissed,
As when water commingles with fire;
And to Heaven up roll'd the steaming mist,
And flood over flood rose higher,
As if never exhausted or spent it could be
Till the depths should give birth to another sea.

The fearful struggle at length is ended,
And fathomless, dark, and drear,
As if to the pit of Hell it descended,
A horrible gulf yawns near.
And again, down its vortex deep and black
The boiling billows roll rapidly back.

And now, ere returns the raging tide,
The youth to Heaven doth pray,
And a cry of horror sounds far and wide,
As the wild torrent sweeps him away.
Full swiftly over that youth so brave,
Closes the dark and oblivious wave.

Now calm on the surface the billows lie,
But beneath they rage and roll;
While from mouth to mouth resounds the cry,
"Farewell, thou gallant soul!"
Now louder it roars, and more near and near,
As they watch and gaze in suspense and fear.

And if thou hadst bid me thy crown to bring,
From the depth of yon boiling sea;
And if thou hadst said, "Let him be King
Who brings it," 'twould tempt not me.
For no daring mortal shall live to reveal,
What the howling depths of the Ocean conceal.

For many a ship, both gallant and tall,
Hath sunk where those waters rave;
And their keels, and their shattered masts, are all
That have 'scaped the devouring wave.
But loud as the sound when the wild wind blows,
Now nearer again the tumult rose.

And it boiled and bubbled, and roared, and hissed,
As when water is mingled with fire ;
And to heaven up rolled the steaming mist,
And wave over wave rose higher ;
While, with noise like the sound of distant thunder,
Roaring they rushed from the black gulf under.

And now, where the dark flood rolls along,
A naked arm gleams white,
And a youth is seen in the current so strong
To struggle and swim with might.
'Tis he ! 'Tis he ! and with joyful air
He waves the goblet in triumph there.

And a deep and lengthen'd breath he drew
As he greeted the light of day ;
While around was heard the cry anew—
" The billows have lost their prey !
For his living soul that youth so brave
Has snatch'd from the dark and devouring wave."

Now he comes from the crowd rejoicing there,
And before the throne he bends,
And the King gives the sign to his daughter fair,
As the goblet he kneeling tends :
And she fills it with wine of the ruby red,
While thus the youth to the Monarch said.

" Long live the King ! and rejoice all ye
Who dwell in the rosy day,
For beneath it is dark, and fearful to see ;
And to Heaven let mortals pray,
That never those horrors may meet their sight,
Which it has conceal'd amid darkness and night.

" With the lightning's speed the wave closed o'er,
And hurried me down below
To the rocky gulf, where, with ceaseless roar,
Two raging currents flow ;
And they whirl'd me down to that fearful night,
'Twere vain to contend with that torrent's might.

" Then to God in my utmost need I cried,
And I saw where dark and steep
There rose a rock, whose rugged side
I grasp'd and escaped the deep,
And close to the spot where I trembling clung
On a coral branch that goblet hung.

" Beneath me lay the depths profound,
Mid the purple darkness spread,
And though on the ear there broke no sound,
Yet the eye, with horror and dread,
Might see how that dark and hellish flood
Teem'd with the Lizard and Dragon brood.

" And there from the black and hideous swarm,
Which in fearful masses lay,
The Hammer-fish raised his horrid form,
With the Dog-fish and thorny Ray ;
While the ravening Sea-wolf opened wide
His triple-arm'd jaws, and his victim eyed.

" Then the thought came o'er me, in deep despair,
How no human aid was near ;
And I felt alone mid the myriads there,
One human soul in that solitude drear—
Where never the voice of man had sounded,
Deep in the Ocean, with monsters surrounded.

" Shuddering, I saw one creep forth slow,
And its hundred arms outspread,
To drag me down to the depths below ;
When, o'ercome with the madness of dread,
I loosed my hold, and the whirlpool's might
Saved me, and bore me to life and light !"

Then, in deep amaze, thus spoke the King,
And said, " That cup is thine own,
And thine, too, shall be this sparkling ring,
Enrich'd with a costly stone ;—
But tidings bring from those stormy waves,
What thou seest in the deepest of Ocean's caves !"

But with soothing tones, and with pity sore,
Thus spoke his daughter fair :—
" Oh ! let this fearful sport be o'er,
He has done what none other might dare !"
And wished in her heart, that lovely dame,
That the gallant Page all the Knights might shame.

He flung the goblet where deep and black
The torrent rolled in its might,
And cried,—*" Now bring me that goblet back,
And be my noblest Knight ;
And the lovely Maiden who stands by thy side,
Thou shalt woo her, and win her, and claim her thy bride !"*

Now sparkles with hope that youth's keen eye,
And with courage he arms his breast,
For he sees the blush on her pale cheek die,
As she sinks with fear opprest ;
And he vows that lovely prize to win—
Then—for Life or for Death he plunges in !

Again they hear, where the dark waves flow,
The whirlpool loudly brawl,
And bending gaze on the depths below,
As they rush forth those waters all.
They come, and they come, with deafening roar—
They return—but that brave youth returns no more.

AN OPPOSITION.

Our readers are aware that we have, on various occasions, insisted on the utility, and even necessity, of an Opposition in Parliament. Our conviction on the matter has not been altered by the praise of "unanimity amidst public men," and the condemnation of "party divisions," which are so much the fashion; and we are pretty sure, it will remain what it is, until it be fairly proved to us, that the Ministers of this empire, whoever they may be, will never err in either judgment or duty. That a party should always exist, properly qualified by ability and power, to compose a new Ministry, whenever the Crown might see cause to change its servants—to reverse national policy in case of need—to scrutinize rigidly, the conduct and measures of the Executive—and to give to public feeling its due influence over both the Cabinet and Legislature, is, in our eyes, a truth too self-evident in reason, to need confirmation from reference to experience. If the British Constitution be one of checks and balances, and if it cannot be other without ceasing to be a free one, it is manifest, that both it and public freedom must be mere names, if there be no efficient check and balance to the Executive in Parliament. No such party, and no such check and balance, can exist, if there be no such Opposition, as we have named, in existence.

Those who require something more than argument, may find, in the history of the last five years, or even of the last five months, proofs sufficient to overcome the most obstinate incredulity.

At the present moment, the necessity for an Opposition is of the most pressing character. Until recently, the country possessed some protection from arbitrary and injurious conduct in its rulers, in the practice of the maxim, that they ought to bow to its strongly expressed opinion on important matters; but this protection exists no longer. It possessed further protection in their principles and consistency, but this it has likewise lost. Whatever the intentions of the Ministers may be, their late conduct renders it impossible for any man to confide in their professions, or to say what they will hold sacred. They

neither sympathise with, nor respect public feeling. They are engaged in a course of experiments, which, sparing neither individual nor national interests, puts the very existence of the empire in peril; and they are almost as little endowed with ability as with fidelity to principle. Their ruler is a man whose military life has evidently unfitted him for being the leading Minister of a free people, who cannot have more than a very superficial knowledge of the complex mass of interests at his mercy, and who has just given proof, that if he decide on a measure, he will, no matter how destructive it may be, force it on the country in spite of the public voice, constitutional usage, and every thing short of an appeal to the sword.

The Ministry has under its dictation the united borough interests, and the more servile party men of all parties.

It is no longer admitted that the Upper House of Parliament forms a check and balance to the Lower House; on the contrary, Ministers have in effect promulgated, that it has no deliberative rights as a separate body, and that it ought to be the mere menial of the Commons. They have in truth thrown it out of the Constitution in every thing save name and appearance. The feebleness of the Lords for resistance has always been proverbial, and it has now declined into perfect impotence. So long as they acted uprightly on the Catholic question, they were powerful through public confidence; the country saw that on this question they were fighting its battle, and in return it supported them in fighting their own. To the body of the community, they formed the popular House of Parliament. But by their late conduct, they have arrayed the country against them. The House of Peers is now, in the public eye, the trembling, mercenary instrument of the Commons and the Ministry; it no longer offers opposition to them, except when the private interests of its members are assailed, and it thus covers itself with odium, which renders it as powerless for the protection of its own interests, as for those of the country. Since the passing of the Catholic Bill, it has seemed to regard itself as

prohibited from interfering with public affairs, farther than in obeying the mandates of the Executive; not one peer has ventured to call the attention of his brethren to the appalling condition of the community. The one House of Parliament is now as completely under the dictation of the Ministry as the other.

The Crown is worn by the Ministry; in other respects it is a shadow. The doctrine is openly avowed and acted on, that its servants, when they differ from it, ought to seize upon its constitutional rights and supports, and employ them against it.

Confidence in publicmen is destroyed. The mass of the community is not only opposed in sentiments to the Ministry, the Legislature, and the Aristocracy, but its reliance on their integrity has vanished. Their sacrifice of principle to interest has caused it to think as meanly of their intentions, as of their measures. This is the case, when almost every part of the community conceives it has a deep interest in this or that sweeping abolition or reversal of law, system, or institution; and when there is scarcely any part of the political and legal edifice, fundamental or otherwise, which is not looked on as a mere temporary matter. What was previously settled, the fatal Catholic Question has unsettled; those who have hitherto been satisfied, this Question has filled with the wish for change; and nothing is now regarded as sacred and permanent. The public mind is so habituated to change and experiment, and is so crammed with promises of them, that it cannot bear the idea of suffering any thing old or new to remain unaltered. What is old, must be pulled down, because it is old; what is new, must be reversed, because it works mischievously; and laws and systems must only be formed on one day, to be destroyed on the next. Its rulers continually assure it, that satisfaction with things as they are, is not only hogotry, but hostility to the weal of the State. To make all this produce the worst consequences, general loss and distress are in active operation.

In this fearful state of things, we draw much pleasure from perceiving, that a party, perfectly independent of Ministers, and differing from them in general creed, has formed itself into something like an Opposition, or rather the nucleus of one, in the

House of Commons. On the conduct which it ought to pursue, we will hazard a few speculations.

It manifestly will not be able to benefit either the country or itself, without a sufficiency of talent and eloquence. It must have these to gain influence and numbers, both in and out of Parliament. A single powerful speech will often be of far more value than a host of votes. Its incessant care, therefore, ought to be, to strengthen itself with them to the utmost. The experience of the past, will certainly cause this most obvious truth to be properly attended to.

It must not only possess a due portion of talent and eloquence, but it must laboriously cultivate and employ them. The young men of the present day are ruined, partly by flattery, and partly by the ban which is laid on investigation and discussion. They declare themselves liberals—cull a few common-places from the newspapers and reviews—dress these up into flowery speeches; and they are proclaimed statesmen of the first order. It is not necessary for them to go farther, and they cannot do it without mighty risk. If they examine and discuss, in order to know and understand; if they consult, not only books and newspapers, but men and things, that they may arrive at correct conclusions; and if all this lead them into anti-liberal convictions, their character is destroyed. In addition, it is not necessary for them to maintain their opinions by argument, as they have nothing to do but to proclaim their opponents destitute of both intelligence and ability. Much of this holds good, with regard to men who are not young. Many of the speeches delivered in Parliament, contain evidence that their parents possess strong natural powers; but they likewise contain evidence, that they have been hastily gleaned from the newspapers and similar sources, and that these powers have had small share in their production.

Something different must be displayed by this Opposition. Short, borrowed, general, vague, declamatory harangues will not suffice. It is one of the leading constitutional uses of an Opposition to create due discussion, which is in every respect of the highest value to the country. Such discussion does much more than keep alive public spirit, and enable the public

mind to comprehend both sides of the question. By the study and enquiry which it causes, it is prolific of instruction to both Ministers and their opponents; it may not prevent some bad measures from being carried, but it prevents many from being introduced. A Minister will always be deterred from venturing upon various pernicious acts, by the knowledge that they would be rigidly scrutinized in Parliament. It will, therefore, be essential, for the Members of this Opposition to make themselves thoroughly acquainted with State matters, in both principle and detail; and to make, in their speeches, unsparing use of fact and argument. They must do this, or they will create no discussion that will benefit either the country or themselves.

We state these obvious truisms, because we know it to be necessary. It has been, of late, too much the fashion with those of whom we speak, to admit the principles, facts, and deductions—the whole case of their opponents; and to resist on the ground of inexpediency; or if they have not made the admission, they have used vague, general denial, instead of proper refutation. Your principles of Free Trade may be true in the abstract, but they are inapplicable to the circumstances of the country; your reasoning may be just, and your figures correct, but still you are wrong. Such has been, in substance, their language, and what has been the consequence? On the one side elaborate speeches of official men have been circulated through the country, full of ingenious sophistry, artful misrepresentations, and imposing, though deceptive figures; and, on the other side, instead of a powerful refutation of them, tame dissent, coupled with a practical acknowledgment that they could not be refuted. Such opposition has been worse than useless; it has been only calculated to support and establish what it professed to oppose.

This Opposition must pour forth its deep knowledge of principle and detail—its profusion of fact and deduction, in strong and manly language. If its members take the course which was generally taken in opposing the Catholic Bill—if they obey the cant against strong expressions, separate the act from its parent, and proclaim that the darkest political iniquity fixes no

stain on those who commit it, protest that there is no breach of friendship between them and their opponents, compliment these opponents on their great powers and services, and disavow all but supporters who speak like themselves, it will exist only to be derided. The language is to the argument, what powder is to the ball; and the charge of both must be sufficiently strong to enable the instrument of destruction to reach its mark and do its work. Dust would about as effectually propel the ball, as the milk-and-water of meekness and peace would the argument. Victory in war can only be gained by the weapons of war.

To be successful, this Opposition must never oppose for the mere sake of opposing: it must be governed solely by the interests of the country. It could not, in truth, desire more happy circumstances for itself than those it is placed in; for public interests are throughout identified with its own. Here is general policy to oppose, which has been proved to be ruinous—here are changes and innovations of the most perilous character to resist—here are the prayers of distressed masses of the community to support—the operation of new laws and systems demands rigid examination—national suffering imperiously calls for enquiry into its causes, and for remedy—the abuse of power has to be withstood, and the profligacy of public men has to be scourged—and the throne, the Church, the constitution, the laws—in a word, all the best possessions of society in regulation and feeling, supplicate for champions. What more could an Opposition ask on the score of its own benefit?—What more could one need, for compassing all its ambition might sigh for?

Ministerial responsibility has been destroyed; it must be an object with the Opposition to recall it into existence. To crush this system of corrupt influence—this huying and selling of the State for personal profit—the system of corrupt appointments must be crushed. The grounds on which men obtain public trusts and emoluments, must be as severely scrutinized as their qualifications; and no degree of fitness must be admitted as an excuse for guilty or dishonourable means of obtaining. This holds good in an especial manner with regard to the Church. Ecclesiastical

appointments, we regret to say, have always been treated by Parliament as though it had nothing to do with them, and as though the Church were the private property of the Ministry. Formerly this created a negligent, and even, to a large extent, an irreligious clergy; in consequence, the Dissenters took from the Church a large portion of its power. Recently, it has enabled Ministers to use the heads of the clergy as instruments for divorcing the Church from the State, and placing both in peril. At all times, it is of the first consequence on the score of religion, public morals, and the preservation of the Church, both from injury to itself, and from being converted into an engine of political tyranny, for Parliament to inspect vigilantly the selection and conduct of the clergy, high and low; but it is now a matter of the highest public necessity. Nothing can save the Church from early overthrow, and from being used in the interim as an engine of political profligacy and despotism, but a clergy, religious, industrious, and in its conduct independent of the Ministry; and such a clergy can only exist through the jealous watchfulness of Parliament over its appointment and general conduct.

This Opposition ought in like manner to restore all that has been destroyed of constitutional principle and practice. It ought to withstand to the utmost the system of filling civil offices with military men—a system in the highest degree unjust towards the civil servants of the State, and dangerous to public freedom and prosperity.

We need not prove how essential it is for the dominion of honour and principle to be re-established amidst public men. So long as apostacy is held to be venial, and a change of side for the sake of personal gain is deemed undeserving of punishment, all the best possessions of the country will be in jeopardy. This Opposition must direct its thunders against every delinquent, and re-animate the pure and chivalrous spirit which was once the boast of the English Aristocracy. If it act on this point, as too many of its members have acted, and apologize for the traitor—assign virtuous motives to the turncoat—eulogize abandonment of principle—and proclaim those who are guilty of every thing which can be comprehended in political pro-

fligacy to be most honourable men, it will act the part of a public enemy.

In the present dangers of the Church and deplorable state of public morals, it must be the vigilant guardian of religion. It must, in truth, consider itself as the especial protector of the Church. It must promote reforms which may benefit her, and support her true interests of every description. It ought to labour zealously to restore that strong feeling in favour of religion and morals, and against infidelity and vice, which prevailed in the House of Commons previously to the last few years, but which, alas! seems to have wholly vanished.

The state of the public mind forms one great cause why we are anxious to see in existence an Opposition of the proper character. Those who preach up harmony amidst public men, speak of what they do not understand; they, in effect, preach up disaffection and revolution. Constituted as human nature is, such harmony can never be established, except through the mercenary abandonment of principle in one party or another, or in all. What produced the harmony between Mr Canning and the Whigs and Radicals? Demonstrably personal interest. What has produced the existing harmony? Ministers confess that it has flowed from their reversal of creed. Such harmony always has this effect—it separates the community from, and arrays it against, all public men; while, if they be divided, they divide between them, however unequally, the Aristocracy and the population at large; and thus lead the population, give it sentiment, and keep it, as a whole, well-affected and orderly. What do we see at present? In their union, they naturally have carried with them the Aristocracy: the mass of the community has cast off both as guides; and while it is hostile to the principles on which it is governed, dissatisfied with its whole political system, calling for the most perilous changes, and maddened with suffering, there is not a single party in the Legislature, or amidst public men, on which it places reliance, or which can influence its conduct. This state of things cannot long continue; it must produce a terrible revolution, or some party in Parliament must gain the requisite ascendancy over the body of the nation.

As we do not wish to see the revolution, we wish to see the only preventive to it—the party—the constitutional Opposition. The reasons which make us desire to see this body, will clearly indicate the conduct which we desire to see in it. It must take its stand upon the laws and institutions, the religion and right feelings, of the country; and be essentially a protecting body. The nation through this will be guided by it, will be enabled to fight its battles in a constitutional manner, will regain its just influence in the management of its affairs, and will be restrained from seeking a remedy for its ills in insurrection and anarchy.

The Whigs—we mean by the name the party in Parliament which consists of Lord Holland, the Marquis of Lansdowne, Mr Brougham, Sir F. Burdett, &c. &c., for now there are no Whigs out of Parliament—have in our judgment done more injury to the British empire, than any party ever did before them. We believe in our conscience that these men have done that, which, independently of the evils it has already produced, is likely to overthrow the Constitution, and dismember the empire. If this fearful consummation can be prevented, the destruction of this party, as an independent and influential one, must be a principal means. Such an Opposition as we have described may accomplish the destruction. By placing them between it and the Ministry, it will compel them to take a side, and they will not be other than its enemies; the country will be divided between it and the Ministry, and they will be disabled for forming a separate party out of Parliament. They will thus be forced upon and blended with the Ministry; and they will be lost in it as its subordinates and mercenaries. In the present session these Whigs have been speechless as an independent party, and they have only been heard as the servile supporters of Ministers. What has been thus commenced, may be soon completed.

This, we imagine, will speedily dissolve that monstrous coalition of the borough interests, which has been such a fatal scourge to the empire. Let the Whigs and the Ministerial Tories be fully mixed up as one party, and the impossibility of providing loaves and fishes for the whole, with other causes, will soon produce dis-

sensions which will send much of the Tory borough interest into Opposition. If the Whig heads be lost in the Ministerial party, the Opposition will be joined by many of their followers.

There are other powerful reasons with us for wishing to see a constitutional Opposition in existence.

Union in this body will be a matter of the first consequence. If its members act as they did on the Catholic question—if they divide themselves into parties, and if each disavow the sentiments of his brethren—they will accomplish nothing. Individual efforts are powerless in Parliament. To be effective, it must be a party agreeing in principle, actuated by common feeling, and going on a well-defined line of operations. To preserve its union and strength, it must beware of pernicious alliances. What such alliances lead to, may be seen in the present state of the Ministerial party.

If this Opposition take the right path and exert itself duly—if it zealously employ, both in Parliament and out of it, all the legitimate means of acquiring party strength—it may hope to have the majority in the next Parliament, or at any rate to give a new character to the policy of Government. If its members be ambitious, they have before them the most brilliant prospect which could tempt ambition; if they be patriots, they have it in their power to save their country.

We speak on public grounds only. The Constitution, at present, is in a much worse state than one of suspension. The machinery is in complete disorder and derangement, while the moving power is actively at work; and if this be not rectified, it will soon make the whole a mass of ruins. The sentiments of the community—we speak not of the mere multitude—must become those of the Ministry, the Legislature, and the Aristocracy; the convictions of the overwhelming majority must become those of the rulers, or there will soon be a revolution which will sweep away the Constitution, and tear the empire limb from limb. In this most alarming state of things, hope is repelled from the Ministry, the Aristocracy, and almost every quarter; we know not where salvation can be found, save in such an Opposition in the House of Commons as we have described.

Noctes Ambrosianae.

No. XLIV.

ΧΡΗ Δ'ΕΝ ΣΥΜΠΟΣΙΩ ΚΤΑΙΚΩΝ ΠΕΡΙΝΙΣΣΟΜΕΝΑΩΝ
ΗΔΕΑ ΚΩΤΙΛΛΟΝΤΑ ΚΑΘΗΜΕΝΟΝ ΟΙΝΟΠΟΤΑΖΕΙΝ.

Σ.

PHOC. *ap Ath.*

[*This is a distich by wise old Phocylides,
An ancient who wrote crabbed Greek in no silly days ;
Meaning, " 'TIS RIGHT FOR GOOD WINEBIBBING PEOPLE,
NOT TO LET THE JUG PACE ROUND THE BOARD LIKE A CRIPPLE ;
BUT GAILY TO CHAT WHILE DISCUSSING THEIR TIPPLE."*
*An excellent rule of the hearty old cock 'tis—
And a very fit motto to put to our Noctes.]*

C. N. *ap. Amb.*SCENE.—*The Blue Room.—Time, Eight o'Clock, P.M.*

TICKLER, NORTH, SHEPHERD, ODOHERTY, and RABBI MOSES EDREHI.
NORTH.

You are considerably changed, Odoherty. Your hair is decidedly greying—nay, don't trouble the curls, they are very pretty, still ; and, in fact, become your present complexion better than black and all black would do.

ODOHERTY.

Ah ! Christopher, I may say as Lord Byron did to Lady Blessington,
"The bard in my bosom is dead,
And my heart is as grey as my head."

Non sum qualis eram, North ; I have turned the post fairly, and must henceforth have the stand in view. I feel very, very old—oh ! d—d old.

NORTH.

Boy ! I feel as young at this hour as I did at eight-and-twenty. Fill your glass, you stripling. Your third wedding has improved you every way. You are fatter—your skin is clearer—you shew symptoms of incipient paunch—your dress is more grave, true, but it is richer—I admire the chain—upon the whole, you look respectable. I daresay you are playing the devil among the Dowagers. Women are tender in the evening of life.

ODOHERTY.

Such Eves need no tempter. But my wife is confoundedly sharp, Christopher. Hang it, you old bachelors have no notion of things as they are.

NORTH.

Bachelors, indeed ! Why, then, you don't know that I was ever married ?

ODOHERTY.

If you ever were, you have kept your thumb on the circumstance. Are you serious, old boy ?

NORTH.

About three in the afternoon of a bonny summer day, June the tenth, in the year of grace seventy-and-two, I being then exactly twenty-one, was married upon as sweet a lassie as ever left an honest father's house, raining tears of fear, hope, sorrow, and joy, on the threshold-stone. Oh ! Odoherty—I am never weary of living those days over again—those long bright days, full of mirth—those serene evenings—the glorious sunsets on Lochawe—the wild Highland ballad—the utter confidence—the unspeakable smiles—and then—but no more, my dear. Fill again, and pass the Cockburn. Alas ! alas !
Fuit Ilium.

SHEPHERD.

Ochon ! Ochon !

RABBI MOSES EDREHI (*aside*.)

כפיץ בין אדעא מתן נסיב איתא

ODOHERTY.

Were you in the church at this period ?

NORTH.

Confound you, I never was in the church. I was then owner and occupier of a small, but sufficient lairdship ; sat under my own thatch—killed my own mutton—brewed my own beer—smuggled my own brandy—kissed my own wife, and feared no man. The land was good, improvable, and improving—the arable and the pasture—and I wss an active hand at most things, and sported the kilt.

ODOHERTY.

Which, as Castlereagh told the Dames des halles, when they were sniggling to see the 42d pass, is *un habit bien commode*, as well as graceful. But what came of Mrs North ?

NORTH.

She went to the devil in the winter of 1773—don't allude to the subject again.

MOSES EDREHI.

דרי זנב לאריות

SHEPHERD.

What's that ?

NORTH.

'Tis an old saying of the Talmudists, " When an ass climbeth a ladder, look for wisdom among women."

SHEPHERD.

A saying worthy of a gowk. Women have far mair heart nor men ; and as far as I have seen the world, they have far mair sense, and discretion, too. As for Mrs North—

ODOHERTY.

Hush, (*hums*) " Oh no ! we never mention her."

TICKLER.

What think you of the English women, Rabbi ?

MOSES EDREHI.

תרי קבי—

NORTH.

I know what you are going to say—Your proverb, being interpreted, signifies, that " in two bushels of dates there is one bushel of stones—and more."

SHEPHERD.

Aye, aye—I perceive whast he's at. Weel, after a', they're wise folk thae Hebrews—and yet I think the lang beard has its share.

TICKLER.

A barbarous practice—and a filthy. I am ashamed to see moustaches, and whiskers, and Charlies, as the puppies call them, coming so much into vogue among ourselves. The beard cannot be suffered to grow, either in whole or in part, without *pro tanto* obscuring the most expressive part of the human face divine. Rabbi Moses has a mouth, no doubt, and makes good use of it, both as to the putting in and the putting out ; but hang me if any one of you can say what is the form of his lips.

ODOHERTY (*aside*).

Timothy always piqued himself on the cut of his chops.

SHEPHERD.

And what for dinna you shave your beard, Rabbi ?

MOSES EDREHI.

Car c'est écrit—'Scase me, sare—for 'tis said by Moshe *baruk lishamo*—" Dow salt not mar de corner of dy beard." It is in de book Elck Haddebarim, dat you call Levitique.

SHEPHERD.

But then I hae keht moeny a ane o' your folk wha shave—Hoo do they get ower the Command ?

MOSES EDREHI.

Senor Hogg, kennst du night—I mean, do you not know many shentlemen, what are Cristens, dat drink, par exempio, and get vat you call in Inglis—Vass is de daber, the Inglis voce für ivrogne?

SHEPHERD.

Aiblins ye speak sic a jabber that there's nae making kirk or mill o' what ye say.

MOSES EDREHI.

Fou? C'est François, mon ami, et pas Anglois—das est mad.

SHEPHERD.

Nae doot. I hae seen mony a chield as mad as a March hare after a glass. Ye mean to say, then, the Jews wha shave their chins hae nae mair religion than sae mony drucken auld tinkler bodies, who, like ane that sall be nameless, are gi'en to gettin' themselves fou as fiddlers.

MOSES EDREHI.

Senor, si.

SHEPHERD.

It is a comical thing, after a', to think that a goat has mair soond Jewish doctrine on his chin than a rabbi after a rawzor. And yet I'll uphaud it against ye, Timothy, it's no bad custom yon of no shaving. For ye ken, Mr Moses—Is na yer Christian name Moses?

MOSES EDREHI.

I haven't got no Cristin name, sare; for Ich bin nicht a Cristin—God a' might keep us!

SHEPHERD.

Lord sauf us, I forgot! But yer first name's Moses?

MOSES EDREHI.

Yaw, mynheer.

SHEPHERD.

Ye see, I hae mony and mony a time thoct that he wha first introduced shaving amang us was ane of the greatest foes o' the human race. Just think, man, o' the awfu' wark it's on a cauld Saubath morning, when the week's bristles are as sturdy as the teeth of a horse kame, and the burn watter winna boil, and the kirk-bell's ringing, and the wife a' riggit out, and the gig at the door, and the rawzor haggit like a saw—Trumbull o' Selkirk makes good rawzors, but the weans are unco fond of playing wi' mine, puir things—Od keep us! it gars me grew but to think o' the first rasp—and after a' the sark-neck's blacken'd wi' your bluid, and your face is a bonny sicht to put before a congregation, battered ower wi' brown paper, or tufts o' beaver aff yer hat—Oh! I'm clean for the lang beard.

TICKLER.

Well, you have a good opportunity now; for I understand many of the leading Protestants have resolved never to shave until the late bill be repealed. You are aware that thousands of the Cavaliers followed the same reverend fashion on the murder of the King, and never smoothed their chins till the day of the Restoration. Indeed, not a few of our own old Jacobites took to the flowing mane again, upon the sinful expulsion of King James II. I myself remember several patriarchal figures in the Highlands.

SHEPHERD.

If I were sure that Lord Eldon, and Mr Sadler, and Lord Chandos, would keep me in countenance, I would swear a muckle aith this very minute, it I would, and wag a bonny beard in Yarrow kirk or the winter Sacrament. But I'm jalousin you're at your jokes, Mr Tickler. Wull ye say as sure's death?

ODOHERTY.

I can answer for him this time. I with these eyes saw several men of the highest eminence sporting beards Aaronic in Bond Street only a week ago. There was, for example, Lord Harborough.

SHEPHERD.

Blessings on him! Weel, I'm really glad, just glad, to hear there's sae muck o' sincere principle left in the land. Sanders Trumbull, ye've seen the last of my aughteen pennies! But, pity me, surely the hair has been gleg at the growing.

ODOHERTY.

Oh! they left off shaving the moment the King's speech came out; and tears, you know, are very nutritive to the whisker principle.

MOSES EDREHI.

Carrajo! I glaube dare has hin mehr wein d'Oporto dan watters off de Tribulation.

ODOHERTY.

Ay, Mosey (which, by the way, is a mighty neat name for a hull), sorrow is dry. I was obliged to drink double tides to keep myself in any thing like common temper at the sight of so much vermin as infested us on all sides.—Rat—rat—rat—nothing but rat.

SHEPHERD.

After a', the most awfu' ratton is the Deuk. I'll never say we were years-hairns agen.

MOSES EDREHI.

אמר נבלי:

NORTH.

Yes, Rabbi; it is a fool who hath spoken. The Duke is no *rat*. If I could have opposed the carrying of the Roman Catholic bill by haring my bosom to the blow, I would have done it; but I cannot impute *low* motives to the Duke of Wellington. *He*—alter his opinions for the ordinary and dirty temptations which sway the Dawsons and Peels, the Bathursts and the Westmorelands, and the other very small and miserable deer who are so well designated by the name of vermin, base and not to be trusted—*He*, the hero of all the fields of Spain, the hero of Waterloo, the topmost spirit of the world—*he* RAT! James, James, I should have blushed to hear the word from you, if in those old vellum cheeks there was blood enough for a blush.

TICKLER.

But, Christopher—

NORTH.

Your pardon, dearly beloved friend—I wish the Duke had not voted and legislated as he has done; but he *has* a right to give his opinion on a great state question, and to *alter* his opinion, Mr Tickler. He has matter of high, perhaps of culpable ambition, to sway him—for aught I know the Standard may be right there—but never of *low*. He may be capable of being an *USURPER*—never of being a RAT. Who ever confounded Fouché with Napoleon? What infant will ever mix up the motives of a Peel with those of Wellington? Fill your glass, Mr Edréhi. I do not think you have any Glenlivet in Jerusalem?

MOSES EDREHI.

Nein, Mein herr. Sta hueno. Tish gutes drink.

NORTH.

Some idiots have been hshhling about Scott's ratting. I know that Scott, ten years ago, said the Irish Papists should get what they clamoured for. Nor is it wonderful that a man whose imagination lives, if I may say so, among the feelings of those who call themselves the oppressed—among the Saxons, the Cavaliers, the Gael, the Jacobites, &c. &c., should take a *poetical* interest in the case of the Irish Papists. It is his natural bias as a novelist. But whether it was, or was not, I shall always contend that Scott is in that class of minds that may—*may must* choose for themselves in the politics of this world; in fact, he is one of us, one of the great men of the earth—who, though not exempted from the ordinary feelings of humanity, may perhaps upon questions great or small, err as grossly as the most ignorant, nay often more grossly.

SHEPHERD.

Ay, true's the auld sayin'—The greatest clerks are no the wisest folk.

NORTH.

I say, these men—the Duke of Wellington and Sir Walter Scott, for instance, are not to be judged by rules which are infallible upon Peel or Pattermore, or Bob Wilson, or Boh Waithman—or any of the *καβαριματωρ* offscourings of politics or pus.

TICKLER.

The Times people published a passage of some Life of old Cumberland, some time since, as a proof that Sir Walter had long entertained the opinions which

have been thrust into his mouth of late. Nothing could be more stupidly fallacious than the citation made by these dull dogs. In that passage, Sir Walter regretted that military employment had not been granted to the Paddy Papists, at the time Dicky Cumberland, an old crony of mine, by the way, but a poor body after all—wrote his very *fade*, though genteel comedy of the West Indian. When Scott wrote that sentence, all *that* restriction was gone by,—and he might, without disturbing any dream of our then Protestant ascendancy, have breathed a sigh over the waste of Irish energy and Irish life, in the service of foreign countries,—he might have eulogized the bravery of the Irish Popish soldier in foreign armies, without serving or thinking of serving the cause of the Irish Popish lawyer in the Four Courts of Dublin.

ODOHERTY.

Well! As to the Irish Brigade, I've my own theory. You'll cite me, if you please, fine things here and there about them; but on the whole, where was the general they revered—where even the staff-officer?—Such a set!—But I check myself—by and by my book will appear. Colburn and I are in treaty about it. We split only upon L.500, so the bargain is near being completed.

NORTH.

Revenons. What I was saying amounts to this: We allow to great men that for which we most judiciously whip and even hang little ones. War is an universal murder, in which the proficient is a hero, and honoured by a statue, opposite, perhaps, to the very spot where the retail practitioner in man-killing is hanged. I say this is right. I can, if I pleased, give the reasons, but there is no need now—Edréhi, the bottle is with you;—But, whether I think it right or not, the world thinks it right—and it is enough. Compare, therefore, by these ordinary and everyday rules, the great Duke and Mr Robert Peel. What had the conqueror of Napoleon to gain by any political stroke for the good or bad? Morgan, by the by, you can answer for me.

ODOHERTY.

Ay, ay, sir—

NORTH.

You and I were together when the first of these celebrated Noctes began—no one else—I have read the report of our conversation, and inaccurate as these reports generally are, they yet convey somewhat the substance of what we say. In my reported talk of that night, sir, I remarked that the Duke of Wellington would not obtain any additional honour for being the author of the very best of all possible corn bills. I daresay I said the words—at all events I thought the thought, and I now stick to it.

ODOHERTY.

The phrase I remember well—Pass the jug, James.

SHEPHERD.

Let me fill first. This is rather weak.

TICKLER.

A fault easily mended; put another half-pint of Glenlivet into the jug.

SHEPHERD.

Ha, ha—Timotheus, the meal wad then be abune the maut. It's no easy to mend a jug. I hae mony a time thoct it took as muckle natural genius to mak a jug of punch as an epic poem, sic as *Paradise Lost*, or even Queen Hynde hersell.

ODOHERTY.

More, my friend, more. I think an ingenious comparison between these works of intellect could be easily made by a man of a metaphysical turn of mind.

NORTH.

A more interesting consideration would be, the effect produced upon the national character, by the mere circumstance of the modes of preparing the different beverages of different countries. Much of the acknowledged inferiority of the inhabitants of wine countries, arises from the circumstance of having their liquor prepared to their hand. There is no stretch of imagination in pouring wine ready made from carafe, or barochio, or flask, into a glass—the operation is merely mechanical; whereas, among us punch drinkers, the necessity of a nightly manufacture of a most intricate kind, calls forth habits of industry and forethought—induces a taste for chemical experiment—improves us in hygrometry, and many other sciences—to say nothing of the

geographical reflections drawn forth by the pressure of the lemon, or the Colonial questions, which press upon every meditative mind on the appearance of white sugar.

TICKLER.

Confound the Colonial question, for this evening at any rate. We are to have M'Queen here one of these nights, and if any man alive can enlighten us as to these matters, he is the man. He appears to know Africa as well as the Trongate of Glasgow, and would be as much at home on the banks of the river Joliba as on those of the Molendinar.

NORTH.

When I was at Timbuctoo——

SHEPHERD, (*aside*).

A lang yarn is beginning the noo——

MOSES EDREHI.

Sind sie geweson, ssre, dans l'Afrique?

NORTH.

Many years—I was Sultan of Bello for a long period, untill dethroned by an act of the grossest injustice; but I intend to expose the traitorous conspirators to the indignation of an outraged world.

TICKLER (*aside to SHEPHERD*.)

He's raving.

SHEPHERD (*to TICKLER*.)

Dementit.

ODOHEATY (*to both*.)

Mad as a hatter. Hand me a segar.

MOSES EDREHI.

Yo suis of Maroc.

NORTH (*aside*.)

Zounds! (*to EDREHI*) I never chanced to pass that way—the emperor and I were not on good terms.

MOSES EDREHI.

Then, sars, you was good luck to no pass, for the emperor wash a man ver disagreeable ven no gut humours. Gott keep ush! He hat lions in cage—and him gab peoples zu de lions—dey roarsh—oh, mucho, mucho!—and eats de poor peoples—God keep ush! a ver disagreeable man dat emperor.

SHEPHERD.

Nae doot—it canna be a' pleasant thing to be gobbled by a lion. Did you ever see a lion eat a man, sir?

MOSES EDREHI.

Yes, sars, in Maroc. I was not always a zeken, a viejo, a what you call old fellow, with blanco beard—but ven I was twent I vent for valk to a moun-taigne not weit from Maroc mit two young men—ve joked and laughed, and God help ush, zwei lowen cam down de hill, and in six halb-minute, one gobble up mein amigo to the rechts, and dem oder gobble mi freend to de links—left I mean, o dios—how ver disagreeable. I ran away. I say mit der Melek David, Ashri haish asher lo balak bahetzath ushaim, ubederck hattaim to hhamad. So—vous me comprenez—ich stand not in the way of den sinnersh de lionsh—but runsh—vite—vite—oh sehr schnell I runnsh.

SHEPHERD.

Oh, sirs, imagine yoursell daundering out to Canaan, to take your kail wi' our frien' James, and aa ye're passing the Links, out jumps a lion, and at you!

ODOHEATY.

The Links—oh! James, you are no Polyglott.

TICKLER.

I don't wish to insinuate that I should like to be eaten, either by lion or shepherd, but I confess that I consider that the new drop would be a worse fate than either.

NORTH.

Quite mistaken—the drop's a trifle.

MOSES EDREHI.

Ja wöhl, Milord.

SHEPHERD.

As to being hangit, why, that's a matter that happens to mony a decent

man, and it's hut a spurl or tway, and a gaspin gurble, an' ae stour heave, and a's ower; ye're dead ere a body's weel certified that the board's awa' from behind you—and the nightcap's a great blessing, baith to you and the company. The gilliteen again, I'm tauld it's just perfectly ridiculous how soon that does it's turn. Up ye come, and tway chiels ram your head into a shottle in a door like, and your hands are clasped ahint ye, and swee gangs the door, and you upset headforemost, and in below the axe, and hangie just tapa you on the neck to see that it's in the richt nick, and whirr, whirr, whirr, touch the spring, and down comes the thundering edge, loaded wi' at least a hunder weight o' lead—your head's aff like a sybo—Tuts, that's naething—onybody might mak up their mind to be justified on the gilliteen.

ODOHERTY.

The old Dutch way—the broadsword—is, after all, the best; by much the easiest and the genteelst. You are seated in a most comfortable arm-chair with a silk handkerchief over your eyes—they read a prayer if you are so inclined—you call for a glass of wine, or a cup of coffee—an iced cream—a dram—any thing you please, in fact, and your desires are instantly complied with—you put the cup to the lip, and just at that moment swap comes the whistling sabre.

SHEPHERD.

Preserve us! keep your hand to yoursell, Captain.

ODOHERTY.

Sweep he comes—the basket is ready—they put a clean towel over it—pack off the cold meat to the hospital—scrub the scaffold—take it to pieces—all within five minutes.

SHEPHERD.

That's capital. In fact a' these are civilized exits—but oh! man, man, to think of a lion on the Burntsfield Links—what would your gowfers say to that, Mr Tickler?

TICKLER.

A rum customer, certainly.

SHEPHERD.

Oh! the een, the red, fiery, fixit, unwinkin' een, I think I see them—and the laigh, deep, dour growl, like the purring o' ten hundred cats—and the muckle white sharp teeth girnin' and grundin'—and the lang rough tongue, and the yirnest slaver running outour the chaps o' the brute—and the cauld shiver—minutes maybe—and than the loup like lightning, and your back-bane broken wi' a thud, like a rotten rash—and then the creature begins to lick your face wi' his tongue, and sniffle and snort owre you, and now a snap at your nose, and than a rive out o' your breast, and than a crunch at your knee—and you're a' the time quite sensible, particularly sensible.

ODOHERTY.

Give him a dig in the muzzle, and he'll tip you the *coup-de-grace*.

NORTH.

What a vivid imagination the Shepherd has—well, cowardice is an inspiring principle.

TICKLER.

I'll defy Peel to look more woebegone when the Duke knits his brow, and begins to mump with his grinders.

MOSES EDREHI.

תצלא בערניה.

NORTH.

That's enough. The Rabbi says, we must worship the fox in season—but I am sure the Duke is any thing but a fox.

TICKLER.

Don't know, really.

MOSES EDREHI.

אם יצלא חמו.

NORTH.

I 'fsith, Rabbi, you're coming strong on us with your *מאמץ* to-night. He says, choose rather to be the tail of the lions than the head of the foxes. Do you agree, Tickler?

TICKLER.

I care nothing about politics now. The Constitution is undermined; but perhaps the old walls may hang together long enough to shelter what remains of my brief allotted span—I daresay the Tories will get frightened ere another Session, and muster about the Duke again. I shall be surprised at nothing.

MOSES EDREHI

אָדער—Scuse me, sare, dat ist von sheep goeth hinter anoder sheep.

TICKLER.

Yea, even though the wolf be at the gate.

ODOHERTY.

The Duke, I think, might yet get back the Tories; but one preliminary is indispensable—he must play the Devil,—I mean the Husky, with Mr Peel.

MOSES EDREHI.

Make Herr Peel de—de—Azazel, de Schkape goat—vat you call, and send him into de dibr—into de grand desert.

(Fills his pipe, and smokes vigorously—stroking his beard.)

ODOHERTY.

His desert, certainly—Well, I think I shall try a cherry stalk too—Hand me that bushel of pipes in the corner, Shepherd.

SHEPHERD.

Deil a bit sall ye smoke till ye gie us a sang first. Come, Captain, clear your ain pipes.

NORTH.

Odohertry, I am told you sometimes improvize now-a-days—Is it so? Where have you picked it up? Can you actually do the trick?

SHEPHERD.

Improveeze? Can the Captain improveeze? What next?

ODOHERTY.

Improvize? To be sure I do. Hang it, Lord Byron was never more mistaken than when he said *we* English—

TICKLER.

We English!—I like that—three Scotchmen, a Munster bogtrotter, and a Morocco Jew.

ODOHERTY.

Time, my honest old gaffer; the schoolmaster has not been long enough abroad yet to tie our tongues, at least mine—to the full pirnckitiness of prim propriety. I say Byron was never more mistaken than when he denied to *us* the power of improvizing.

NORTH.

His lordship, Sir Morgan, allowed, I think, that Mr Hook was an *improvisatore*.

ODOHERTY.

“Ay,” said Theodore, when he heard it—(some of the shabby rascals about a shabby administration were persecuting him at the time, out of spite for his political writings)—“however that may be, I am a damned *unlucky-tory*.” Beyond question, Hook, one of the best and pleasantest of companions, the very king of table-wits, does shine astonishingly in this feat—the rhymes appear to tumble into their places by magic. You know his rhymes on David Ximenes?

TICKLER.

No—

ODOHERTY.

“Here lieth the body of David Ximenes—
A naturalized Jew.”

MOSES EDREHI (dropping his pipe.)

Sare?

ODOHERTY.

I was not speaking to you, my old flower of Aldgate—

“Here lieth the”—

I’ll be hanged if that unbelieving son of Satan has not put the rhyme out of my head. N’importe. Here, then, I call bumpers, bumpers—let us all improvize.

I lay a wager of six to four in any coin, not exceeding a shilling, that not one of you breaks down. As for me, I can jingle like a butter cart.

SHEPHERD.

And what wull it be aboot?

ODOHERTY.

Are you filled?

NORTH.

All filled. Now, don't come Twiss over us—let it be a real offhand—

ODOHERTY.

Here, then, is at once the toast, and the subject of our verse.

“May due contempt await on Peel.”

(Drinks—NORTH, SHEPHERD, TICKLER, and EDBREHI, follow the example. Shout from outside proves that the company in other parts of the tavern have caught the sonorous voice of ODOHERTY, and have hastened vociferously to honour his toast.

ODOHERTY.

Vox populi! Yet in the House of Commons he is still cheered. What a set of spoons!

TICKLER.

The rising talent of the country!

NORTH.

What my right honourable friend Mr Croker says is undeniably true—That upon no other principle could six hundred and fifty-eight such average idiots be gathered in any country of Christendom.

SHEPHERD.

But Maister Crocker himsell's no an idiot—but ane o' the cleverest fallows in the land. It's pity that—

ODOHERTY.

Come, I begin, long measure. Follow ye all as Phæbus inspires.

A BUCOLICAL.

Here follows a contention in honour of Mr Robert Peel.

ODOHERTY. (*Chants—Air, A pot of good ale.*)

O Tories, dear Tories, who still are as true—

In spite of defeat—and as trusty as steel,

An apostate, a trimmer, a rat is in view,

So after him, boys,—and come spit upon PEEL.

Now, Mr North—the chant is with your worship.

NORTH.

We once were deceived—though his talent was small,

Wishy washy his matter, conceited his squeal,

For Toryhood loyal we pardon'd it all,

But this having vanish'd—Good day, MR PEEL. (*Nods to TICKLER.*)

TICKLER.

I don't doubt ye will say he was train'd to a twist,

That a spinning-bred statesman was used to a wheel,

But, punning apart, did there ever exist,

So barefaced a turncoat as Westbury's PEEL? (*Nods to SHEPHERD.*)

SHEPHERD.

Comin' by Prestonpans, I foregathered wi' Nanse;

And it's “Luckie,” quo' I, “something stinks in your creel.”

And it's “Hoots, sir,” quo' she, “let the haddies abe,

They're gaun up to THE ADVOCATE and MR PEEL.”

(*Nods to the RABBI.*)

MOSES EDBREHI.

I nose him a shoe, but his tribe ish not good,

The schentleman'sh shlimy and shlippy as huile,

For he try *do* Shir Masseh—dat ish if him could,

But ha! ha! vat a tartar to turn upon PEEL.

ODONERTY.

I was by in the Commons when Wetherell rose,
And trampled this traitor with merciless heel—
And believe me the fiercest of felony's foes
Would have then thought it pity to crow over PEEL.

NORTH.

In the Lords, quoth the Duke, with his cast-iron smile,
Such as Santon Barsisa received from the Deil,
"My friend has been sacrificed"—pleasant the while
Was the simper that welcomed this mention of PEEL.

TICKLER.

Both in Lords and in Commons the Gentleman's done,
To his Master the lost one may truckle and kneel,
But from those whom he cheated his hopes they are none—
Many slaves hath the Duke—the most abject is PEEL.

SHEPHERD.

Now the men of this Land, at the word o' command
Maun content them, like sogers, to think and to feel;
And we dinna forget that a' this is a debt
Which we owe to the upright inflexible PEEL.

MOSES EDREHL.

He knows what him means—if him gets a fair price;
The Gonab as sure, sare, as *yom's* not laeel,*
Vould to synagogue go and be there shircumsise,
Half-a-quarter per shent woud convert Mr PEEL.

ODONERTY.

On what rests his glory?—thus answers The Globe,
"Old laws and old writs he's the boy to repeal;
We can get tipsy an hour with a gipsy,
Without fear of the hemp, such a Solon is PEEL."

NORTH.

My most excellent friend, Mr Potter Macqueen,
Who made Lord Johnny Russell for Bedford to reel—
Drew a plan for the Swan, fine as ever was seen,
But he had not consulted his host, Mr PEEL.

(Stick to this, TIMOTHY.)

TICKLER.

No sooner the matter was mentioned to Bob,
"Here I'll find," cries the Cad, "Some dear kinsman, a meal;
By the oath of mine office I'll make a neat job;"—
And he kept his word that time, for Tommy's a PEEL.

SHEPHERD.

I'm tauld Sir John Copley, wha noo is a judge,
Though he ne'er was a lawyer, hung back wi' his seal,
Till the Promising Youth gied his elbow a nudge—
For "bluid's thicker nor water 's," a maxim wi' PEEL.

MOSES EDREHL.

Said Roschild, (the Premier Baron Juif,)
Of this world's shabby doings I've vitnesht a deal,
But it givesh to my boshom exsheeding relief,
That ash yet I've encountered bot von MESHTA BEEL.

ODONERTY.

Satis.—Ohe, jam satis.

TICKLER.

And pretty fellows we are, to have been tricked in this style by such brains as these. I confess it aggravates my distress for the downfall of the Constitution, that it should have gone to pot so much *à la Varna*. We too have had our Jussuff Pacha.

NORTH.

Turks and Tories!—Well, there are some points of resemblance, I must confess—But our Czar is already within our Stamboul, and that is more than

* As day is not night.

is like to be the case with the Muscovite for another season or so, I venture to hint. The Turks are bad enough, I admit, but not quite so incorrigible in their simplicity as *our* High Churchmen.

ODOHERTY.

Phillipotto, for instance,—

“In his living of Stanhope, as gay as you please.”

SHEPHERD.

There is an auld Scots rhyme, Rabbi, that says,—

“The Devil and the Dean begin with ae letter—

When the Deil gets the Dean, the Kirk will be the better.”

ODOHERTY.

No idiots are like the Tories, depend upon it. Only look at Stinkomalee and King's College! Activity, union, craft, indomitable perseverance on the one side—indolence, indecision, internal distrust and jealousies, calf-like simplicity, and cowardice intolerable on the other—to say nothing of jobbing without end. 'Tis enough to make a horse sick to compare Brougham, Horner, and these indefatigable Professors—all at one, all alive, all moving, and already succeeding in every thing—with Blomfield bullying Copplestone, Copplestone fawningly undermining Blomfield, little Coleridge spinning letters—Quintin Dick—Proh Jupiter!—the higgings about Somerset-House—the sycophantish intrigues with the Stinkomalee folks themselves—the unfilled purse—the drooping hope—the beggarly nonsense about degrees, and gowns, and hours for chapel! Oh, Rabbi, Rabbi, whether shall the Sadducees or the Pharisees have our heartiest curse!

RABBI.

Sichem marries de vife, and Mifgeus is shircumshised.

SHEPHERD.

The Family Library, puttin' oot at John Murray's, is hooever ae Tory speculation that lucks weel. I think they'll hae the heels of the Leebicals there.

ODOHERTY.

Yes, if they go on as they've begun; but that's a question. If old Constable had lived, his Miscellany would have done splendidly—for now he's gone, Archie was certainly a very extraordinary man. He had pluck enough for any thing in his trade—his hand was open, his eye was keen—and he evidently had seen through the shallowness of most of his old associates, and was resolved to put at least a strong leaven of Tory talent into their Whig dough—But he went the way of all flesh, and little has been done since, that I think he would have patronised.

TICKLER.

Except John Lockhart's Biography of Burns, and little Chambers's histories of the Rebellions, no original works of much note have been published in the Miscellany—unless very lately—for I confess I have not seen the concern these six months or so.

NORTH.

Why, there are other things decent enough; but, on the whole, 'tis not a very thriving affair—it wants a head—and I believe the circulation is no great matter.

ODOHERTY.

Considerable, I am told; but nothing to the Useful Knowledge concern.

TICKLER.

Brougham's Committee have been so lucky as to put forth a few admirable tracts—most admirable ones—Charles Bell's, for example. But of all the infernal, pompous, unmeaning, unintelligible trash that ever mortal eye-lid darkened over, commend me to the histories and biographies of the Library of Useful Knowledge. Where Brougham has picked up such a squad of boobies, heaven only can tell. I think you said, last time we met, that the Library of Entertaining Knowledge promised better.

NORTH.

Yes; but even there the second Number is a sad falling off from the first; and the first, after all, was more attractive for the wood-cuts than the writing. But Charles Knight's an able and worthy fellow, and I hope he'll bestir himself and prosper.

ODOHERTY.

You Tories seem to me to be giving up hope about every thing. That's horrid stuff, Christopher. You ought *not* to wish success to these folks. For disguise their plans as they may, can there be any doubt what the real ultimate object of Brougham's *Schoolmasters* are? And can you, even now, neglect any opportunity of at least putting a *remora* in their way?

MOSES EDKELI.

Senor North, kenn'st du de saying of Ben Syra?

NORTH.

Yea, truly; and a wise one that is—"He that gives honour to his enemy, is like to an ass." What say you to that, James?

SHEPHERD.

Ditto—ditto—ditto—Claw me and I'll claw thee. When will the tinklers speak a guid word o' ony o' our folk!

NORTH.

Why, that sort of thing appears to be much on the decline just at present. I see almost all the Whig papers puffing Murray's concern very potently.

ODOHERTY.

Nothing like liberality. I wonder what Croker now thinks of the style Bonaparte is talked of in the Family Library. Heavens! if he has not clean forgotten his papers in the Quarterly some five or six years back, what must be his wrath in seeing such productions coming out of Albemarle street!

TICKLER.

I expect to find Johnson's Toryism, and so forth, treated as contemptible weaknesses in the Secretary's own edition of Boswell. Nothing like the march of intellect—it is taking all in.

NORTH.

As to Bonaparte—whether Croker himself wrote this Life of him or no, I can't say: but my opinion is, that if it were so, there would be nothing to wonder at. When he used to vituperate Napoleon, remember he was potent for civil. Yes, even at St Helena his name and his words were playing the devil continually all over Europe. He was then an enemy, and to have honoured him would, as the son of Sirach has laid down, have been the part of an idiot. But now, God pity us, he sleeps sound beneath a thousand weight of granite, and shame on the mortal who dares deny that he was the greatest man of the last thousand years.

SHEPHERD.

Greater than Shakspeare? or Newton? or——

NORTH.

I mean the greatest Warrior and the greatest Prince—and whatever Dr Channing may think, it is my opinion that these are characters not to be maintained on a slender stock of brain. That worthy scribe says, Bonaparte has added "no new thought to the old store of human intellect." It must be admitted, that he neither printed reviews nor preached sermons—but still I have a sort of notion that Bonaparte was a more powerful-minded Unitarian than Dr Channing. In fact, laying his battles and victories, and even his laws and diplomacy out of view, I am willing to stake his mere table-talk at St Helena against all the existing written wisdom of the United States.

ODOHERTY.

You may safely do so, North. Just turn to that one page, in which Bonaparte demolishes Spurzheim. Those three or four sentences are worth all that has yet been written on the subject. Let Mr Combe answer them, if he can.

NORTH.

There are some things in Murray's little book which puzzle me. It is said that the expedition that went from Cork to Portugal in 1808, under Lord Wellington, had been originally meant for an attack on Mexico. Can this be so?

TICKLER.

If it be, the secret has been well kept.

ODOHERTY.

None of us had the least notion where we were bound for. I myself, Rabbi, thought of the coast of Barbary—others said Sicily. We were all quite confounded when the news from Spain arrived, and after that there were few doubts amongst us.

MOSES EDREHL.

Ich bin den in Algizira—No gascttes dere, sare.

TICKLER.

Hand me that lit le volume, Odoherly. What a clever fellow George Cruickshank is. They said he was a mere caricaturist. Sir, he is a painter, a great painter. Look at some of these things. What fire, what life, in this of the bridge of Arcola! or here in the Battle of the Pyramids! What utter dismay and terror in this flight from Waterloo! Look at Bouey here sledging it away from the Muscovites—Oh, what a dreary waste!—or at these Cossacks charging over the snow. I protest I thought wood-cutting had died with Bewick; but these things are even far beyond his mark.

SHEPHERD.

To me the tomb of Napoleon is the maist touchin^g o' them all. Oh, thae willows! and the bare hill-side beyond, and the solitary eagle!

NORTH.

Murray does things in style, certainly. But I should think he was overdoing in the decorations. What sale can cover such expenses as these? Sixteen engravings—half a dozen on steel—in two little volumes, selling for ten shillings. It can't do.

ODOHERTY.

It's very well for a splash at starting. But I must say, a few good portraits would have been quite sufficient. The heads of the Emperor and his son are capital. Those of Josephine and Maria Louisa I think very poor and stiff.

NORTH.

That's probably the fault of the confounded French limners. Even they could not degrade the divine outline of Napoleon's features. But any ordinary head must suffer in such hands; and yet I'm told they turned up their ugly snouts at Sir Thomas Lawrence.

ODOHERTY.

The Romans had more sense—they all but worshipped both Lawrence and Wilkie. At the present time, no one can either write a book or paint a picture worth three halfpence but in this country. The fact is undeniable.

TICKLER.

And how many can either write or paint well *here*?

NORTH.

The present company excepted, of course—I consider there are about five or six good hands going in either line—not more.

TICKLER.

So many?

NORTH.

Let me see, painters—Wilkie, one; Lawrence, two; Turner, three; Calcott, four; Constable, five; Willie Allan, six. Come, there's more than I thought—Prout, seven; Leslie, eight; Stewart Newton, nine; Thomson of Duddingston, ten; Landseer, eleven; and, to make up a dozen, we may slump Pickersgill, and Etty, and Jackson, and Philips, and Mulready.

TICKLER.

Greek Williams, I suggest, ought not to be left out.

NORTH.

Peccavi! Place him about the middle of the list, and then the dozen will be a baker's one.

ODOHERTY.

Then, as to sculptors.

NORTH.

Why, Chantrey and Westmacott are the only persons worth much—and they appear to me to be equals, notwithstanding all that Allan Cunningham may lay down thereanent.

ODOHERTY.

Westmacott's Waterloo vase is the greatest work of art ever yet produced in England. It will be the noblest ornament of the noblest palace in the world, Windsor Castle, and I hope the King thinks so.

TICKLER.

The King *thinks*—poor gentleman, I am happy to learn that he is permitted to have an opinion even upon a potsherd or a pipkin.

ODOHERTY.

He is indeed, as Lord Kenyon says, a most oppressed man.

NORTH.

If we may indulge in the belief, and I do not see any thing wrong in the thought, that departed spirits are permitted to look upon the affairs of the world which they have left, with an interest in some degree analogous to that which they felt when in the flesh, how sorrowing must now be the spirit of King George III.—of him, who declared that he would sooner lay his head upon the block than consent to the fatal measure which has now been forced upon his reluctant and deceived son.

SHEPHERD.

Wasna that sayin' denied to be the auld King's?

TICKLER.

Yes, by old Lord Grenville, who has lost all his faculties, as appears by his last pamphlet.

SHEPHERD.

Ay, but the Duke of Buckingham too——

TICKLER.

Who never had sny faculties to lose. Who would value the testimony of such a wiseacre, even though we throw in as a make-weight the carcass of the Buckinghamshire dragon?

ODOHERTY.

I should be the last person for intermeddling in a family dispute, but I must say, that the Duke of Buckingham's letter from Rome to the Aylesbury people was most disgusting. There was one man in England whom he dared to insult with impunity, and that was his son; he therefore did what no other man ever ventured to do—abused the Marquis of Chandos.

TICKLER.

By all accounts one of the finest and most spirited young fellows in England, and one whose conduct in this business has been highly honourable. But why do we waste our time about the Duke of Buckingham or his opinions? George III., you were saying, is the last Protestant king of England.

NORTH.

No, Mr Tickler, I said no such thing: I said that 'our King George IV., as true a Protestant as his father, has been cheated and bullied into a measure which he hated, hates, and will continue to hate.

ODOHERTY.

I wish you had seen how he took Wetherell, with both his arms, at the levee. I was close behind him, thanks to our friend, the Thane.

SHEPHERD.

What for, then, did he gie his consent? Could he no have faulded his hands ahin' his back?

NORTH.

In his circumstances, he could scarcely have acted otherwise than he did. He was told that he was giving his consent to a measure, which, if delayed another year, would have been carried without his consent, and carried with all the horrors and bloodshed of a civil war.

TICKLER.

Civil war? Where?

NORTH.

In Ireland.

TICKLER.

Pish!

ODOHERTY.

Stuff!

NORTH.

Aye, gentlemen, pish! and stuff! are very fine arguments with us when over our toddy, (hy the by, the old Rabbi is asleep,) but they would not sound well at the council-board of a great nation. The King was told of various armies being in the field in Ireland—of whole districts rising *en masse*——

ODOHERTY.

And after mass.

NORTH.

Let me go on, sir, I request. He was told that the Association wielded the force, moral and physical, of their country—he heard of crusades against the Protestants of Ulster, and threats of massacre of the Protestants in all other quarters of the island—he saw that his Lord Lieutenants, and his law-officers, did not try to repress these things; and he was told that their inactivity arose from their perfect knowledge that their interference would be useless. Such was the picture of Ireland, presented to him on the first authority.

TICKLER.

But England——

NORTH.

I was coming to it. The feeling of England is, I know, firmly Protestant, but we must all take the colouring of our ideas from the circles with which we mix. Here, then, he saw the seven men who were selected by himself as the very heads of the Protestant party, firmly united in declaring, that the time for passing this atrocious measure had come—he saw that all his own domestic court were of the same opinion—the House of Commons—faithful representatives of the people! were favourable by an immense majority—the House of Lords went the same way—the Sumners, Copplestones, Ryders, Knoxes, Parkers, and other disgraces of the church, openly supported the Popish claims—many others, Blomfield, for example, doing the same indirectly. Is it quite fair to expect, that the King was to oppose all this weight *alone*? Sir, you are hard upon a man at his years, fast approaching the term allotted by the Psalmist for human life.

TICKLER.

North—North—I shall not say a word against the King—what I feel shall die here, in this heart, but it is evident that you are ratting—yes, you, Christopher.

NORTH.

Nay, do not bend those swarthy brows on me. I protest to Heaven you are as bad as the Quarterly.

SHEPHERD.

Ha! ha! ha! Mr North a rotten!!! Who'd believe that?

NORTH.

Shepherd, though I am happy to see you at my table, I shall never think of regulating my politics by the standard of Mount Benger. No, Tickler, I am not a rat.

ODOHERTY.

It must be confessed that you are somewhat like, Christopher. Here—you have already to-night defended the Duke of Wellington's conduct, and are now most uproarious in panegyrising the King, for consenting to a measure which you say that both you and he disapproved.

NORTH.

Morgan, I bear with many things from you. I say again and again, that I was all along against the measure, that I would have voted against it, and spoken against it, as vehemently as I wrote against it, and as I shall continue to write against it. I was only accounting for the conduct of persons, one of whom I idolized, and for the other of whom I feel the true constitutional affection and respect. I own that I cannot divine the motives which induced the Duke to change.

ODOHERTY.

As for the rubbish about Irish insurrections—that's all my eye. Jack Lawless's march upon Ballybog, where my friend Sam Gray, with forty honest fellows, made him run for his life at the head of his ragamuffins—a cabin burnt in Tipperary—a proctor shot in Killballymurrahoo—tell these stories to the marines. Zounds, man, that's the everyday pastime of Ireland,—I'd not know the country if it was not going on—it would look quite cold and comfortless.

TICKLER.

And the Association! A file of grenadiers would have dispersed that beggarly knot—a line of an act of parliament would have extinguished them. Do not tell me, who remember the suppression of the Corresponding Societies, and other Jacobin Clubs, consisting as they did of men of high aspirations

and great talents, backed by the living and tremendous force of the whole Jacobin power, the victorious Jacobin power, of Europe. And they were put down in the middle of the most desperate struggle Old England ever was engaged in—And do you tell me about these beggarly Irish loons—headed by boobies—backed by hoors, with no intellect at all—nothing but a few noisy tropes—and no rank or wealth but what had been frightened among them—do you tell me that these fellows—whose Foxes and Greys were but the O'Connells and the Shiels—whose Mackintoshes and Geraldts were but the Lawlesses and the O'Gorman Mahons—whose foreign strength! was not triumphant France, and trembling monarchy all over the world, but some handfuls of beaten, trampled, crouching, slavish carbonari? Do you tell me of this, sir? No, sir; at all events, the Man of Waterloo could not have believed this.

NORTH.

Probably not—I have admitted that his conduct is a mystery to me up to this hour. But if I were to make a guess, I confess I should rather incline to the theory of those, who are not few, nor unweighty neither, though they don't put out their views in the newspapers,—who believe that Prince Lieven could give a more satisfactory solution of this knot than any other man now in England, the Duke *alone* excepted. For really, except the Duke, and probably Sir George Murray, I don't suppose the members of the rat-cabinet ever knew why they were ratting—I mean the *causa causans*—They ratted—I mean Peel, Bathurst, and so forth—merely to keep their places—I suppose you will excuse any details as to the Chancellor's case.

ODOHERTY.

My friends in the Standard suggest that the Duke has the design of making himself Dictator, and that this measure was carried with that view.

NORTH.

I think he would have had a better chance of obtaining such an end, by putting himself at the head of the Protestant interest.

TICKLER.

No—the Protestants were Tory, and therefore loyal—no tools for a Cromwell. I have seen a little pamphlet addressed to the King, in which a very plausible case was made out.

SHEPHERD.

Is there no an auld prophecy about it?

NORTH.

Yes, on the tomb of Arthur at Tintagel—

“HIC JACET ARTHURUS, REX QUONDAM REXQUE FUTURUS;”

but we are not come to that yet. But it is evident, at all events, that he is King of the Ministry.

ODOHERTY.

The Ministry!—the slaves!—I'd like to see them budge without his orders. (*Sings.*)

When the heart of a rat is oppress'd with cares,
The mist is dispell'd when the Duke appears—

With the fist of a master he neatly, neatly

Pulls all their noses and clouts their ears.

Places and wages his hands disclose,

But his rough toe is more harsh than those—

Sneaking

And quaking,

Go shuffle

And shuffle,

Or else sink, like Husky, to black repose.

And is it not as it ought to be? By Jupiter and all the gods, nothing would give me more delight than to see the whole of the *servum pecus*—the ragabash rascals, who sham being ministers—tied up, some fine morning, in front of the Horse Guards and whipt.

TICKLER.

I never asked for a place under Government yet—and I have no love for the present Government, that I should break my rule; but if I thought there was any chance of that consummation, I should send in a most humble petition for the post of Provost Marshal.

TICKLER.

There is no doubt we have now a united Government. I should like to see them disunite! Imagine Peel taking a view of the subject, unfortunately, but most conscientiously, different from that of his Noble Friend—his illusive friend at the head of his Majesty's Government. Imagine the Right Hon. John Singleton Baron Lyndhurst having the ill luck to differ in opinion from the Most Noble Arthur by royal permission.

ODOHERTY (*sings.*).

In England rules King Arthur,
In Ireland rules King Dan;
King George of Windsor Castle,
Dethrone them, if you can.

Come, gentlemen, there's your chorus, sing on.

TICKLER (*sings.*).

King George of Windsor Castle,
And Eke of Pimlico,
Attend unto thy Tickler,
And he the truth will shew.

Chorus, In England, &c.

SHEPHERD (*sings.*).

The crown, sir, and the sceptre,
They mak a bonny show;
But the helmet and the claymore
Can stand and give the blow.

Chorus, In England, &c.

NORTH (*sings.*).

Up, royal heart of Brunswick,
Glow, blood of Lions, glow;
To see thee Jackal-hunted
Fills many a breast with wo.

Chorus, In England, &c.

TICKLER (*sings.*).

Though age my back be bending,
Though my hair be like the snow,
Mount, mount thy father's charger—
And with thee I still will go.

Chorus, In England, &c.

ODOHERTY (*sings.*).

Though a wife I've lately wedded,
And got a child or so;
I'm yours for active service,
John Anderson, my joe.

Chorus, In England, &c.

NORTH (*sings.*).

If King and Kirk were striving,
I'd have you for to know,
As dead as Dutchman's herring
This crutch should strike the foe.

Chorus. (*Omnes.*)

In England rules King Arthur,
In Ireland rules King Dan;
King George of Windsor Castle,
Dethrone them, if you can.

SHEPHERD.

Wake, Mr Edrehi—Od, the auld beardie is fast asleep. I'll e'en set fire to his beard.

(*Takes the candle. The Rabbi wakes on the eve of a conflagration.*)

MONS EDEHI.

Oh! Abraham, Izaak, and Gacoub!—Scuse me, sare, I dreamd I vas goin to be burnt mit Mendez Dacosta in a painted tub. God keep us!

SHEPHERD.

Ou, ye auld Philistine, and ye wad be sma' loss. Here, lean on my arm, and tak care no to break yer auld nose.

(*Curtain falls.*)

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A little Annual, of a new and distinct class, will appear on the first of June, the contents of which will be selected principally from the best English writers, ancient and modern, and arranged under suitable heads. The design, which has been recommended by high authority, being to supply an appropriate Reward-Book for the young, either as a prize at School, or as a domestic present. To be

edited by the Rev. J. D. Parry, M.A. of St Peter's College, Cambridge.

In a few weeks will appear the first Monthly Number of a work, to be entitled, "The Gardens and Menagerie of the Zoological Society delineated; being descriptions and figures, in illustration of the Natural History of the living Animals in the Society's Collection." To be published with the authority of the Council, under the superintendence of the Secretary and Vice-Secretary of the Society. The work will be printed by Whittingham; and the numerous engravings to be comprised in it will be executed on wood by Branston and Wright, from drawings by Harvey. Specimens will be ready for delivery in a few days.

Preparing for publication, John Huus, or the Council of Constance, a Poem, accompanied with numerous historical and descriptive Notes. In small 8vo.

The Rev. H. J. Todd is preparing for the press a Life of Archbishop Cranmer, in one volume 8vo.

The Rev. P. Allwood will shortly publish a Key to the Revelation of St John; or an Analysis of the Parts of that Prophetical Book, relating to the State of the Christian Church in after times. In two volumes 8vo.

A volume of Parochial Letters from a beneficed Clergyman to his Curate, treating of the most interesting and important subjects relating to the Pastoral Cure, will shortly appear.

The Rev. Dr Walker, of the Scottish Episcopal Church, has a volume of Sermons preparing for publication.

The Rev. Dr Cresswell will shortly publish a volume of Sermons on the Domestic Duties, in 12mo.

A new edition of Dean Graves' Lectures on the Pentateuch, complete in one very large vol. 8vo, will be ready in June.

Craigmillar Castle, and other Poems. By John Gordon Smith, M.D. M.R.S.L. Miss A. M. Browne, the Author of "Mont Blanc," "Ada," &c. &c. is about to publish a small volume of Sacred Poetry, dedicated to the Rev. H. H. Milman, Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford.

An Analysis of Bishop Burnet's Exposition of the Thirty-nine Articles, with notes by Thomas Newland, A.B. Trin. Coll. Dublin. 1 thick vol. 12mo, in a few days.

A Second Series of M'Gregor's True Stories from the History of Ireland, 1 vol. 18mo, half-bound.

An Historical Account of the Siege of Derry and Defence of Enniskillen, in 1688 and 1689. By the Rev. John Graham, A.M. 1 vol. 12mo, with three plates and a map.

The Northern Tourist, or Traveller's Guide to the North and North-West of Ireland; including a particular account of the Towns of Drogheda, Dundalk, Newry, Downpatrick, Belfast, Antrim, Coleraine, Derry, Enniskillen, Sligo, &c. with a map and several plates. One thick pocket vol. bound in green.

Observations on the Rural Affairs of Ireland. By Joseph Lambert, Esq. 1 vol. 12mo, with cuts.

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A Spelling-Book, on a new plan, by the Rev. Richard Rae, A.M. 1 vol. 12mo.

In the Autumn of 1829, will be published, beautifully printed in small 8vo, The Offering, a new Annual, consisting of contributions in Prose and Verse, from the pens of eminent writers, and especially designed to establish and illustrate the connexion between polite literature and religion. The work will be edited by the Rev. Thomas Dale, M.A.

The Study of Medicine, third Edition. By John Mason Good, M.D. F.R.S. F.R.S.L.; containing all the Author's final corrections and improvements; together with much additional modern information on Physiology, Practice, Pathology, and the Nature of Diseases in general. By Samuel Cooper, Surgeon to the King's Bench and Fleet Prisons; Surgeon to the Forces; Author of the Dictionary of Practical Surgery, &c.

The Author of the new sacred poem, "The Opening of the Sixth Seal," is about to give to the public a brief Essay, suggesting a more easy and practicable mode of acquiring general knowledge, which will include instructions for a course of study to be pursued in the attainment of that object. This work will, we understand, be published at such a price as to be within the reach of all classes.

In the press, to be published by Mr Murray, in numbers, each containing one lecture, the first of which will immediately appear, the Rudiments of Hieroglyphics and Egyptian Antiquities, in a course of lectures delivered to the University of Cambridge. By the Marchese di Spineta.

EDINBURGH PUBLISHED.

The Quarterly Journal of Agriculture, and the Prize Essays and Transactions of the Highland Society of Scotland. No. IV. and V. 5s. 6d. each.

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MONTHLY REGISTER.

EDINBURGH.—May 13.

Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease & Beans.
1st, .. 77s. 0d.	1st, ... 39s. 0d.	1st, 29s. 6d.	1st, 36s. 6d.
2d, .. 74s. 0d.	2d, ... 36s. 0d.	2d, 25s. 0d.	2d, 33s. 0d.
3d, ... 70s. 0d.	3d, ... 34s. 0d.	3d, 22s. 0d.	3d, 30s. 0d.

Average of Wheat per imperial quarter, £3, 13s. 10d. 1-4th.

Tuesday, May 19.

Beef (16 oz. per lb.) 0s. 4½d. to 0s. 7d.	Quartern Loaf . . 0s. 10d. to 0s. 11d.
Mutton . . . 0s. 5d. to 0s. 7d.	Potatoes (17½ lb.) . 0s. 6d. to 0s. 0d.
Veal 0s. 4d. to 0s. 8d.	Fresh Butter, per lb. 0s. 10d. to 1s. 0d.
Pork 0s. 4d. to 0s. 6d.	Salt ditto, per cwt. . 60s. 0d. to 0s. 0d.
Lamb, per quarter 3s. 0d. to 4s. 6d.	Ditto, per lb. . . 0s. 7d. to 0s. 8d.
Tallow, per cwt. . 30s. 6d. to 32s. 0d.	Eggs, per dozen . . 0s. 6d. to 0s. 0d.

HADDINGTON.—May 15.

Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease.	Beans.
1st, .. 72s. 0d.	1st, ... 38s. 0d.	1st, ... 28s. 0d.	1st, ... 33s. 0d.	1st, ... 36s. 0d.
2d, ... 68s. 0d.	2d, ... 36s. 0d.	2d, ... 25s. 0d.	2d, ... 31s. 0d.	2d, ... 33s. 0d.
3d, ... 59s. 0d.	3d, ... 34s. 0d.	3d, ... 22s. 0d.	3d, ... 29s. 0d.	3d, ... 30s. 0d.

Average of Wheat, per imperial quarter, £3, 7s. 4d. 2-12ths.

Average Prices of Corn in England and Wales, from the Returns received in the Week ended May 8.

Wheat, 63s. 2d.—Barley, 31s. 0d.—Oats, 21s. 9d.—Rye, 33s. 6d.—Beans, 34s. 2d.—Pease, 31s. 8d.

Winchester weekly Average.

Aggregate Average by which the duty on Foreign Corn now in bond is regulated, for last six weeks.

Wheat, 69s. 9d.—Barley, 32s. 5d.—Oats, 21s. 10d.—Rye, 33s. 11d.—Beans, 34s. 3d.—Pease, 31s. 6d.

London, Corn Exchange, May 11.

Liverpool, May 12.

Wheat, red, old	White pease	Wheat, per 10 lb.	Irish . . .
— to —	30 to 34	— to —	25 0 to 26 0
Red, new . . . 46 to 52	Ditto, boilers . 38 to 42	Eng. . . 10 0 to 11 6	Flour, English, . . .
Fine ditto . . . 55 to 62	Small Beans, new 38 to 42	Scotch . . 9 6 to 11 0	p. 240 lb. fine 52 0 to 56 0
Superfine ditto 66 to 77	Ditto, old . . . — to —	Irish . . . 8 9 to 10 8	Irish . . . 50 0 to 55 0
Whita, new . . . 52 to 64	Tick ditto, new 29 to 33	Foreign . . — 0 to — 0	Amer. p. 196 lb. . .
Fine ditto . . . 66 to 70	Ditto, old . . . 32 to 35	Do. in bond . . — 0 to — 0	Sweet, U.S. 35 0 to 39 0
Superfine ditto 76 to 80	Feed oats . . . 0 to 1	Barley, per 60 lbs. . .	Sour, do. . . — 0 to — 0
Rye 30 to 34	New ditto . . . 13 to 22	Eng. . . . 4 8 to 4 10	Gran, p. 24 lb. 1 2 to 1 3
Barley, new . . . 25 to 28	Poland ditto . . 0 to 0	Scotch . . . — to —	
Fine 30 to 31	New ditto . . . 14 to 26	Irish . . . 4 6 to 4 10	
Superfine ditto 54 to 56	Potato ditto . . 21 to 23	Foreign . . 4 8 to 4 10	
Malt 50 to 56	Fine ditto . . . — to —	Oats, per 15 lb. . .	
Fine 61 to 65	Scotch 26 to 32	Eng. . . . 3 3 to 3 7	Butter, p. cwt. s. d. s. d.
Pease, grey, . . 34 to 37	Flour, per sack 60 to 65	Irish . . . 2 9 to 3 5	Belfast . . 66 0 to 68 0
Maple 38 to 40	Ditto, seconds 50 to 56	Scotch . . . 3 3 to 3 7	Newry . . . 54 0 to 55 0
Maple, fine . . — to —	Bran 11 to 12	For. in bond 0 0 to 0 0	Waterford 86 0 to 88 0
		Rye, per qr. 30 0 to 33 0	Cork, pic. 2d 68 0 to — 0
		Malt, per qr. 58 0 to 62 0	3d, dry 52 0 to 54 0
		Beans, per q.	Beef, p. tierce . . .
		English . . 38 0 to 42 0	— Mess . . 95 0 to 105 0
		Irish . . . 35 0 to 37 0	— Pork, p. bl. . .
		Rapeseed . . — to —	— Mess . . 62 6 to 75 0
		Pease, grey 28 0 to 36 0	— half do. 40 0 to 41 0
		— White . . 32 0 to 40 0	Bacon, p. cwt. . .
		Indian corn, p. 490 lb.	Short midds. 40 0 to 41 0
		Red 31 0 to 33 0	Sides 38 0 to 39 0
		White 31 0 to 33 0	Hams, dry 50 0 to 51 0
		Oatmeal, per 240 lb. . .	Green 42 0 to 43 0
		English . . 27 0 to 30 0	Lard, rd. p. c. 44 0 to 46 0
		Scotch — to —	

Seeds, &c.

Tares, per bah.	Rye Grass	Must. White.	White
3 to 5	20 to 40	5 to 8	— to —
— Brown, new 9 to 14	Clover, red cwt. 0 to 0	— White . . . 0 to 0	—
Turnips, bah. — to 0	Foreign red 0 to 0	— White . . . 0 to 0	—
— Red & green 12 to 16	White 0 to 0	— White . . . 0 to 0	—
— White . . . 10 to 14	Coriander . 18 to 20	— White . . . 0 to 0	—
Caraway, cwt. 44 to 46	Trefoil . . . 18 to 30	— White . . . 0 to 0	—
Canary, per qr. 45 to 48	Lintseed p. last 38 to 40	— White . . . 0 to 0	—
Cinque Foil 30 to 35	L. 28, Foreign, L. 30	— White . . . 0 to 0	—
Rape Seed, per last, . . .		— White . . . 0 to 0	—

Weekly Price of Stocks, from 1st to 22d April.

	1st.	8th.	15th.	22d.
Bank stock,	—	208½	210	210½
3 per cent. reduced,	—	86½ 7	87 6½	87½ ½
3 per cent. consols,	87½ ½ ½	87½ ½	87½ ½ ½	88 7½ 8½
3½ per cent. consols,	—	95½	96	96 ½ ½
New 4 per cent. cons.	102½	102½ ½ ½	102½ ½	102½ 3½
India bonds,	53	—	48 49	51
— stock,	—	—	231	—
Long Annuities,	—	19 7-16 ½	19½	19½ 7-16
Exchequer bills,	—	—	—	—
Exchequer bills, sm.	60 61	59 58	58 57	59 60
Consols for acc.	87½	87½	87½	88½ ½
French 5 per cent.	108½ f.	109f.	108f. 10c.	108f.

Course of Exchange.—May 12.—Amsterdam, 12 : 4. Ditto, at sight, 12 : 2. Rotterdam, 12 : 4½. Antwerp, 12 : 4½. Hamburg, 13 : 1¼. Altona, 13 : 1¼. Paris 3 days' sight, 25 : 60. Ditto, 25 : 85. Bourdeaux, 25 : 80. Frankfort on the Main, 152 : 0. Petersburg, per rouble, 10 : 0. Berlin, 0 : 0. Vienna, 10 : 7. Trieste, 10 : 7. Madrid, 36½. Cadiz, 36½. Bilbao, 36½. Barcelona, 36½. Seville, 36½. Gibraltar, 49½. Leghorn, 47½. Genoa, 25 : 70. Venice, 47½. Malta, 46½. Naples, 39½. Palermo, p. oz. 119. Lisbon, 45½. Oporto, 45½. Rio Janeiro, 21. Bahia, 32. Buenos Ayres, 0. Dublin, per cent. 1½ days' sight, 0. Cork, 1½.

Prices of Gold and Silver, per oz.—Foreign gold, in bars, £3 : 17 : 0 per oz. New Doubloons, £0 : 0 : 0d. New Dollars, 4s. 9½d. Silver in bars, stand. 4s. 11½d.

LONDON PRICES CURRENT, May 15.

ASHES, Canada Pot, 1st, cwt.	3s 6	to 0	0
Pearls	36	0	36
United States Pot	0	0	0
Pearls	33	0	34
Russia Pearls	33	0	0
BRISTLES, St Petersburg, cwt.	L 12	10	12
COFFEE, in Bond			
Jamaica ordinary cwt.	28s	0	35
good ordinary	36	0	40
fine ordinary	41	0	45
low middling	46	0	52
middling	53	0	64
good do. and fine	63	0	75
Mocha	70	0	120
CORK, Spanish, ton	L 50	0	80
Oporto	25	0	30
Faro	48	0	60
French	110	0	120
COTTON, per lb.			
Grenada	— 8	— 8	
Berbee and Demerara	— 6	— 9	
New Orleans	— 6	— 8	
Bowed Georgia	— 5½	— 7½	
Bahia	— 7½	— 7½	
Pernambuco	— 7	— 8	
Madras	— 3½	— 5	
Bengal	— 3½	— 4½	
Smyrna	— 6	— 7	
FLAX, Riga PTR, ton, new	L 58	0	40
DC	32	0	34
Petersburg, 12 head	36	0	37
Liebau, 4 brand	32	0	35
HEMP, Riga, Rhine, ton	L 38	5	38
Petersburg, clean	37	15	0
Outshot	34	0	36
Half clean	33	0	0
HOPS, New East Kent Pockets	L 5	0	6
New Kent Pockets	4	10	5
Sussex	4	4	12
East Kent Bags	4	10	5
1826 Pockets	0	0	0
IRON, CCND, bd. ton	L 18	0	19
PSI	15	10	16
Swedish	15	0	16
INDIGO, E.I. fine blue, bd. lb.	9s	0	9s
Fine Violet and Purple	8	4	8
ordinary	6	3	7
good and mid. do.	7	3	8
LEATHER, per lb.			
Butts, 50 to 56	0	0	0
Ditto, 60 to 65	0	0	0
Hides, crop, 45 to 50	1	5½	1
Do. 55 to 60	1	2½	1
British for dress	1	2	1
Calf skins	1	6	2
Horse hides	1	4	1
LIME JUICE,	0	0	0
OIL, per tun, 252 gallons.			
Whale, Green, without casks	L 25	10	—
Cod, in casks	25	15	0
Seal, Pale	28	0	0
— Brown	22	0	0
Palm, African, per cwt.	26s	0	27s
Spermaceti	70	0	0
Whale, South Sea	0	0	0
Linseed, per cwt.	0	0	—
Galipoli, per tun of 252 galls.	52	0	53
PITCH, British, per cwt.	6	0	0
Stockholm	9	0	0
American	5	0	0
Archangel	7	0	0
PIMENTO, Jamaica, per lb.	0	7½	0
SPIRITS,			
Brandy, Cognac, Imp. gal.	2s	9	to 5
Geneva	2	4	0
Rum, Jamaica, 14 a 20 O.P.	2	6	2
Leeward Islands, P. & U.P.	2	0	2
SUGAR, per cwt.			
Jamaica, Brown	£2	10	2
Middling	2	18	5
Good	2	14	2
Fine	3	8	3
Demerara and St Kitts	3	5	3
Grenada	0	0	0
Barbadoes	2	12	3
Havannab, brown	1	1	1
White	0	0	0
Fine ditto	2	5	2
East India, brown	—	0	—
White	3	3	—
REFINED SUGARS.			
Lumps	3	15	3
Fine	4	3	4
Loaves	3	17	3
Fine	4	0	4
Powder	0	0	0
Double, ordinary	3	18	4
Fine	4	2	4
Molasses	20s	0	24
TALLOW, Peterbg. YC. cwt.	38s	9	39
White	38	0	39
Soap	37	0	37
Archangel	37	9	38
Siberia	0	0	0
Home melted	0	0	0
TAR, Virginia	13	0	—
Archangel	14	0	—
Stockholm	15	0	—
TOBACCO, Kentucky, per lb.	0	2½	0
Virginia, ordinary	0	2½	0
Part blacks	0	3	0
Middling black	0	3½	0
Maryland scrubs	0	3	0
Brown and leafy	0	3½	0
Colours and yellow	0	4½	0
WINE, per pipe.			
Port, per 138 gallons	£30	0	56
Lisbon, per pipe	30	0	28
Madeira, per pipe	10	0	22
West India, ditto	26	0	48
East India, ditto	34	0	60
Sherry, per butt	26	0	68
Mountain, per pipe	20	0	30
Teneriffe, per 120 gallons	25	0	24
Spanish, red, per tun	13	0	16
Claret, per hhd. for Dy.	36	0	50
French, White, ditto	34	0	36
WOODS, per ton.			
Fustie, Jamaica	£ 6	0	7
Cuba	8	0	9
South American	5	0	0
Brazil Wood	45	0	0
Boxwood	11	0	18
Lignumvite	3	0	7
Nicaragua	8	0	14
Loowoon, Jamaica	6	5	6
Houduras	5	15	6
Campeachy	7	15	8
St Domingo	0	0	0
MANOQANY, per foot.			
Jamaica	0s	8d	to 0
Houduras	8d		11d
Cuba	12d		16d
St Domingo	17d		29d

METEOROLOGICAL TABLES, extracted from the Register kept at Edinburgh, in the Observatory, Calton-hill.

N.B.—The Observations are made twice every day, at eight o'clock, morning, and eight o'clock, evening. The second observation in the afternoon, in the first column, is taken by the Register Thermometer.

March.

	Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.		Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.		
Mar. 1	M.27 A. 40	29.941 .969	M.42 A. 10	SE.	Fair, sunsh. cold.	Mar. 17	M.30 A. 34	28.850 29.175	M.35 A. 35	SE.	Frost, rather dull.
2	M.26 A. 35	30.150 .198	M.40 A. 38	SE.	Morn. frost day sunsh.	18	M.33 A. 37	.271 28.999	M.38 A. 34	SE.	Morn frost, day showers.
3	M.30 A. 39	.299 .101	M. 9 A. 41	Chie.	Morn. frost, day dull.	19	M.46 A. 47	29.160 .101	M.47 A. 49	SE.	Showers, rain mid.
4	M.36 A. 40	.202 29.992	M.43 A. 41	SE.	Dull, showers rain evening	20	M.41 A. 49	28.980 29.504	M.50 A. 48	SW.	Morn. rain, day fair.
5	M.37 A. 42	3.177 29.992	M.42 A. 42	SE.	Fair, sunsh. foren.	21	M.36 A. 46	.930 .865	M.48 A. 48	SE.	Fair, with sunshine.
6	M.36 A. 40	.950 .551	M.42 A. 46	W.	Fair, sunsh.	22	M.33 A. 45	.755 .670	M.49 A. 45	E.	Morn. frost, day sunshine.
7	M.37 A. 41	.755 .799	M.46 A. 46	W.	Foren. sunsh. aftern. cloudy	23	M.32 A. 40	.861 .822	M.45 A. 44	E.	Foren. cloudy, aftern. sunsh.
8	M.38 A. 43	.851 .864	M.45 A. 45	NE.	Fair, sunsh. mid.	24	M.27 A. 34	.818 .669	M.40 A. 41	E.	Frosty, sun- shine.
9	M.38 A. 41	.575 .582	M.45 A. 45	NE.	Cloudy foren. shwrs. aftern.	25	M.47 A. 40	.806 .704	M.42 A. 46	E.	Morn. frost, day sunshine.
10	M.34 A. 37	.690 .640	M.4 A. 42	NE.	Frosty, rather dull.	26	M.36 A. 41	.834 .81	M.42 A. 42	E.	Foren. sunsh. aftern. dull.
11	M.35 A. 38	.672 .541	M.40 A. 40	NW.	Fair, sunsh. night frost.	27	M.36 A. 40	.741 .550	M.42 A. 43	E.	Frosty, and very dull.
12	M.31 A. 38	.494 .516	M.40 A. 37	Chie.	Foren. sunsh. aftern. sh. rain.	28	M.32 A. 40	.510 .522	M.43 A. 42	NE.	Frosty, sunsh. aftern.
13	M.28 A. 32	.511 .521	M.38 A. 37	W.	Keen frost,	29	M.32 A. 38	.364 .262	M.41 A. 39	NE.	Showers snow morn.
14	M.26 A. 35	.608 .609	M.37 A. 37	NW.	Ditto.	30	M.31 A. 36	.117 28.999	M.39 A. 39	NE.	Showers snow forenoon.
15	M.24 A. 31	.650 .504	M.37 A. 37	NW.	Frost, clear, sunshine.	31	M.31 A. 34	29.135 .216	M.38 A. 38	NE.	Snow and sleet.
16	M.32 A. 30	.264 .954	M.37 A. 35	Chie.	Frost, very dull.	Average of rain, 1.002.					

April.

	Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.		Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.		
Apr. 1	M.27 A. 30	29.168 .216	M.31 A. 36	NE.	Morn. & foren. heavy snow.	Apr. 16	M.38 A. 45	28.950 .099	M.45 A. 48	W.	Foren. rain, aftern. hail.
2	M.33 A. 36	.302 .302	M.39 A. 39	NW.	Fair, sunsh. cold.	17	M.39 A. 49	29.366 .361	M.51 A. 50	W.	Day fair, even. sh. rain.
3	M.29 A. 34	.391 .275	M.41 A. 40	NW.	Morn. frost, day sunshine.	18	M.39 A. 49	.508 .240	M.51 A. 50	W.	Fair, with sunshine.
4	M.33 A. 42	.551 .101	M.41 A. 43	W.	Fair, sunsh. night rain.	19	M.36 A. 43	.780 .394	M.48 A. 48	NE.	Heavy rain afternoon.
5	M.34 A. 42	28.999 .910	M.45 A. 45	E.	Morn. rain, foren. sh. hail.	20	M.38 A. 43	.542 .512	M.49 A. 48	E.	Day sunsh. sh. rain even.
6	M.33 A. 42	.901 .901	M.45 A. 41	E.	Showers, rain.	21	M.35 A. 45	.644 .610	M.51 A. 50	E.	Foren. sunsh. aftern. cloudy
7	M.34 A. 39	.854 .953	M.41 A. 42	E.	Slight shwr. rain.	22	M.31 A. 43	.561 .418	M.51 A. 42	E.	Dull, with shwrs. rain.
8	M.35 A. 40	29.126 .168	M.42 A. 41	SE.	Hail & rain afternoon	23	M.35 A. 42	.711 .725	M.47 A. 45	E.	Dull and cold.
9	M.31 A. 40	.236 .144	M.42 A. 39	Chie.	Rain aftern. and night.	24	M.41 A. 41	.880 .916	M.41 A. 42	NE.	Foren. cloudy sun, mid-day.
10	M.31 A. 23	.150 .236	M.38 A. 38	NE.	Morn. sleet, night h. snow.	25	M.34 A. 41	.916 .940	M.42 A. 43	E.	Fair, sunsh. mid.
11	M.30 A. 35	.350 .180	M.37 A. 40	E.	Morn. and night h. rain.	26	M.35 A. 42	.776 .550	M.44 A. 44	W.	Foren. sunsh. shwrs. night.
12	M.35 A. 39	28.816 .622	M.40 A. 42	SW.	Foren. sunsh. mid-day sho.	27	M.36 A. 45	.323 .498	M.47 A. 42	NW.	Shwrs. rain & hail, cold.
13	M.40 A. 45	.529 .762	M.45 A. 44	W.	Showers rain.	28	M.32 A. 44	28.891 29.294	M.47 A. 40	NW.	Heavy ditto.
14	M.38 A. 48	.914 .675	M.50 A. 46	Chie.	Day sunsh. night rain.	29	M.32 A. 38	.615 .620	M.40 A. 40	NW.	Fair, sunsh. cold.
15	M.40 A. 45	.490 .527	M.49 A. 47	W.	Showers rain.	30	M.32 A. 37	.624 .508	M.39 A. 42	NW.	Shwrs. snow, hail, & rain.

Average of rain, 4.046.

APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c.

March.

- 2 Life G. Capt. Barton, Maj. and Lt.-Col. by pur.
vice Macneil, prom. 30 Dec. 1824
Lt. Davidson, Capt. do.
Cor. and Sub-Lt. Hon. G. W. Coventry, do.
T. Gardner, Cor. and Sub-Lt. do.
R. Horse G. Lt. Hill, Capt. by purch. vice Lord W. P.
Lennox, ret. 25 Mar. 1829
Cor. Hon. A. J. C. Villers, Lt. do.
Hon. F. H. Ougley, Cor. do.
Lt. Pigott, Capt. by purch. vice Doyne,
ret. 26 do.
Cor. Hill, Lt. do.
W. E. Hammer, Cor. do.
6 Dr. Gds. Capt. Walsh, from 63 F. Paym. vice
Hay, h. p. 19 do.
2 Dr. Cor. Miller from 13 Dr. Cor. 12 do.
Lt. Crawford, Paym. vice Dawson, dead
21 do.
4 Capt. Houstoun, from h. p. Capt. vice
Ellis, exch. rec. diff. 2 do.
6 Lt. Shepherd, Captain by purch. vice
Orme ret. 9 do.
Cor. Harbord, Lt. do.
W. Fitzherbert, Co. do.
Cor. Hon. W. H. Beresford, Lt. by
purch. vice Musters, ret. 2 do.
C. Fitzherbert, Cor. do.
7 — Houstoun, from h. p. Lt. paying
diff. vice Edwards, 40 F. 21 do.
Cor. Richardson, Lt. by purch. vice
Buller prom. 9 Apr. 1829
A. Lovell, Cor. do.
Cor. Pettat, Lt. by purch. vice Vivian,
prom. 14 Apr. do.
G. Lord Dorchester, Cor. do.
12 Cor. Sivewright, Lt. by purch. vice
Barne, prom. 12 Mar. do.
14 Capt. Parry, Maj. by purch. vice Towns-
end, prom. 14 Apr. do.
Lt. Congreve, Capt. do.
Cor. Abbott, Lt. do.
H. V. Straubensee, Cor. do.
17 W. Williams, Cor. by purch. vice Went-
worth, ret. 26 Mar. do.
2 F. Lt. Grier, from h. p. 39 F. Lt. vice
Phipps, 92 F. 12 do.
5 Surg. Lea, from h. p. African Corps,
Surg. vice Waring 19 do.
7 Capt. Hope, from 96 F. Capt. vice
Frouser, b. p. rec. diff. do.
11 Gent. Cadet G. Dunlevie, from R. Mil.
Coll. Ens. vice Walsh, 51 F. 26 do.
22 Serj. Maj. W. Merchant, Qua. Mast.
vice Mansfield, ret. 9 do.
25 Hosp. As. Gibson, M.D. As. Surg. vice
Stewart, dead 12 Jan. do.
33 Lt. Shuckburgh, from h. p. Lt. vice
Dalgety, 61 F. 12 Mar. do.
Capt. Cochrane, from h. p. Glen. Fen.
Inf. Paym. vice Newton, dead 2 do.
38 — Mudie, Capt. by purch. vice Hamil-
ton, ret. 26 do.
Ens. Lecky, from 99 F. Lt. do.
10 Lt. Edwards, from 7 Dr. Lt. vice Thorn-
hill, b. p. rec. diff. 21 do.
45 Ens. Glendening, Lt. by purch. vice
Sykes, ret. 9 do.
G. M. Metcalf, Ens. do.
Maj. Poynts, from 67 F. Maj. vice Cole,
h. p. rec. diff. 2 Apr. do.
49 Lt. Stean, Capt. vice Danford, dead 1 do.
Capt. Leith, from h. p. Capt. vice Se-
well, ret. 2 do.
Ens. Daniell, Lt. vice Stean 1 do.
H. G. Hart do.
Lt. Simpson, Adj. vice Stean do.
51 Ens. Walsh, from 11 F. Lt. vice Irving,
dead 26 Mar. do.
23 Lt. Col. Considine, from h. p. Lt. Col.
vice Sir W. P. De Bathe, exch. rec.
diff. 2 do.
Capt. Baldwin, from h. p. Capt. vice
Stewart, exch. rec. diff. do.
55 Gent. Cadet C. B. Daubeney, from R.
Mil. Coll. Ens. vice Hudson, 61 F.
12 Mar. do.
56 Lt. Grant, from ret. full p. late 2 Vet.
Bn. Paym. vice Edwards, Paym. Rec.
Dist. 24 do.
60 Hon. H. L. Powys, 2d Lt. by purch.
vice Fitz Herbert, cancelled do.
61 — Dalgety, from 33 F. Lt. vice Toole,
Paym. 12 do.
Ens. Hudson, from 55 F. Ens. vice Dal-
gety 33 F. do.
64 — Wright, Lt. by purch. vice Ken-
yon, prom. 14 Apr. do.
W. Langmead, Ens. do.
64 Ens. Barker, Lt. vice Du Pre, dead do.
D. W. Battley, Ens. do.
65 Capt. Alves, from h. p. Capt. vice Mar-
tin, 67 F. 9 do.
Capt. Senior Maj. by purch. vice Stew-
art, ret. 12 Mar. do.
67 — Weyland, from h. p. Capt. do.
Maj. F. Johnson, from h. p. Maj. pay-
ing diff. vice Poynts, 45 F. 2 Apr. do.
Maj. Hon. H. R. Molyneux, Lt. Col. by
purch. vice Burnley, ret. do.
Capt. Snow, Maj. do.
80 — Martin, from 65 F. Capt. do.
Ens. Leitson, Lt. by purch. vice Kei-
lett, prom. 2 do.
J. Smith, Ens. do.
81 Ens. and Adj. Macdonald, Lt. 26 Mar.
Stiff As. Surg. Fitz Gerald, M.D. As.
Surg. vice Gibson, cancelled 23 do.
87 2d Lt. Story, 1st Lt. vice Halsted, dead
15 do.
90 G. Middlemore, 2d Lt. do.
Lt. Wilson, Capt. vice Woolcombe,
dead 26 do.
Ens. Romilly, Lt. do.
Gent. Cadet P. P. Galloway, from R.
Mil. Coll. Ens. do.
92 Lt. Phipps, from 2 F. Lt. vice Hughes,
b. p. 39 F. 12 do.
93 Lt. Ford, from h. p. 5 F. Lt. vice Boalth,
cancelled do.
96 Capt. Kennedy, from h. p. Capt. pay-
ing diff. vice Hope, 7 F. do.
99 T. Case, Ens. by purch. vice Leck,
38 F. 26 do.
Rifle Brig. Lt. Stewart, Capt. by purch. vice Byrne,
ret. 12 do.
2d Lt. Jones, 1st Lt. do.
J. Spottiswoode, 2d Lt. do.
Ens. Hon. W. F. Cowper, from h. p. 2d
Lt. vice Lloyd, exch. do.
R. E. Smith, Ens. vice Ritherdon, ret. 3 do.
R. Afr. Corps Maj. Findlay, Lt.-Col. vice Lumley,
dead 19 Mar. 1829 do.
Capt. Hingston, Maj. do.
Lt. Mends, Capt. do.
Ens. Stanley, Lt. do.

Ordinance Department.

- Royal Art. Capt. Carter, from Unatt. h. p. 2d Capt.
vice Mainwaring, h. p. 21 Mar. 1829
2d Capt. Macbean, Capt. vice Bates,
dead 22 do.
Capt. Colquhoun, from Unatt. h. p. 2d
Capt. do.
— Harrison, do. 2d Capt. vice Tor-
riano, b. p. do.

Hospital Staff.

- Staff Surg. Hilson, M.D. from h. p.
Surgeon to the Forces 19 Mar. 1829

Unattached.

- To be Lieutenant Colonel of Infantry by purchases
Maj. Townsend, from 14 Dr.
14 Apr. 1829

To be Captain of Infantry by purchase.

Lt. Byrne, from 12 Dr.	12 Mar. 1829
— Kenyon, from 61 F.	14 Apr.
— Vivian, from 7 Dr.	do.
— Kellett, from 80 F.	2 do.
— Buller, from 7 Dr. Gds.	9 do.

Exchanges.

Lt. Col. Barton, 2 Life Gds. rec. diff. with Maj. Coles, h. p.	
Capt. Mahon, 9 F. with Capt. Grubbe, 63 F.	
— Young, 65 F. with Capt. Buller, h. p.	
— Shedden, 15 Dr. with Capt. Macqueen, h. p.	
Lieut. Griffiths, 15 Dr. rec. diff. with Lieut. Wakefield, h. p. R. Staff Corps	
— Blake, 98 F. with Lieut. Edwards, h. p. 43 F.	

*Resignations and Retirements.**Major-General.*

H. C. Darling

Major.

Stewart, 65 F.

Captains.

Byrns, Rifle Brig.

Allman, h. p. Unatt.

Pegus, do.

Lieutenants.

Doibell, h. p. 4 Dr.

Goodiff, h. p. 18 Dr.

Radcliff, h. p. 27 F.

Claythill, h. p. 67 F.

Fletcher, h. p. 6 W. L. R.

G. S. Brown, h. p. Unatt.

Knox, h. p. Unatt.

Wright, h. p. 2 Gn. Bn.

Cornets and Ensigns.

Westworth, 17 Dr.

Allatt, h. p. 26 F.

Green, h. p. 27 F.

Hancock, h. p. 30 F.

Baillie, h. p. 81 F.

Whitley, h. p. 81 F.

M'Bean, h. p. 83 F.

Cooke, h. p. 90 F.

Crawford, h. p. Unatt.

Kinz, do.

Hatch, h. p. Cape Regt.

Roberts, h. p. 3 Gn. Bn.

*Deaths.**Lieut.-General.*

Montgomery, 30 F. Bath 13 April, 29

Major-Generals.

Lamont, late of 92 F. Robroyston, N.B. 31 Mar.

Ford, of late R. Eng. Woolwich 7 Apr.

Colonel.
M'Combe, 14 F. Fort William, Bengal 12 Oct. 28*Lieutenant-Colonels.*

Ball, R. Mar. Portsmouth 19 Apr. 29

Tarleton, h. p. 60 F. Cheshire Feb.

Major.

Bates, R. Art. Mauritius 3 Jan.

Captains.

Foley, 3 F. Bhangulpore 2 Oct. 28

A. Macdonald, 34 F. Cawnpore 24 Sept.

Rogers, R. Afr. Corps on passage to Gambia 4 Dec.

Braham, Ceyl. K.

Hobbs, Barrack Mast. at Coventry, Coventry 27 Feb. 29

Stannerd, h. p. 2 Gn. Bn. 27 Feb.

De Dohren, h. p. 7 Bn. Line K.G.L. Hardeg- 2 Feb.

sen, Hanover

Lieutenants.

Knox, 2 F.

Warrington, 6 F. Bombay 21 Sept. 28

Irving, 31 F.

Du Fre, 64 F. Dublin 25 Mar. 29

Murray, Royal African Corps, St Mary's, Gam- 30 Dec. 28

bia

Beveridge, h. p. R. Art. Drivers, Limerick 17 Mar.

Brodie, h. p. 24 Dr.

Crowther, h. p. 1 F. Boulogne, Apr. 29

Richardson, h. p. 9 F.

D. Earl of Buchan, h. p. 32 F.

M'Kinnon, h. p. 42 F. Springfield, Wandsworth 8 Apr. 29

Road

Allen, h. p. 1 Gar. Bn.

Tennant, (Adj.) h. p. York Chase, Burton in Lons- 24 Dec. 28

dale

Gagliani, h. p. Corsican Rang. Palermo 28

Ensigns.

Patterson, late 3 Vet. Bn. Aberdeen 27 Mar. 29

Paymasters.

Bovill, h. p. 1 F. Paris 28 Mar.

Shortt, h. p. Res. Dist. London 27 Jan.

Quarter-Master.

Raby, h. p. 22 Dr. Coventry 12 Mar.

Commissionariat Dep.

Dep. As. Com. Gen. Ashton, Hobart's Town, Van 15 Aug. 28

Diemen's Land

Medical Dep.

Surg. Batty, h. p. Staff, Annan 23 Mar. 29

— Brown, h. p. 28 F. Madras 30 Nov.

As. Surg. Stewart, 23 F. Demarara 31 Dec. 28

— Mahon, 36 F.

— Fehlandt, h. p. 1st Bn, Lt. Inf. K. G. L. 6 Mar. 29

— Harris, h. p. Staff 31 do.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF ENGLISH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 22d of March, and the 21st of April, 1829, extracted from the London Gazette.

Alcock, H. Threadneedle-street, tavern-keeper.
 Arnitt, F. Thirsk, draper.
 Amphlett, T. Bromsgrove, seedsman.
 Armittage, J. and W. and S. Standish, Sheffield, manufacturers of Britannia-metal goods.
 Armsfield, M. Macclesfield, silk manufacturer.
 Adams, A. Wincheombe, surgeon.
 Andrew, T. Gosberton, victualler.
 Burne, W. Cornhill, woollen-draper.
 Boston, W. Hackney, whitesmith.
 Burns, R. Liverpool, chemist.
 Brown, H. Hackney-road, and Red Lion-street, Whitechapel, baker.
 Boulcott, J. Worcester, glover.
 Bannister, T. John-street, Tottenham-court-road, goldsmith.
 Beart, T. Great Yarmouth, Norfolk, money-scri-
 vener.
 Bond, T. M. East Dereham, linen-draper.
 Bray, A. Red Lion-yard, St Giles's, horse-dealer.
 Burn, T. Covent-garden-market, and Streatham,
 fruit salesman.
 Burditt, J. Frome Salwood, clothier.
 Box, C. Maidstone, grocer.
 Boothby, F. C. Hulme-Walsfield, farmer.
 Bedford, T. Goswell-street, carpenter.
 Bell, G. Regent-street, tailor.

Biggs, T. C. Russia-row, silk-manufacturer.
 Boud, J. B. Windmill-street, victualler.
 Baker, C. and J. Allen, Westminster, quirsymen.
 Blazard, J. Liverpool, victualler.
 Bamber, J. Liverpool, ship-owner.
 Bowditch, W. Waltham, corn-ehandler.
 Cocker, S. Witton, cotton-manufacturer.
 Clares, J. J. Liverpool, grocer.
 Cocks-trott, J. and J. Green, and R. Swarbrick,
 Warrington, cotton-manufacturers.
 Cooper, T. Congleton, silk-thrower.
 Crighton, J. Manchester, machine-maker.
 Cumpsty, T. Liverpool, jeweller.
 Cramp, J. Phoenix-wharf, corn-factor.
 Coltman, M. Kingston-upon-Hull, master-mari-
 ner.
 Carden, T. Oxford-street, silk-mercer.
 Cottle, S. and J. Watt, Carey-lane, auctioneer.
 Cutler, H. London Wall, wine-merchant.
 Dickinson, W. City-road, silk-dyer.
 Downing, B. H. Liverpool, broker.
 Eames, J. Angel-inn, St Clement's, Strand, coach-
 master.
 Eales, T. Houndsditch, woollen-draper.
 Evans, M. Nottingham, linen-draper.
 Flower, S. S. and J. Worsley, Wath-upon-Deane,
 flax-spinners.

Forrester, W. Red Lion-street, Clerkenwell, jeweller.
 Fraser, J. Leamington, press-builder.
 Fry, W. T. Constitution-row, Gray's-lan-road, historical engraver.
 Fisher, R. L. Compton, sailcloth-maker.
 Greenup, W. M. Strand, commission-merchant.
 Glover, D. E. St Helens, Lancashire, painter.
 Gamson, T. Mark-lane, corn-factor.
 Gantier, T. Halesworth, currier.
 Gibbs, T. J. Eastbourne, wine-merchant.
 Graves, J. and G. Norwich, bombazine-manufacturers.
 Henderson, J. Lawrence, Pountney-lane, dry-salter.
 Holberow, H. Oldbury-on-the-Hill, mealman.
 Howson, W. Newcastle-under-Lyne, grocer.
 Hinton, J. Hineckly, victualler.
 Harris, J. Fore-street, linen-draper.
 Hughes, H. Basinghall-street, Blackwell-hall, factor.
 Hutchinson, J. Lynn, draper.
 Haworth, T. Bolton-le-moors, cotton-manufacturer.
 Hughes, R. Liverpool, linen-draper.
 Hancock, T. Manchester, innkeeper.
 Hillary, J. P. Poultry, wine-merchant.
 Hart, A. Whitehaven, draper.
 Harrison, C. L. Farnvaf's-lan, hotel-keeper.
 Hunt, H. L. and C. C. Clarke, York-street, book-seller.
 Harris, J. Picket-street, linen-draper.
 James, J. Knew-Shop, Rock, Bedwalts, Monmouthshire, coal-miner.
 Johnson, H. Berwick-upon-Tweed, corn-merchant.
 Jackson, W. and H. and J. Leeds, towers.
 Johns, R. Stratford-upon-Avon, corn-dealer.
 Knight, J. C. Finsbury-place, south, druggist.
 Lucas, H. Donington, m. ller.
 Lewis, L. Jun. Throgmorton-street, stock-broker.
 Lewis, D. E. Bath, surgeon.
 Lightwood, E. Birmingham, coal-merchant.
 Liley, J. Redbourn, innkeeper.
 Larke, R. N. Brooks, surgeon.
 Lyons, J. Manchester, publican.
 Mitchell, J. Old Cavandish-street, tailor.
 Margett's, J. Oxford, victualler.
 Myson, M. Kewick, nurseryman.
 Macenloch, H. and S. Stocks, sen., warehousemen.

Muller, J. F. Ludgate-hill, perfumer.
 Moore, G. Sheffield, scissar-manufacturer.
 Masters, J. sen. and J. Jun. Cirenester, brewers.
 Pettit, C. A. Golden-square, carpenter.
 Pott, M. Heaton Norris, and Manchester, coach-proprietor.
 Palne, W. D. Red Lion-street, Clerkenwell, iron-founder.
 Powrie, Anna, Manchester, milliner.
 Robinson, R. Wolverhampton, hair-dresser.
 Roberts, Eliza, Regent-circus, coffeehouse-keeper.
 Robinson, J. Keighley, worsted stuff manufacturer.
 Reynolds, J. Broad-street bill, dry salter.
 Sparkes, W. H. Godalming, paper-maker.
 Skelton, D. Lincoln's-inn, money-scrivener.
 Shrimpton, A. Newman-street, goldsmith.
 Spencer, T. Leeds, patten-maker.
 Smea, J. and E. A. Crown-court, Cheapside, warehousemen.
 Smith, L. H. Greenwich, wine-merchant.
 Sumpter, W. T. Beenden-place, statuary.
 Scott, G. Providence-buildings, Kent Road, grocer.
 Scott, J. and M. Ellis, Catenton-street, warehousemen.
 Tapp, J. and C. Wigmore-street, coach-makers.
 Thompson, C. Jun. Beaumont-street, wine-merchant.
 Thorton, H. Blyth, grocer and draper.
 Travis, T. Manchester, merchant.
 Thompson, E. Kingston-upon-Hull, merchant.
 Wilgus, T. J. Dearden, and G. Hayland, Sheffield, file-manufacturers.
 White, G. Haughton, seedsman.
 Winnall, J. Wound wall, maltster.
 Weir, W. and J. Tamworth, calico-printers.
 Williams, J. and G. Glover, Fenchurch-street, coffee-dealers.
 Wingate, T. W. Bath, dealer.
 Wheeler, J. and W. J. Adams, May's-buildings, drapers.
 Worthington, M. Fallsworth, bleacher.
 Walton, W. Liverpool, cloth-merchant.
 Wollaston, J. Great Castle-street, wine-merchant.
 Worthington, G. Wigan, butcher.
 Wharton, T. Wyton, and Kingston-upon-Hull, merchant.
 Wrigley, J. Knowl, merchant.
 Wilde, J. T. Wath-upon-Deerne, grocer.
 Wood, G. Canterbury, printer.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF SCOTCH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 1st and 30th April, 1829, extracted from the Edinburgh Gazette.

Baird, Robert, dyer at Chapel.
 Baird, Thomas, and Co. power-loom manufacturers, Glasgow.
 Beeson, Joseph, of the Crown Hotel, Edinburgh, innkeeper.
 Carson, James, of Barseobe, cattle-dealer.
 Gray, John, wright and cabinet-maker, Glasgow.
 Harris, James, clothier, Glasgow.
 Laird, John, perfumer, Glasgow.
 Levy, Philip, furrier, Edinburgh.
 Lester, John, Ormiston and Co. leather-merchants, Edinburgh, and John Lister and the Rev. Robert Jackson, both residing in Edinburgh, sole partners, as individuals.

M'Conochie, William, merchant, Glasgow.
 Miller, John, and Sons, manufacturers, Paisley.
 Morton, Smith, and Co., merchants and commission agents, Glasgow, and Peter Morton and Duncan Smith, both merchants there, the individual partners.
 Niven, Robert William, writer to the signet and insurance broker, Edinburgh.
 Thomson, John, painter and dealer in colours, St Andrews.
 Wotherspoon, Matthew, and Co., merchants and commission-agents in Glasgow, and William Easton, sole surviving partner, as an individual.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

Aug. 24, 1828. At Sydney, New South Wales, the Lady of Alexander Macduff Baxter, Esq. Attorney-General, of a son.
 Sept. 17. At Molamayne, Presidency of Madras, the wife of William Brown, M.D. surgeon of his Majesty's 45th Regiment, of a daughter.
 Dec. 20. At Madras, the Lady of Colquhoun Stirling, Esq. of Edinbarnet, of a son.
 Jan. 11, 1829. At Gongo Soco, South America, Mrs D. Macfarlane, of a son.
 — At Atholi Crescent, Mrs Drummond Hay, of a daughter.

11. At Leith, Mrs R. Dudgeon, of a daughter.
 Feb. 9. Mrs Robert Nasmyth, No. 78, George Street, of a son.
 10. At Glasgow, Mrs Fullarton, of a daughter.
 13. At Dublin, the Lady William Paget, of a son.
 — At Atholi Crescent, the Lady of Lieutenant-Colonel Commandant William D. Knox, East India service, of a son.
 Mar. 14. At Quebec, the wife of Captain William Cochrane Anderson, Royal Artillery, of a son.
 — At the Manse of Luss, Mrs Carr, of a son.

14. At No. 4, Melville Street, Mrs William Fraser, younger of Culbokie, of a daughter.

15. At Belfast, the Lady of Sir Stephen May, of a daughter.

— Mrs Moir, of Denmore, of a daughter.

— At the Manse of Covington, Mrs Watson, of a daughter.

— At Melbourne, Derbyshire, the Lady of the Rev. J. A. Stewart, of a son and daughter.

16. At Hastings, the Lady of Major J. Denistoun Brown, of a daughter.

18. At Stonehouse, the Lady of Sir Hew D. Ross, K.C.B. of a son.

20. At Ardrossin, Mrs Gregorson, of a daughter.

21. At No. 7, Saxe Coburg Place, Mrs William Campbell, of a son.

22. At Nelson Street, Mrs T. Weir, of a daughter.

23. At 67, Great King Street, Mrs Dr Macintosh, of a daughter.

— At No. 6, Regent Street, Glasgow, Mrs William Couper, of a son.

24. In Clarges Street, Piccadilly, London, the Lady of Sir William Scott, of Ancrum, Bart. of a son.

— At No. 8, Almslie Place, the Lady of Dr Spalding, of a daughter.

26. Mrs Macallan, No. 4, Scotland Street, of a son.

27. At No. 15, Howard Place, Mrs Rennie, of a son.

28. At Castletown, Argyllshire, the Lady of Colonel M'Niell, C.T.S. of a daughter.

29. At Ardincaple House, Argyllshire, the Lady of Keith H. Macallister, Esq. of a son.

30. At No. 10, Scotland Street, Mrs Whytt, of a son.

April 1. At Bath, the Lady of Captain Robert Anstruther, Bengal Cavalry.

— At Inveresk, Mrs Captain Wilkie, of a son.

— At Culgruff, Kirkcubrightshire, Mrs Clark Ross, of a daughter.

3. At No. 11, Union Street, Mrs Boog, of a daughter.

5. At No. 6, Carlton Street, St Bernard's, Mrs Bridges, of a daughter.

6. At Carronhall, the Lady of Major Dundas, of a daughter.

7. At Edmonston, Mrs Lawson of Cairnmuir, of a daughter.

10. At No. 26, Scotland Street, the Lady of the Rev. Archibald Brown, of a son.

12. At Clermont Crescent, Mrs F. Wright, of a son.

13. The Lady Anne Baird, of a son.

15. At May House, Mrs Suter of Senpark, of a son.

— At 119, George Street, Mrs Richardson, of a daughter.

— At No. 116, George Street, Mrs William Mure, of a daughter.

17. At No. 27, George Square, Mrs Captain Moorcroft of Bauhill, of a son.

19. At Dublin, the Viscountess Dungarran, of a son and heir.

20. At No. 26, Queen Street, the Lady of Joseph Murray, Esq. of Aytoun, of a son.

— At Westburn, Mrs Pasley, of a son.

21. Mrs Hay Mackenzie of Newhall, of a son.

— At Moffat, the Lady of Captain Charles Hope, R.N. of a son.

23. At Crawhall, Mrs M'Gibbon, of a daughter.

— Mrs Leven, Scotland Street, of a son.

25. Mrs M'Glashan, No. 14, Argyle Square, of a daughter.

27. At Edinburgh, the Lady of John Campbell, Esq. younger of Suceoth, M.P. of a son.

28. The Lady of William Penny, Esq. advocate, of a daughter.

28. At Biggar Park, the Lady of George Gillespie, Esq. of a daughter.

29. At Edinburgh, the Lady of Sir John Murray Nasmyth of Posso, Bart. of a son.

— At No. 12, Scotland Street, Mrs Liddle, of a daughter.

Lately. At No. 16, Royal Circus, Mrs Renny, of a daughter.

— At Madras, the Lady of Lieutenant-General Sir George Townshend Walker, G.C.D., Commander-in-Chief, of a son.

— At Euston Square, London, the Lady of Hugh Ferguson, Esq. of a son.

— At Paris, the Lady Viscountess Perceval, of son and heir.

MARRIAGES.

Aug. 1878. At Tobago, Hew Manners Dalrymple, Esq. of the 1st Foot, to Agnes Macrae, only daughter of George Elliott, Esq. of his Majesty's Commissariat Department.

Oct. 15. At St Andrew's Church, Calcutta, John Harvey, Esq. to Jane, daughter of John Bald, Esq. Carbridge.

Feb. 10. At London, Captain Henry Bentinck, Coldstream Guards, youngest son of Major-General John Charles and Lady Jemima Bentinck, to Rebecca Antoinette, daughter of Admiral Sir Charles Hawkins Whitshed, K.C.B.

— At Garnet Place, Glasgow, the Rev. James Buchanan, of North Leith, to Elizabeth, daughter of the late John Cochrane, Esq.

12. At Dunbar, Mr Thomas Cockburn, merchant, to Catherine, second daughter of Mr John Jaffray, Dunbar.

— At Dunkeld, Mr Alexander Conacher, accountant in the Commercial Bank there, to Margaret, daughter of the late Mr John Murray of that place.

17. At Leven Grove, Robert Buchanan, Esq. surgeon, Dumbarton, to Mary, daughter of the deceased John Dixon, Esq. Leven Grove.

— At East Braes, parish of Kilbarchan, Mr Alexander Holmes, younger of Slate, to Mary, second daughter of the late Mr Walter Barr, of East Braes.

20. At Bath, the Rev. James Hamilton Chichester, third son of the late Colonel Chichester of Arlington, in the county of Devon, to Mary Elizabeth Bateman of Derby Abbey, only daughter of the late Richard Bateman, Esq.

26. At Salisbury Green, near Edinburgh, Robert Christie, Esq. to Mary Butler, eldest daughter of the late James Stark, Esq. of Kingsdale.

27. At Parkside House, Edinburgh, Mr R. A. Souter, bookseller, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the late James Law, Esq. writer, Edinburgh.

— At Knock, in the Isle of Sky, Thomas Gillespie, Esq. Ardachy, to Jessie, third daughter of Norman M'Leod, Esq. Dornoch.

March 30. At Perth, Alexander Manson, Esq. younger of Kilbrean, Aberdeenshire, to Jane, eldest daughter of Mr John Ross, jun. wine merchant, Perth.

31. At North Woodside, Sir William Hamilton, Bart. to Janet, only daughter of the late Hubert Marshall, Esq.

April 1. At St Colme Street, Lieut.-Gen. Hay, Deputy-Governor of Edinburgh Castle, to Mary Elizabeth, second daughter of the late Dr Guthrie of St Petersburgh.

2. At Tullibardine, Peter Thompson, Esq. factor to the Right Hon. Viscount Strathallan, to Louisa, youngest daughter of the late Wm. Bannerman, Esq. distiller, Tullibardine.

— At Edinburgh, on the 2d inst. Mr Basil Stewart, bookseller, London, to Dorothy, daughter of the late John Bromfield, Esq. Kelso.

— At Mosknow, Enskioe Douglas Sandford, Esq. to Joanna Grace, youngest daughter of William Graham, Esq. of Mosknow, Dumfriesshire.

6. At London, the Hon. George Henry Talbot, brother to the Earl of Shrewsbury, to Miss Augusta Jones, of Green Street, Grosvenor Square.

— At Portobello, John Stewart, Esq. of Dalguise, to the Hon. Janet Oliphant Murray, eldest daughter of Lord and Lady Elibank.

7. At Ekside, Musselburgh, Lieut. Oswald Bell, of the Hon. East India Company's Service, to Jane Stirling, daughter of John Home, Esq. some time paymaster of the 42d regiment.

8. At London, Viscount Stormont, eldest son of the Earl of Mansfield, to Louisa, third daughter of Cuthbert Ellison, Esq. M.P.

— At Ann Street, Stockbridge, William Home, Esq. W.S. to Charlotte Helen, daughter of the late John Burne, Esq. of Kingston.

— At 65, York Place, the Rev. John Davidson, Glrvan, to Janet, eldest daughter of the late Mr David Sutherland, Dunfermline.

9. At Newry, Lieut-Col. Westmore, of Camla, county of Monaghan, late of the 8th Hussars, to Anna, youngest daughter of the late Isaac Corry, senior, Esq. of Newry.

— At No. 18, Royal Circus, John Page Read, Esq. of Crowa Hall, Suffolk, to Miss Helen Col-

quhoun, daughter of Sir Jas. Colquhoun of Luss, Bart.

13. At 40, Hanover Street, George Macartney Bushe, Esq., M.D. of New York, Professor of Anatomy, and Physiology, to Elizabeth Noel, daughter of the late Joseph Noel, Esq.

— At Kirkcaldy, Mr John Wemyss, writer, to Esther, youngest daughter of David Ferrier, Esq. manufacturer, Arbroath.

14. At No. 5, Maitland Street, Mr James J. Baird, W.S. to Ann, daughter of the late Mr Alexander Dallas, W.S.

— At Ancroft Church, in the county of Durham, Mr Patrick Clay, Berwick, to Margaret, eldest daughter of Mr Hogarth, Scremerston.

16. Mr William Marshall, artist, to Miss Jane M'Lean, Gilmour Place.

20. At Glasgow, the Rev. J. Duncan, of Kincardine, to Margaret, eldest daughter of William Rankin, Esq. merchant, Glasgow.

— At Almericlose, near Arbroath, William Colville, Esq. writer in Arbroath, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the late Henry Sharpey, Esq. of Arbroath.

— The Rev. D. M'Leod, Gourrock, to Elizabeth, third daughter of Mr John Cochran, Junior, merchant, Glasgow.

21. At Starlaw, Mr Alexander Russell, merchant in Edinburgh, to Janet, only daughter of Mr Alexander Calder.

22. At Kew, George Arbuthnot, Esq. only son of Colonel Sir Robert Arbuthnot, K.C.B. to Augusta, youngest daughter of the late Christopher Papendick, Esq.

Lately, at London, the Earl Nelson, to Hilare, widow of George Ulrie Barlow, Esq. late Captain in his Majesty's 4th Light Dragoons, eldest son of Sir George Barlow, Bart. G.C.B.

— At St Pancras New Church, Middlesex, James Cockburn, Esq. of Devonshire Square, to Madeline Susan, eldest daughter of John Dunlop, Esq. Tain, Ross-shire.

— At the Cathedral Church of St Asaph, Lord Willoughby de Broke, of Compton Varney, Warwickshire, to Miss Margaret Williams, daughter of Sir John Williams, Bart. of Bodelyddan.

— At Prospect Hill, Largs, Charles Cunningham Scott, Esq. son of John Scott, Esq. of Hawkhill, to Helen, daughter of John Ranken, Esq.

DEATHS.

Aug. 28, 1828. At Deesa, Ensign Allan Campbell Donaldson, of the 2d European Regiment, Bombay Presidency, youngest son of the late Captain Alexander Donaldson, of the 36th Regiment of Foot.

Sept. 14. In camp, at Jaulnah, W. H. Logan, Esq. of Edrom, Lieutenant in the 43rd Regiment of Madras Native Infantry.

27. At Madras, Ensign James Hogarth, 2d Madras European Regiment.

— At Anvnapoor, on his way to Gooty, in the East Indies, Captain William Scott, 42d Regiment of Native Infantry, son of the late Charles Scott, Esq. of Wauchope.

Oct. 17. At Madras, Barbara, wife of A. Johnstone, Esq. and daughter of the late Colonel Macleod of Achagoye, Argyllshire.

29. In Bengal, Mr John Da Costa, the oldest inhabitant of Bandel, near Hoogly, aged 102.

Nov. At Bangalore, Lieut. David Kinloch, of the Madras Native Infantry, younger son of the late David Kinloch, Esq. of Gourdie.

Jan. 10, 1823. At sea, on board the Mount-stuart Elphinstone, on his passage homeward from Bombay, Lieutenant and Adjutant James Gordon, of the Madras Establishment.

Feb. 14. At Attacapas, Louisiana, D. Smith, Esq. Mar. At Belfast, Mr Alexander Mackay, junior, proprietor and printer of the Belfast News Letter.

4. At his father's house, Pilling Street, Edinburgh, Quentin Kennedy, second son of William Child, Esq. of Glencorse.

3. At her house, Salisbury Place, Newington, Miss Elizabeth Isabella Ford.

— At No. 22, Broughton Place, Mrs Elizabeth Orr, wife of John Balfour, Esq.

— At Cupar, the Rev William Nicoll of St Peter's Chapel, in the 83d year of his age.

5. At No. 29, George Square, Elizabeth, youngest daughter of the late Jas. Brown, Esq.

— At Rome, aged 68, the Right Hon. and Rev. Lord Vincent Barrington.

5. At Edinburgh, Mr John Morley, aged 21, eldest son of the late J. R. Morley, Esq. of Marrick Park, in the county of York.

6. At London, Colonel Sir Robert Barelay, K.C.B. of the H. E. I. Co.'s service, in the 71st year of his age.

7. At her house in Prince's Street, Miss Margaret Craigie, daughter of the late John Craigie, Esq. of Kilgraston.

— At No. 85, Prince's Street, Edinburgh, James Gordon, surgeon, Bengal Army.

— At her house, in Clarges Street, London, the Dowager Countess Stanhope.

8. At Orange Hill, Jamaica, Robert Dunbar, Esq.

9. At Rothesay, John Maclean, Esq., late Paymaster 53d Regiment.

— At Balthayock House, Perthshire, Mrs Margaret Johnstone Blair, eldest daughter of the late John Blair, Esq. of Balthayock, and widow of the late Major James Johnstone, of the H. E. I. Co.'s service.

— At No. 11, South Nelson Street, John Marshall, Esq. writer.

— At Belfast, John Young, L.L.D. Professor of Moral Philosophy and Metaphysics in the Belfast Institution.

10. At Calder Park, Lochwinnoch, William Wright, Esq. one of his Majesty's Justices of the Peace for the county of Renfrew.

— At the Manse of St Ninian's, Stirling, Elizabeth Morrison, wife of the Rev. Christopher Greig.

— At Planting, Henry, youngest son of Francis Marshall, Esq. merchant there.

11. At Springfield, Alexander, son of the late James Cochrane, Esq. printer, Edinburgh.

— At No. 12, Scotland Street, William Bogue, second son of Joseph Liddle, Solicitor Supreme Courts, aged five years.

13. At Canonmills, Peter, youngest son of Mr Alexander Ritchie.

— At Cultybraggan, by Comrie, Daniel Ferguson, in the 96th year of his age.

— At the Manse of Penycuik, the Rev. Thomas Coulston, thirty years minister of that parish.

14. At London Row, North Leith, Mr James L. Smith, merchant, Leith.

15. At No. 16, Atholl Crescent, the infant daughter of Mr Drummond Hay.

— At Aytoun House, Alexander Murray, Esq. of Aytoun.

16. At Bank Street, Miss Helen Boyd, daughter of the late Mr Robert Boyd, merchant in Edinburgh.

— At Lanark, Mr David Kilgour, late brewer in Edinburgh, aged 77 years.

17. At Edinburgh, John Scott, Esq. late merchant, St John's, Newfoundland.

— At Prospect Hill, Largs, John Rankin, Esq. of Greenock, formerly of Barbadoes, merchant.

— At Dundee, John Campbell Eglinton, son of Robert Eglinton, Esq. of Calcutta.

— In Devonshire Place, London, John, Earl of Carhampton, at the advanced age of 89. The title is now extinct.

— At Calais, Mr James Balfour, late merchant, Kirkcaldy.

— At Dalmeny Manse, the Rev. James Greig, in the 60th year of his age, and 29th of his ministry in that parish.

18. At Edinburgh, Mrs Anne Cumming, wife of James Reid, Bank Street.

— At Houston House, Georgina Hope, youngest daughter of Major Norman Sharp, of Houston.

19. At Hermitage Place, Leith Links, Mr Peter Thorburn, aged 23 years.

— At Craigleith Cottage, Mrs Christian Ann Edwards, wife of Mr Matthew Edwards, accountant National Bank of Scotland.

— At 353, High Street, Edinburgh, Catherine, daughter of Mr George Fenwick, goldsmith, aged 18.

— At No. 1, Abercromby Place, Isabella Miller, wife of Mr Gordon Stuart, merchant, Edinburgh.

20. At Musselburgh, Anne, wife of Thomas Macmillan, Esq. of Shorthope.

— At No. 4, Graham Street, Edinburgh, aged 82, Mrs Jane Stewart, widow of Charles Stewart, Esq. late Comptroller of the Customs at Quebec.

— At Cambo House, the Countess of Kellie.

21. At Moray House, Canongate, Elizabeth Hall, wife of Alexander Cowan.

21. At Dornoch, William Taylor, Esq. Sheriff-Clerk of Sutherlandshire.
22. At Edinburgh, Alexander Horsburgh, second son of James Forrest, Esq. of Comiston.
— At Paris, Robert King, M.D. late of Glasgow.
23. At Edinburgh, Mr Abram Cunningham, merchant, Leith.
— At his house, Hutton Hall, Essex, James Forbes, Esq. of that place, and of Kingerloch, in the county of Argyll, in the 78th year of his age.
— At No. 6, Broughton Place, Robert Anderson, Esq.
— At Aberdeen, Sir John Innes, of Balveny and Edengrigh, Bart. aged 71.
— At Lochans, Alexander Macdonald, Esq. of Dalhousie.
24. At Leslie House, Fifeshire, George Leslie of Leslie, Esq.
— At Jackson's Cottage, in the neighbourhood of Dumfries, William Gordon Macrae, Esq. Comptroller of Customs.
25. In Surrey, at an advanced age, Mr James Grant, comedian.
26. At No. 19, York Place, Johnina, daughter of Dr Abercromby, aged three years.
27. At an advanced age, Henry Hase, Esq. who succeeded the celebrated Abraham Newland, Esq. as principal cashier to the Bank of England.
— At his house, 15, Prince's Street, Mr John Strachan, of the firm of Coand Strachan.
— At Tomnahurich, near Inverness, Mr James Fraser, many years editor of the Inverness Journal.
28. At Edwin Place, Glasgow, Colin Cameron, Esq. clerk of works, formerly of this city.
29. At Kirkby, Nottinghamshire, Henry Venables, Lord Vernon, brother to the Archbishop of York.
— At Montrose, Archibald Stalker, Esq. Master Royal Navy.
— At 8, Heriot Row, Mary, wife of Charles M. Christie, Esq. of Durie.
30. At Edinburgh, Mrs Elizabeth Rannie, wife of Alexander Spott, Esq.
— At 4, Claremont Street, Saxe Coburg Place, Elizabeth Paterson, wife of Mr John Paton.
31. At Arbroath, the Rev. William Hannah, in the 58th year of his age.
- April 1. At Campbelltown, Capt. Thomas Lacy, late Commander of his Majesty's revenue cruiser *Hardwicke*.
2. At his house, No. 7, George Street, Glasgow, aged 71, Mr William Reid, printer. Mr Reid was one of the establishers of the Glasgow Courier, and long Editor of that paper.
— At London, in the 19th year of his age, Coult's Marjoribanks, Esq. eldest son of Edward Marjoribanks, Esq.
— At No. 68, Queen Street, William, infant son of Mr J. W. Brougham.
— At Perth, Hugh M'Dougall, Esq. merchant in Perth.
3. At Melalington, William Scott, Esq.
— At Dore, near Inverness, Mrs Sutherland, formerly of Brawlin, Celtiness.
4. At Cadzow Bank, William Meek, eldest son of the Rev. Dr Meek, minister of Hamilton.
5. At Smyllum Park, Mary, eldest daughter of the late Sir William Honyman, of Armadale and Grimsay, Bart.
6. At Irvine Manse, Mrs Elizabeth Bowie, wife of the Rev. J. Wilson of Irvine.
7. At Haddington, Captain Wilkie, Royal Navy.
— At his house, 30, Anne Street, Edinburgh, Captain Peter Smellie, younger of Aldiwell, late of the 51st Regiment of Light Infantry.
8. At Forres, Alexander Barron, M.D. late of Dunkeld, aged 33.
— At this house, Most, Anan, Richard Graham, Esq. many years town-clerk of the burgh of Annan.
— At 18, Clarence Street, Mr Robert Laidlaw, senior.
9. At Bristol, W. Macready, Esq. Manager of the Theatre Royal in that city, author of several dramatic pieces, and father of Mr W. Macready the tragedian.
10. At Libberton House, Mr George Torrance, senior, in the 86th year of his age.
— At Manse of Bournehead the Rev. Alexander Angus, minister of that parish, in the 85th year of his age and 57th of his ministry.
11. At Galashiels, Mr George Paterson, Dalkeith.
12. At Bath, in his 73d year, General James Montgomerie of Skelmorlie Castle, Colonel of the 30th regiment of foot, and M.P. for the county of Ayr. The deceased was brother to the late Earl of Eglinton, and grand-uncle to the present Earl.
— At Bruges, Robert South Thurlow Cunynghame, Esq. second son of Sir David Cunynghame, Bart. of Miln Craig.
— At his house in Russell Square, London, George Brown, Esq.
13. At Mayfield, near Edinburgh, the Rev. John Primrose, late minister of the United Associate Congregation, East Calder, in his 81th year.
— Margaret, eldest daughter of John Robertson, Esq. Walcot Place, Lambeth.
14. At Oakfield, Argyleshire, in her 81st year, Miss Barbara Campbell, daughter of the late John Campbell of Ashommel, Esq.
15. At Haddington, Isabella, eldest daughter of the late Alexander Maitland, Esq. of Glimmersmill.
16. At her house, Tweed Green, Peebles, Mrs Isabella Gordon, relict of the Rev. Andrew Dodman, minister of the gospel at Wigton.
17. At Lanark, Marion, second daughter of Mr Thomas Peul, agent for the Commercial Banking Company of Scotland, in that place.
— At Cupar, Mrs Grace, relict of Dr Charles Grace, physician there.
18. At Edinburgh, Mrs Ann Fleming, relict of Dr Fleming, one of the ministers of the city of Edinburgh.
— At Rosebank, near Falkirk, Peter Henderson, Esq.
19. At Castlemaina, Lanarkshire, Mrs W. P. Jones, wife of James Jones, Esq. late Chief Secretary of the Island of Jamaica.
— At Minto Street, Newton, Mrs Helen Wilson, relict of William Thomson, late merchant in Edinburgh.
20. At Dryburgh Abbey, in his 87th year, the Right Hon. David Stewart, Earl of Buchan.
— At Thorahby, near Leuburn, aged 71, the Right Hon. Morris, Lord Rotheby of Ainslie, and a Baronet.
21. At her house, No. 108, George Street, Miss Jane Munro.
— At 8, Ann Street, Stockbridge, Hugh Fotherington, second son of Henry Fotherington, Esq.
— At 13, James's Street, Mrs Margaret Binny, wife of Mr Archibald Duncan, S.S.C.
— At his house, in FORTH Street, Robert Keith, Esq.
22. At Argyll House, London, Lady Alice Gordon, eldest daughter of the Earl of Aberdeen.
— In Albemarle Street, London, Sir Brook William Brydges, Bart., of Goodnestone Park, Kent.
23. At Kirkcaldy, Mr Alex. Chalmers, surgeon.
— At Knowsley, Elizabeth, Countess of Derby, (formerly Miss Farren,) after acute and protracted sufferings.
24. At Charlton, Kent, Jane, the youngest daughter of Captain Lindsay, R.N.
— At Woolwich, Major-General Ford, Royal Engineers, Lieutenant-Governor of the Royal Military Academy.
25. At Howland Street, Fitzroy Square, London, Captain John Macpherson, eldest son of the late Charles Macpherson, Esq. Inspector-General of Barracks for North Britain.
— At Heolygare, in the parish of Glasbury, Herefordshire, Ann William, aged 104 years.
— At Arundel, aged 67, Lady Caroline Sydney Kerr, daughter of the late Marquis of Lothian.
— At her house in Grosvenor Square, London, the Right Hon. Lady Robert Manners, in the 22d year of her age.

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